[1] Elizabeth Poston (1905–1987): **The Water of Tyne**
(text: Traditional)

I cannot get to my love if I would dee,
The water of Tyne runs between him and me;
And here I must stand with a tear in my e'e,
Both sighing and sickly my sweetheart to see.

O where is the boatman? My bonny hinny!
O where is the boatman? bring him to me,
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
And I will remember the boatman and thee.

O bring me a boatman, I'll give any money,
And you for your trouble rewarded shall be,
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
Or scull him across the rough river to me.

[2] Judith Weir (b. 1954): **Holy Innocents**
(text: Christina Rossetti, 1830–1894)

Sleep, little Baby, sleep;
The holy Angels love thee,
And guard thy bed, and keep
A blessed watch above thee.
No spirit can come near
Nor evil beast to harm thee:
Sleep, Sweet, devoid of fear
Where nothing need alarm thee.

The Love which doth not sleep,
The eternal Arms surround thee:
The Shepherd of the sheep
In perfect love hath found thee.
Sleep through the holy night,
Christ-kept from snare and sorrow,
Until thou wake to light
And love and warmth tomorrow.

[3] Nicola LeFanu (b. 1947): **Misterium mirabile**
(text: Anonymous, c. 1450)

Of a rose sing we
Misterium mirabile. (a wonderful mystery)

This rose is red of colour bright
Through whom our joy 'gan alight
Upon Christmas night
Claro David germine. (from the illustrious line of David)

Of a rose sing we
Misterium mirabile.

Of this rose was Christ born
To save mankind that was forlorn
And us all from sins sore
Prophetarum carmine. (according to the song of the prophets)

Of a rose sing we
Misterium mirabile.

This rose of flowers she is flower
She will not fade in any shower
To sinful men she sent succour
Mira plenitudine. (with wonderful fullness)

Of a rose sing we
Misterium mirabile.

This rose is so fair of hue
In maid Mary that is so true
These was born Lord of virtue
Salvator sine crimine. (guiltless Saviour)

Of a rose sing we
Misterium mirabile.

[4] Stef Conner (b. 1983): **O splendidissima gemma**
(text: Hildegard von Bingen, 1098–1179)

O splendidissima gemma
et serenum decus solis
qui tibi infusus est,
fons saliens
de corde Patris,
quod est unicum Verbum suum,
per quod creavit mundi
primam materiam,
quam Eva turbavit.

Hoc Verbum effabricavit
tibi Pater hominem,
et ob hoc es tu illa lucida materia
per quam hoc ipsum Verbum exspiravit
omnes virtutes, ut eduxit
in prima materia omnes creaturas.

[*O jewel resplendent*
and bright and joyous beauty of the sun
that's flooded into you –
the fountain leaping
from the Father's heart.
This is his single Word
by which he did create the world's
primordial matter,
a motherhood into confusion cast by Eve.

This Word the Father made
for you into a man –
and this is why you are that bright and shining matter,
through which that Word has breathed
forth every virtue, just as he brought forth
all creatures in a primal motherhood.]

[5] Kerry Andrew (b. 1978): **Night-time Songs**
(text: Southern US Traditional)

Hush little baby, don't say a word,
Mama's gonna buy you a mocking bird.
If that mocking bird don't sing
Mama's gonna buy you a diamond ring.
If that diamond ring turns brass
Mama's gonna buy you a lookin' glass.
If that lookin' glass don't shine
Papa's gonna shoot that beau of mine.

One night as I lay on my bed,
I dreamed about a pretty maid.
I was so distressed,
I could take no rest;
Love did torment me so.
So away to my true love I did go.

My love arose and opened the door,
And just like an angel she stood on the floor.
Her eyes shone bright
Like the stars at night,
No diamonds could shine so.
So in with my true love I did go.

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Hush-a-bye, don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.
When you wake you shall have
Cake and drive those pretty little horses.
Black and bays, dapples and grays,
Coach and six a little horses.
Hush-a-bye, don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.

Irene, goodnight,
Irene, goodnight.
Goodnight, Irene,
Goodnight, Irene,
I'll kiss you in my dreams.

[7] Judith Bingham (b. 1952): **The Ghost of Combermere Abbey**
(text: Anonymous; Caroline Alice, Lady Elgar, 1848–1920)

O snow, which sinks so light,
Brown earth is hid from sight;
O soul, be thou as white as snow.
O snow which falls so slow,
Dear earth quite warm below;
O heart, so keep the glow
Beneath the snow.

O snow, in thy soft grave
Sad flowers the winter brave;
O heart, so soothe and save, as does the snow.

Then as the snow all pure,
O heart be, but endure;
Through all the years full sure,
Not as the snow.

Round and round and round and round.
When as a babe I laughed and wept, TIME crept.
When as a youth I dreamed and talked, TIME walked.
When I became a full grown man, TIME ran!
And later, as I grew older, TIME flew!
Soon I shall find whilst travelling on, TIME gone!
Will Christ have saved my soul by then? Amen!

[8] Jane Joseph (1894–1929): **A little Childe there is ibore**
(text: Anonymous, 15th century)

A little Childe there is ibore,
Is sprung out of Jesse's store,
To save us all that were forlore:
Gloria tibi Domine!

Jesus that is so full of might,
Ibore He was about midnight;
The Angels sang with all their might
Gloria tibi Domine!

Herdmen beheld these Angels bright:
To them appeared with great light,
And said: 'Goddës Son is borne this night,
Gloria tibi Domine!'

Three Kings there came with their presents
Of gold and myrrh and frankincense,
As clerkës tell in their sequence,
Gloria tibi Domine!

Now sit we down upon our knee,
And pray that Childe that is so free
And with good hertë now sing we:
'Gloria tibi Domine!
Qui natus es de virgine.'

[9] Rebecca Clarke (1886–1979): **Ave Maria**
(text: Traditional)

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum:
benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus
fructus ventris tui, Jesus.

Sancta Maria, regina caeli, dulcis et pia, O mater Dei:
ora pro nobis peccatoribus, ut cum electis te videamus.

[*Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee:*
blessed art thou among women,
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

Holy Mary, queen of heaven, sweet and pious,
O mother of God: pray for us sinners,
so that we may see thee with the saints.]

[10] Hilary Campbell (b. 1983): **Song of the Dane Women**
(text: Rudyard Kipling, 1865–1936)

What is a woman that you forsake her,
And the hearth-fire and the home-acre,
To go with the old grey Widow-maker?

She has no house to lay a guest in –
But one chill bed for all to rest in,
That the pale suns and the stray bergs nest in.

She has no strong white arms to fold you,
But the ten-times-fingering weed to hold you –
Out on the rocks where the tide has rolled you.

Yet, when the signs of summer thicken,
And the ice breaks, and the birch-buds quicken,
Yearly you turn from our side, and sicken –

Sicken again for the shouts and the slaughters.
You steal away to the lapping waters,
And look at your ship in her winter-quarters.

You forget our mirth, and talk at the tables,
The kine in the shed and the horse in the stables –
To pitch her sides and go over her cables.

Then you drive out where the storm-clouds swallow,
And the sound of your oar-blades, falling hollow,
Is all we have left through the months to follow.

Ah, what is a Woman that you forsake her,
And the hearth-fire and the home-acre,
To go with the old grey Widow-maker?

[11] Imogen Holst (1907–1984): **As I sat under a holly tree**
(text: Traditional)

As I sat under a holly tree, a holly tree, holly tree,
As I sat under a holly tree
On Christmas Day in the morning.

I saw two ships come sailing in, come sailing in,
    sailing in,
I saw two ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Who d'you think were in those two ships,
    were in those two ships, in those two ships?
Who d'you think were in those two ships

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On Christmas Day in the morning?

Joseph and Mary were in those two ships,
were in those two ships, were in those two ships,
Joseph and Mary were in those two ships
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Where d'you think they were going to,
were going to, going to?
Where d'you think they were going to
On Christmas Day in the morning?

They were going to Bethlehem, to Bethlehem,
Bethlehem,
Oh they were going to Bethlehem
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And hark! The bells aringing clear, aringing clear,
aringing clear,
Hark! The bells aringing clear
On Christmas Day in the morning.

[12] Roxanna Panufnik (b. 1968): **The Sweet Spring**
(text: Thomas Nash, 1567–c. 1601)

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! the sweet Spring!

[14] Elizabeth Maconchy (1907–1994): **This Day**
(text: Anonymous, c. 1450)

An heavenly song, I dare well say,
Is sung on earth to man this day.

This is the song that you shall hear,
God is come from His empire,
And is made man with high desire,
This day.

He took our kind all of a maid,
By ox and ass He was y-laid.
Now is fulfilled that Scripture said,
This day.

Ay I wonder this in my mind,
That He that all may loose and bind,
That He would be laid by beasts unkind,
This day.

He is a lord and by nature
A maiden's breast He sucked full pure.
Heaven and earth be in His cure,
This day.

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