

CHRISTOLOGICAL ANALYSIS OF CHRISTMAS CAROLS

CHRISTOLOGY

Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

1. Let all mor - tal flesh keep si - lence,
 2. King of kings, yet born of Mar - y,
 3. Rank on rank the host of heav - en
 4. At his feet the six - winged ser - aph,

And with fear and trem - bling stand;
 As of old on earth he stood,
 Spreads its van - guard on the way,
 Cher - u - bim with sleep - less eye,

Pon - der noth - ing earth - ly mind - ed,
 Lord of lords in hu - man ves - ture,
 As the Light of Light de - scend - ing
 Veil their fac - es to the Pres - ence,

For with bless - ing in his hand
 In the Bod - y and the Blood
 From the realms of end - less day,
 As with cease - less voice they cry,

Christ our God to earth de - scend -
 He will give to all the faith -
 That the pow'rs of hell may van -
 "Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia"

ing, Our full hom - age to de - mand.
 ful His own self for heav'n - ly food.
 ish As the dark - ness clears a - way.
 ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, most high!"

Text: Liturgy of St. James, 5th C.; para. by Gerard Moultrie, 1829-1885
 Tune: PICARDY, 8 7 8 7 8 7; French Carol; harm. by Richard Proulx, b.1937

Christ's Judiciary Power (ST III Q 59)

- Judiciary power is especially proper to Christ
- It is proper to Christ as man because of his kinship with humanity, because he is the cause of resurrection, because he is without sin
- It belongs to the humanity of Jesus because he is God, because he is head, and because he is full of grace
- Christ judges all things human
- Christ judgment occurs fully at the end of time
- Christ judges the angels

O Holy Night (1847)

O Holy Night! The stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth.
Long lay the world in sin and error pining.
Till He appeared and the Spirit felt its worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.
Fall on your knees! Oh, hear the angel voices!
O night divine, the night when Christ was born;
O night, O Holy Night, O night divine!
O night, O Holy Night, O night divine!

Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,
With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand.
O'er the world a star is sweetly gleaming,
Now come the wisemen from out of the Orient land.
The King of kings lay thus lowly manger;
In all our trials born to be our friends.
He knows our need, our weakness is no stranger,
Behold your King! Before him lowly bend!
Behold your King! Before him lowly bend!

Truly He taught us to love one another,
His law is love and His gospel is peace.
Chains he shall break, for the slave is our brother.
And in his name all oppression shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,
With all our hearts we praise His holy name.
Christ is the Lord! Then ever, ever praise we,
His power and glory ever more proclaim!
His power and glory ever more proclaim!

Original French text: Placide Cappeau de
Rocquemaure

English text: John Sullivan Dwight (1813-1893)

Tune: Adolphe Adam (1803-1856)

O Little Town of Bethlehem (1868)

O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight

For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth
And praises sing to God the King
And Peace to men on earth

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem
Descend to us, we pray
Cast out our sin and enter in
Be born to us today
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell
O come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel

Text: Phillips Brooks

Tune (St. Louis): Lewis Redner

Hark the Herald Angels Sing (1739)

Hark the herald angels sing
"Glory to the newborn King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild
God and sinners reconciled"
Joyful, all ye nations rise
Join the triumph of the skies
With the angelic host proclaim:
"Christ is born in Bethlehem"
Hark! The herald angels sing
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Christ by highest heav'n adored
Christ the everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold Him come
Offspring of a Virgin's womb
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see
Hail the incarnate Deity
Pleased as man with man to dwell
Jesus, our Emmanuel
Hark! The herald angels sing
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings
Ris'n with healing in His wings
Mild He lays His glory by
Born that man no more may die
Born to raise the sons of earth
Born to give them second birth
Hark! The herald angels sing
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Text: Charles Wesley

Tune: Felix Mendelssohn (1840)

Away in a Manger (1883)

Away in a manger,
No crib for His bed
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down His sweet head
The stars in the bright sky
Looked down where He lay
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hay

The cattle are lowing
The poor Baby wakes
But little Lord Jesus
No crying He makes
I love Thee, Lord Jesus
Look down from the sky
And stay by my side,
'Til morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus,
I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever
And love me I pray
Bless all the dear children
In Thy tender care
And take us to heaven
To live with Thee there

Tu Scendi dalle Stelle (1754)

Tu scendi dalle stelle, o Re del cielo,
e vieni in una grotta al freddo e al gelo.
O Bambino mio divino, io ti vedo qui tremar;
o Dio beato! Ah quanto ti costò l'avermi amato!

A te, che sei del mondo il Creatore,
mancano panni e foco, o mio Signore.
Caro eletto pargoletto, quanto questa povertà
più m'innamora, giacché ti fece amor povero ancora.

Tu lasci il bel gioir del divin seno,
per venire a penar su questo fieno.
Dolce amore del mio core, dove amore ti trasportò?
O Gesù mio, perché tanto patir? Per amor mio!

Ma se fu tuo voler il tuo patire,
perché vuoi pianger poi, perché vagire?
Mio Gesù, t'intendo sì! Ah, mio Signore!
Tu piangi non per duol, ma per amore.

Tu piangi per vederti da me ingrato
dopo sì grande amor, sì poco amato!
O diletto - del mio petto,
se già un tempo fu così, or te sol bramo
Caro non pianger più, ch'io t'amo e t'amo

Tu dormi, Ninno mio, ma intanto il core
non dorme, no ma veglia a tutte l'ore
Deh, mio bello e puro Agnello
a che pensi? dimmi tu. O amore immenso,
un dì morir per te, rispondi, io penso.

Dunque a morire per me, tu pensi, o Dio
ed altro, fuor di te, amar poss'io?
O Maria, speranza mia,
s'io poc'amo il tuo Gesù, non ti sdegnare
amalo tu per me, s'io nol so amare!

Italian translation of *Quando Nacette Ninno* by
Alphonsus Maria de' Liguori