



"We should pray to the angels, for they are given to us as guardians." Saint Ambrose

A Guardian Angel

Words and Translations

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Es ist ein Ros' Entsprungen by Michael Praetorius (1571-1621)

1. Es ist ein Ros entsprungen
aus einer Wurzel zart,
wie uns die Alten sungen,
von Jesse kam die Art
und hat ein Blümlein bracht
mitten im kalten Winter,
wohl zu der halben Nacht.

2. Das Röslein, das ich meine,
davon Jesaia sagt,
hat uns gebracht alleine
Marie die reine Magd.
Aus Gottes ewgem Rat
hat sie ein Kind geboren
wohl zu der halben Nacht.

3. Das Blümelein so kleine,
das duftet uns so süß,
mit seinem hellen Scheine
vertreibt's die Finsternis:
Wahr' Mensch und wahrer Gott,
hilft uns aus allem Leide,
rettet von Sünd und Tod.

4. Lob, Ehr sei Gott dem Vater,
dem Sohn und heiligen Geist!
Maria, Gottesmutter,
sei hoch gebenedeit!
Der in der Krippen lag,
der wendet Gottes Zoren,
wandelt die Nacht in Tag.

5. O Jesu, bis zum Scheiden
aus diesem Jamerthal
Laß dein Hilf uns geleiten
hin in der Engel Saal,
In deines Vaters Reich,
da wir dich ewig loben:
o Gott, uns das verleihe!

1. Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming
from tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
as men of old have sung.
It came, a floweret bright,
amid the cold of winter,
When half spent was the night.

2. Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
the Rose I have in mind;
With Mary we behold it,
the virgin mother kind.
To show God's love aright,
she bore to men a Savior,
When half spent was the night.

3. The shepherds heard the story
proclaimed by angels bright,
How Christ, the Lord of glory
was born on earth this night.
To Bethlehem they sped
and in the manger found Him,
As angel heralds said.

4. This Flow'r, whose fragrance tender
with sweetness fills the air,
Dispels with glorious splendor
the darkness everywhere;
True Man, yet very God,
from sin and death He saves us,
And lightens every load.

5. O Saviour, Child of Mary,
who felt our human woe,
O Saviour, King of glory,
who dost our weakness know;
Bring us at length we pray,
to the bright courts of Heaven,
And to the endless day!

Angelus ad Virginem [chant arranged VOCES8]

Angelus ad Virginem
Sub intrans in conclave,
Virginis formidinem
Demulcens, inquit: Ave!
Ave regina virginum;
Caeli terraeque Dominum
Concipies
Et paries intacta
Salutem hominum;
Tu porta caeli facta,
Medela criminum.

Gabriel, from heaven's king
Sent to the maiden sweet,
Brought to her blissful tiding
And fair 'gan her to greet.
'Hail be thou, full of grace aright!
For so God's Son, the heaven's light,
Loves man, that He
a man will be and take
Flesh of thee, maiden bright,
Mankind free for to make
Of sin and devil's might.'

Quomodo conciperem
Quae virum non cognovi?
Qualiter infringerem
Quod firma mente vovi?
Spiritus Sancti gratia
Perficiet haec omnia;
Ne timeas,
Sed gaudeas, segura
Quod castimonia
Manebit in te pura
Dei potentia.

Ad haec virgo nobilis
Respondens inquit ei:
Ancilla sum humilis
Omnipotentis Dei.
Tibi caelesti nuntio,
Tanti secreti conscio,
Consentiens,
Et cupiens videre
Factum quod audio;
Parata sum parere,
Dei consilio.

Angelus disparuit
et statim puellaris
uterus intumuit
vi partus salutaris.
Qui circumdatus utero
novem mensium numero
hinc exiit
et iniit
conflictum
affigens humero
crucem qua dedit ictum
hosti mortifero.

Eia mater Domini,
Quae pacem redidisti
Angelis et homini,
Cum Christum genuisti:
Tuum exora filium
ut se nobis propitium
Exhibeat,
et deleat peccata:
Praestans auxilium
Vita frui beata
Post hoc exsilium.

Gently to him gave answer
The gentle maiden then:
'And in what wise should I bear
Child, that know not man?'
The angel said: 'O dread thee nought.
'Tis through the Holy Ghost that wrought
Shall be this thing whereof tidings
I bring:
Lost mankind shall be bought
By thy sweet childbearing,
And back from sorrow brought.'

When the maiden understood
And the angel's words had heard,
Mildly, of her own mild mood,
The angel she answered:
'Our Lord His handmaiden, I wis,
I am, that here above us is:
And touching me fulfilled be
thy saw;
That I, since His will is,
Be, out of nature's law
A maid with mother's bliss.'

The angel went away thereon
And parted from her sight
And straightway she conceived a Son
Through th' Holy Ghost His might.
In her was Christ contained anon,
True God, true man, in flesh and bone;
Born of her too
When time was due;
who then
Redeemed us for His own,
And bought us out of pain,
And died for us t'atone.

Filled full of charity,
Thou matchless maiden-mother,
Pray for us to him that He
For thy love above other,
Away our sin and guilt should take,
And clean of every stain us make
And heaven's bliss,
when our time is to die,
Would give us for thy sake;
With grace to serve him by
Till He us to him take. Amen

Angelus ad Pastores Ait by Hieronymus Praetorius (1560-1629)

Angelus ad pastores ait: 'annuntio vobis gaudium
magnum,
quia natus est vobis hodie Salvator mundi.'
Alleluia.
Parvulus filius hodie natus est nobis, et vocabitur
Deus fortis.
Alleluia.

The angel said to the shepherds: 'I bring you tidings of
great joy,
the Saviour of the world has been born for you today.'
Alleluia.
A tiny son is born to us today, and he shall be called
Mighty God.
Alleluia.

Maria durch ein' Dornwald ging [traditional arranged by Stefan Claas (b. 1998)]

Maria durch ein' Dornwald ging.
Kyrieleison!
Maria durch ein' Dornwald ging,
Der hat in sieben Jahr'n kein Laub getragen!
Jesus und Maria.

Maria walks amid the thorn,
Kyrieleison!
Which for seven years no leaf hath born
She walks amid the wood of thorn
Jesus and Maria.

Was trug Maria unter ihrem Herzen?
Kyrieleison!
Ein kleines Kindlein ohne Schmerzen,
Das trug Maria unter ihrem Herzen!
Jesus und Maria.

What 'neath her heart does Mary bear?
Kyrieleison!
A little child doth Mary bear
Beneath her heart he nestles there.
Jesus and Maria.

Da haben die Dornen Rosen getragen.
Kyrieleison!
Als das Kindlein durch den Wald getragen,
Da haben die Dornen Rosen getragen!
Jesus und Maria.

Lo! Roses on the thorns appear!
Kyrieleison!
And as the two are passing near
Lo! Roses on the thorns appear!
Jesus and Maria.

Denn er hat seinen engeln beföhlen über dir by Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Denn er hat seinen engeln beföhlen über dir,
daß sie dich behüten auf allen deinen Wegen,
daß sie dich auf den Händen tragen
und du deinen Fuß nicht an einen Stein stoßest.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee:
to keep thee in all thy ways.
They shall bear thee in their hands:
that thou hurt not thy foot against a stone.

Men and Angels by Alec Roth (b. 1948)

Chorus Praised be the God of love,
Men Here below,
Angels And here above:
Chorus Who hath dealt his mercies so,
Angels To his friend,
Men And to his foe;

Chorus That both grace and glory tend
Angels Us of old,
Men And us in th'end.
Chorus The great shepherd of the fold
Angels Us did make,
Men For us was sold.

Chorus He our foes in pieces brake:
Angels Him we touch;
Men And him we take.
Chorus Wherefore, since that he is such,
Angels We adore,
Men And we do crouch.

Chorus Lord, thy praises should be more.
Men We have none,
Angels And we no store.
Chorus Praised be the God alone,
Who hath made of two folds one.

A Hymn to the Virgin by Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Of on that is so fayr and bright
Velut maris stella,
Brighter than the day is light,
Parens et puella:
Ic crie to the, thou see to me,
Levedy, preye thi Sone for me,
Tam pia,
That ic mote come to thee
Maria.

Al this world was for-lore
Eva peccatrice,
Tyl our Lord was y-bore
De te genetrice.
With ave it went away
Thuster nyth and comz the day
Salutis;
The welle springeth ut of the,
Virtutis.

Levedy, flour of alle thing,
Rose sine spina,
Thu bere Jhesu, hevene king,
Gratia divina:
Of alle thu ber'st the pris,
Levedy, quene of paradys
Electa:
Mayde milde, moder es
Effecta.

The Three Kings by Jonathan Dove (b. 1959)

O balow, balow lalay.

The first king was very young,
With doleful ballads on his tongue
He came bearing a branch of myrrh
Than which no gall is bitterer,
Gifts for a baby King.

The second king was a man in prime,
The solemn priest of a solemn time,
With eyes downcast and rev'rent feet
He brought his incense sad and sweet,
Gifts for a baby King.

The third king was very old,
Both his hands were full of gold,
Many a gaud and a glittering toy,
Gifts for a baby King.

Antiphon for the Angels by Owain Park (b. 1993)

This work merges the antiphon by Hildegard von Bingen (in Latin – verse II - and English translation by Barbara Newman – verses II and IV) with a prayer of St Ambrose – verse I. It was commissioned by Rachel Podger and VOCES8 for ‘A Guardian Angel’ tour, 2018 and first performed by them on 27 March 2018 at St George’s, Bristol.

I. Behold the radiant sun departs
In glory from our sight,
But, O our God, possess our hearts
With Thy celestial Light.

II. Spirited light! on the edge
of the Presence your yearning
burns in the secret darkness,
O angels, insatiably
into God’s gaze.

III. O gloriosissimi lux vivens angeli,
qui infra divinitatem
divinos oculos
cum mistica obscuritate
omnis creature aspicitis
in ardentibus desideriiis,
unde numquam
potestis saciari.

IV. Perversity
could not touch your beauty;
you are essential joy.
But your lost companion,
angel of the crooked
wings – he sought the summit,
shot down the depths of God
and plummeted past Adam –
that a mud-bound spirit might soar.