

Cre-do in un-um De-um Pa-trem om-ni-po-ten-tem
fac-to-rem cae-li et ter-rae
vi-si-bi-li-um om-ni-um et in-vi-si-bi-li-um
et in un-um do-mi-num Je-sum Chri-stum
Fi-li-um De-i un-i-gen-i-tum
et ex Pa-tre na-tum an-te om-ni-a sae-cu-la
De-um de De-o lu-mi-ne de lu-mi-ne
De-um ver-ro de De-o ve-ro ge-ni-tum non fac-tum
con-sub-stan-ti-a-lem Pa-tri per quem om-ni-a fac-ta sunt

I be-lieve in one God
the ma-ker of the hea-vens and the Earth
and in one Lord Je-sus Christ
light of light and God of God
by whom all things were made

In the be-gin-ning was the Word, a still small voice,
a peb-ble dropped in-to the void
sent out in rip-ples (like live-ly dew con-dens-ing,
shim-mer-ing in-to space) the danc-ing grains
in whose sweet steps the un-i-verse be-came.

shot through-out in weft and warp
the know-ing spi-rit coa-xing
that ev-'ry sing-ing thread should join its note to hers,
to clothe such know-ing,
weave a cloak of know-ing flesh

In the be-gin-ning was the Word,

quem prop-ter nos ho mi-nes
et prop-ter nos-tram sa-lu- tem
de scen-dit de cae li

who for us men
and for our sal-va-tion
came down from heaven

No sweet snow to wrap my roof in moon-light
no bright star a-bove to sil-ence and awe si-lence
and the Win-ter he-re the march of sul-len grey-ness
Cold west wind and wa-ter at the door
Ma-ra-nath-a Oh come quick-ly

Can you not hear?
Can you not hear that most of us are qui-et-ly drown-ing
lost in a sea a sea of baub-les and dis-may
one lit-tle bo-at could save us Ma-ra-nath-a
be it made of reeds or hay

Qui lo-cu-tus est lo-cu-tus est
per pro-phet-as per pro-phe-tas
Qui lo-cu-tus est lo-cu-tus est
per pro-phet-as per pro-phe-tas

who spoke by the pro-phets

Lul-la-by lul-la-by lul-la-by lay
Now, from a des-ert of wait-ing
Comes a sweet breeze like the breath of a ba-by
and comes a tat-too like the rat-tle of rain through the leaves
And what shall I cry?
The peo-ple who walked in the dark-ness,
have seen a great light a light to light-en the world
on a face by a man-ger
And some-where a chor-us like al-le-lui-as
spills from the wak-en-ing mead-ow larks in the sky
Lul-a-by lul-a-by lul-la-by lay
lul-la-by lay lul-la-by lay lul-la-by lay lul-la-by
sleep now sleep now sleep sleep

Et in-car-na-tus est de spi-ri-tu san-cto
ex Ma-ri-a vir-gi-ne et ho-mo fac-tus est
et in-car-na-tus est de spi-ri-tu san-cto
ex Ma-ri-a ex Ma-ri-a et ho-mo fac-tus est

And was in-car-nate by the Ho-ly spir-it
of the Vir-gin Ma-ry ry and was made man
and was in-car-nate by the Ho-ly spir-it of the Vir-gin
ex Ma-ri-a and was made man

I heard a sweet voice soft-ly car-ol-ing
rare in-cense on the dis-tant air
it seemed to come from hum-ble sta-bl-ing
I watched as strang-ers gath-ered there
my breath was frost up-on the win-dow pane
I crept up just with-in the door
I hoped for ap-ples out of seas-on
found sun-beams swad-dled in the straw

I won-der now ex-act-ly what what I saw
lie dap-pled by the soft-est light
all mis-ted by the breath of an-i-mals
who al-so won-dered at the sight
it could have been that some lone pass-ing star
had cast its glow up-on this night
or may-be there were real-ly an-gels
who hov-ered hid-den in the light

Et in un-um do-mi-num Je-sum Chris-tum
Fi-li-um De-i un-i-gen-i-tum
et ex Pa-tre na-tum an-te om-ni-a
quem prop-ter nos ho-mi-nes
de-scen-dit de cae-lis came down

and in one Lord Je-sus Christ
the on-ly Son of God be-got-ten
born of the Fa-ther be-fore all worlds
who for us men ca-me down from heav-en

The Forester

Teak and will-ow, Oak and eb-on-y,
like char-coal can-dle em-bers glow
Like pray-ers a-against a cho-king sky
from fires that spit an ash-en snow

For-est-er who ten-ded Ed-en,
finds frank-in-cense on dis-tant air
Grieves now the cost-ly rain that's need-ed
The Car-pent-er must break them there

Car-pent-er, who from old A-dam
knew the grain of grave-yard yew
Shaped to clasp the hands that grew it,
bleed-ing in its seas-on too

and So they stride, a-cross the a-ges
For-est-er who un-der-stood
He must to save his burn-ing child-ren
bind the Car-pen-ter to wood

Cre-do in un-um De-um
De-um ver-ro de De-o ve-ro ge-ni-tum non fa-ctum
con-sub-stan-ti-a-lem Pa-tri per quem om-ni-a fac-ta sunt

God of God and light of light
by whom all things were made