

Ubi Sunt Gaudia

This lovely melody clearly outlines the key of C major. Note the descending scale in the fourth phrase, and the fact that every entrance point begins on a pitch from the tonic chord.

Optional: Sight-sing on solfège syllables or numbers.

Philip Hayes (1738-1797)

U - bi sunt gau - di - a, the an - gels up in
heav - en sing no - va can - ti - ca. Sweet
al - le - lu - ias ring. In re - gis
cu - ri - a, gau - di - um est.

Pronunciation: OO-bee soont GAHOO-dee-ah, NOH-vah KAHN-tee-kah.
Een REH-jees KOO-ree-ah, GAHOO-dee-oom ehst.

Translation: Where there is joy, angels sing new songs. In the courts of the king, there is joy.

IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER

C G Rossetti / Gustav Holst

WE ALL NEED A ROCK

[Anna Tabbush, UK]

We all need a rock that we can lean on
An anchor when the storm rips through the land
That won't roll away, that won't crack and break
Everybody needs a solid rock!

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In the bleak mid-winter || frosty wind made moan,
earth stood hard as iron || water like a stone;
snow had fallen, snow on snow || snow on snow,
in the bleak mid-winter || long ago.

Heaven cannot hold him || nor earth sustain;
heaven and earth shall flee away || when he comes to reign:
in the bleak mid-winter || a stable-place sufficed
God, the Lord almighty || Jesus Christ.

Enough for him whom cherubim || worship night and day
a breastful of milk || and a manger full of hay;
enough for him whom angels fall || down before -
the wise men and the shepherds || who adore!

What can I give him || poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd || I would give a lamb,
if I were a wise man || I would do my part;
yet what I can I give him || give my heart.