



Andrea Miglio

# La Nit de Nadal

Weihnachtslied aus Katalonien

Männerchor a cappella  
T.T.B.B.

Edition  
Music-Contact

# La Nit de Nadal

Catalunya

Satz: Andrea Miglio (\*1960)

$\text{♩} = 60$   
*mp* *p* *rit.*

1. El de - sem - bre con - ge - lat, con - fús es re - ti - ra.  
2. El pri - mer Pa - re cau - sà la nit te - ne - vro - sa.  
3. El més de maig ha flo - rit, sen - se ser en - ca - ra,

*a tempo* *mf* *p* *rit.*

A - bril de flors co - ro - nat, tot el mon ad - mi - ra.  
Que a tot el mon o - fu - sca la vi - sta pe - no - sa.  
un lli - ri blanc y po - lit de fra - gra - cia - ra - ra,

*a tempo* *mf* *mf* *mf* *mf* *mp*

neix u - na di - vi - na flor. D'u - na  
bri - lla el sol que n'es eix - xit d'u - na  
de lle - vant fins a po - nent, to - ta

Quan en un jar - di d'a - mor \_\_\_\_\_  
Mes en u - na mit - ja - nit \_\_\_\_\_  
que per to el mon se sent, \_\_\_\_\_

13

ro, ro, ro, d'u-na sa, sa, sa, d'u-na ro, d'u-na sa, d'u-na  
 bel, bel, bel, d'u-na la, la, la, d'u-na bel, d'u-na la d'u-na  
 sa, sa, sa, to-ta dul, dul, dul, to-ta sa, to-ta dul, to-ta

16

*rit.*

1., 2.

*p*

ro - sa be - lla, fe - cun - da y - pon - ce - la.  
 be - lla au - ro - ra, que el cel e - na - mo - ra.  
 sa dul - cu - ra,

19

*p rit.*

3.

i o - lor, amb ven - tu - ra, i o - lor amb ven - tu - ra.

## ***The night of Christmas***

1.

*Cold december's winds were stilled  
in the month of snowing.  
Though the world with dark was filled,  
springtime's hope was growing.  
Then a rose-tree blossomed new:  
one sweet flower upon it grew;  
on the tree once bare  
grew a rose so fair,  
Ah! The rose, Ah! The rose,  
Ah! The rose tree blooming,  
sweet the air perfuming.*

2.

*When the darkness fell that night,  
bringing sweet reposing,  
all the world was hid from sight,  
sleep men's eyes was closing.  
All at once there came a gleam  
from the sky: a wondrous beam  
of a heavenly star  
giving light afar.  
Ah! The star, Ah! The star,  
Ah! The starbeam glowing,  
brightness evergrowing.*

3.

*The month of may has flowered,  
although it is without being yet here;  
bloomed a lily, white and fair,  
flower of sweetest fragrance;  
to the people, far and near,  
came a breath of heavenly cheer.  
O the incense rare of the lily there!  
Ah! The scent, Ah! The scent,  
of the lily blooming,  
all the air perfuming!*

1./2. anonymous;

3. translation by George K. Evans (both adapted)