

Saint Nicolás, Op. 42

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[1] Introduction

Chorus

Our eyes are blinded by the holiness you bear.
The bishop's robe, the mitre and the cross of gold
Obscure the simple man within the Saint.
Strip off your glory, Nicolás, and speak!

Nicolás

Across the tremendous bridge of sixteen hundred years
I come to stand in worship with you, as I stood
Among my faithful congregation long ago.

All who knelt beside me then are gone.
Their name is dust, their tombs are grass and clay,
Yet still their shining seed of Faith survives –

In you! It weathers time, it springs again
In you! With you it stands like forest oak
Or withers with the grasses underfoot.

Preserve the living Faith for which your fathers fought!
For Faith was won by centuries of sacrifice
And many martyrs died that you might worship God

1:00 comeza o coro a cantar

Ó 2:07 Nicolás comeza a cantar
Move a marioneta xigante

Chorus

Help us. Lord! to Find the hidden road
that leads from love to greater Love, from faith
To greater Faith. Strengthen us, O Lord!
Screw up our strength to serve Thee with simplicity

[2] The Birth of Nicolás

Women

Nicolás was born in answer to prayer
And leaping from his mother's womb he cried
God be Glorified!
Swaddling-bands and crib awaited him there
But Nicolás clapped both his hands and cried
God be Glorified!
Innocent and joyful, naked and fair,
He came in pride on earth to abide.
God be Glorified!
Water rippled *Welcome!* in the bath-tub by his side.
He dived in open-eyed: he swam: he cried
God be Glorified!
When he went to Church at Christmastide
He climbed up to the font to be baptised.
God be Glorified!
Pilgrims came to kneel and pray by his side.
He grew in grace,
his name was sanctified.
God be Glorified!
Nicolás grew in innocence and pride:
His glory spread a rainbow round the countryside.
' *Nicolás will be a Saint!*' the neighbours cried.

Nicolás Bebé (2)

Mama Nicolás

Pila bautismal

Mitra

Arco Iris

Sombras chinas :

Nicolás xoga no colo da nai

Nicolás sube á pila bautismal

Nicolás xoga coa mitra grande

God be Glorified!

[3] Nicolás devotes himself to God

Nicolás

My parents died All too soon
I left the tranquil beauty of their home
And knew the wider world of man
Poor man! I found him solitary, racked
By doubt: born, bred, doomed to die
In everlasting fear of everlasting death-
The foolish toy of time, the darling of decay –
Hopeless, faithless, defying God.

Heartsick, in hope to mask
The twisted face of poverty.
I sold my lands to feed the poor
I gave my goods to charity
But Love demanded more.

Heartsick, I cast away
All things that could distract my mind
From full devotion to His will
I thrust my happiness behind
But Love desired more still.

Heartsick, I called on God
To purge my angry soul, to be
My only Master, friend and guide.
I begged for sweet humility
And Love was satisfied.

Move a marioneta gigante

Nicolás novo
Pobre sen pe
Pobre carrito
Ollo de Deus

Sombras chinas :
Nicolas da esmola ós pobres

Nicolas fala con Deus (ollo)

[4] He Journeys to Palestine

Men

Nicolás sailed for Palestine
across the sunlit seas.

The South West Wind blew soft and fair.
Seagulls hovered through the air,
And spices scented the breeze.

Everyone felt that land was near:
All dangers were now past:
Except for one who knelt in prayer,
Fingers clasped and head quite bare,
Alone by the mizzen-mast.

The sailors jeered at Nicolás,
Who paid them no regard,
Until the hour of sunset came
When up he stood and stopped their game
of staking coins on cards.

Nicolás spoke and prophesied
A tempest far ahead.
The sailors scorned his words of fear,
Since sky and stars shone bright and clear
So '*Nonsense!*' they all said.

Darkness was soon on top of them.
But still the South Wind blew.
The Captain went below to sleep
And left the helmsman there to keep

Proa barco

Mariñeiros

Nicolás rezando

Sol

Lúa

Nubes tormentosas

Barco grande

Arco iris ¿?

Anxiños ¿?

His course with one of the crew.

Nicolás swore he'd punish them
For mocking at the Lord.
The wind arose, the thunder roared.
Lightning split the waves that poured
In wild cascades on board.

Waterspouts rose in majesty
Until the ship was tossed
Abaft, aback, astern, abeam,
Lit by lightning's livid gleam
And all aboard cried '*Lost!*'

The Storm

Lightning hisses through the night
Blinding sight with living light!

Winds and tempests howl their cry
Of battle through the raging sky!

Waves repeat their angry roar,
Fall and spring again once more!

Thunder rends the sky asunder
With its savage shouts of wonder!

Lightning, Thunder, Tempest, Ocean
Praise their God with voice and motion!

Men (shouting above the storm)

Sombras chinas:

Nicolás reza e os mariñeiros rinse del
Pasa o tempo (día a noite)
Comeza unha tremenda tormenta
Homes berran

Spare us! Save us! Saviour!
Man the pumps! Lifeboats! Lower away!
Axes! Shorten sail! Reef her! Heave to!
Let her run before the wind!
Pray to God! Kneel and pray! Pray!

Chorus

Nicolás waited patiently
Till they were on their knees:
Then down he knelt in thankfulness
Begging God their ship to bless
And make the storm to cease.

Nicolás

O God! we are all weak, sinful, foolish men.
We pray from fear and from necessity –
at death, in sickness or private loss
Without the prick of fear our conscience sleeps,
forgetful of Thy Grace

Help us, O God! to see more clearly.
Tame our stubborn hearts
Teach us to ask for less
and offer more in gratitude to Thee

Pity our simplicity,
for we are truly pitiable in Thy sight

Men

Amen

Movese a marioneta xigante

Nicolás

The winds and waves lay down to rest,
The sky was clear and calm
The ship sailed onward without harm
And all creation sang a psalm
Of loving thankfulness.

Beneath the stars the sailors slept
Exhausted by their fear, while I
Knelt down for love of God on high
And saw His angels in the sky
Smile down at me - and wept

[5] Nicolás comes to Myra and is chosen Bishop

Chorus

Come, stranger sent from God! Come, man of God!
Stand foremost in our Church, and serve this diocese
As Bishop Nicolás, our shield, our strength our peace!

Nicolás

I, Nicolás, Bishop of Myra and its diocese,
shall with the unfailing grace of God
defend His faithful servants, comfort
the widow and fatherless, and fulfil
His will for this most blessed Church

All

Amen!

Sombras chinas :

Nicolás reza, todos rezan
Para a tormenta
Sae o sol e o arco da vella
Navega o barco e os anxiños miran

Nicolas con túnica

Dalmática

Mitra

Báculo

Choirs

Place the mitre on your head to show your mastery of
men!

Take the golden robe that covers you with Christ's
authority!

Wear the fine dalmatic woven with the cross of faith!

Bear the crozier as a staff and comfort to your flock!

Set the ring upon your hand in sacramental sign of
wedlock with thy God!

Serve the Faith and spurn his enemies!

A hymn for choirs and congregation

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice!
Him serve with fear. His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do

For why? the Lord our God is good:
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure

Sombras chinás :

Nicolas só coa túnica

Chega a Dalmática e pona

A Mitra pousa sobre a cachola

O báculo na man

[6] Nicolás from Prison

Nicolás

Persecution sprang upon our Church
And stilled its voice Eight barren years
It stifled under Roman rule
And I lay bound, condemned to celebrate
My lonely sacrament with prison bread
While wolves ran loose among my flock.

O man! the world is set for you as for a king!
Paradise is yours in loveliness.
The stars shine down for you, for you the angels sing,
Yet you prefer your wilderness.

You hug the rack of self, embrace the lash of sin,
Pour your treasures out to pay distress.
You build your temples fair without and foul within:
You cultivate your wilderness.

Yet Christ is yours. Yours! For you he lived and died.
God in mercy gave his Son to bless
You all, to bring you life - and Him you crucified
To desecrate your wilderness.

Turn, turn, turn away from sin! Ah! bow
Down your hard and stubborn heart! Confess
Yourselves to Him in penitence, and humbly vow
Your lives to Him, to Holiness.

*Nicolás agarrado á columna
Verdugo con pao*

Sombras chinas :
O verdugo pega a Nicolás atado á columna

[7] Nicolás and the Pickled Boys

Travellers

Famine tracks us down the lanes,
Hunger holds our horses' reins,
Winter heaps the roads with snow
O we have far to go!

Starving beggars howl their cry,
Snarl to see us spurring by.
Times are bad and travel slow
O we have far to go!

Mothers

We mourn our boys, our missing sons'.
We sorrow for three little ones!
Timothy, Mark and John
Are gone! Are gone! Are gone!

Travellers

Landlord, take this piece of gold!
Bring us food before the cold
Makes our pangs of hunger grow!
O we have far to go!

Mothers

Day by day we seek to find
Some trace of them - but oh! unkind!
Timothy. Mark and John
Are gone! Are gone! Are gone!

Nicolás bispo

2 mulleres

3 nenos e 3 cabezas

1 cociñeiro

2 tinas

2 nenos

Sombras chinas:

O cociñeiro cortalles a cabeza ós nenos

Aparecen as tinas

Entra Nicolás e un viaxeiro ¿?

As nais choran

Nicolas fai o miragre

Os nenos cantan

Travellers

Let us share this dish of meat.
Come, my friends, sit down and eat,
Join us. Bishop, for we know
That you have far to go!

Mothers

Mary meek and Mother mild
Who lost thy Jesus as a child,
Our Timothy, Mark and John
Are gone! Are gone! Are gone!

Travellers

Come, your Grace, don't eat so slow!
Take some meat...

Nicolás

O do not taste!
O do not feed
On sin! But haste
To save three souls in need!

The mother's cry
Is sad and weak.
Within these walls they he
Whom mothers sadly seek.

Timothy, Mark and John,
Put your fleshy garments on!
Come from dark oblivion!...

Travellers

See! three boys spring hack to life.
Who, slaughtered by the butcher's knife,
Lay salted down! - and entering,
Hand-in-hand they stand and sing
ALLELUIA! to their King!

Small Boys (Entering)

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

All

Alleluia!

[8] His Piety and Marvellous Works

Chorus

For forty years our Nicolás,
Our Prince of men, our shepherd and
Our gentle guide, walked by our side.

We turned to him at birth and death,
In time of famine and distress,
In all our grief, to bring relief.

He led us from the valleys to
The pleasant hills of grace. He fought
To fold us in from mortal sin.

O! he was prodigal of love!
A spendthrift in devotion to
Us all - and blessed as he caressed.

*Nicolás bispo
Panes
Pobres de antes
Saco
Barco de antes
Bispo voando
Nubes tormenta
sol*

We keep his memory alive
In legends that our children and
Their children's children treasure still.

Choirs

A captive at the heathen court
Wept sorely all alone.
'O Nicolás is here, my son!
And he will bring you home!'

Three daughters of a nobleman
Were doomed to shameful sin.
Till our good Bishop ransomed them
By throwing purses in.

'Fill, fill my sack with corn!' he said:
'We die from lack of food!'
And from that single sack he fed
A hungry multitude.

The gates were barred, the black flag flew,
Three men knelt by the block.
But Nicolás burst in like flame
And stayed the axe's shock.

'O Help us, good Nicolás!
Our ship is full of foam!'
He walked across the waves to them
And led them safely home.

He sat among the Bishops who

Sombras chinas:

Nicolás dalle pan a todos os persoaxes que saíron antes.

Sombras chinas:

Entre a tormenta Nicolás aparece voando sobre un barco e volve o bó tempo

Were summoned to Nicaea:
Then rising with the wrath of God
Boxed Anus's ear!

He threatened Constantine the Great
With bell and book and ban:
Till Constantine confessed his sins
Like any common man.

Chorus
Let the legend that we tell
Praise him, with our prayers as well.

[9] The Death of Nicolás

Nicolas
DEATH. I hear thy summons and I come
In haste, for my short life is done;
And oh! my soul is faint with love
For Him who waits for me above.

LORD, I come to life, to final birth.
I leave the misery of earth
For light, by Thy eternal grace,
Where I shall greet Thee face to face.

CHRIST, receive my soul with tenderness,
For in my last of life I bless
Thy name, who lived and died for me,
And dying, yield my soul to Thee.

Nicolás bispo
Morte
Alma Nicolas
Anxiños

Sombras chinas:
Apareceselle a morte a Nicolás.
Se desprende a alma cos anxos

Chorus

Lord, now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace,
according to Thy word.
For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation
Which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles and to be the glory
of Thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost!
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be:
world without end. Amen.

A Hymn for Choirs and Congregation

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.