

Don Oíche Úd i mBeithil

Anon/Traditional
French & English Versions
by David Monks

TRADITIONAL IRISH
arranged David Monks April 2007

$\text{♩} = 72$

Soprano

Don oí - che úd i mBeith-il, Beidh tag - airt fé ghriango brách Don
Ar leac-ain lom an tsléi - bhe, Go nglac - ann na haoi - rí scáth Nuair

Alto

Tenor

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Ar leac-ain lom an tsléi - bhe, Go nglac - ann na haoi - rí scáth, Nuair

Bass

Organ

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oí - che úd i mBeith-il, Go dtáin - ig an Briath - ar slán. Tá grí - os - ghrua ar
'n'os - cailt gheal na spéi - re, Tá teacht - ai - re Dé ar fáil: Céad glóir an - ois don

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spéar - tha, 'San tal - amh 'na chlú - dach bán. Féach
Ath - air, i bhFlaith - ea - sa thuas go hard. Is

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feas - ta fós ar tal - amh, d'fhear' dea - mhéin Sí - och - áin.

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Leagan Ghaeilge/Irish Version

Don oíche úd i mBeithil
Beidh tagairt fé ghrian go brách.
Don oíche úd i mBeithil
Go dtáinig an Briathar slán

Tá gríosghrua ar spéartha,
's an talamh 'na chlúdach bán.
Féach Íosagán sa chléibhín,
's an Mhaighdean á dhúil le grá.

Ar leacain lom an tsléibhe,
Go nglacann na haoirí scáth,
Nuair in oscailt gheal na spéire
Tá teachtaire Dé ar fail :

'Céad glóir anois don Athair,
i bhFlaitheasa thuas go hard .
Is feasta fós ar talamh,
D'fheara dea-mhéin, Síothcháin'.

Version Française

De cette nuit à Bethléem
On parlera toujours.
Cette nuit à Bethléem,
Le Sauveur vit le jour.

D'étoiles les cieux scintillent,
La terre est couverte de neige.
Jésus gît dans le berceau;
Sa mère de grâce est pleine

Sur les flancs des montagnes
Les bergers dans leur abri
Voient descendre les anges;
Écotent de loin leur hymne:

'Gloire éternelle au Grand Dieu
Qui règne à jamais aux cieux;
Et toujours sur la terre
La paix aux cœurs généreux'.

Pronunciation (*Approximate*)

Don eeh-yeh ood ih Meh-hil
Bay tag-irtch fay green guh brawch
Don eeh-yeh ood ih Meh-hil
Guh dawn-ig an Bree-harr slawn.

Taw gree-os-groo er spayr-hah
Son tal-ov na chloo-dach bawn.
Fay-ach EE-sa-gawn sah chlay-veen,
Son Vigh-djin aw yool leh graw.

Er l-yack-in lom an tshlay-veh
Guh nglock-an nah hairy scawh
Nooir in us-kiltch (g)yah na spay-reh
Taw tchok-tar-reh Djay er faw-il:

Kayd gloyr ah-nish don Ah-hir
Ih Vlah-has-sa hoo-us guh hawrd
Iss fass-tah fohs er tal-ov
D'arrah djah-vayn shee-uh-chaw-in

English Version

That dark, cold night in Bethlem
Will live in our hearts for aye.
That dark, cold night in Bethlem
The Word first saw the day.

The distant stars were twinkling;
The earth wore a mantle white.
See Jesus in the cradle;
His Mother keeps watch nearby.

Upon the cold, bare mountain,
The shepherds raise up their eyes,
As brightness cleaves the heavens
And angel-songs fill the skies:

Our hymns of praise and glory
To God on his throne on high;
And unto men of goodwill
On earth be peace and joy.