

FIRST CONCERT
OF THE
TRAVELERS CHORAL CLUB
Old Christmas Carols




ASSEMBLY HALL
GROVE STREET BUILDING

TUESDAY
DECEMBER 16TH
1924



Program



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|---|----------------------|
| 1. The March of the Three Kings | Old Provençal |
| 2. Sleep, little Dove | Old Alsatian |
| 3. The First Nowell | Old English |
| 4. Away in a Manger | Luther's Carol |
| 5. Ye Burghers All | Old French |
| 6. Sleep, Infant Divine | XIII Century Breton |
| 7. Shepherds Shake off your drowsy Sleep | Old Besançon |
| 8. Good King Wenceslas | Old English |
| 9. Lo, How a Rose | Praetorius (1609) |
| 10. Happy Bethlehem | Old Basque |
| 11. Here a Torch, Jeannette, Isabella | Old Provençal |
| 12. Lullay, Thou little tiny Child | 16th Century English |
| 13. Carol of the Russian Children | Old Russian |
| 14. What Child is This? Tune "Greensleeves" | Old English |
| 15. Adeste Fideles | Reading |
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I

THIS high-way
Beheld at break of day
Three Eastern Kings go by upon their journey,
This high-way
Beheld at break of day
Three Eastern Kings go in rich array.
With courage high
All their guards passed by,
Their knights-at-arms with the squires and the pages,
With courage high
All their guards passed by,
With gilded armor shining like the sky.

Wondering then,
I watched the mighty men,
I stood amazed as the knights were passing,
Wondering then,
I watched the mighty men,
And as they passed I followed them again.
They journeyed far
To the guiding star
That shone where Jesus was lying in a manger,
And far away
Where the Christ Child lay
They found the shepherds come to watch and pray.

Gaspard old
Had brought a gift of gold.
He said, "My Lord, Thou art the King of Glory."
Gaspard old
Gave Christ his gift of gold,
And that this Child would conquer death he told.
Then incense sweet
At the Christ Child's feet
King Melchior placed, saying "Thou are God of
armies.
Altho he lies
Here in humble guise,
This little Child is God of earth and skies."

"You will die;
For You, my Lord, I cry."
Wept Balthazar, his gifts of myrrh presenting.
"You will die
And in a tomb will lie,
For on a cross you will be lifted high."
All we today
To the Child must pray,
Who came to earth with His gifts of peace and blessing,
To Him we pray
And our homage pay
And with the Kings we march along the way.

II

SLEEP, little Dove of mine,
Sleep, while the stars shine,"
Thus to her Babe the Virgin sings.
"I will watch o'er Thee;
May dreams restore Thee
Visions of heav'n on seraph wings."
Sing, choirs of angels,
And lull to rest
The Christ Child sleeping on Mary's breast.

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sweet lullabies;
Our Infant Redeemer
In slumber lies.

In stable low'y
Our Lord most holy
Found with his Mother shelter kind.
Outside lay danger,
But in the manger
Warm lay they safe from the winter wind.

Sleep, fairest Flower,
Heav'n's highest Dower,
Hope of my heart, now close Thine eyes.
Rose of the Morning,
Pearl, all adorning,
Sleep and dream sweetly of Paradise.

III

THE first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they
lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a Star
Shining in the East beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

This star drew nigh to the northwest,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Then enter'd in there Wisemen three,
Full rev'rently upon their knee,
And offer'd there in His presence,
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

IV

AWAY in a manger,
No crib for his bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the sky,
Looking down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep in hay.

The cattle are lowing,
The poor baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus,
No crying he makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus,
Look down from the sky,
And stay by my crib, watching my lullaby.

V

Burghers all of Chatres
And all the towns around,
Upon this happy morning
Sing out with joyful sound.
For Jesus Christ is born
Of Mary, Virgin holy,
The ox and ass are kind of mind;
Our little Lord they know below,
Tho' in a stable lowly.

A shining band of angels
Descended from the skies,
And sang unto the shepherds
Who heard in glad surprise.
"Now leave your silly sheep,"
The wondrous carol ringeth,
"For yonder on the hay, We say,
A Babe divine is born This morn,
The Bread of Life He bringeth."

To seek the humble manger
The shepherds haste away,
And merry staves of music
Upon their pipes they play.
And soon the stable low
With awe they see before them;
And kneeling in amaze They gaze
On blessed Mary mild, The Child
And Joseph watching o'er them.

Then let us pray to Mary
And to her Son divine,
That He in love will save us
In Paradise to shine,
That we may number'd be
Among the saints for ever.
So sing we all our days His praise,
Who endeth mortal woe Below;
The grave can claim us never.

VI

NEAR to the shaggy beasts He lies,
Sleep,
Close awhile Thine eyes;
Angel hosts are here,
Seraphim watch near,
Wait to guard and honor Thee, our God of love.
Sleep!

Sleep,
Haste Thy will to do;
Angel hosts are here,
Seraphim watch near,
Sleep,
Sleep!

Sleep, Sleep, Sleep,
Sleep, Sleep, Sleep,
Sleep, Sleep, Sleep!

Sleep,
Sleep,
Small and weak to see;
Angel hosts are here,
Seraphim watch near,
Wait to guard and honor Thee, our God of love.
Sleep!

VII

SHEPHERDS, shake off your drowsy sleep,
Rise and leave your silly sheep;
Angels from heav'n around loud singing,
Tidings of great joy are bringing.

Shepherds! the chorus
Sing Noel,
O sing Noel!

Hark, even now the bells are ringing round,
Listen to their merry sound;
Hark, how the birds new songs are making,
As if winter's chains were breaking.
See how the flow'rs all burst anew
Thinking snow is summer dew;
See how the stars afresh are glowing,
All their brightest beams bestowing.

Cometh at length the age of peace,
Strife and sorrow now shall cease;
Prophets foretold the wondrous story
Of this Heav'n born Prince of Glory.

Shepherds! then up and quick away,
Seek the Babe ere break of day;
He is the hope of ev'ry nation,
All in Him shall find salvation.

VIII

GOOD King Wenceslas look'd out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even:
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament:
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

IX

FROM Jesse's stock upspringing,
On tender root has grown:
A rose by Prophet's singing
To all the world made known.
The rose 'midst winter's cold,
A lovely blossom bearing,
In former days foretold.

This rose then of my story
Isaiah did proclaim.
What God ordain'd in glory,
By Blessed Mary came.
The Child the Virgin bore,
The world's salvation bringing
Through Him for evermore.

The rose bud small and tender
Gives fragrance ev'ry day.
And by its brilliant splendour
Makes darkness pass away.
True God, true Man we pray,
Help us in ev'ry sorrow,
And guard us on our way.

X

BBETHLEHEM,
Who gavest birth to our Redeemer,
O happy town!
Glorious and great is thy renown:
For 'tis from thee shone forth the light
That fills each home and heart tonight
O Bethlehem!
O happy town!

Come and adore!
Come all ye shepherds from the mountains,
Come and adore!
Heavenward let your voices soar
Praising the glorious Jesus Child
And his sweet Mother Mary mild.
Shepherds, adore!
Shepherds, adore.

XI

HERE a torch, Jeannette, Isabella,
Here a torch to the cradle bring.
It is Jesus, good folk of the town,
Christ is born, 'tis Mary calling.
Ah, ah, beautiful is the Mother;
Ah, ah, beautiful is the Child.

Wrong it is, when the Infant is sleeping,
Wrong it is, to speak so loud.
Hold your peace as you all draw near;
Never a sound must waken Jesus.
Hush, hush, now He is sleeping sweetly;
Hush, hush, see how He sleeps in peace.

Who goes there, and knocks at the portal,
Who goes there, and knocks at the door?
Open now, good people I pray,
Cakes of the best with me I'm bringing
Tock, tock, open the door, I pray you;
Tock, tock, merry we'll be tonight.

Softly now, come enter the stable,
Softly now for a moment stay.
See how lovely in sleep is our Jesus,
White as a pearl, with cheeks of roses
Do, do, look how the Babe is smiling,
Do, do, smiling in happy dreams.

XII

LULLAY, Thou little tiny child,
Bye, bye, lully, lullay.
Lullay, Thou little tiny child,
Bye, bye, lully, lullay.

XIII

SNOW-BOUND mountains, snow-bound
valleys,
Snow-bound plateaus, clad in white,
Fur-robed moujik, fur-robed nobles,
Fur-robed children, see the light.
Shaggy pony, shaggy oxen,
Gentle shepherds wait the light;
Little Jesus, little Mother,
Good St. Joseph, come this night.

XIV

WHAT Child is this,
Who, laid to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch are keeping?
This, this is Christ the King;
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear: for sinners here
The silent word is pleading:
Nails, spear, shall pierce him through,
The Cross be borne, for me, for you:
Hail, hail, the Word made flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh,
Come peasant, king, to own Him;
The King of kings, salvation brings,
Let loving hearts enthron Him.
Raise, raise the song on high,
The Virgin sings her lullaby;
Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

XV

COME, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant;
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him, born the King of Angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.
Amen.

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;
Glory to God, in the highest.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory giv'n;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing.

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