



OLD CHRISTMAS CAROLS

EIGHTH ANNUAL CONCERT OF THE

TRAVELERS CHORAL CLUB

The Horace Bushnell Memorial Hall

Thursday · December 17 · 1931



Christiaan Kriens	Conductor
Helen Cahill	Accompanist
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William B. Bailey	President
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PROGRAM

- | | |
|---|------------------------|
| 1. Jacques, Come Here | XVIth Century French |
| 2. Lulling Her Child | Czecho-Slovakian |
| 3. Go, Magi, on Your Way | XVIIth Century French |
| 4. I'll go to Bethlehem | Czecho-Slovakian |
| 5. Come Sing Now | XVIIth Century French |
| 6. Glad Tidings | XVIth Century French |
| 7. Since There's No One Come to Lead Me | XVIIIth Century French |
| 8. 'Twas in the Reign of Caesar | Czecho-Slovakian |
- The Travelers Choral Club

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| Scenes Pittoresques | Jules Massenet |
| 1. Marche | |
| 2. Air de Ballet | |
| 3. Angelus | |
| 4. Fête Bohême | |
- The Travelers Symphonic Orchestra

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|---------------------------------------|------------------------|
| 9. Wassail | Old English |
| 10. Sleep, Little Dove | Old Alsatian |
| 11. Boar's Head Carol | XVIth Century English |
| 12. The Kings and the Shepherds | XVIIIth Century Polish |
| 13. Nuns of St. Mary Carol | XVth Century |
| 14. Jesu, Thou Dear Babe Divine | Traditional Haytian |
| 15. The Cherry Tree Carol | Ancient Yorkshire |
| 16. Suo Gau, Little Child | XVIIth Century Welsh |
| 17. Oh! The Roast Beef of Old England | Old English |
| 18. Adeste Fidelis | Reading |
- The Travelers Choral Club



I

Jacques, come here,
Sweet and clear
In a glad noel,
Let us four
Sing once more,
Let each part sound well.

NOW we shall give the high notes to Margot;
Our friend Pierrot, a tenor he shall be;
Our baritone will be my good friend Janot;
Bass notes so low will fit the part, the very part for me.

Here from the Heav'n the angels came to men,
Songs they have sung in Latin, French or Greek.
"Glory to God, and on earth good will again.
Since to our earth comes Jesus fair and meek."

What did we do when such words to us came?
Quickly we started going on our way.
There fast we walked, poor and simple souls, and lame,
When we got there, 't was night and not the day.

There by His stall stood ox and ass,
Paying homage to God, they had for food no care.
Quiet they stand for they do not eat their hay.
See how they gaze on little Jesus there.

II

LULLING her Child to quiet sleep, gently she sang,
Sang to the darling Child she loves,
Watching o'er Him.
"Sleep, my delight, my Child, sleep well,
God's Son you are.
Sleep, little Child of mine, lie still,
Hope of the world.

"For you I've made the cradle here, Saviour of all;
For you I've brought these creatures near,
Singing your praise.
Sleep now, my Beauty, my dear Child,
O Crown supreme,
Blessing you bring to all mankind,
All who love you.

"Sleep 'tis your mother's wish for you, My little Dove.
Sleep, Joy of all the angel host,
My little Pearl.
Glory and praise to you be giv'n,
Dear Child by me.
Waking, you'll eat sweet honey here,
Brought by the bee."

III

GO, Magi, on your way,
Your dromedaries guiding,
Make haste; do not delay,
Your foll'wers with you riding.
Above your tents, on high
A wondrous star is glowing,
To lead you, in the sky,
To far Judaea going.

"If in some secret hall
You've laid up royal treasure,
In leaving, take it all,
To give princely measure.
Go follow where you see
The guiding star, now knowing
'Tis only for you three
It came, your pathway showing."

Now Bethlehem at last
The princely train was nearing;
Jerusalem they passed,
In royal state appearing.
The star that shone above,
Beyond the clouds, to cheer them,
Would ever onward move,
Its radiance always near them.

"It is a sign you see,
O Magi, you must stay here.
Then humbly bow the knee;
Your sandals cast away here.
Approach with rev'rent fear
And awe the stable lowly,
This place that you draw near,
The very ground is holy."

Beside the Child these men
Were kneeling to adore him.
They doffed their turbans then,
And treasures laid before Him.
"O Child, our God" they said,
"Receive here, we entreat you,
From Gentiles hither led,
The gifts we bring to greet you."

IV

I'LL go to Bethlehem, I'll see Child Jesus there.
Safe in my house I have a little quail,
I have a pretty little cuckoo there—
These I will give to Him.

My cuckoo there will sing, Child Jesus she will please.
By his head she will be sitting, singing there,
Singing her delightful cuckoo, cuckoo song.
"Cuccuckoo! Cuccuckoo!"
Hail to Thee, little Child Jesu!
"Cuccuckoo! Cuccuckoo!"
Hail to the little Child Jesu!

My quail will please Him too,
This dearest little Child.
She'll be flying there around His head,
"Pyet penyez" my quail will say to Him
"Pyet penyez! Pyet penyez!"
O that I were in Heav'n today!
"Pyet penyez! Pyet penyez!"
O that I were in Heav'n today.

V

COME sing now, I entreat you,
With joy a glad Noel
For Mary who has borne here
(As prophets did foretell)
A Child to be our Saviour;
Child Jesus, it is He,
To whom our homage paying,
We humbly bow the knee.

From Heav'n there came an angel,
God's messenger on earth,
To bring her joyful tidings,
The tidings of His birth.
"Your son shall be Messiah,
(O sing Noel, Noel)
This happy news receive.
Ne'er doubt what I have told you,
In faith my words believe."

The shepherds in the meadows
Who watched the sheep with care
At night, when flocks were sleeping,
Heard heav'nly music there.
The song came from the angels
Whose wondrous melody
Foretold that by His coming
The earth in peace would be.

When this glad song had ended,
Each shepherd talking loud,
Along the road to find Him,
They went, all in a crowd,
Until they came to Mary
And Jesus with her there.
In gratitude they praise Him
Who came their life to share.

VI

GLAD tidings, glad tidings
For Noel is here;
Now fair is the wheat,
Now the green vines appear.

The shepherds while guarding
Their sheep far and near
(Now fair is the wheat,
Now the green vines appear)
Saw sparks from no torches
On high shining clear.

Saw sparks from no torches
On high shining clear,
(Now fair is the wheat,
Now the green vines appear)
Glad tidings from heaven
With joy now they hear.

Glad tidings from Heaven
With joy now they hear
(Now fair is the wheat,
Now the green vines appear)
Sing glory to God
In the heavenly sphere.

Sing glory to God
In the heavenly sphere.
(Now fair is the wheat,
Now the green vines appear)
To loyal and good folk
A peace without fear.

Glad tidings, glad tidings
For Noel is here;
Now fair is the wheat,
Now the green vines appear.

VII

SINCE there's no one come to lead me
Where this holy Child was born,
I am seeking some companion;
We'll go there this very morn."

"Now come quickly, my good neighbor,
Let us see this Child so fair."

"Good day friend, I pray you tell me
Whither, hast'ning so, you fare?
I must cross the mountains yonder;
Let us go together there."

"What think you of that sweet singing?
Tell me, faithful friend, so dear.
Never have the shepherd's meadows
Heard such wondrous music here."

There in Bethl'hem of Judaea
Has a Virgin borne a son
On this very night Her shelter
Is a poor and wretched one.

"Should I have the grace to see Him,
All my joy I shall have found.
Child divine, I'd do him homage,
Kneeling humbly on the ground."

"My dear sister, I entreat you,
Let us humbly pray this Child,
When life's ended, God who judges
May be merciful and mild."

"Now come quickly my good neighbor,
Let us see this Child so fair."

VIII

T WAS in the reign of Caesar
When a Virgin precious
For us bore her son Jesus,
Treasure most desired.
Let us by our happy song
Praise our Heav'nly Father.
Through his grace for all mankind
He sent us here his own Son.

We sing to Thee at all times,
Hear, O God, our sighing.
Now heartily we pray Thee,
Show, Lord, Thy compassion.
Show this to all faithful ones
To all that with grief are stricken,
So that we may always thank
Our God, our Heav'nly father.

Grant, Lord, a righteous ending
May be ours, sweet Jesus.
Bestow eternal comfort,
Blessing Christian people.
United may we be,
All rejoicing ever,
Singing with thy holy saints
Eternal praises. Amen.

IX

HERE we come awassailing
Among the leaves so green;
Here we come awandering
So fair to be seen.

Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail, too,
And God bless you, and send you
A happy new year,
And God send you a happy new year.

We are not daily beggars,
That beg from door to door;
But we are neighbors' children
Whom you have seen before.

Call up the butcher of this house,
Put on his golden ring;
Let him bring us a glass of beer,
And the better we shall sing.

Bring us out a table,
And spread it with a cloth;
Bring us out a mouldy cheese,
And some of your Christmas loaf.

X

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 lowly
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.

XI

THE boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary.
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quot estis in convivio.

Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes domino.

The Boar's head as I understand,
Is the bravest dish in all the land:
When thus bedeck'd with a gay garland,
Let us Servire cantico.

Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of Bliss;
Which on this day to be served is
In Regimensi atrio.

XII

WHO ride here the Child to see,
On their camels swaying?
Grand folk they all seem to be,
Homage to him paying.
There is one as black as ink,
With a broken nose; I think
He's the Devil here, O gail!
Surely he's the Devil.

Shepherds, to three kings you speak,
Come from depths of Asia.
'Tis the King of Kings we seek,
Our Divine Messiah.
In what palace, what chateau,
Is the Emperor born? Pray show.
Where's his dwelling place? O gail,
Where can he be dwelling?

"In a chateau" you tell me!
Ah! no rest he's taken,
Cold and naked, could there be
Lodging more forsaken?
'Twixt the ox and ass lies he;
His dear mother is Marie.
God his father is, O gail!
God he is his father.

To that place I'll show the way,
To that stable guide you.
Then I'll take a holiday;
I'll wait there beside you.
Till I come back here to keep
Watch upon my grazing sheep,
That no wolf kill them, O gail!
That no wolf may kill them.

King of Earth and King of Heaven,
Magi you behold here,
Who for you their prayers have giv'n,
And your praises told here.
Now their gifts they offer you,
Myrrh they bring, and incense too,
Gold from Araby, O gail!
Arab gold they bring you.

XIII

QUI creavit coelum
Lully, lully, lu.
Nascitur in stabulo
By, by, by.
Rex qui regit seculum
Lully, lully, lu.

Inter animalia
Lully, lully, lu.
Jacent mundi gaudia
By, by, by.
Dulcis super omnia
Lully, lully, lu.

Roga mater filium
Lully, lully, lu.
Ut det nobis gaudia
By, by, by.
In perenni gloria
Lully, lully, lu.

In Sempiterna saecula
By, by, by, by, by.
In eternum et ultra
Lully, lully, lu.
Det nobis sua gaudia
By, by, by, by, by.

XIV

JESU!
Little Babe so fair,
Jesu!
In the manger there,
Angels guard Thy sleep,
And Thy mother o'er Thy crib tenderly her watch doth
keep.
Jesu!
Thou dear Babe divine.

Jesu!
Shepherds saw the light,
Jesu!
In the sky so bright,
Heard the angels tell
That the Son of God hath come down from heaven on
earth to dwell.
Jesu!
Thou dear Babe divine.

Jesu!
Wise men came from far,
Jesu!
Guided by the star;
Humbly Thee they sought,
Gold and incense sweet, rich gifts from the East to
Thee they brought.
Jesu!
Thou dear Babe divine.

Jesu!
Come we now to Thee,
Jesu!
Lowly bend the knee:
We Thy grace implore;
Lord, we too, with childlike hearts, at the manger Thee
adore.
Jesu!
Thou dear Babe divine.

XV

JOSEPH was an old man,
An old man was he;
He married sweet Mary,
The Queen of Galilee.

As they went awalking
In the garden so gay,
Maid Mary spied cherries
Hanging over yon tree.

Mary said to Joseph,
With her sweet lips so mild,
"Pluck those cherries, Joseph,
For to give to my Child."

"O then," replied Joseph,
With words so unkind,
"I will pluck no cherries
For to give to thy Child."

Mary said to cherry tree,
"Bow down to my knee,
That I may pluck cherries
By one, two, and three."

The uppermost sprig then
Bowed down to her knee;
"Thus you may see, Joseph,
These cherries are for me."

"O eat your cherries, Mary,
O eat your cherries now,
O eat your cherries, Mary,
That grow upon the bough."

XVI

S	UO gau, Little Child, Suo gau, Mother mild, Suo gau, Watches near, Suo gau, Know no fear.	Suo gau, Shepherds gray, Suo gau, Come today, Suo gau, Heav'nly King, Suo gau, Angels sing.
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Suo gau,
Thro' the sky,
Suo gau,
Up on high,
Suo gau,
Heaven rings,
Suo gau,
King of Kings.

XVII

SINCE mighty Roast Beef is an Englishman's food,
It accounts for the freedom that runs in his blood,
For generous living's the step to all good.

Oh! the Roast Beef of old England.
And oh! the old English Roast Beef.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And they kept open house with good cheer all day
long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song.

The tender sirloin was by Royalty's sword
The knighthood ennobled, in grateful record
Of the smoking hot joint that he found on the board.

Great Handel, 'tis said could eat dinner for six,
Which was doubtless his reason on England to fix,
As the land where good music with eating they mix.

Then long may each Briton of beef have his fill,
At Christmas, the season of peace and goodwill,
For the man that's well fed, Sirs, can never do ill.

XVIII

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.

Carols Sung by The Travelers Choral Club 1924-1931



Adeste Fideles	Reading	Joyful Tidings	Nicholas Saboly (1614)
A Joyful Christmas	Old French	King and the Shepherds, The	18th Century Polish
A Legend	Tschaikovsky	Leave, Shepherds, Leave	18th Century French
Alleluia	16th Century Polish	Let us all be Merry	Polish
Alleluia, Kyrie Christe	Old French	Little Child Divine	Tyrolean
All Hail to the Days	17th Century English	Little Jesus	Polish
Angels O'er the Fields	Old French Folksong	Lo, How a Rose	Praetorius (1609)
Annunciation, The	Bas-Quercy	Lullay, Thou Little Tiny Child	16th Century English
Away in a Manger	Luther's Carol	Lulling Her Child	Czecho-Slovakian
Baloo Loo Lammy	Scotch	March of the Three Kings	Old Provençal
Balulalow	Old English	Mary's Farewell	Traditional French
Bell Ringer, The	Besançon	No Candle Was There	Old Breton
Beneath a Roof of Tiling	17th Century French	Noel de Thevet	French
Boar's Head Carol	16th Century English	Noel, Noel	Old French
Break Forth O Beauteous	J. S. Bach	No Rest for Thy Head	Old French
Carol of the Russian Children	White Russian	Nuns of St. Mary Carol	15th Century
Charming Shepherds, The	Besançon	O'er the Cradle of a King	Old Breton
Cherry Tree Carol	Ancient Yorkshire	Oh! The Roast Beef of Old England	Old English
Child Jesus Sleeps	18th Century French	Shepherds, The	18th Century French
Children's Carol	Traditional Polish	Shepherds Now Are You	16th Century French
Come, Sing Now	17th Century French	Shepherds Shake Off Your Drowsy Sleep	Old Besançon
Down in Yon Forest	Old Derbyshire	Since There's No One	18th Century French
From Heaven High	14th Century	Sing We Noel Once More	Bas-Quercy
First Nowell, The	Old English	Sleep, Infant Divine	13th Century Breton
German Folk Carol, The	German	Sleep, Little Dove	Old Alsatian
Glad Tidings	16th Century French	Sleep of the Child Jesus, The	Old French
God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen	Traditional English	Songs of the Birds, The	15th Century Spanish
Go, Magi, on Your Way	17th Century French	Suo Gau	17th Century Welsh
Good King Wenceslas	Traditional English	This Endris Night	Old English
Happy Bethlehem	Old Basque	Thou Child Divine	Old French
He is Born	18th Century French	'Twas in the Reign of Caesar	Czecho-Slovakian
Here a Torch, Jeannette, Isabella	Old Provençal	Tyrley, TyrLOW	Old English
Holly and the Ivy, The	Traditional English	Wake Young Shepherds	17th Century French
Hush! Oh Earth	Franconian	Wassail	Old English
I'll Go To Bethlehem	Czecho-Slovakian	We Three Shepherds	Bas-Quercy
I Hasten Early	Traditional Polish	What Child Is This?	Old English
Jacques, Come Here	16th Century French	While by my Sheep	17th Century German
Jesu, Thou dear Babe Divine	Traditional Haytian	Ye Burghers All	Old French