

RHODES COLLEGE

PRESENTS

THE
RHODES COLLEGE SINGERS

Tony Lee Garner, Conductor

David Ramsey, Accompanist and Associate Conductor

CHRISTMAS CONCERT

The compositions are arranged in and will be performed in groups. Please hold your applause until the completion of each group.

Make Ye Merry for Him that is Come - Imogen Holst
Gabriel's Message - David Willcocks
God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen - John Joubert

Quem Pastores Laudavere - John Rutter
Glory to God in the Highest (Znamenny Chant) - Anatoly Liadov
Lord Jesus Once was a Child - Thomas Eastwood

Hodie - Francis Poulenc
Mid-Winter - Hayes Biggs
The Blessed Son (Hodie) - Ralph Vaughan Williams
A Babe is Born - William Mathias

Blessed Be that Maid Mary - David Willcocks
In Dulci Jubilo - Robert Pearsall

Gloucestershire Wassail - Ralph Vaughan Williams
Good King Wenceslas - Reginald Jacques
Deck the Hall - David Willcocks

December 7, 1993 St. Mary's Cathedral (Episcopal) 8:00 P.M.

December 8, 1993 Hardie Auditorium, Rhodes College 6:00 P.M.

*The Singers Christmas CD "O Magnum Mysterium" is available at the
Rhodes College Bookstore*

MAKE YE MERRY FOR HIM THAT IS COME

Text: Anonymous, 15th century

Music: Imogen Holst (1907-1984)

Salvator mundi, Domine,
Father of heaven, blessed thou be.
Thou greetest a maiden with an 'Ave!'
Alleluia, Deo Patri sit gloria.

Adesto nunc propitius,
Thou sendest thy Son, sweet Jesus,
Man to become, for love of us,
Alleluia, Deo Patri sit gloria.

Te reformator sensuum,
Little and mickle, all and some,
Make ye merry for him that is come,
Alleluia, Deo Patri sit gloria.

Gloria tibi, Domine!
Joy and bliss among us be,
For at this time born is he,
Alleluia, Deo Patri sit gloria.

GABRIEL'S MESSAGE

Text: Sabine Baring-Gould

Music: Basque carol arr. David Willcocks (b. 1919)

Gloria!

The angel Gabriel from heaven came,
His wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame;
'All hail, thou lowly maiden Mary,
Most highly favoured lady,'

Gloria!

'For known a blessed Mother thou shalt be,
All generations laud and honour thee,
Thy Son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold.
Most highly favoured lady,'

Gloria!

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head,
'To me be as it pleaseth God,' she said,
'My soul shall laud and magnify His Holy Name.'
Most highly favoured lady,

Gloria!

Of her, Emmanuel, the Christ, was born
In Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn,
And Christian folk throughout the world will ever say:
'Most highly favoured lady,'

Gloria!

GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN

Text: Traditional English

Music: arr. John Joubert (b. 1927)

God rest you merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day
To save poor souls from Satan's power which had long time gone astray,
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

From God that is our Father the blessed angels came,
Unto some certain shepherds with tidings of the same;
That there was born in Bethlehem, the Son of God by name.
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

Go, fear not, said God's angels, let nothing you affright,
For there is born in Bethlehem, of a pure Virgin bright,
One able to advance you, and throw down Satan quite,
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

The shepherds at those tidings rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding in tempest storms of wind,
And straight they came to Bethlehem, the Son of God to find.
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

Now when they came to Bethlehem where our sweet Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger where oxen feed on hay,
The blessed Virgin kneeling down unto the Lord did pray,
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

With sudden joy and gladness the shepherds were beguiled,
To see the Babe of Israel before his mother mild,
On them with joy and cheerfulness rejoice each Mother's child.
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

Now to the Lord sing praises, all you within this place,
Like we true loving brethren, each other to embrace,
For the merry time of Christmas is drawing on a pace,
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

God bless the ruler of this House, and send him long to reign,
And many a merry Christmas may live to see again.
Among your friends and kindred that live both far and near,
And God send you a happy new year.

QUEM PASTORES LAUDAVERE

Text: Traditional Latin; English translation by Imogen Holst

Music: 14th century German arr. John Rutter (b. 1945)

Quem pastores laudavere,
Quibus angeli dixere,
Absit vobis iam timere,
Natus est rex gloriae.

Shepherds left their flocks astraying,
God's command with joy obeying,
When they heard the angel saying:
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'

Ad quem magi ambulabant,
Aurum, thus, myrrham portabant,
Immolabant haec sincere
Nato regi gloriae.

Wise men came from far, and saw him:
Knelt in homage to adore him;
Precious gifts they laid before him:
Gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Christo regi, Deo nato,
Per Mariam nobis dato,
Merito resonet vere
Laus, honor et gloria.

Let us now in every nation
Sing his praise with exultation.
All the world shall find salvation
In the birth of Mary's Son.

SLAVA V VISHNIH BOGU

Text: Znamenny Chant (Sticheron for the Nativity of Christ)

Music: Anatoly Liadov (1855-1914)

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace.
Today Bethlehem receives Him who is enthroned forever with the Father;
Today angels venerate the Newborn Child in hymns worthy of God:
'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will among men!'

LORD JESUS ONCE WAS A CHILD

Text: Ronald Duncan

Music: Thomas Eastwood (b. 1922)

Lord Jesus once was a child like thee
Yet there has been no other;
Lord Jesus laughed once, just like thee
For Mary's delight as you delight me.
Weep, child, weep for Jesus's Mother.

Lord Jesus once had hair like thee,
His could have been no softer;
With skin so smooth and a mouth like thee
And eyes that had wept before they could see.
Weep, child, weep for Jesus's Mother.

Lord Jesus once had toys like thee
Throw, child, throw your ball higher,
And hands which his mother kissed like me,
Hands that my hands nailed to a tree!
Weep, child, weep; weep for thine own mother.

HODIE CHRISTUS NATUS EST

Text: Traditional Latin; English trans. Hugh Ross

Music: Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Hodie Christus natus est;
Hodie Salvator apparuit:
Hodie in terra canunt Angeli,
laetantur Archangeli:
Hodie exsultant iusti dicentes:
Gloria in excelsis Deo, alleluia.

Born today is Christ, born for us:
Comes today, lo! to us the Savior comes:
Songs today angels sing, sing to men on earth,
And their praise Archangels bring:
Loud today the just men cry out, exulting:
Glory be to God on high, alleluia.

MID-WINTER

Text: Christina Rossetti

Music: melody from the hymn by Gustav Holst
arr. Hayes Biggs (b. 1957), Rhodes College, Class of 1979

In the bleak mid-winter frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter, long ago.

A BABE IS BORN

Text: Anonymous, 15th century

Music: William Mathias (b. 1934)

A babe is born all of a may, to bring salvation unto us.
To him we sing both night and day.
Veni Creator Spiritus.

At Bethlehem, that blessed place, the child of bliss now born he was;
And him to serve God give us grace,
O lux beata Trinitas.

There came three kings out of the East, to worship the King that is so free,
With gold and myrrh and frankincense,
A solis ortus cardine.

The angels came down with one cry, a fair song that night sung they
In worship of that child:
Gloria tibi Domine.

A babe is born all of a may, to bring salvation unto us.
To him we sing both night and day.
Venite Creator Spiritus.
O lux beata Trinitas.
A solis ortus cardine.
Gloria tibi Domine.
Noel!

BLESSED BE THAT MAID MARY

Text: George Woodward

Music: Traditional English arr. David Willcocks (b. 1919)

Blessed be that maid Mary; born he was of her body;
Very God ere time began, born in time the Son of Man.

Eya! Jesus hodie natus est de virgine.

In a manger of an ass Jesu lay and lulled was;
Born to die upon the tree, Pro peccante homine.

Eya! Jesus hodie natus est de virgine.

Sweet and blissful was the song chanted of the angel throng,
'Peace on earth,' Alleluya. In excelsis gloria.

Eya! Jesus hodie natus est de virgine.

Fare three kings from far-off land, incense, gold and myrrh in hand;
In Bethle'm the Babe they see, Stelle ducti lumine,

Eya! Jesus hodie natus est de virgine.

Make we merry on this fest, In quo Christus natus est;
On this child I pray you call, To assoil and save us all.

Eya! Jesus hodie natus est de virgine.

IN DULCI JUBILO

Text: Traditional Latin; ed. and adapted by Reginald Jacques

Music: 14th Century German arr. Robert Pearsall (1795-1856)

In dulci jubilo, let us our homage shew;
Our heart's joy reclineth, in praeseptio
And like a bright star shineth, matris in gremio.
Alpha es et O, alpha es et O.

O Jesu parvule! I yearn for thee alway!
Hear me, I beseech thee, O Puer optime!
My prayer let it reach thee, O Princeps gloriae!
Trahe me post te! trahe me post te!

O Patris caritas, O Nati lenitas!
Deeply were we stained, Per nostra crimina;
But thou hast for us gained, Coelorum gaudia.
O that we were there! O that we were there!

Ubi sunt gaudia, where, if that they be not there?
There are angels singing, Nova cantica,
There the bells are ringing, In Regis curia:
O that we were there! O that we were there!

GLUCESTERSHIRE WASSAIL

Text: Traditional English

Music: Traditional English arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Wassail, wassail, all over the town!
Our toast it is white, and our ale it is brown,
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree;
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek,
Pray God send our master a good piece of beef,
And a good piece of beef that may we all see;
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

Then here's to the maid in the lily-white smock,
Who tripped to the door and slipped back the lock!
Who tripped to the door and pulled back the pin,
For to let these jolly wassailers in.

Wassail, wassail, all over the town!
Our toast it is white, and our ale it is brown,
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree;
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Text: John Mason Neale

Music: 'Piae Cantiones' (1582) arr. Reginald Jacques (1894-1969)

Good King Wenceslas looked 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, gathering 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's 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, good my 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.

DECK THE HALL

Text: Traditional English

Music: Traditional Welsh arr. David Willcocks (b. 1919)

Deck the hall with boughs of holly,
Fa la la la la, fa la la la.
'Tis the season to be jolly,
Fill the mead cup, drain the barrel,
Troll the ancient Christmas carol.

See the flowing bowl before us,
Fa la la la la, fa la la la.
Strike the harp and join the chorus,
Follow me in merry measure,
While I sing of beauty's treasure.

Fast away the old year passes,
Fa la la la la, fa la la la.
Hail the new, ye lads and lassies,
Laughing, quaffing, all together,
Heedless of the wind and weather.