

# christmas at wilkes college

with the madrigal singers



PHOTO BY LEN YOBLONSKI

DIRECTED BY RICHARD CHAPLINE

Recorded in the First Presbyterian Church  
of Wilkes-Barre by Livingston Clewell

# christmas at wilkes college

SOPRANOS	ALTOS
Patricia Lutz, '62	Christine Bialogawicz, '63
Sallie Price, '61	Bonnie Jenkins, '63
Mary Jean Sakoski, '61	Sharon Key, '64
Nancy Thomas, '62	Beverly Major, '61
TENORS	BASSES
Robert Eike, '62	David Jones, '64
Raymond Nutaitis, '62	Donald Jones, '62
Walter Umla, '62	Richard Probert, '64
Merritt Wheeler, '63	Edward Yadzinski, '62

## SIDE A

### RESONET IN LAUDIBUS

Gregorian Hymn  
SUNG IN LATIN

Rejoice! Rejoice! Christ is born today of the Virgin Mary.

★ ★ ★

### SIR CHRISTYMAS

Medieval Carol — 15th Century

BY PERMISSION OF Galaxy Music Corporation

Nowell! Who is there that singeth so: Nowell?  
I am here, Sir Christymas. Welcome, my Lord, Sir Christymas!  
Welcome to us all both more and less! Come near, Nowell.  
Dieu vous garde, beau sire, tidings I you bring:  
A maid hath born a child full young,  
The which causeth you for to sing: Nowell!  
Christ is now born of a pure maid;  
In an ex-stall He is laid,  
Wherefore sing we all at a braid: Nowell!  
Buvez bien par toute la compagnie,  
Make good cheer and be right merry,  
And sing with us now joyfully: Nowell!

★ ★ ★

### O MAGNUM MYSTERIUM

T. L. da Vittoria (1540-1611)

ED. BY J. F. WILLIAMSON

BY PERMISSION OF G. Schirmer, Inc.

SUNG IN LATIN

O great mystery and wonderful secret: that animals should see the newborn Lord, lying in a manger. O blessed Virgin, whose womb was worthy to bear the Lord Jesus Christ. Alleluja!

★ ★ ★

### A GALLERY CAROL

BASED ON WORDS AND TUNE IN THE "Oxford Book of Carols"

ARR. BY Marlowe Johnson

BY PERMISSION OF Sacred Design Associates, Inc.

Rejoice and be merry in songs and in mirth!  
O praise our Redeemer, all mortals on earth!  
For this is the birthday of Jesus our King,  
Who brought us salvation, His praises we sing!  
A heavenly vision appeared in the sky;  
Vast numbers of angels the shepherds did spy.  
Proclaiming the birthday of Jesus our King,  
Who brought us salvation, His praises we sing!  
A very bright star in the sky did appear  
Which led the Wisemen from east to draw near.  
They found the Messiah, sweet Jesus our King,  
Who brought us salvation, His praises we sing,  
And when they were come they their gifts unfold,  
And unto Him offer'd myrrh, incense and gold.  
So blessed forever be Jesus our King,  
Who brought us salvation, His praises we sing!

★ ★ ★

### YE SHEPHERDS FROM THE MOUNTAINS

Old French Carol — Words Anonymous

INSTRUMENTAL ARR. BY William Gasbarro

Ye shepherds from the mountains, Come down to us this morn!  
Within your country borders For you a Saviour's born,  
And lies in wretched stable Exposed to all the winds;  
This Child so kind and gentle To earth came thro' our sins.  
How gladsome are the tidings, Which come to tell of Him;  
So brilliant is 'this starlight The Sun light seems but dim.  
For this night is far brighter Than any light of moon;  
It is a thing uncommon That night should be as noon.

Fair Beth'lem is the village Which has the Infant dear;  
Beside Him is the Mother Forever hov'ring near.  
Right quickly come the Wise Men To worship and adore;  
Their gifts they lay before Him, And praise forevermore.  
Clarinet — EDWARD YADZINSKI Oboe — DONALD JONES  
Bassoon — ROBERT EIKE

★ ★ ★

### WHAT CHILD IS THIS?

English Carol  
WORDS BY William Dix

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 Christians, 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!

★ ★ ★

### JACQUES, COME HERE

Old French Carol (1555)

ARR. BY Richard Donovan, TRANS. BY Edward Bliss Reed  
BY PERMISSION OF Galaxy Music Corporation

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 for me.

Refrain

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."

Refrain

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, 'twas night and not the day.

Refrain

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

Refrain

★ ★ ★

### IN THE MANGER HE LIES

(W ZLOBIE LEZY)

Ancient Polish Carol

ARR. BY George Aitken, TRANS. BY Edith Reed

BY PERMISSION OF Galaxy Music Corporation

Infant Holy, Infant lowly, For His bed a cattle stall;  
Oxen lowing, Little knowing Christ the Babe is Lord of All.  
Swift are winging, Angels singing, Nowels ringing,  
Tidings bringing Christ the Babe is Lord of All.

Flocks were sleeping, Shepherds keeping Vigil till the morning new;  
Saw the glory, Heard the story, Tidings of a Gospel true.  
Thus rejoicing, Free from sorrow, Praises voicing,  
Greet the morrow, Christ the Babe was born for you!

★ ★ ★

## Side B

### PATAPAN

Old Burgundian Carol FROM "Oxford Book of Carols"

ARR. BY Martin Shaw

BY PERMISSION OF Oxford University Press, Inc.

Willie, take your little drum, Thus the men of olden days  
With your whistle, Robin, come! Loved the King of Kings to praise:  
When we hear the fife and drum, When they hear the fife and drum,  
Ture-lure-lu, pata-pata-pan, Ture-lure-lu, pata-pata-pan,  
When we hear the fife and drum, When they hear the fife and drum,  
Christmas should be frolicsome. Sure our children won't be dumb!

God and man are now become  
More at one than fife and drum.  
When you hear the fife and drum,  
Ture-lure-lu, pata-pata-pan  
When you hear the fife and drum,  
Dance, and make the village hum!

★ ★ ★

### LOVE CAME DOWN

MUSIC BY Harold Darke

BY PERMISSION OF Galaxy Music Corporation

WORDS BY Christina Rossetti

BY PERMISSION OF The Macmillan Company

Love came down at Christmas, Worship we the God-head,  
Love all lovely, Love divine; Love incarnate, Love divine;  
Love was born at Christmas; Worship we our Jesus:  
Star and angels gave the sign. But wherewith for sacred sign?  
Love shall be our token;  
Love be yours and love be mine,  
Love to God and all men,  
Love for plea and gift and sign.

★ ★ ★

### LULLING HER CHILD

Old Czecho-Slovakian Carol

ARR. BY Richard Donovan, TRANS. BY Edward Bliss Reed  
BY PERMISSION OF Galaxy Music Corporation

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.

## with the madrigal singers

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".

Lulling her Child to quiet sleep His mother 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.

Tenor Soloist: MERRITT WHEELER

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### I'LL GO TO BETHLEHEM

Old Czecho-Slovakian Carol

ARR. BY Richard Donovan, TRANS. BY Edward Bliss Reed  
BY PERMISSION OF Galaxy Music Corporation

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.  
"Cuc-cuckoo!" Hail to Thee, 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!" O that I were in Heav'n today.

★ ★ ★

### A SPOTLESS ROSE

MUSIC BY Herbert Howells

Words of XIV Cent. origin

BY PERMISSION OF Galaxy Music Corporation

A Spotless Rose is blowing, Sprung from a tender root,  
Of ancient seers' foreshowing, Of Jesse promised fruit;  
Its fairest bud unfolds to light Amid the cold, cold winter,  
And in the dark midnight.

The Rose which I am singing, Whereof Isaiah said,  
Is from its sweet root springing In Mary, purest Maid,  
For through our God's great love and might, The Blessed Babe  
she bare us

In a cold, cold winter's night.

Tenor Soloist: MERRITT WHEELER

★ ★ ★

### THE STABLE DOOR

MUSIC BY C. Armstrong Gibbs — WORDS BY Lilian Cox  
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A soft light from a stable door Unto all peoples of the earth  
Lies on the midnight lands; A little child brought light;  
The Wise Man's star burns ever- And never in the darkest place  
more Can it be utter night.  
Over all desert sands.

No flick'ring torch, no wav'ring fire,  
But life, the Light of men;  
Whatever clouds may veil the sky  
Never is night again.

★ ★ ★

### MIDWINTER

TUNE "Cranham" BY Gustav Holst

BY PERMISSION OF Trustees of the Composer,

Westminster Bank Ltd., London — WORDS BY Christina Rossetti  
BY PERMISSION OF The Macmillan Company

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.

Our God, Heav'n cannot hold Him, Nor Earth sustain;  
Heav'n and earth shall flee away, When He comes to reign:  
In the bleak mid-winter A stable place sufficed  
The Lord God Almighty Jesus Christ.

Angels and Archangels May have gather'd there,  
Cherubim and Seraphim Thronged the air:  
But only His Mother In her maiden bliss  
Worshipp'd the Beloved With a kiss.

What can I give Him, Poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;  
If I were a wise-man, I would do my part;  
Yet what I can I give Him, Give my heart.

★ ★ ★

### GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Christmas Spiritual

ARR. BY Olive J. Williams in "Songs of All Time"

PUBLISHED BY Cooperative Recreation Service, Delaware, Ohio

Go tell it on the mountain, Over the hills and everywhere!  
Go tell it on the mountain, That Jesus Christ is a-born!  
When I was a sinner I prayed both night and day:  
I asked the Lord to help me and He showed me the way. Refrain.  
When I was a seeker I sought both night and day:  
I asked the Lord to help me and He taught me to pray. Refrain.  
He made me a watchman upon the city wall;  
And if I am a Christian, I am the least of all. Refrain.