

D.F.
1977

Christmas in Christ Chapel



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS COLLEGE
SAINT PETER, MINNESOTA 56082





Christmas in Christ Chapel



Choir - hold music folder
Soft on Alleluia

CHRIST CHAPEL

December 2, 3 and 4, 1977

(kindly hold any applause until the conclusion of the program)

PRELUDE

ALLEGRO

Hans Leo Hassler

PASTORALE

Arcangelo Corelli

from Christmas Concerto Grosso

CANZON SEPTIMI TONI NO. 1

Giovanni Gabrieli

FESTIVAL CHORALE

Cardon Burnham

for organ and brass

OFFICE OF PRAISE

start softer ALLELUIA

William Albright

ADVENT MOTET (First movement—O How Shall I Receive Thee) *Gustav Schreck*
arr. G. Winston Cassler

1 *Choirs*

O how shall I receive thee,
how meet thee on thy way?
Blest hope of ev'ry nation,
my soul's delight and stay.
O Jesu, Jesu give me by
thine illuming light,
To know what-e'er is pleasing,
and welcome in thy sight.

2 *People and Choirs*

A great and mighty wonder
this joyful feast-day brings;
The Virgin bears the Infant,
our Lord and King of Kings.
The Word becomes incarnate,
descending from on high;
The cherubim sing anthems
to shepherds from the sky.

3 *People and Choirs*

How kind, O loving Saviour,
to come from heav'n above;
From sin and evil save us,
and keep us in thy love.
We need thee, blessed Jesus,
our dearest friend thou art;
Forbid that we by sinning
should grieve thy loving heart.

4 *Choirs only*

Since all he comes to ransom.
By all be he adored.
The Infant born in Bethlehem,
The Saviour and the Lord!
O how shall I receive thee,
how meet thee on thy way?
Blest hope of ev'ry nation,
my soul's delight and stay.

Paul Gerhardt

ADVENT MOTET (Second movement—Entrance Scene)

Gustav Schreck

Blest he that comes in the name of the Lord. Lord Hosanna!
Lord Hosanna in the highest!



FROM HEAVEN ABOVE TO EARTH I COME

Martin Luther

People sing and remain seated

1
From heaven above to earth I come
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing.

2
To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all the earth.

3
Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, to thee.

4 *Choirs only*
Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make thee a bed, soft undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for thee.

5
'Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man his Son hath given,'
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad new year to all the earth.

Martin Luther

*write out
transposition*

OFFICE OF COMPLINE GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

GOD IS WITH US

Serbian Chant

People stand

God is with us! Understand, ye nations, and submit yourselves, for God is with us.

Hear ye, even unto the uttermost ends of the earth:
The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light:
And they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, on them hath the light shined:
For unto us a son is born, unto us a child is given:
And the government shall be upon his shoulder:
And of his peace there shall be no end:
And his Name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God,
the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace:
The Father of the world to come:

People are seated

GLORY TO GOD

anon. 18th century

Glory to God in the highest.

Jesus Christ hath come to earth,
Filled our hearts with joy and mirth;
Though He lies in manger lowly
He will conquer, prove He's holy.
Sing, ye hosts of heav'n on high,
Sing, O earth, to Christ draw nigh.

Glory to God in the highest.

Up, ye Christians, raise the strain,
Let resound a glad refrain;
Hymns of praise to God sing loudly,
With your voices shout His glory.
For the Lord hath sent His Son
To this earth from His high throne.

Glory to God in the highest.



GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO!

J. S. Bach

Gloria in excelsis Deo!
Et in terra pax hominibus,
bonae voluntatis.

Glory be to God on high!
And on earth peace, good
will to men.

DEO GRACIAS

Benjamin Britten

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
Adam lay ibounden, bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter thought he not to long.
And all was for an appil, an appil that he tok,
As clerkès finden written in their book.
Ne had the appil takè ben, the appil takè ben,
Ne haddè never our lady a ben hevenè quene.
Blessèd be the time that appil takè was.
Therefore we moun singen, Deo gracias!

TROPARION OF THE FEAST

Obikhod

Thy Nativity, O Christ our God, has shone to the world
the light of wisdom! For by it those who worshipped the
stars, were taught by a star to adore Thee, the Sun of
Righteousness, and to know Thee, the Orient from on high.
O Lord, glory to Thee!

HOW STILL HE RESTS

Brent Pierce

How still the child rests in quiet splendor,
How peacefully he lies in the manger so bare.
He rests in peace while the angels in heaven
Sing Glory to God on the night of his birth.

Sleep on, sleep on, Oh infant divine.
How quiet the night. Oh sleep little child, sleep on.

Oh holy child, son of God, hear us praise thee.
Our hearts sing with joy on this night of your birth.
How still he rests. How still he lies asleep.
How still he rests. Sleep.

Brent Pierce

KONTAKION OF THE FEAST

Obikhod

Today the Virgin gives birth to the transcendent One,
and the earth offers a cave to the unapproachable One!
Angels with shepherds glorify Him!
The wise men journey with the star!
Since for our sake the eternal God was born as a little child.

Sit



THIS LITTLE BABE

Benjamin Britten

This little Babe so few days old, Is come to rifle Satan's fold;
All hell doth at his presence quake, though he himself for cold do shake;
For in this weak unarmed wise the gates of hell he will surprise.

With tears he fights and wins the field, His naked breast stands for a shield;
His battering shot are babish cries, His arrows looks of weeping eyes.
His martial ensigns Cold and Need, and feeble Flesh his warrior's steed.

His camp is pitched in a stall, His bulwark but a broken wall;
The crib his trench, haystalks his stakes; Of shepherds he his muster makes;
And thus, as sure his foe to wound, the angels' trumps alarum sound.

My soul, with Christ join thou in fight; Stick to the tents that he hath pight
Within his crib is surest ward; This little Babe will be thy guard.
If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy, Then flit not from this heavenly Boy.

BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD

Obikhod

Blessed be the Name of the Lord, henceforth and forever more.

TODAY THERE IS RINGING

F. M. Christiansen

Today there is ringing in praise of God. Bells are a-chiming.
Salvation's glad tidings by angels brought from Bethlehem's manger are spread abroad.
On fallen snow the sunbeams glow in the valley.

There comes to the homes a holy guest. Bells are a-chiming.
Who opens the door will by Him be blest with mercy and life and refreshing rest.
On fallen snow the sunbeams glow in the valley.

THE EVENING LITANY

10th century plainsong

In peace let us pray to the Lord.
For the peace that is from above, and for the salvation of our souls, let us pray to the Lord.
For the peace of the whole world, for the well-being of the churches of God,
and for the unity of all, let us pray to the Lord.
For this holy house, and for them that in faith, piety and fear of God
offer here their worship and praise, let us pray to the Lord.
Help, save, pity and defend us, O God, by thy grace.

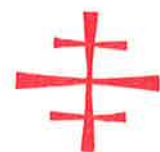
THE CHRISTMAS NIGHT SUITE

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov

The Christmas procession was going out,
The young girl was going out,
with a gilded carriage, on a small black horse,
Behind it singers were going out,
The young man was going out,
oh, on the wild boar, on the marvelous (wild boar)
with golden bristle.
The young were going out,
the bold were going out to calm the winter blizzards,
to rescue the beautiful sun.

In the East a light has begun to shine,
It has illuminated the whole world with God's truth.
Behind the star were walking the Wise Men,
They have bowed to the light of truth.

Translations by Phyllis Johnson



OFFICE OF HYMNS AND CAROLS

THE FIRST NOWELL

Traditional English Carol

People stand and sing

1
The first Noel 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.

2
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.

3
Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of naught,
And with his Blood mankind hath bought.

People are seated

BALULALOW

Benjamin Britten

O my deare hert, young Jesu sweat,
Prepare thy creddil in my spriet,
And I sall rock thee to my hert,
And never mair from thee depart.

But I sall praise thee evermoir
With sanges sweat unto thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow, sall I bow,
And sing that richt Balulalow.

EL NINO JESUS

arr. Jon Romer

"Mother, a child at our door step has a beauty beyond compare;
Yet He weeps for He is freezing, for you see, he is wearing no clothes."

But as soon as he had entered, while His warmth He was regaining,
The mistress asked what country here on earth He had been reigning.

"My Father is in Heaven, my Mother is holy too;
I've come to earth to suffer for your sins and you!"

BRING A TORCH, JEANNETTE, ISABELLA

*Traditional French Carol
arr. Wetzler*

Bring a torch, Jeannette, Isabella! Bring a torch, to the cradle run!
It is Jesus good folk of the village; Christ is born, and Mary's calling:
Ah, ah, beautiful is the mother!
Ah, ah, beautiful is her Son.

Softly to the little stable, softly for a moment come;
Look and see how charming is Jesus, how he is white, his cheeks are rosy:
Ah, ah, beautiful is the mother!
Ah, ah, beautiful is her son.

It is wrong when the Child is sleeping, it is wrong to talk so loud;
Silence all, as you gather around, lest your noise should waken Jesus:
Hush, hush, see how the Child is sleeping;
Hush, hush, see how he smiles in dreams.



NATURE CAROL

*Filipino Plantation Song
arr. Malcolm Sargent*

Coral, amber, pearl and shell, gifts we gather from summer seas,
Find and bind, make love the spell, take our gifts if they charm and please.

Ruby, onyx, rain and dew, weave a crown with your jewelled light,
Show and know whose world is new, who is Prince of the day and night.

Mountains, flowers, trees and hills, laugh and sing where His blessings fall,
Wind and waves, lagoons and rills, shout his love who is Lord of all.
Aloha! Hanaw, aloha!

CAROL OF THE BELLS

M. Leontovich

Hark, how the bells merrily ring, tell all the world Jesus is King!
Loudly proclaim with one accord, the happy tale; welcome the Lord!
Ding-dong, ding-dong, that is their song with joyful ring all caroling.
One seems to hear words of good cheer from everywhere filling the air.
Oh, how they pound, raising the sound o'er hill and dale, telling their tale.
Gaily they ring, while people sing songs of good cheer, Christmas is here.
Merry Christmas!

O BE JOYFUL, ALL YE LANDS

*Gretchaninoff
arr. G. Winston Cassler*

O be joyful and sing unto the Lord, all ye lands.
Sing ye, O sing ye and praise His name.
All ye nations praise the Lord!
Praise Him with trumpet, praise Him with psaltery.
Thou art exalted above all Gods,
Holy and mighty God of glory, the God that doeth wondrous things.
Into all the world Thy light'nings have gone forth,
Gone forth into all lands.
All nations have seen Thy righteousness O mighty God.
Thou reigneth o'er all the nations.
Holy and mighty God of glory, the God who doeth wondrous things.

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

*Wade
arr. G. Winston Cassler*

People sing and remain seated

1
O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him,
Born the King of angels:

2
God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo, he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created:

3
Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!
Glory to God
In the highest:

4 *People stand*
Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesus, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:



There is something Russian and Northern which we have placed at the liturgical center of the Christmas celebration this year, an echo of ancient relationships between the Russian and the Scandinavian people. You will hear it in the chant, see it in the gesture and recognize its themes in the music of Rimsky-Korsakov. Finally, you will sense it in the Eastern poet's embellishment on the Christmas Biblical texts — the Troparion and Kontakion. From this center it spreads out into the music of many peoples.

We pray you hear tonight, the "angels singing". The theme of that singing is Jesus Christ, and the meaning of that singing concerns the worthfulness of your own existence, that is, the gift to live it as a child of God in this world.

PARTICIPANTS

BRASS CHOIR/HERALD TRUMPETS
Mark Lammers

CHAMBER SINGERS
Jon Romer

THE CONCERT CHOIR
Philip F. Knautz

WOMEN'S CHORUS
Kathryn Swanson

CHRIST CHAPEL CHOIR
David P. Engen

GUSTAVUS ORCHESTRA
Gerald Lewis

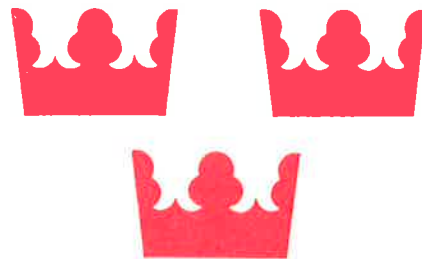
MOTET CHOIR
David Fienen

LITURGIST
Chaplain Richard Q. Elvee

DEACON
Mark Thomsen

ORGANIST
David Fienen

Harpichord courtesy of Christine Johnson



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