THE Musical Times

ESTABLISHED IN 1844

Three Christmas Carols. (Old French.)

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Source: *The Musical Times*, Vol. 52, No. 825 (Nov. 1, 1911), pp. 731-734

Published by: [Musical Times Publications Ltd.](#)

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/906476>

Accessed: 03/01/2015 20:04

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Three Christmas Carols.

(OLD FRENCH.)

ARRANGED FOR FOUR VOICES BY
EDMUND SEDDING.

LONDON : NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK : THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

No. 1.

A Day, a Day of Glory.

The Melody as sung in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Chartres. The English words written expressly by the Rev. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

Joyfully.

1. A Day, a Day of Glo - ry! A Day that ends our woe! A Day that tells of
Tri - umph A - gainst the vanquish'd foe! Yield Sum - mer's brightest sun - rise, To
this De - cem - ber morn : * Lift up your gates, ye Prin - ces, And let the Child be born !

2 With *Gloria in Excelsis*
Archangels tell their mirth :
With *Kyrie Eleison*
Men answer upon earth :
And Angels swell the triumph,
And mortals sound the horn,
† Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born !

3 He comes, His Throne the manger
He comes, His Shrine the stall ;
The ox and ass His Courtiers,
Who made and governs all :
The "House of Bread" His Birth-place,
The Prince of Wine and Corn :
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born !

4 Then bar the gates, that henceforth
None thus may passage win,
Because the Prince of Israel
Alone hath entered in :—
The earth, the sky, the ocean,
His glorious way adorn :
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born !

* In allusion to the old reading of Psalm xxiv. 7.

No. 2.

Masters in this Hall.

Andante.

1. Mas - ters in this Hall, . . Hear ye news to - day . . .

Brought from o - ver sea, . . And ev - er I you pray,

CHORUS.

f Now - ell! Now - ell! Now - ell! Now - ell sing we clear! Hol - pen

are all folk on earth, . . Born . . is God's Son so dear :

f Now - ell! Now - ell! Now - ell! Now - ell sing we loud! God to -

MASTERS IN THIS HALL.

2 Going o'er the hills,
Through the milk-white snow,
Heard I ewes bleat
While the wind did blow.
Chorus.—Nowell, &c.

3 Shepherds many an one
Sat among the sheep,
No man spake more word
Than they had been asleep,
Chorus.—Nowell, &c.

4 Quoth I, "Fellows mine,
Why this guise sit ye?
Making but dull cheer,
Shepherds though ye be?"
Chorus.—Nowell, &c.

5 "Shepherds should of right
Leap and dance and sing,
Thus to see ye sit,
Is a right strange thing."
Chorus.—Nowell, &c.

6 Quoth these fellows then,
"To Bethlem Town we go,
To see a Mighty Lord
Lie in manger low."
Chorus.—Nowell, &c.

7 "How name ye this Lord,
Shepherds?" then said I,
"Very God," they said,
"Come from Heaven high."
Chorus.—Nowell, &c.

8 Then to Bethlem Town
We went two and two,
And in a sorry place
Heard the oxen low.
Chorus.—Nowell, &c.

9 Therein did we see
A sweet and goodly May
And a fair old man,
Upon the straw She lay.
Chorus.—Nowell, &c.

10 And a little Child
On Her arm had She,
"Wot ye Who This is?"
Said the hinds to me.
Chorus.—Nowell, &c.

11 Ox and ass Him know,
Kneeling on their knee,
Wondrous joy had I
This little Babe to see.
Chorus.—Nowell, &c.

12 This is Christ the Lord,
Masters be ye glad!
Christmass is come in,
And no folk should be sad.
Chorus.—Nowell, &c.

The English words written expressly by WILLIAM MORRIS, Esq., B.A.

No. 3.

Ye who walk in Darkness.

Andante.

1. Ye who walk in dark - ness, Turn to greet the morn !

Lo ! in Da - vid's Ci - ty, Christ the Lord is born ! O

not with earth - ly trum - pets, . . Not with roll - ing drums ; But

with the Song of An - gels, . . Christ the Sa - viour comes !

2.
Ye who sin and sorrow,
Lift your downcast eyes !
He who comes to save you,
In a manger lies !
For He will give you blessing,—
Bid your sorrow cease,
And light the darkened heavens,
With the bow of peace !

3.
O ye Kings and Princes !
Sheath the cruel sword !
Come to David's City,—
See your new-born Lord !
O learn of Him in meekness,
Learn of Him alone,
The glory of whose manger,
Pales your brightest throne !

4.
Come, ye heavy laden,
In His strength be blest !
Come, ye worn and weary,
He will give you rest !
O turn all ye who wander !
Greet the radiant morn !
For lo, in David's City,
Christ the Lord is born !

SHAPCOTT WENSLEY.