

TRINITY CHURCH

CORNER NINETEENTH AND EVERETT STREETS

Thursday Evening, January 30th, 1913

eight o'clock

SACRED CANTATA

“The Coming of the King”

BY DUDLEY BUCK

SOLOS BY

Mrs. Rose Bloch Bauer, Soprano.

Mr. Joseph Mulder, Tenor.

Mrs. Delphine Marx, Contralto.

Mr. Fred Crowther, Baritone.

Mr. Lucien Becker, Organ

Chorus under direction of W. H. Boyer

No. 1.

NOEL!

Prelude for Organ.

“The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.”

—Isaiah, ix. 2.

No. 2.

PROPHECY.

SOPRANO SOLO.

O Jerusalem, look about thee toward the East, and behold the joy that cometh to thee from God!

Put off the garment of thy mourning!

Put on the comeliness of thy glory, which shall be on thy head as a diadem from the Everlasting!

The mountains shall break forth into singing;

The trees of the field shall clap their hands.

All they of Saba shall come, bringing gold and incense.

For he that shall come is nigh;

Even now he is nigh at hand, thy Saviour.

Thou shalt weep no more: he will be very gracious unto thee.

At the voice of thy cry he will hear, and straightway will answer thee.

Arise! arise, O Jerusalem!

Look about thee toward the East!

Unto thee cometh thy King, and thy Redeemer.

No. 3.

ADVENT.

CHORUS.

Awake! awake! put on thy strength, O Zion!

Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, thou holy city!

And thou—Bethlehem-Ephratah!—thou who art the least among the thousands of Judah, out of thee shall He come forth who shall rule in Israel!

For a Branch shall come forth out of the stem of Jesse, and shall stand for an ensign unto the people, and to it shall the Gentiles seek.

SOPRANO AND ALTO DUO.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd:
He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom; and
He shall gently lead those that are with young.

CHORUS.

Awake, then, awake! put on thy strength, O Zion!
Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give
thee light!

No. 4a. THE ANNUNCIATION.

ALTO SOLO.

The angel Gabriel was sent from God, unto a city of Galilee, named
Nazareth; to a virgin espoused to man whose name was Joseph, of
the house of David: and the virgin's name was Mary.
And the angel said unto her—

No. 4b. TENOR SOLO.

Hail! hail, thou that art highly favored,
The Lord is with thee!
Blessed art thou among women.
Fear not, for thou hast found favor with God.
Behold, thou shalt bring forth a son,
And shalt call his name Jesus.
He shall be great, and shall be called
The Son of the Highest.
And o'er the house of Jacob He shall reign for
ever.

MELCHIOR.

Royal gifts with us we bring,
Well beseeming such a king.
Home and friends we've left behind,
All—the wondrous Child to find.

GASPAR.

Him by prophets long foretold,
Writ in mystic scrolls of old;
Fairest fruit of Judah's line,
We would hail as Lord divine.
For "we three kings" etc.

No. 5. ACROSS THE DESERT.

Male Chorus. (The Caravan of the Magi.)

We march through the cool of the night,
And we halt when the day fiercely glows:
When darkness descends on our sight
See the West a new radiance disclose.
O Star in the western sky,
In the East thy ray we descried!
And have followed where e'er thou didst guide.
Now *must* the Messiah be nigh.

CHORUS.

Then march on through the cool of night,
Still march on till the day fiercely glows;
For we know we are guided aright
By the star which our course ever shows.

No. 6.

THE PLAINS OF BETHLEHEM.

FEMALE CHORUS.

And there were, in that same country,
shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch
over their flocks by night. And lo! the angel
of the Lord came upon them, and the glory
of the Lord shone round about them, and
they were sore afraid. And the angel said
unto them:

TENOR SOLO.

Fear not! for behold, I bring you good
tidings of great joy, which shall be to all
people. For unto you is born this day, in the
city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the
Lord.

THE THREE MAGI.

"We three kings of Orient are."
Melchior, Gaspar, and Baltasar,
Seeking him, who, by yon sign,
Must be born as Lord divine.

FEMALE CHORUS.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying:

FULL CHORUS.

Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, good will to men.

No. 7.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SHEPHERDS.

BASS SOLO.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the Shepherds said one to another:

MALE CHORUS.

Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

SOPRANO SOLO.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

CONGREGATION, WITH FULL CHOIR.

Tune "Yorkshire."

Words by John Byrom, 1763.

Melody by R. Wainwright, 1768.

Christians, awake! salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise, and adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above.
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter cross.
Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
Amen.

No. 8. THE VIRGIN'S LULLABY.

ALTO SOLO.

Sleep, my Jesu, sleep, my best,
In thy lowly manger rest.
Mother's hand thy hands enfolding,
In ecstasy her babe beholding;
While the oxen and the sheep,
Wond'ring, watch thy gentle sleep.
Lullaby, lullaby,
Sing lullaby!

Thou the mystical conceived!
Thou the prophecy achieved!
Of thee may I not be bereaved
O Jesu mine!

Then sleep, my Jesu, sleep, my best,
Softly by my lips caressed.
Mother sings thy cradle-song,
And the angels hither throng,
While the stars gleam overhead,
Watching round thy humble bed.
Lullaby, lullaby,
Sing lullaby!

No. 9.

THE QUESTIONING OF THE MAGI.

HEROD.

Come hither, sages from a distant land!
What purpose strange hath led your steps so far?
I hear of curious questions that ye ask,
As to a "king," new-born within our realm!
Forget ye not that here King Herod rules alone,
And that *he* questions ye!

THE MAGI, AND RETAINERS.

We bow down to thee, great king,
As least of all thy subjects.
But in the East we have seen his star,
And have hither come from afar
The new-born prince to find.—
The question we would ask,
After our weary task,
is this:
Where, where is he who shall set Israel free?
For we are come to worship him.

HEROD.

Say on, ye learned men,
When did this star appear?

MAGI.

'Twas many months ago:
Fulfilment must be near.

HEROD (*scornfully*).

Did not your ancient lore
Predict—as oft before—
The very place of birth
Of this new "Lord of Earth?"

MAGI.

Yea, even so, the signs that we revere
Have led our footsteps here;
Thus runs the prophecy:

"*Thou, Bethlehem-Ephratah! Thou that art the least among the thousands of Judah, out of thee shall he come forth who shall rule in Israel.*"

HEROD (*aside, and troubled*).

Accursed prophecy! 'tis the same tale I've heard from the chief-priests and scribes!

(*to the Magi*)

"In Bethlehem," said ye?

MAGI.

In Bethlehem of Judea!

HEROD (*with feigned graciousness*).

If so it be, the place is nigh at hand.

'Tis but a little hamlet of our land.

Go then, ye Magi! search the place with care,

In this your quest I fain would have a share.

Seek ye the Babe! and—should the tale prove true—

Bring we swift word, that I may worship too.

Ye have our royal warrant!—Go in peace!

MAGI.

Hail to King Herod! thanks for grace bestowed!

Thy servants go to seek the hallowed Babe's abode.

(*departing*).

O joy, behold the star again!

Sing out in happy chorus!

"To Bethlehem!" be our refrain,

Lead on, O star, before us!

Ah, look again! it standeth still

And downward throws its light;

Behold a stable 'neath the hill

Revealed unto our sight.

Our journey's o'er! the star is gone!

O haste, to greet the newly born,

And worship at his feet.

Hosanna! hosanna!

Hosanna to the Son of David!

HEROD (*alone, and angrily*).

Farewell, ye Magi! seek in vain!

Not idly will king Herod yield his sway!

By all the gods of old—the youthful brood shall die!

Yea, every babe of two years old and under.

So, in the general slaughter, shall be swept away

This infant 'king,' whose star now threatens mine.

Haste, Herod, haste, to issue thy decree!

DISTANT CHORUS OF WOMEN.

In Ramah there was a voice heard,
Lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning;

Rachel weeping for her children,

And would not be comforted,

Because they were not.

No. 10.

THE ADORATION.

SOPRANO SOLO.

And when they had come unto the house they saw the young child, and Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him. And when they had opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh.

MALE VOICES.

And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return unto Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

No. 11. ADESTE FIDELES.

Melody by John Reading, 1680.

FEMALE VOICES.

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:

O come, let us adore him,

O come, let us adore him,

O Come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

MALE VOICES.

Sing, choirs of angels,

Sing in exultation,

Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!

Glory to God! glory in the highest!

O come, let us adore him, etc.

CONGREGATION (WITH FULL CHOIR).

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,

Born to be our Saviour,

King, thou art come to set the nations free.

Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing.

O come, let us adore him, etc.

CHOIR.

Hosanna! hosanna!

Hosanna in the highest!

Amen.