

Où s'en vont ces gais bergers?

Old French Noël

Translation: J.E Middleton

arr. Healey Willan

Moderato

Whither - er now the

5
shep - herds fare so gai - ly of the hea - ther,

11
Ere the morn - ing's ro - sy ray has lit the win - ter

PERUSAL SCORE ONLY - PLEASE DO NOT COPY

17

wea - - ther? They would find a pret - ty lit - tle

22

Babe and wor - ship Him to geth - - -

26

- er.

In the stable none can see a curtain'd casement,
There the Holy Infant lies. Miraculous abasement!
Angel songs are ringing thro' the sky, and men are in amazement.

On the straw the Babe is found. His eyes are veiled in sleeping
But the Virgin Mother kneels and gives herself to weeping.
Joseph whispers comfort to her words and has her in his keeping.

Swaddling garments coarse and poor, His baby limbs are sheathing,
Ox and ass anear the Child are softly, softly breathing.
In the early frosty winter air the vapor upward wreathing.

Shepherds kneel before the Babe and bless the Heav'nly treasure,
Thankfully they sing aloud for singing is their pleasure
And departing cheerily they dance in brave courante measure.

Let us pray to Jesus now to bring us al salvation,
May we at His good right hand in Heav'n take our station
Giving thanks forever and a day in this and every nation.