97TH ANNUAL
SPELMAN & MOREHOUSE
Christmas Carol Concert

Presented By
THE SPELMAN COLLEGE GLEE CLUB | Kevin Johnson, Director
and
THE MOREHOUSE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB | David Morrow, Director
Joyce F. Johnson, Organist

FRIDAY, DEC. 1, 2023
7:30 P.M.
The Martin Luther King Jr.
International Chapel
MOREHOUSE COLLEGE

SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 2023
7:30 P.M.
Sisters Chapel
SPELMAN COLLEGE

SUNDAY, DEC. 3, 2023
6 P.M.
The Martin Luther King Jr.
International Chapel
MOREHOUSE COLLEGE
It is requested that there be no applause at any point in this program. The audience is invited to join with the chorus in singing the first, the last and all other selections marked with an asterisk (*), and requested to remain seated during the processional and recessional.

**Prelude**

Variations on "He Is Born!"

arr. John Behnke

**Processional**

Hail To The Lord's Anointed

Old English

Hail to the Lord’s Anointed,
Great David’s greater son!
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun.
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

O’er every foe victorious
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
His changeless name of Love.
The Glory of the Father

arr. Egil Hovland

The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.
We beheld the glory of the Father,
Full of grace and truth.

In the beginning was the Word.
The word was with God, was with God.
In Him was life; and the life was the light of men.

He came to his own, and his own received him not.

The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.
We beheld the glory of the Father,
Full of grace and truth.

Welcome Yule

Ulysses Kay

Welcome be thou Heavenly King;
Welcome, born on this morning,
Welcome, for whom we shall sing,
Welcome Yule.

Welcome be ye Stephen and John,
Welcome Innocents ev’ry one,
Welcome Thomas Martyr one,
Welcome Yule.

Welcome be ye good New Year,
Welcome Twelfth day both in fere,
Welcome Saints loved and dear,
Welcome Yule.

Welcome good New Year, welcome Yule.
Welcome be ye Candlemas,
Welcome, welcome, welcome ye Queen,
Welcome both to more and less, to more and less,
Welcome Yule.

Welcome be ye, welcome, that are here,
Welcome all, and make good cheer,
Welcome all, another year,
O Welcome all, another year,
O Welcome Yule.
The Carol of the Birds

When in the eastern skies
The wondrous star did rise
And fill the night with splendor,
Came birds in joyful throng
To sound their dainty song
in a carol sweet and tender,
Hosanna to the Child
And to his Mother mild
Full rev’rently to render.

The kingly eagle came.
He came to praise His holy name
In mighty proclamation;
The sparrow then replied:
“To night is Christmas tide,
A night of jubilation.”
Then robin red-breast sang:
Now death has lost its pang:
In Christ is our salvation.

The nightingale sang sweet,
The Holy Babe to greet
In Mary’s arms a-lying.
The cuckoo and the quail
Flow over hill and gale
In admiration vying.
The barnowl’s eyes were dim,
Such radiance blinded him,
And homeward he went flying.

Sing We Now of Christmas

Sing we now of Christmas, Noel
sing we here.
Sing our grateful praises to the
maid so dear.

From the Eastern kingdoms
come the wise men far.
Bearing ancient treasure
following yonder star.
From the distant mountains,
Here the trumpets sound.
With angelic blessings on the
silent town.

Come let us surround Him on
this magic night
Gather here around Him,
wondrous Babe of light.

REFRAIN:
Sing we Noel! The King is born,
Noel! Sing we now of Christmas,
Noel sing we here!
As it Fell Upon a Night  
arr. Katherine K. Davis

As it fell upon a night  
In the winter weather,  
Angels bright in starry height  
Began to sing together.

Shepherds sleeping on the plain  
Woke to see the glory,  
All amazed they stood and gazed  
And heard the angels’ story.

Unto you a child is born  
In a manger lowly.  
Humble, He, yet born to be  
The King of Love most holy.

In a manger now He lies,  
Ox and ass before Him;  
All the world at last shall come  
To worship and adore Him.

Though it be a winter night,  
Love is still appearing!  
Through the sound of war and woe  
That song we still are hearing.

Happy angels from afar,  
Cease your singing never!  
“In excelsis gloria!”  
Forever and forever.

In Silent Night  
Mitchell B. Southall

In silent night, when all is calm and all is bright,  
In silent night O holy night,  
the Baby from heaven is born on this night.  
The Child, innocent Child is born.

In silent night, as darkness flies and all is light.  
In silent night O holy night,  
the Baby in radiance lay sleep on this night.  
The Child, the holy Child is born.

In silent night, this Son of God and son of man  
Shall one day cry and later die  
upon a cross for you and me.  
The Child, the Prince of Peace is born.

The Sussex Carol  
René Clausen

On Christmas night all Christians sing  
To hear the news the angels bring;  
News of great joy, news of great mirth,  
Good tidings of our Savior’s birth.

Then why should we on earth be so sad,  
Since our Redeemer made us glad,  
When from our sin he set us free  
All for to gain our liberty?

When sin departs before His grace,  
Then life and health come in its place.  
Angels in heaven with joy may sing  
All for to see the newborn King.

All out of darkness we have light,  
Which made the angels sing this night.  
Glory to God, we sing once again,  
Now and for evermore, Amen!
The Work of Christmas
Dan Forrest
Text by Howard Thurman

When the song of the angels is stilled, when the star in the sky is gone,
When the kings and princes are home, when the shepherds are back with their flock,
The work of Christmas begins:
   To find the lost,
   To heal the broken,
   To feed the hungry,
   To release the prisoner,
   To rebuild the nations;
   To bring peace among brothers,
   To make music from the heart.

The First Noel*
English Carol

CHORUS AND AUDIENCE

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.

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.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
Who hath make heaven and earth of naught,
And with His blood mankind has bought.

REFRAIN:
Noel, noel, noel, noel.
Born is the King of Israel.

Willie, Take Your Drum
arr. George F. Strickling

SPELMAN COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

Willie, take your tiny drum,
Robin bring your fife and come,
To the sound of fife and drum,
Turelurelu, pat-a-pat-a pan,
On these instruments well play,
Joyful on our holiday.

In the days of old the men
 Tried to praise the King of kings
 With the sound of fife and drum,
 Turelurelu, pat-a-pat-a pan,
 On these instruments they play’d,
 Let us try to do our best.

God and man are in accord,
Better than fife and drum,
As these instruments we play,
Turelurelu, pat-a-pat-a pan,
On these instruments we’ll play,
Let us dance and sing for joy.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
Listen To The Angels Shouting

arr. John W. Work
Negro Spiritual

Look up yonder and what do you see?
Listen to the angels shouting, shouting,
I see the angels beckoning to me,
I’ll take my trumpet in’a my hand,
And then I’ll join that happy band.

Way over yonder by Jordan’s stream
I hear them shouting, “I’ve been redeemed.”

Many mansions there will be
There’s one for you and one for me
Soon I shall reach that golden shore,
And sing the songs I sang before.

Refrain: Run all the way, run all the way,
Tell all the joyful news!
Listen to the angels shouting.
Blow, Gabriel, blow
blow, Gabriel, blow,
Tell all the joyful news,
Listen to the angels shouting.

Ave Maria

César Alejandro Carrillo

Ave Maria, gratia, gratia plena:
Hail Mary, full of grace:
Dominus tecum,
the Lord is with you,
benedicta tu in mulieribus
blessed are you among women
et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Iesus.
and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus.

Sancta Maria, Mater Dei,
Holy Mary, Mother of God,
ora pro nobis, ora pro nobis peccatoribus
pray for us sinners
nunc et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.
now and at the hour of our death. Amen.
Glory to God
Kevin Johnson

Praise the Father and the Son.
You alone are the Holy One!
Lord God, heavenly King.
Glory to your name we sing!

Father God we worship you.
Mother God we worship you.
Take my sins and make me whole.
Lord, revive my aching soul!

Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.
Peace on earth, good will toward men.

REFRAIN:
Peace to Earth! Glory to God in the highest!

We Are Christmas
Sarah Benibo/Kevin Johnson

In a stable in Bethlehem a baby was born,
Born of a virgin, God’s only son.
Angel Gabriel told them to have joy have no fear;
For this baby, our Savior, He could dry every tear.

Mary magnified The Lord in her soul and she cried,
For this Baby she would bear had all power and all might.
Born for all people to be free and Redeemed,
And he lives today within us though we don’t always see.

So this Christmas please remember what the true meaning is:
Remember Gabriel and Mary and the Savior who lives.
Remember we are Christ among us and we live for His cause,
to fulfill his purpose daily as we bring joy to all.

We are comfort for the hurting, mending each broken heart
We are friendly to the lonesome and unite those far apart.
We’re his hands who touch the sick and they’re instantly whole.
We are water for the thirsty and speak peace to ev’ry soul.

He lives in you! He lives in me! We are Christmas!

REFRAIN:
We are Christmas, We are God’s hands
To care for one another in these worn torn lands.
We are Christmas, the love that we share,
Will carry one another ’til we understand
We are Christmas!
Children, Go Where I Send Thee

Children go where I send thee,
How shall I send thee?
One for the little bitty baby
Wrapped in swaddlin’ clothin’,
Laid down in a manger,
That’s born! Born, Born,
Born in Bethlehem!

Children go where I send thee,
How shall I send thee?
Two for Paul and Silas
One for the little bitty baby
Wrapped in swaddlin’ clothin’,
That’s born! Born, Born,
Born in Bethlehem!

REFRAIN:
That’s born! Born, Born, Born in
Bethlehem!

Joy To The World*
George F. Handel

CHORUS AND AUDIENCE

joy to the world, the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev’ry heart prepare him room,
And heav’n and nature sing.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

joy to the earth, the Savior reigns:
Let men their songs employ,
While field and floods, rocks,
hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
Sir Christémas
Stephen Bonta
MOREHOUSE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

Nowell
Who is there that singeth so
I am here, Sir Christémas
Welcome, my Lord, Sir Christémas
Welcome to you all, both more and less
Come near.

Dieu vous garde, beaux sieurs,
Tidings I you bring;
A maid hath borne a child full young,
which causes you to sing.

Christ is born of a pure maid,
In an ox stall, he is laid
Wherefore sing we all at a brayde.

Buvez bien partoute la compagnie
Make good cheer and be right merry,
And sing with us now joyfully.

The Holly and The Ivy
arr. R.G. Barrow
MOREHOUSE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

The holly and the ivy
When they are both full grown
Of all trees that are in the wood
The holly bears the crown.

REFRAIN:
O, the rising of the sun
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ;
Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a blossom
As white as lily flow'rr
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our dear Saviour

The holly bears a berry
As red as any blood
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To help us to be good!
The Boar's Head Carol

arr. Alice Parker and Robert Shaw

English Carol

MOREHOUSE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

The Boar's head in hand bear I bedecked with bay and rosemary
And I pray you my masters be merry.
Quod estes in convivio (All that are at the feast)
The boar's head as I understand is the rarest dish in all the land.
Which thus bedecked with a gay garland, let us servire cantico! (Serve with a song)
Caput apri defero, redens laudes Domino!
(The boars head I bring given praise to God)

Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas

arr. Molly Ijames

MOREHOUSE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

Have yourself a merry little Christmas,
Let your heart be light.
From now on our troubles will be out of sight.
Have yourself a merry little Christmas,
Make the Yuletide gay.
From now on our troubles will be miles away.
Here we are, as in olden days,
Happy golden days of yore.
Faithful friends who are dear to us
Gather near to us once more.
Through the years we all will be together
If the fates allow.
Hang a shining star upon the highest bough
And have yourself a merry little Christmas now.

Glory Hallelujah To Duh Newbo'n King

Rosephanye Powell

arr. William Powell

MOREHOUSE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

Tell me who do you call the Wonderful Counselor?
Well, I call Jesus the Wonderful Counselor.
Jus' follow duh Star an' you'll find duh Baby.
You'll find him in Bethlehem wrapped in duh manger.

REFRAIN:

Oh, Glory Hallelujah
Glory Hallelujah to duh Newbo'n King!

He is the King! Emmanuel! The Prince of Peace!
Oh yes, he's Mary's little baby bo'n in Bethlehem.

Cryin' “Peace on earth, goodwill to yo' neighbuh.”
Didn't Jesus say, “Ev'ry man is yo' neighbuh.”

REFRAIN:

Oh, Glory Hallelujah
Glory Hallelujah to duh Newbo'n King!
Mary Had A Baby

arr. Wendell Whalum

MOREHOUSE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

Mary had a baby, Yes, Lord!
The people keep a coming and the train done
gone.

Oh, what did she name him, Yes, Lord!
She named him King Jesus
She named him Mighty Counselor
Oh, where was he born?
Born in a manger.
Mary had a baby, Yes, Lord!

Betelchemu
(Yoruba/Nigerian)
Olunji-Whalum

MOREHOUSE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

Awa yio ri Baba Gbojule
Awa yio ri Baba Feyinti
Nibo Labi Jesu
Nibo la gbe bi i

Betelchemu ilu ara
Nibe labi Baba o daju
Iyin, iyin, iyin ni fun o
Adupe fun ojo oni
Baba olore o
Iyin fun o Baba anu
Baba, to dawa si

We are glad that we have a Father to trust,
We are glad that we have a Father to rely upon.
Where was Jesus born?
Where was He born?

Bethlehem, the city of wonder
That’s where the Father was born for sure!
Praise, praise, praise be to Him.
We thank thee for this day.
Gracious Father
Praise be to the Father
Merciful Father
Yonder come sister Mary. How do you know it’s her?
She got the palms of victory in her hands an’ de keys of Bethlehem.
An’ de keys of Bethlehem. O Lord! An’ de keys of Bethlehem.

Yonder come brother Joseph. How do you know it’s him? He got the palms...
Jesus Christ, our Savior, born ‘neath the eastern star. He got the palms...
Glory hallelujah! Born on Christmas Day! He got the palms...
Joyful, Joyful Lord we adore Thee,
   God of glory, Lord of love.
Hearts unfold like flowers before Thee,
   Hail the as the sun above.
Melt the clouds of sin, sin and sadness.

Rap:
Joyful, Joyful Lord we adore Thee
   An’ in my life
I put none before Thee
   ‘Cause since I was a youngster
I came to know
   That you was the only way to go,

So I had to grow an’ come to an understandin’
That I’m down the King so now I’m demandin’
That you tell me who you down with, see
‘Cause all I know is that I’m down with G-O-D
You down with G-O-D?
(Everybody)

Come and join the chorus, the mighty, mighty chorus
Which the morning star began.
The Father of love is reigning over us
He watches over everything, so we sing!

REFRAIN:
Joyful, Joyful Lord we adore Thee.
   God of glory, Lord of love.
Hearts unfold like flowers before Thee,
   Hail the as the sun above.
Melt the clouds of sin, sin and sadness.
Hark! The Herald Angels Sing
Felix Mendelssohn

Hark! The herald angels sing,
“Glory to the newborn King.
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!”
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th’ angelic host proclaim,
“Christ is born in Bethlehem.”
Hark! The herald angels sing,
“Glory to the newborn King.”

Christ, by highest heav’n adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home.
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see;
Hail th’ Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! The herald angels sing,
“Glory to the newborn King.”

Hail, the heav’n born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! The herald angels sing,
“Glory to the newborn King.”

Go Tell It On The Mountain*
Negro Jubilee
arr. Wendell Whalum

CHORUS AND AUDIENCE

Go tell it on the mountain,
Over the hills and ev’rywhere;
Go tell it on the mountain,
That Jesus Christ is-a born.

When I was a seeker,
I sought both night and day; I asked the Lord to help me
And He showed me the way.

He made me a watchman
Upon a city wall;
And if I am a Christian,
I am the least of all.