

# Nous Voici Dans la Ville

15th Century

SOPRANO

(Joseph)

1. Take heart, the jour ney's end - ed: I see the twink ling  
2. And how then shall we praise him? A - las, my heart is  
3. Look yon - der, wife, look yon - der! An Hos - tel - ry I

ALTO

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TENOR

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BASS

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4

S.

(Mary)

lights, Where we shall be be - friend - ed On this the night of nights. Now  
sore That we no gifts can raise him Who are so ve - ry poor. We  
see, Where tra - vel - lers that wan - der Will ve - ry wel - come be. The

A.

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 praise the Lord that led us So safe un - to the town,\_\_\_ Where  
 have as much as an - y That on the earth do live,\_\_\_ Al -  
 house is tall and state - ly, The door stands op - en thus;\_\_\_ Yet,

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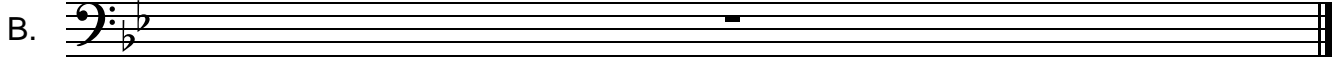
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S.    
 men will feed and bed us, And I can lay me down.  
 though we have no pen - ny We have our-selves to give.  
 hus - band, I fear great - ly That inn is not for us.

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4. (Joseph:) God save you, gentle master!  
Your littlest room indeed  
With plainest walls of plaster  
Tonight will serve our need.

(Host:) For lordings and for ladies  
I've lodging and to spare;  
For you and yonder maid is  
No closet anywhere.

5. (Joseph:) Take heart, take heart, sweet Mary,  
Another inn I spy,  
Whose host will not be chary  
To let us easy lie.

(Mary:) Oh, aid me, I am ailing,  
My strength is nearly gone;  
I feel my limbs are failing,  
And yet we must go on.

6. (Joseph:) God save you, Hostess, kindly!  
I pray you, house my wife,  
Who bears beside me blindly  
The burden of her life.

(Hostess:) My guests are rich men's daughters  
And sons, I'd have you know!  
Seek out the poorer quarters  
Where ragged people go.

7. (Joseph:) Good sir, my wife's in labour,  
Some corner let us keep.

(Host:) Not I. Call up my neighbor,  
And as for me, I'll sleep.

(Mary:) In all the lighted city  
Where rich men welcome win,  
Will not one house for pity,  
Take two poor strangers in?

8. (Joseph:) Good woman, I implore you  
Afford my wife a bed.

(Hostess:) Nay, nay, I've nothing for you  
Except the cattle-shed.

(Mary:) Then gladly in the manger  
Our bodies we will house,  
Since men tonight are stranger  
Than asses are and cows.

9. (Joseph:) Take heart, take heart, sweet Mary,  
The cattle are our friends:  
Lie down, lie down, sweet Mary,  
For here the journey ends.

(Mary:) Now praise the Lord that found me  
This shelter in the town.  
Where I with friends around me  
May lay my burden down.