

Saint Joseph and Mary

From a French Folk-Song

By Marie Clothilde Balfour

SAINT JOSEPH and Mary,
A-journeying went they :
Saint-Joseph and Mary, O gay !

A-don-don-delle :

A-journeying went they,

Noël !

When they came to the town,

They knew not where to stay :

When they came to the town, O gay !

A-don-don-delle :

They knew not where to stay,

Noël !

But a poor widow gave them

A stable where they lay :

A poor widow gave them, O gay !

A-don-don-delle :

A stable where they lay :

Noël !

“ Now

Saint Joseph and Mary

“Now kind thanks, Dame Margaret,
 Who turned us not away :
 Now kind thanks, Dame Margaret, O gay !
A-don-don-delle :
 Who turned us not away.”
Noël !

“Unto thy prayers, Dame Margaret,
 Ne'er shall be said Nay.
 Unto thy prayers, Dame Margaret, O gay !
A-don-don-delle :
 Ne'er shall be said Nay.”
Noël !

Carrying her newborn Child,
 Mary took her way.
 Carrying her newborn Child, O gay !
A-don-don-delle :
 Mary took her way.
Noël !

She met with a poor old man,
 A-sowing of corn and hay.
 She met with a poor old man, O gay !
A-don-don-delle :
 A-sowing of corn and hay.
Noël !

“A fair

“A fair good-day to thee, Mary,
And to thy Child, good-day.
A fair good-day to thee, Mary, O gay!
A-don-don-delle :
And to thy Child, good-day.”
Noël!

“Good man, where can I hide Him,
If danger come this way?
Good man, where can I hide Him, O gay!
A-don-don-delle :
If danger come this way?”
Noël!

“Wrap Him in yonder cloak,
My winter cloak of grey.
Wrap Him in yonder cloak, O gay!
A-don-don-delle :
My winter cloak of grey.”
Noël!

“Go back to thy field, good-man,
’Tis time to cut thy hay.
Go back to thy field, good-man, O gay!
A-don-don-delle :
’Tis time to cut thy hay.”
Noël!

“Nay,

Saint Joseph and Mary

“Nay, how can the crop be grown,
 Or ever it be May?
 Nay, how can the crop be grown, O gay!
A-don-don-delle :
 Or ever it be May?”
Noël!

“Go seek thy sickle, good-man,
 Thy corn is ripe to-day.
 Go seek thy sickle, good-man, O gay!
A-don-don-delle :
 Thy corn is ripe to-day.”
Noël!

He turned him round and round,
 He knew not what to say.
 He turned him round and round, O gay!
A-don-don-delle :
 He knew not what to say.
Noël!

The seed he had but sown,
 Was corn all golden gay.
 The seed he had but sown, O gay!
A-don-don-delle :
 Was corn all golden gay.
Noël!

He took his sickle to shear it,
And lo, in piles it lay.
He took his sickle to shear it, O gay!
A-don-don-delle :
And lo, in piles it lay!
Noël!

The good-man gazed around,
And knelt him down to pray.
The good-man gazed around, O gay!
A-don-don-delle :
And knelt him down to pray.
Noël!

Now God be thanked for this harvest,
And for this happy day!
Now God be thanked for this harvest, O gay!
A-don-don-delle :
And for this happy day!
Noël!

The Jews came riding by,
They had a word to say.
The Jews came riding by, O gay!
A-don-don-delle :
They had a word to say.
Noël!

“Now

Saint Joseph and Mary

“Now tell us the truth, good-man,
 So rich in corn and hay.
 Now tell us the truth, good-man, O gay!
A-don-don-delle :
 So rich in corn and hay.
Noël!

“Hast thou seen Maid Mary,
 And her young Child to-day?
 Hast thou seen Maid Mary, O gay!
A-don-don-delle :
 And her young Child to-day?”
Noël!

Not since this field was sown,
 Has Mary passed this way.
 Not since this field was sown, O gay!
A-don-don-delle :
 Has Mary passed this way.”
Noël!

“Then back, turn back, my men,
 For that was in last year’s May.
 Then back, turn back, my men, O gay!
A-don-don-delle :
 For that was in last year’s May.”
Noël!