

UNITED NATIONS
DAY

24 OCTOBER 1963



JOURNÉE
DES NATIONS UNIES

24 OCTOBRE 1963

PROGRAMME

The Festival Casals Orchestra of Puerto Rico

Pablo Casals conducting

The Cleveland Orchestra Chorus

Robert Shaw, Conductor

Olga Iglesias, *soprano*

Lili Chookasian, *contralto*

Paulino Saharrea, *tenor*

William Warfield, *bass*

Pablo Elvira, *baritone*

Margaret Hauptman, *soprano*

U Thant

Secretary-General of the United Nations

EL PESSEBRE (The Manger).....Pablo Casals

Text by Joan Alavedra

Part I*The Annunciation to the Shepherds*

Part II*On the Way to Bethlehem*

Part III*The Caravan to Bethlehem*

INTERMISSION

Part IV*The Manger*

Part V*The Adoration*

The United Nations wishes to express its appreciation for the co-operation of Festival Casals of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, of the American Federation of Musicians and Local 802, and of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists.

EL PESSEBRE (THE MANGER)

By Joan Alavedra

English translation by Donald MacDonald

First Part

THE ANNUNCIATION TO THE SHEPHERDS

Narrator:

An angel whose wings are golden
Flies to the shepherd's abode.
He perches on the branches
And there he sings this song:

Angel:

—Lay down your food and your pitcher,
Take up your cloak and your staff,
Arise and follow me quickly,
The dogs will guard the sheep.

Shepherd:

Have you heard a beautiful voice?
—Was it voice or violin?
—'Twas the bleat of a lamb while dreaming.
—'Twas the water falling down,
Trickling softly in the mosses
Lest it wake tomorrow morn.
—Will it not be then the star
That shines high there in the sky?
Behold, it makes its way . . . !

The soft beating wings we hear,
Fly on through the air.
—Sounds of heavenly music!
—Sleeping sheep are there,
That the shepherd watches
With his soothing flute;
And flame of the fire
That stops them from flight.

And at once the night becomes quiet
With great awesome silence;
And a voice suspended in air
Breaks forth with ringing tone:

Angel:

—Arise from sleep!
In a stable in the city of Bethlehem
A miracle, a miracle
Has taken place this day.
The Son of God in His person
Has been born in our flesh,
And He weeps for all creatures.

Glory to God in the Highest!
Arise from sleep and come!
The Star is there to guide you
And my voice sings along your way.

Shepherds:

There a shepherd takes a chicken
And another a fine lamb,
And another takes a turkey
And there's one who takes a ram.

A jar of honey is carried
By boys who think they are men.

Shepherd:

When at last they reach the summit
Just then the morning breaks through.

Second Part

ON THE WAY TO BETHLEHEM

THE MAN AT THE WELL

Narrator:

At a well-side toils a man
His water draws from the well.

Shepherds:

Good morning and good water
Here's wishing all of you well!

The Man:

—It is for all time this well,
Must give water for all time.
The Child who greets us this morning
Will wash away all our sins . . .

THE FISHERMAN

Narrator:

Standing on the shore
See a fisherman.

—Come with us our friend,
Shepherds ask of him.

Fisherman:

—In the river that passes
The current I see!
In waves of reflection
My fish wait for me,
Whose tails are dancing
And shining and sparkling
As clearly and freshly
As silver and gold.
But deep in the pools
Lie baited my hooks and my lure,
In darkness is waiting
A catch that is sure.

Shepherd:

—Good day and good fishing!
We go on our way.

Fisherman:

—Hiding from the parents
Tell only to the Child,
That I fish for fishes
That He will give
To the multitudes of men

That will come to hear
The holy words
That He will wish to say.
He, a fisherman also,
Will be filled with joy.

THE MAN WHO PLOWS

Narrator:

They find a man who plows a humid field,
Who plows with oxen great expanses,
Drives them on with a shout;
There is one who works,
Who works very well, early in the morning.

Shepherd:

—Good morning, man with a plow!
Do not proceed with your working,
But come with us to Bethlehem.

The Man:

—I must finish my work,
So I must plow and sow;
Thresh the wheat, grind the grain,
Bake it into bread,
Bread whose crust is golden.

Shepherd:

There is still much time to work!

The Man:

—No, it's true—this is my story:
In the depth of darkness,
Tell this to the Child:
Came a beauteous angel
So close to my bed.
The room was fully lighted
With the light of Heaven,
Neither made by sunrise
Nor the light of fire.
'Twas a light of brightness,
Living like a lamp;
Brightly shone around him
Like the light of day.
Waken from your sleeping—
He said—Follow me,
And with your oxen
Plow all you now see.

For then, in the morning,
A Sower will be born.
Prepare the land,
Oh plowers of the world!
And the grain shall come forth,
Made into good bread.
On the night of sorrow,
As His last farewell,
Like a fond remembrance,
He will give us bread.

THE STAR

Shepherds:

Blue sky is fading, bright stars invading,
So heav'ns above us adorn the night.
Now sweet, now silent, is nature's slumber
And bathed in wonder this Holy night.

How soft the wind and the waters sing,
The birds of night how muffled their wings.
Now over the fields pass the rays of a star,
In shadows are drifting, blending their
light;
And standing alone are branches bare,
But flow'rs in blossom embrace the sky.

THE MAN AND WOMAN WHO CARRY THE GRAPES

Narrator:

A man and a woman in cold of night, by
narrow paths,
Through olive trees, are going to the vineyards.
Between them is suspended a carrier of grapes
That is overflowing; and as they walk the trail
The shepherds see them from the distant hills.

Shepherds:

When the vine would yield its wine,
Day and night are in the making.
The grapes will not wait for men.

The Man:

—This wine we make is not for me, my friends,
For mine is stored below and is forgotten.
This wine is made in winter night and frost,
Yet lying in the snow the grapes are unfrozen.

Shepherds:

The grapes so cold?

The Man:

—Yes but they're not cold . . .
"Go to the vineyard once more",
The voice of a child did say,

"When the hour of twelve has sounded
The vines will have grown again,
And your hands will both be marked
With the color of red roses,
As if with roses of blood.
Take this wine and keep it in silence.
Keep this wine in silent devotion,
For one day the call will come
And it will be borne away.
In a chalice it will come,
Placed there upon a table,
And with His friends, He will drink
Together in a communion
That we'll share together."

THE WOMAN WHO SPINS

Narrator:

See there in a doorway a woman who spins.

Shepherds:

Come hither to join us
This night of the birth.

The Woman:

—You must not fear . . . the sheep sleep
by themselves;
In the morning the dogs will watch them well.
But for my labor, simple for my hands,
To my heart it is filled with endless sorrow.
For with these hands I must spin and weave
A cloth with fragrance woven in its fabric.
For the day when this Child will now be born
Will suffer His day of greatest sorrow . . .
I see Him now . . . straining up the hill,
Piercing rocks are the pathway for His feet;
And the heavy cross He drags.
His face reflects compassion, care, and His love
For the people who are watching.
Now . . . a woman advances, without fear.
The line of the soldiers she has parted
And with a cloth, which is from this thread I spin,
She dries His tortured face covered with
dust and blood
And sweat and tears of grief—anguished
unto death.
And she gives Him the fresh comfort of a cloth,
Where God will leave printed His true likeness.
On wild stormy peak I see Him hung;
The lightnings flash, the black clouds roll
with thunder,
The earth is struck and trembles in the storm.
The angry wind batters furiously the cross;
And He is there, hung, the wind has blown
His hair
On His sweet face filled with His love and kindness.
Now with His frail form all covered with blood

That is flowing slowly from His body to earth.
 At midnight comes a group of faithful friends;
 Down from the cross they take the cold
 and still body.
 And in the light, in the feeble glow of stars,
 They wrap Him so tenderly enshrouded . . .
 It is this cloth, my friends, I say again,
 That will receive Him at last at the time of death.

Go tell then to the Child, that this old woman
 Is spinning now, and can not go to Him.
 Tell Him so softly, that His mother doesn't
 hear you.
 Poor little mother! Great will be her grief!

Shepherds:

It's the night of the Birth!

Third Part

THE CARAVAN TO BETHLEHEM

THE CARAVAN

Narrator:

By the summit of the mountains
 Riding camels pass three Kings,
 Three Kings are riding high on their camels,
 As slowly moves their caravan.
 There are three pages leading the way
 And pulling the camels on with their ropes.

THE THREE PAGES

The Pages:

—We cannot go on
 It's almost the dawn,
 And we are so weary.
 —How cruel the night!
 It just isn't right!
 —The sad ugly face
 Of the camel is frosty.
 —The snowflakes do fall,
 And cover us all,
 And this is our ending.

—By comfortable hearths,
 To lodging and food,
 We are soon returning,
 —So let us go on!
 —Don't be so dumbfounded.
 —March up and march down
 Great deserts and plains.
 —They're having such fun,
 While in the hot sun,

We're living on dates.
 —Who knows what to say!
 It really is nothing.

—Farewell, farewell, chivalry
 With sword and armor,
 Goodbye earthly things,
 And goodbye lovers too.

—Our needs are so small,
 Just nothing at all
 But starlight to follow.

—Palm trees giving shade.
 Small house in the glade
 Away from the sunshine . . . !
 Small boy with blue eyes
 And doves in the skies . . . !

—Delectable pies
 And sweet little cupcakes!

—Our welcome home . . .
 Fountain bubbling foam,
 A wife beloved . . . !

—We cannot go on
 It's almost the dawn.
 How cruel the night,
 It just isn't right.

—The sad ugly face of the camel
 Is frosty.

—The snowflakes do fall
 And cover us all
 And this is our ending!

INTERMISSION

Third Part (Continued)

CHORUS OF THE CAMELS

Shepherd:

Ever in the East,
Lo, the star will call to follow its beauty,
Moving slowly on through the heat of desert
brilliant with starlight.

Camels:

From the awful heat
Through the night we pass
Through the cold that numbs us.
Legs so weak and worn
And our knees are sore
And our flesh is frozen.
How steep are the mountains that we
must cross.
The end will be welcome.

Shepherds:

Whither is our way,
Ah, how far unto those strange distant lands?

CHORUS OF THE THREE KINGS

Shepherds and Kings:

Neither do wise men nor kings know the mystery.
That in this birth a child reveals.
By signs and by stars behold the enchantment
Of this most Holy night.

From distant countries we come to see now
If all our calculations are right,
And by the morn it may be proven
The stars their courses have justified.

When the star shows that perfect angle
Which we drew all across the sky,
We'll have below it the place exactly
Which we've been seeking time on time.

There in a door a simple stable;
There in the stable a Child.

Fourth Part

THE MANGER

Intermezzo

THE MOTHER OF GOD

The Virgin:

I wished to be a servant
In the house of the Lord.
I quietly was kneeling
Imploring of my God.
I said softly: "I am unworthy
To have wished this to be."
In the silence,
The window was opening wide.
An angel of the Lord
Stood before me in the light.
—"Hail Mary"—said he to me,
"You will be Mother of God."

—"Hail Mary, full of grace,
The Lord is with Thee
And blessed art Thou
Among all women.
And blessed is the Fruit
Of thy womb, Jesus!"

It is then that my prayer began
In that moment, there;
Prayer that endures forever,
Prayer that is in my heart
Forever 'til the glory of the Child
That is born this night
Will last in all the memories,
Endless ages left of time.
For He must save the world
From all its evil,
Shed His Blood,
And my tears of grief,
To wash them all away.

SAINT JOSEPH

Oh God, that from the time of my betrothal
Has given me a vision in a dream;
And asked of me the faith of my love
To believe in the immaculate conception.
It is You in this Infant, and You my Son!
I am a simple workman, glorified by Thee.
And with these hands will I earn bread
For God, that I may keep Him
For the world that needs Him so.

THE MULE IN THE STABLE

What beautiful sounds.
Have you heard the prayer of the mother?

The ox has not heard
The prayer of the mother.
A man has sung,
A sound has begun
And someone is moving.
It is a young mule,
Unless I am wrong.
Just born of the Virgin,
A brilliance of light
Shining in my eyes,
Golden where He lies,
And everywhere is dancing.
Like the sun shines
On the hay in the meadow,
He shines like the sun
He shines on the manger.

THE OX IN THE STABLE

Restless passed the night.
Awake, without sleep,
Heart so filled with fright,
Fearful of the noises.
I tried to sing my cares away.
For I thought this would keep me from fear,
From trembling in anguish.

Magic of the night
A far distant light
And as if in flight
Are children of heaven.
Melodies and words
Like the sound of birds,
Filling all the air
With the sound of music.

The calf newly born
With coat never worn
Is beauty unbounded.
But there is a light
In splendor of night
Which all things surrounds.
In depth of the night,
I see this great light
Come out from the stable.
The straw on the floor,
The dawn through the door
The morning is breaking.
We waken now,
The night is no more
The sun is appearing.

Fifth Part
THE ADORATION

THE SCENE OF THE
MANGER'S ENTRANCE

Shepherd:

Brightest star shines there above us,
Spreading through the endless sky;
The fields are sown with silver,
All that lives there rests securely.
—Is it the cry of the wind?
Do you hear it? 'Tis a cry,
'Tis the weeping of an infant.

THE TEARS OF THE
INFANT JESUS

Shepherds:

Oh tears fall upon the world.
In sleep, in his deepest dream,
The heart of man is weeping.
It falls from eyes that are closed
And furrows down weary faces.

How deep the sorrow that drives them.
The sky also sheds its tears,
Tears of softly falling starlight,
And there it ends on a manger.
A Child awaits therein
And soon will open His eyes
To pierce the world's mortal darkness.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE THREE KINGS,
THE SHEPHERDS AND THE OFFERINGS

Narrator:

See approaching are three Kings,
Mantles frosty cloak their shoulders.

Shepherds:

Up to Jesus do they come,
And each heart fills with a gladness.
They all fall down on their knees,
Cares are gone and every sadness.
The look of the Infant is calm
Joseph and Mary are silent.
The mule and ox observe,
They prick up their ears
All alert.

Shepherds:

God with you Joseph,
God with you Maria;
Come we to adore
And to worship Jesus.
Have we ought to give
That His heart desireth.

King Melchior:

—Receive, Oh Lord, this chest of gold
It is enough for a kingdom.

Boy Shepherd:

—Is He a shepherd or a king?

Angel:

—And to win your heart,
He will be a slave of love.
His scepter shall be a palm.

King Gaspar:

This incense I give to you,
To you, Oh God, in your honor.

Boy Shepherd:

A God that is born like a Child!

Angel:

It's not the fragrance He loves,
But the spirit of truth that
Rises slowly from the incense.

King Balthasar:

A vase of myrrh I offer you
That is of death, a prediction.

Boy Shepherd:

If God, He will never die!

Angel:

Three days shall pass
Then He shall fly away up to the sky
And He shall leave then the shroud.

A Shepherdess:

Oh beauty come from God,
How fine are His hands!

Angel:

And His arms—they make a cross,
From the straw a thorn emerges.

A Shepherd:

These flowers, I wish to give,
That are mingled with red roses.

Angel:

There on the feet of the Child
Appear drops, drops of red.

A Shepherd:

A carnation I throw Him
Which I picked first in the morning.

Angel:

It has fallen to His side
And there I see Him wounded.

A Shepherdess:

How beautiful is His cradle,
'Tis made from a manger.

Angel:

He will be resurrected
His Spirit going to Heaven.

Boy Shepherd:

Now if Christ Child would like,
I will play for him the flute
And this I do very gladly.
And if we want to be gay,
Come now, join all your hands
Dance together a Sardana.

Adoration

HOSANNAH

Chorus of Angels and Shepherds:

And everything is suddenly transfixed.
O'er Bethlehem an angel flies,
And like the wind of God that roams the
farther spaces,
The great sound of a clamorous trumpet:
It rends the skies from end to end
And raises in the heart of each mortal a fright.
It does not last,
This terrifying beauty of the heavens.
It falls like show'rs of rain.
—Heav'nly hosts of angels calling us to see.
All that was fear is vanished.
There remains a beauty inexpressible
An impulse of love,
And all the heavens aflame
With Hosannahs,
Shepherds and kings have gone down on
their knees
Lying humbly before the infant

Who is bathed in shining splendor
Of the light of lights.
Shepherds and kings have gone down on
their knees
All to worship the Child.

Angel:

Harmonious voices fill the sky above
And come together in a symphony.

Angels and Shepherds:

Voices and music fill the sky
Humanity and universe embracing.
In night so clear with all the stars bedimmed
All arms are seeking for a brother's arm.
All, kings and shepherds fervent
Clasp their hands,
And their voices proclaim
One perfect Holy word.

Gloria

Angels and Shepherds:

Glory to God
Glory to God in the highest,
Glory, glory sing to God, glory in the highest.
Glory, glory God's the glory
And to all His creatures peace.
Peace on the earth,
Ever free the world from sin.
Hate and war gone forever,

Ever free the world from sin.
Peace to all of good will.
Glory!

Angel:

Peace to all of good will.

All:

Peace!

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PROGRAMME

L'Orchestre du Festival Casals de Porto Rico

Sous la direction de Pablo Casals

La Chorale de l'Orchestre de Cleveland

Chef d'orchestre: Robert Shaw

Olga Iglesias, *soprano*

Lili Chookasian, *contralto*

Paulino Saharrea, *ténor*

William Warfield, *basse*

Pablo Elvira, *baryton*

Margaret Hauptman, *soprano*

U Thant

Secrétaire général des Nations Unies

EL PESSEBRE (La Crèche) Pablo Casals

Texte de Joan Alavedra

1ère partie *L'Annonciation aux Bergers*

2ème partie *Sur le Chemin de Bethléem*

3ème partie *La Venue des Rois Mages*

ENTRACTE

4ème partie *La Crèche*

5ème partie *L'Adoration*

Les Nations Unies sont heureuses d'exprimer leurs remerciements au Festival Casals du Commonwealth de Porto Rico, à l'American Federation of Musicians et au Local 802 et à l'American Federation of Television and Radio Artists pour toute la coopération qu'ils leur ont apportée.