

Song

4. Bethléhem, réjouis-toi

Rejoice Bethlehem

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English translation: Janet Coleman

A

Andantino festoso

♩ = 106 2 The crowd:

Women { ♩ = 106 2 The crowd:
 Raise your voi - ces Beth - le - hem, dance and ce - le - brate!

Men { 2

W. { 5 We have all we need and more, and our joy is great. God sa - tis-fies his peo-ple, his
 M. { 2

W. { 8 boun - ty has no end. Not sur-pri - sing that they call this town "the house of bread".
 M. { 2

W. { 11 Raise your voi - ces Beth - le - hem, dance and ce - le - brate! We have all we need and more,
 M. { 2

W. { 14 and our joy is great. God sa - tis-fies his peo-ple, his boun - ty has no end.
 M. { 2

W. { 17 Not sur - pri - sing that they call this town "the house of bread".
 M. { 2

19 **B**

W. M. *The elder:*

Bar - ley crops are wai - ting, the wheat glows mel - low - ly. Oh! What beau - ty we can see,

22

W. M. such fer - ti - li - ty! In I - srael, the Pro - mised Land, gift of God a - bove,

25 **C**
The crowd:

W. M. Raise your voi - ces Beth - le - hem,

this, our town, is won - der - ful, to - ken of his love.

28

W. M. dance and ce - le - brate! We have all we need and more, and our joy is great. God

31

W. M. sa - tis-fies his peo - ple, his boun - ty has no end. Not sur - pri - sing that they call this

34

W. M. town "the house of bread". Not sur - pri - sing that they call this town "the house of

D ♩ = 76
Adagio pesante

37 **Rit.**

W. bread". Naomi: Sha-lom a - le - i - chem! Do you know who I am? I am

M.

43

W. Na - o - mie, wife of E - li - me - lech, my home this town. Na-o -

M.

47

W. mi, my de-light, can be my name no more. There is bit - ter - ness in my soul. God let

M.

51

W. my hus - band die, and then my two sons. I am a - lone. I have

M.

55

W. come here back home, with Ruth, wife of Mah-lon, to beg your help for we are

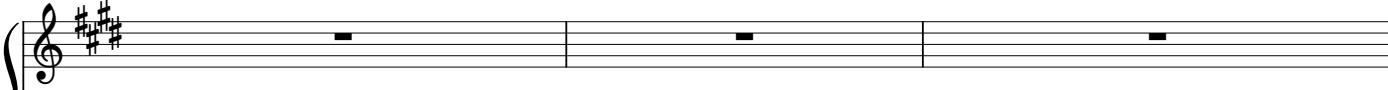
M.

58

W. poor. Who can of - fer us a meal, a sim-ple meal? Or for us o - pen up their door?

M.

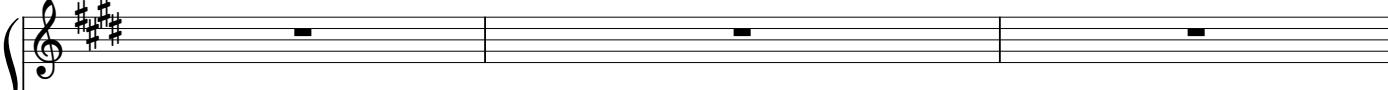
63 **E**

W. 

M. 

The elder:
Na - o - mi, this news is sad; I have lost a friend. E - li-me - lech my neighbour

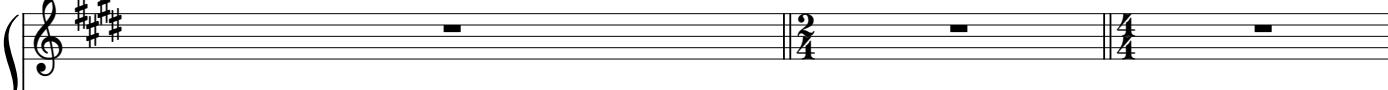
66

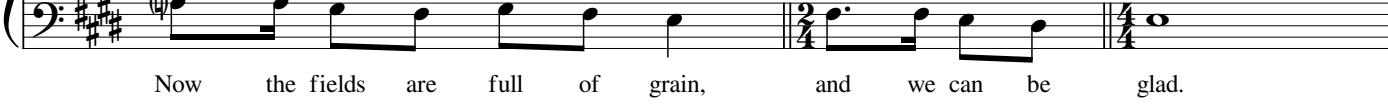
W. 

M. 

and those lit - tle boys. We were hun - gry when you left, har - vests then were bad.

69

W. 

M. 

Now the fields are full of grain, and we can be glad.

F
Andantino furioso
The crowd (unison):

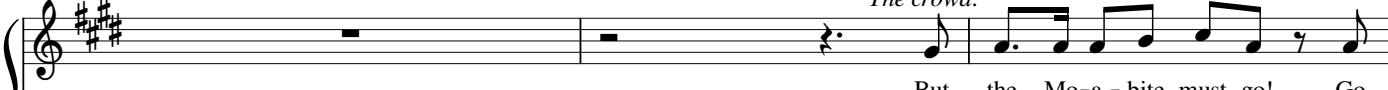
72

W. 

Look! Some beg - gars now are here, drawn by all this corn!

M. 

75

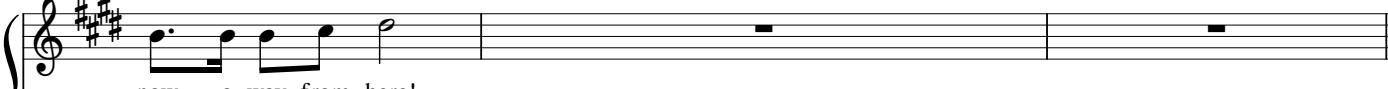
W. 

The crowd:
But the Mo-a - bite must go! Go

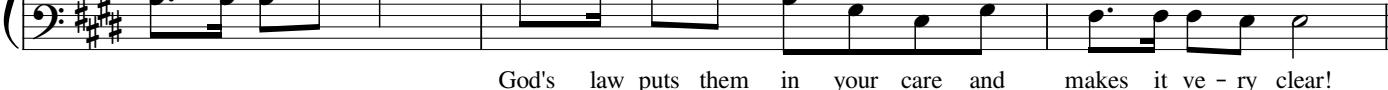
M. 

The elder:
No! For this is Na - o - mi who in this town was born!

78

W. 

now a-way from here!

M. 

The elder:
God's law puts them in your care and makes it ve - ry clear!

81 *The crowd:*

W. Look! Some beg - gars now are here, drawn by all this corn!

M. *The elder:*

No! For this is Na - o - mi who

84 *The crowd:*

W. But the Mo-a - bite must go! Go now a-way from here!

M. in this town was born!

87 *The elder:*

W.

M. God's law puts them in your care and makes it ve - ry clear!

89

W.

M. God's law puts them in your care and makes it ve - ry clear. God's law puts them

92

W.

M. in your care and makes it ve - ry clear!