A Collection of Christmas Carols

SELECTED, TRANSCRIBED, AND EDITED by

BENJAMIN BLOOMFIELD

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Several years ago, I found an old collection of Christmas carols on the Internet, originally published in the late 1800s, called *Christmas Carols, New and Old*, the music edited by Sir John Stainer and the words by Henrey Ramsden Bramley. Just before Christmas 2010, I had this collection printed as a book through Lulu.com, and I enjoyed some of its more obscure carols enough that I thought I might combine them into a single volume containing Christmas carols from several different sources. So in early 2011, I set about creating such a book by simply taking pages from several old collections of Christmas music and combining them into a single volume. I thought briefly of taking the trouble of making new engravings of all the music, but it seemed an enormous task: though I had used a program called Lilypond to engrave music in the past, the amount of music I wanted to include would take many days of transcribing and proofreading, and it did not seem necessary at the time.

I had this collection ready (and in its third edition, the first edition having been merely a draft, and the second edition lacking *Gaudeite*) in time for Christmas 2011, but after giving a few away as Christmas gifts, I decided that the book in its current form was not ideal, and worthwhile improvements could be made by making new engravings of all the music. Thus, I have taken the trouble of transcribing everything into Lilypond for this new edition. In this way, I have also been able to add nearly 60 more songs to the collection, including a handful of Advent hymns and two songs, *Ring Out Wild Bells* and *Auld Lang Syne*, in celebration of the new year, which always begins a week after Christmas. To make the book more affordable, I have published it through CreateSpace instead of Lulu, and in hopes that others may also find it useful, I have made it available for purchase on Amazon.com, where it should be easier to find.

In selecting the songs, I have tried to include all the public domain carols that are well-known, as well as those which I have found appealing. Some songs I sought out specifically, and others I had never heard before finding them in older collections while preparing the present volume, having looked through several such books, including *The Cowley Carol Book* (1919), *The Cambridge Carol Book* (1924), the aforementioned *Christmas Carols, New and Old* (1871), as well as the several Christmas carols found in *Favorite Songs and Hymns for School and Home* (1899). In a few cases I have slightly edited the music from the source arrangement, and in rarer cases I have slightly modified the text. In perhaps the rarest of cases, I have anonymously arranged a handful of the songs myself.

In ordering the songs, I have attempted to interleave the more well-known songs with those tending further toward obscurity. However, the obscure carols seemed to outnumber those I expect to be well-known, which led to a section beginning not long after the middle of the book consisting entirely of carols of relative obscurity. This is followed by a handful of carols of foreign origin, which are followed by a few more carols and part songs. However, these sections are rather nebulous and songs may occasionally seem out of place within the book.

In laying out the music, I have tried to avoid setting lyrics for additional verses too far below the music itself, because of the difficulty involved in continually glancing back and forth between the music and the words. Thus, some songs have the exact same music printed several times, sometimes with a chorus also doubled, though sometimes the chorus is given only once even when the verses are doubled.

In a few cases I have included the original foreign-language words as well as an English translation, but in other cases this was impossible, for Bramley and Stainer, while noting which texts were translations, were not so thoughtful as to include the names of the original texts, and I have only been able to find the source texts for a few of them. There are also a few foreign-language carols for which I have not included any English translation.

Benjamin Bloomfield
Cincinnati, 2012
**ADVENT**

**O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL**

Translated by John Mason Neale (1818–1866) 15th Century French

1. O come, O come, Emmanuel, And ransom captive Israel,
   That mourns in lonely exile here Until the Son of God appear.

2. O come, Thou Wisdom from on high, Who ord’rest all things mightily;
   To us the path of knowledge show, And teach us in her ways to go.

3. O come, O come, Thou Lord of might, Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai’s height,
   From depths of hell Thy people save, And give them vic’try o’er the grave.

4. O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free Thine own from Satan’s tyranny;
   Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.

5. O come, Thou Key of David, come, And open wide our heav’nly home;
   Make safe the way that leads on high, And close the path to misery.

6. O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer Our spirits by Thine advent here;
   Disperse the gloomy clouds of night, And death’s dark shadows put to flight.

7. O come, Desire of nations, bind In one the hearts of all mankind;
   Bid Thou our sad divisions cease, And be Thyself our King of Peace.
Veni, Veni, Emmanuel

1. Veni, veni, Emmanuel capitives solve Israel,
2. Veni, O Sapien tia, quae hie dispinis Omni a,
3. Veni, veni, Adonai, qui populo in Sina i,
4. Veni, O Jesus virgula, ex hostis tuos ungula,

qui gemit in exilio, privatus Dei Fili o.
ve ni, viam pruden tie ut doceas et glor iae.
legem de dis ti ver ti ce in majestate glor iae.
despectus tui tari ereduc et antro barbarathri.

Gaudete! Gaudete! Emmanuel, nascetur pro te Israel!

5. Veni, Clavis Davida, regna reculde caeca,
6. Veni, veni, O Oriens, solare nos adveniens,
7. Veni, veni, Rex Gen tum, veni, Redemptor Omni um,

fac iter tum superum, et clau de vias infe rum.
noc tis de pel le nebula, dirasque mortis tenebras.
ut salvus tuos famulos pecati sit bi consci os.
Come Thou Long Expected Jesus
Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

Cross of Jesus, Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

Come Thou Long Expected Jesus
Stuttgart, Christian F. Witt (c. 1660–1716)
Adapted by Henry J. Gauntlett (1805–1876)

from The Church Hymnary, 1902, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com

from CyberHymnal.org
O Come, Divine Messiah

1. O come, di-vine Mes-si-ah! The world in si-lence waits the day When hope shall sing its tri-umph, And sad-ness flee a-way.

2. O Christ, whom na-tions sigh for, Whom priest and pro-phet long fore-told, Come break the cap-tive fet-ters; Re-deem the long-lost fold.

3. You come in peace and meek-ness, And low-ly will Your cra-dle be; All clothed in hu-man weak-ness Shall we Your God-head see.

Dear Sav-ior haste; Come, come to earth, Dis-pel the night and show Your face, And bid us hail the dawn of grace. O come, di-vine Mes-si-ah! The world in si-lence waits the day When hope shall sing its tri-umph, And sad-ness flee a-way.

Translated by Sister Mary of St. Philip, SND (1825–1904)

16th Century French Carol

Abbé Simon J. Pellegrin (1663–1745)
On JORDAN’S BANK

1. On Jordan’s bank the Baptist’s cry Announces that the Lord is nigh;
2. Then cleansed be every soul from sin; Make straight the way for God within;
3. For Thou art our salvation, Lord, Our refuge and our great reward.
4. Stretch forth Thine hand, to heal our sore, And make us rise and fall no more.
5. All praise, eternal Son, to Thee, Whose advent doth Thy people free,

Come, then, and hearken, for He brings Glad tidings from the King of kings!
Prepare we in our hearts a home, Where such a mighty Guest may come.
Without Thy grace our souls must fade And wither like a flow’r decayed.
Once more upon Thy people shine, And fill the world with love divine.
Whom with the Father, we adore, And Holy Ghost, for evermore.

HARK! A HERALD VOICE IS CALLING

1. Hark! a herald voice is calling; ‘Christ is nigh,’ it seems to say;
2. Starled at the solemn warning, Let the earth-bound soul arise;
3. Lo! the Lamb, so long expected, Comes with pardon down from heav’n;
4. So when next He comes with glory, Wrapping all the earth in fear,
5. Honour, glory, virtue, merit, To the Father and the Son,

‘Cast away the dreams of darkness, O ye children of the day!’
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling, Shines upon the morning skies.
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow, One and all to be for-giv’n;
May He then as our defend-er On the clouds of heav’n appear.
With the co-er-nal Spi-rit, While un-der ages run.

from The English Hymnal, 1906
Wake, O Wake! with Tidings Thrilling

Wachet Auf! by P. Nicolai (1556–1608)
Translated by F.C.B.
Very slow and solemn (\( d = 64 \))

Adapted and arranged by J.S. Bach (1685–1750)

1. Wake, o wake! with tid-ings thrill-ing
   The watch-men all the
   Mid-night strikes! no more de-lay-ing, ‘The hour has come!’ we

2. Zi-on hears the watch-men shout-ing,
   Her heart leaps up with
   See her Friend from heav’n de-scend-ing, A-dorned with truth and

3. Ev’ry soul in Thee re-joices;
   Now the gates of pearl re-ceive us,
   From men and from an-

air are fill-ing,
   A-rise, Je-ru-sa-lem, a-rise!
   Where are ye all, ye vir-gins wise?

hear them say-ing.
   She stands and waits with ea-ger eyes;
   Her light burns clear, her star doth rise.

joy un-doubt-ing,
   Her light burns clear, her star doth rise.
   Be glo-ry giv’n to Thee a-lone!

gel-ic voi-ces
   Be glo-ry giv’n to Thee a-lone!
   Be glo-ry giv’n to Thee a-lone!

more shall leave us,
   We stand with An-gels round Thy throne.
   We stand with An-gels round Thy throne.

The Bride-groom comes in sight,
   Raise high your tor-ches bright! Al-le-lu-ia!
   Raise high your tor-ches bright! Al-le-lu-ia!

Now come, Thou pre-cious Crown, Lord
   Je-su, God’s own Son! Ho-san-na!
   Je-su, God’s own Son! Ho-san-na!

Earth can-not give be-low
   The bliss Thou dost be-stow. Al-le-lu-ia!
   The bliss Thou dost be-stow. Al-le-lu-ia!

The wed-ding song Swells loud and strong:
   Go forth and join the fest-al throng.
   Go forth and join the fest-al throng.

Let us pre-pare
   To fol-low there, Where in Thy sup-per we may share.
   To fol-low there, Where in Thy sup-per we may share.

Grant us to raise,
   To length of days, The tri-umph-cho-rus of Thy praise.
   To length of days, The tri-umph-cho-rus of Thy praise.

from The English Hymnal, 1906
ADVENT

CREATOR ALME SIDERUM

2. Qui daemonis ne fraudibus Per-verti or-bis, impe-tu Amoris ac-tus, lango-di.
3. Com-une qui mun-di ne-fas Ut ex-piare, ad cru-cem E Vir-ginis sa-cra-ri-o

In-tende votis supplicium. 4. Cu-jus po-te-stas gloriæ, No-men que cum primum so-nat,
Mundi me-de-la factus es. 5. Te de-pre-camur ul-timae Magnum di-ei Ju-di-cem,
In-tac-ta pro-dis victi-ma. 6. Virtus, hon-or, laus, glori-a De o Pa-tri cum Fi-lio-o,

Et caeli tem et in-fe-ri Tre-me-ant cur-vant ge-nu.
Sancto simul Par-a-cli-to, In se-cu-lo-rum se-cu-la.

CREATOR OF THE STARS OF NIGHT

Translated by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

1. Creator of the stars of night, Thy people's ever-last-ing Light;
2. Thou, griev ing that the an cient curse Should doom to death a uni-verse,
3. Thou cam'st, the Bride-groom of the bride, As drew the world to eve ning-tide;

Je-su, Re-deem-er, save us all, And hear thy ser vants when they call. 
Hast found the medi-cine, full of grace, To save and heal a ru-in'd race. 
Pro ceed ing from a vir-gin shrine, The spot-less Vic-tim all di-vine.


4. At Whose dread Name, majes-tic now, All knees must bend, all hearts must bow;
5. O Thou, Whose com-ing is with dread To judge and doom the quick and dead,
6. To God the Fa-ther, God the Son, And God the Spi-rit, Three in One,

And things ce-les-tial Thee shall own, And things ter-restrial, Lord a-lone.
Pre-serve us, while we dwell be-low, From ev-ry in-sult of the foe. A-men.
Laud, hon-or, might, and glo-ry be From age to age e-ter-nal-ly.

from Peters' Sodality Hymn Book, 1914, via books.google.com

CONDITOR ALCHE SIDERUM

Anonymous, 7th Century

1. Con-di-tor al-me sí-de-rum,
Æ-tér-na lux cre-dén-ti-um,

2. Lux cre-dén-ti-um,
Pre-ces súp-pli-cum.

3. Chri-ste, Re-dém-ptor óm-ni-um,
Ex-áu-di pre-ces súp-pli-cum.

4. Lux cre-dén-ti-um,

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Traditional

1. Christ-mas is com-ing! The goose is get-ting fat; Please to put a pen-ny in the

2. old man's hat, Please to put a pen-ny in the old man's hat.
Christmas is Coming

H. Walford Davies (1869–1941)

Christmas is coming, the geese are getting fat, Please to put a penny in the old man's hat.

If you have n't got a pen-ny, a ha'p'ny'll do, a

But a pen-ny's bet-ter, A pen-ny or two are bet-ter, or

_ff_ a tempo

_three, four! Christmas is coming, the geese are getting fat, Please to put a penny in the

fat,

old man's hat. If you have n't got a pen-ny, a ha'p'ny'll do, If you have n't got a ha'p'ny, a
far thing'll do, If you haven't got a far thing, God bless you!

bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress too, And

all the little children that round the table grow. Love and

joy come to you, and to you your wassail too, And God bless you, and send you a

hap py new year, And God send you a happy new year. Love and Year.
Adeste Fideles

John Francis Wade (1711–1786)

from Cantus Diversi, 1751

pf

1. Adés-te fi-dé-les, Læ-ti tri-um-phán-tes, Ve-ní-te, ve-
nit e in Béth-le-hem; Na-tum vi-dé-te, Re-gem an-ge-
ló-rum;
el læ ví sce-ra. De-um ve-rum, gé-ni-tum non fac-tum.
au la cæ-lés-ti-um, Gló-ri-a! So-li De-o Gló-ri-a!
ti bi sit gló-ri-a, Pa-tris æ-tér-ni Ver-bum ca-ro fac-tum.

mf

3. Can-tet nunc ‘I-o,’ cho-rus an-ge-ló-rum; Can-tet nunc

4. Er-go qui na-tus di-e ho-di-ér-na. Je-su,

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
O Come, All Ye Faithful

1. O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant, O come ye, O come ye to
Bethlehem; Come and behold Him, Born the King of angels;

2. God, of God, Light of Light, Lo, He abhors not the
Virgin's womb; Very God, Begotten, not created:

3. Sing, choirs of angels, Sing with exultations, Sing, all ye citizens of
Heaven above; Glory to God, Glory in the highest;

4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morning, Jesus, to Thee be
Glorious given; Word of the Father, Now in flesh appearing;

mf O come, let us adore Him, f O come, let us adore Him,

ff O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord!

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare Him room, And heav’n and nature sing, And heav’n and nature sing.

2. Joy to the world! the Savior reigns; Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sin and sorrow’s grow, Nor thorns intrude; He comes to make his blessings flow, Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace And makes the nations prove The glories of His righteousness And wonders of His love And won-der of His love.

And heav’n and nature sing, And heav’n and nature sing.

And heav’n, and heav’n and nature sing, And heav’n, and nature sing.

And repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

Far as, far as, the curse is found.

And wonders, wonders of His love.

pea the sounding joy, Re-peat the sound-ing joy.

from Hymns of the Kingdom of God, 1910, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
A Child this day is born, A Child of high renown;
These tidings shepherds heard Whilst watching o’er their fold,
Then was there with the Angel An host incontinent
Most worthy of a sceptre, A sceptre and a crown.
’Twas by an Angel unto them That night revealed and told.
Of heavily bright soldiers, All from the highest sent.
Glad tidings to all men, Glad tidings sing we may,
Because the King of kings Was born on Christmas Day.

1. A Child this day is born, A Child of high renown;
2. These tidings shepherds heard Whilst watching o’er their fold,
3. Then was there with the Angel An host incontinent
4. They praised the Lord our God And our celestial King:
5. All glory be to God, That sitteth still on high,

All glory be in Paradise, This heav’nly host do sing.
With praises and with triumph great, And joyful melody.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Traditional

**The First Noël**

1. The first Noël the angel did say, Was to certain poor
2. They looked up and saw a Star Shining in the
3. And by the light of that same Star Three wise men
4. This star drew nigh to the North West, O'er Beth-le-
5. Then entered in those Wise men three, Full rent-
6. Then let us all with one accord, Sing praises

shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay
East beyond them far, And to the earth it came from country far; To seek for a King was
hem it took its rest, And there it did both
ly on bended knee, And of fer'd there in
to our Heavenly Lord, That hath made Heav'n and

keeping their sheep On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
gave great light, And so it continued both day and night.
their intent, And to follow the star where e'er it went.
stop and stay Right over the place where Jesus lay.
His presence, Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.
earth of naught, And with His Blood mankind hath bought.

**ff** Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël, Born is the King of Israel.

*from Christmas Carols, New and Old*
1. When Christ was born of Mary free, In Beth-le-hem, that fair ci-ty,
2. Herds-men be-held these An-gels bright, To them ap-pearing with great light,
3. The King is come to save man-kind, As in scrip-ture truths we find,
4. Then dear Lord, for Thy great grace, Grant us in bliss to see Thy face,

An-gels sang there with mirth and glee, "In ex-cél-sis Gló-ri-a."
Who said God’s Son is born to-night, "In ex-cél-sis Gló-ri-a."
There-fore this song we have in mind, "In ex-cél-sis Gló-ri-a."
That we may sing to Thy sol-ace, "In ex-cél-sis Gló-ri-a."

ff In ex-cél-sis Gló-ri-a, In ex-cél-sis Gló-ri-a,


from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. Hark! the herald angels sing, “Glory to the new-born King!

2. Christ, by highest heav'n adored; Christ, the everlasting Lord;

3. Mild He lays His glory by, Born that man no more may die,

Peace on earth, and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled.
Late in time behold Him come, Offspring of the Virigin's womb.
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth.

Joyful all ye nations, rise; Join the triumph of the skies;
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see; Hail th'Incarnate Deity,
Ris'n with healing in His wings, Light and life to all He brings,

With th'angelic hosts proclaim, “Christ is born in Beth-lehem.”
Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Jesu, our Emmanuel!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Hail, the heav'n born Prince of Peace!

Hark the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King.

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
**CHRISTMAS**

**JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD**

Arranged by George D. Elderkin

1. Hark! the Herald angels sing, Jesus, the Light of the world;
2. Joyful all ye nations rise, Jesus, the Light of the world;
3. Christ, by highest heav’n adored, Jesus, the Light of the world;
4. Hail! the heav’n-born Prince of peace, Jesus, the Light of the world;

Glorious to the new-born King, Jesus, the Light of the world.
Join the triumph of the skies, Jesus, the Light of the world.
Christ, the ever-last-ing Lord, Jesus, the Light of the world.
Hail! the sun of righteousness, Jesus, the Light of the world.

We’ll walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dew-drops of mercy are bright,

Shine all around us by day and by night, Jesus, the Light of the world.

from *The Finest of the Wheat No. 2, 1894*
When

1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,
2. Still through the even skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled;
3. O ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low,
4. For lo! the days are hastening on, By prophet bards foretold,

From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'nly music floats O'er all the weary world:
Who toil along the climbing way With painful steps and slow:
When with the e'er-circling years Comes round the age of gold:

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heav'n's all gracious King."
Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on hov'ring wing,
Look now, for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing:
When Peace shall over all the earth Its ancient splendors fling:

The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the angels sing:
And e'er o'er its Babel sounds The blessed angels sing:
O rest beside the weary road And hear the angels sing:
And the whole world send back the song Which now the angels sing:

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
Shepherds! Shake Off Your Drowsy Sleep

Traditional

Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

Vivace

1. Shepherds! shake off your drowsy sleep, Rise and
   leave your silly sheep; Angels from heav’n around loud
   sing, Tidings of great joy are bringing.

2. Hark! even now the bells ring round, Listen
   to their merriment sound; Hark! how the birds new songs are
   making, As if winter’s chains were breaking.

3. See how the flow’rs all burst anew, Think ing
   snow is summer dew; See how the stars a fresh are
   glowing, All their brightest beams bestowing.

4. Cometh at length the age of peace, Strive and
   sorrow now shall cease; Prophets foretold the wondrous
   story Of this Heav’n born Prince of Glory.

5. Shepherds! then up and quick away, Seek the
   Babe ere break of day; He is the hope of ev’ry
   nation, All in Him shall find salvation.

ff Shepherds! the chorus come and swell! Sing Noël, O sing Noël!

from Carols Old and Carols New, 1916, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
**Angels We Have Heard on High**

*Les Anges dans nos Campagnes, 18th Century*  
18th Century French Carol

Translated by Bishop James Chadwick (1813–1882)

1. Angels we have heard on high, Sweetly singing o'er the plains;
2. Shep-herds, why this ju-bi-lee? Why your joy-ous songs pro-long?
3. Come to Beth-lem and see Him whose birth the an-gels sing;
4. See Him in a man-ger laid, Whom the choirs of an-gels praise;
5. And the moun-tains in re- ply Ech-o-ing their joy-ous strains.

And the moun-tains in re- ply Ech-o-ing their joy-ous strains.  
What the glad-some ti-dings be Which in-spire your heav'n-ly song?  
Come a-dore on bend-ed knee Christ, the Lord, our new-born King.  
Ma-ry, Jo-seph, lend your aid, While our hearts in love we raise.

from *Carols Old and Carols New, 1916*, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
Masters in This Hall

William Morris (1834–1896)
Marche pour les Matelots, by Marin Marais (1656–1728)
Arranged by Edmund Sedding (1836–1868)

Andante

Christ\nmas\n is\n com\n e\n in,
And\n er\n I\n you\n pray,
No\-\el!\nNo\-\el!\nNo\-\el!

No\-\el\ sing \ we clear!
Holp\-\en\ are \ all \ folk\ on
earth\ Born \ is \ God's \ Son\ so \ dear:
No\-\el!\ No\-\el!\ No\-\el!

No\-\el, \ sing \ we\ loud! \ God \ to\-\day \ hath\ poor \ folk \ rais'd
And \ cast \ a\-\down \ the \ proud.

from The Musical times and singing-class circular, Volume 52, November 1, 1911, via books.google.com
1. On the first day of Christmas my true love sent to me
   A partridge in a pear tree.

2. On the second day of Christmas my true love sent to me
   Two turtle-doves and a partridge in a pear tree.

3. On the third day of Christmas my true love sent to me
   Skip to next measure

4. On the fourth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
   Four calling birds,

5. On the fifth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
   Five金环雀, 五只金环雀

6. On the sixth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
   Six geese a-laying

7. On the seventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me
   Seven swans a-swimming

8. On the eighth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
   Eight maids a-maidsing

9. On the ninth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
   Nine ladies a-courtin'

10. On the tenth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
    Ten lords a-leaping

11. On the eleventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me
    Eleven pengiuns a-sailing

12. On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
    Twelves drummers a-drumming
5. On the fifth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
6–12. On the etc.

Twelve drummers drumming, Elev'n pipers piping, Ten lords a-leaping,

Nine ladies dancing, Eight maids a-milking, Seven swans a-swimming, Six geese a-laying,

Five gold rings, Four calling birds, Three French hens,

Two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.
Christmas

Carol for Christmas Eve

Rev. H. R. Bramley (1833–1917)

1. Listen, Lord-ings, unto me, a tale I will you tell; Which, as on this
2. In the Inn they found no room; a scanty bed they made: Soon a Babe from

night of glee, in David’s town fell. Joseph came from Nazareth, with
Mary’s womb was in the manger laid. Forth He came as light through glass: He

Mary that sweet maid: Weary were they, nigh to death; and for a lodging pray’d.
came to save us all. In the stable ox and ass before their Maker fall.

Sing high, sing high, sing low, sing low, sing high, sing low, sing to and fro,

Go tell it out with speed, Cry out and shout all round a-bout, That Christ is born in-deed.
3. Shepherds lay a field that night, to keep the silly sheep, Hosts of Angels
4. Onward then the Angels sped, the shepherds onward went, God was in His
**Away In A Manger**

**Anonymous**

1. Away in a manger, No crib for His bed, The little Lord Jesus Laid down His sweet head: The stars in the heavens Look’d down where He lay, The little Lord Jesus A-sleep in the hay.

2. The cattle are lowing, The poor baby wakes, But little Lord Jesus No crying He makes; I love Thee, Lord Jesus, Look down from the sky, And stay by my cradle Till morning is nigh.

3. Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for ever And love me, I pray: Bless all the dear children In Thy tender care, And take us to heaven To live with Thee there.

**Away In A Manger**

**James Ramsey Murray (1841–1905)**

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2. Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for ever And take us to heaven To live with Thee there. Away in a manger, No crib for His

wakes, But little Lord Jesus No crying He makes; I love Thee, Lord bed, The little Lord Jesus Laid down His sweet head: The stars in the

Je - sus, Look down from the sky, And stay by my cradle Till morning is nigh. heavens Look'd down where He lay, The little Lord Jesus A - sleep in the hay.
**Christmas**

**A Virgin Unspotted**

17th Century English  
Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

1. A__ Virgin un__ spotted, the proph__ et fore__ told, Should bring forth a__
2. At__ Beth-le-hem ci__ ty in Jew-ry it was That Jo-seph and
3. But when they had en__ tered the ci__ ty so fair, A__ num__ ber of__
4. Then were they con__ strain__ d in a__ sta__ ble to lie, Where hors__ es and

Savior, which now we__ behold, To__ be our Re__ deem__ er from
Ma__ ry to__ geth__ er did pass, All__ for to be tax__ ed with
peo__ ple so__ mighty was there, That Jo__ seph and Ma__ ry, whose
ass__ es they used for to tie: Their lodg__ ing so sim__ ple they

death, hell__ and sin, Which Ad__ am's trans__ gres__ sion had wrap__ ped us in.
ma__ ny__ one moe. Great Ca__ sar com__ mand__ ed the same should be so.
sub__ stance was small, Could find in the inn there no lodg__ ing at all.
took it__ no scorn, But a__ gainst the next morn__ ing our Sav__ ior was born.

Aye and there__ fore be mer__ ry, set sor__ row a__ side,

Christ Je__ sus, our Sav__ ior, was born on this tide.
5. The King of all kings to this world being brought, Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was sought, But when she had swaddled her young Son so sweet, With-in an ox-manger she laid Him to sleep. 

6. Then God sent an angel from heaven so high, To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie, And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay, Because that our Saviour was born on this day. 

7. Then presently after the shepherds did spy Vast numbers of angels to stand in the sky; They joyfully talked and thence haughty pride for to shun; A man-ger His cradle. 

8. To teach us humility all this was done, And learn we from sweet ly did sing: "To God be all glory, our heavenly King," came from above, The great God of mercy, of peace, and of love. 

ff Aye and therefore be merry, set sorrow aside, Christ Jesus, our Saviour, was born on this tide.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
**Ding Dong Merrily on High**

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)  
16th century French melody

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. Ding dong! mer ri ly on high in heav’n the bells are ring ing:
2. E’en so here be low, be low, let stee ple bells be swung en.
3. Pray ye du ti ful ly prime your ma ti n chime, ye ring ers;

Ding dong! Ve ri ly the sky is riv’n with an gel sing ing.
And i o, i o by priest and peo ple sung en.
may ye beau ti ful ly rime your eve time song, ye sing ers.

Gló Gló

- ri a, bo sán na in ex cél sis!

from *The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924*
Up! Good Christen folk and listen

O quam mundum, from Pie Cantiones, 1582

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

1. Up! good Christen folk, and listen
   How the merry church bells ring

2. Tell the story how from glory
   God came down at Christmas tide

And from steeple bid good people
Come adore the newborn King.
Bring-ting glad-ness, chas-ing sad-ness, show’ring bless-ings far and wide.

Born of mother, blest o’er other,
Ex Maria Vir-gi-ne

In a stable (’tis no fa-ble),
Christus nat-us bó-di-e.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
Joseph Möhr (1792–1848)

**Stille Nacht**

Tranquillo ($d = 90$)

1. Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht! Alles schläf;
2. Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht! Hirten erst;
3. Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht! Gottes Sohn,

Tranquillo

Nur das trau-te hoch-heilige Paar.
Durch der Engel Hal-le-lu-ja!
Lieb' aus deinem göt-tlichen Mund,

Hol-der Kna-be im lock-i-gen Haar,
Schlaf in himm-li-scher

Tönt es laut von fern und nah:
Christ, der Ret-ter ist
Da uns schlägt die ret-ten-de Stund:
Christ, in deiner Ge-

Ruh!
Schlaf in himm-li-scher

Christ, der Ret-ter ist
Christ, in deiner Ge-

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
Silent Night

Translated by John Freeman Young (1820–1885)

Franz Gruber (1787–1863)

**Tranquillo** ($\dot{\cdot} = 90$)

1. Silent night! Holy night! All is calm,
   all is bright. Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,
   Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
   peace, born! Christ, the Saviour is born!

2. Silent night! Holy night! Shepherds quake
   at the sight; Glories stream from heaven afar,
   Heav’nly hosts sing Alleluia; mf Christ, the Saviour is
   born! pp Christ, the Saviour is born!

3. Silent night! Holy night! Son of God,
   love’s pure light! Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
   With the dawn of redeeming grace, Jesus, Lord, at Thy
   birth!
CHRISTMAS

Christ Was Born on Christmas Day

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)  
14th Century German melody, Resonet in laudibus

Arranged chiefly by G. R. Woodward (1848–1934)

1. Christ was born on Christmas Day, Wreathe the holy, twine the bay;
2. He is born to set us free, He is born our Lord to be,

3. Let the bright red berries glow Ev'rywhere in goodly show; Christus natus
4. Christian men, rejoice and sing; 'Tis the birth-day of a King, Ex Maria

Chri-stus na-tus bo-di-e: The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
Ex Ma-ri-a Vir-gi-ne: The God, the Lord, by all a-dor'd for ev-er.
5. Night of sadness: Morn of gladness ev - er-more: Ev - er, ev - er: Af - ter man - 

6. Midnight scarcely pass’d and o - ver, 

troubles sore, Morn of gladness ev - ermore and ev - ermore. 

Drawing to this ho - ly morn, Ve - ry ear - ly, ve - ry ear - ly Christ was born. 

7. Sing out with bliss, His 

Name is this: Em-man-u - el: As was foretold in days of old By Ga - bri - el. 

8. Mid-night scarce - ly 

pass’d and o - ver, Drawing to this ho - ly morn, Ve - ry ear - ly, ve - ry ear - ly Christ was born. 

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
Joseph, O Dear Joseph Mine

1. Joseph, O dear Joseph mine, Help me rock the Child di-vine,
2. I will glad-ly, lady mine, Help thee rock the Child di-vine,

God re-ward both thee and thine, In para-dis-e, So prays the moth-er,
God’s pure light on thee will shine, In para-dis-e, So prays the moth-er,

Marry, E-ia, E-ia, E-ia. He came down at

Christ-mas time, In the town of Beth-le-hem, in Beth-le-hem. Bring-ing to men

O Little Town of Bethlehem

1. O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie!
2. For Christ is born of Mary, And gather’d all above,
3. How silent, how silent The wondrous gift is given!
4. Where children pure and happy pray to the blessed Child,
5. O holy Child of Bethlehem! Descend to us, we pray;

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by;
While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wondering love.
So God imparts to human hearts The blessings of His Heav’n.
Where misery cries out to Thee, Son of the mother mild;
Cast out our sin, and enter in, Be born in us to-day.

Yet in thy dark streets shineth The everlasting Light;
O morning stars, together Proclaim the holy birth!
No ear may hear His coming, But in this world of sin;
Where charity stands watching and faith holds wide the door,
We hear the Christmas angels The great glad tidings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!
Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks, and Christmas comes once more
O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel!

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

1. See amid the win - ter’s snow, Born for us on earth be - low,
2. Lo, with - in a man - ger lies He who built the star - ry skies;
4. “As we watched at dead of night, Lo, we saw a won - drous light;
5. Sa - cred In - fant, all Di - vine, What a ten - der love was Thine;
6. Teach, O teach us, Ho - ly Child, By Thy Face so meek and mild,
7. Vir - gin Mo - ther, Ma - ry blest By the joys that fill thy breast,

See the ten - der Lamb ap - pears, Prom - ised from e - ter - nal years.
He, who throned in height sub -lime, Sits a -mid the Cher - u - bim!
Where - fore have ye left your sheep On the lone -ly moun - tain steep?
An - gels sing - ing peace on earth, Told us of the Sav - ior’s Birth.”
Thus to come from high -est bliss Down to such a world as this!
Teach us to re - sem - ble Thee, In Thy sweet hu - mil - i - ty!
Pray for us, that we may prove Wor - thy of the Sav - ior’s love.

Hail! Thou ev -er bless - ed morn! Hail, Re - demp - tion’s hap - py dawn!

Sing through all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. What Child is this, Who, laid to rest, On Mary’s lap is sleeping?
2. Why lies He in such mean estate, Where ox and ass are feeding?
3. So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh, Come peasant, king, to own Him;

Whom angels greet with anthems sweet, While shepherds watch are keeping?
Good Christian, fear: for sinners here The silent Word is pleading:
The King of kings, salvation brings; Let loving hearts enthrone Him.

This, this is Christ the King; Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
Nails, spear shall pierce Him through, The Cross be borne, for me, for you:
Raise, raise the song on high The Virgin sings her lullaby:

Haste, haste to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Mary!
Hail, hail the Word made flesh, The Babe, the Son of Mary!
Joy, joy for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Mary!

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
GOOD KING WENCESLAS

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

CHRISTMAS

Tempus adest floridum, from Pie Cantiones, 1582

Moderato

1. Good King Wenceslas look’d out On the Feast of Stephen,
2. “Hither, page, and stand by me, If thou know’st it, telling;
3. “Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine logs hither;
4. “Sire, the night is darker now, And the wind blows stronger;
5. In his master’s steps he trod, Where the snow lay dinted;

When the snow lay round about, Deep and crisp and even;
Yonder peasant, who is he? Where, and what his dwelling?
Thou and I will see him dine When we bear them thither;
Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no longer.
Heat was in the very sod Which the saint had printed;

Brightly shone the moon that night, Tho’ the frost was cruel,
“Sire, he lives a good league hence, Underneath the mountain;
Page and monarch forth they went, Forth they went together;
“Mark my footsteps, my good page, Tread thou in them boldly:
Therefore, Christian men, be sure, Wealth or rank possess ing,

When a poor man came in sight, Gather’ring winter’s fuel.
Right against the forest fence, By Saint Agnes’ fountain.
Thro’ the rude wind’s wild lament And the bitter weather.
Thou shalt find the winter’s rage Freeze thy blood less coldly.
Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall your-selves find blessing.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

CHRISTMAS

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Tempus adest floridum, from Pie Cantiones, 1582

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When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even;

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If thou know’st it, tell ing;
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where, and what his dwelling?”

3. “Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine
When we bear them thither.”

4. “Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer.”

5. In his master’s steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed;

When a poor man came in sight,
Gath’ring winter fuel.
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes’ fountain.

Thro’ the rude wind’s wild lament
And the bitter weather;
Thou shalt find the winter’s rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.”

Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall your-selves find blessing.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
IN natali Domini

1. In natáli Dómini, Gaudent omnes Angéli
2. Nuntiávit Angélus Gádiu m pastóribus,

Et cantant cum júbilo: Glória uní Deó.
Chris-ti nati- vitátem Magnam ju-cundi-tátem.

Vir-go De-um gé-nu-it, Vir-go Chris-tum pé- perit, Vir-go sem-per intác-ta.

Chorus

3. Natus est E-mánu-el, Quem præ-díxit Gá-bri-él,
4. Chris-tus natus hó-di-e Ex Ma-ri-a vír-gí-ne,

Tes-tis est E-zé-chi-el: A Pa- tre pro-cés-sit.
Non con-céptus sé-mi-ne Ap-páru-it hó-di-e:

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
ON THE BIRTHDAY OF THE LORD

In natali Domini, 14th Century

Translated by Rev. H. R. Bramley (1833–1917) from Latin

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
**ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID’S CITY**

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818–1895)

Henry J. Gauntlett (1805–1876)

1. Once in royal David's city Stood a lowly stable shed,
   Where a mother laid her Babe In a manger for His bed:
   Mary was that mother mild, Jesus Christ her little Child.

2. He came down to earth from heaven, Who is God and Lord of all,
   And His shelter was a stable, And His cradle was a stall;
   With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3. And, through all His wondrous childhood, He would honour and obey,
   Love, and watch the lowly maiden In whose gentle arms He lay;
   Christian children all must be Mild, obedient, good as He.

4. Jesus is our childhood's pattern, Day by day like us He grew;
   He was little, weak, and helpless, Tears and smiles, like us, He knew:
   And He feeleth for our sadness, And He shar eth in our gladness.

5. And our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His own redeeming love;
   For that Child so dear and gentle Is our Lord in heav'n above:
   And He leads His children on To the place where He is gone.

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
Past Three a Clock

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. Born is a Baby, Gentle as may be,
   Hark how they rime it, Time it, and chime it.
   Ne’er-to fore so well Carol-ling No-ël.
   Bring they for Mary, And, not for mon-ey, But-ter and hon-ey.

2. Ser-aph quire sing-eth, An-gel bell ring-eth;
   Seek the high Stran-ger Laid in the man-ger.
   Myrrh from full cof-fer,
   Lead-eth from far land Prin-ces, to meet Him,

3. Mid earth re-joic-es Hear-ing such voi-ces
   Son of the-ter-nal Fa-ther su-per-nal.
   Cheese from the dai-ry
   In-cense they of-fer;

4. Hinds o’er the pear-ly Dew-y lawn ear-ly
   Three, rol-ing thrift, it,
   Light out of star-land
   Nor is the gol-den Nug-get with-hol-den.

5. Cheese from the dai-ry
   Hark how they rime it, Time it, and chime it.
   Carol-ling No-ël.
   Bring they for Mary, And, not for mon-ey, But-ter and hon-ey.

6. Light out of star-land
   Seek the high Stran-ger Laid in the man-ger.
   Myrrh from full cof-fer,
   Lead-eth from far land Prin-ces, to meet Him,

7. Born is a Baby, Gentle as may be,
   Hark how they rime it, Time it, and chime it.
   Ne’er-to fore so well Carol-ling No-ël.
   Bring they for Mary, And, not for mon-ey, But-ter and hon-ey.

8. Thus they: I pray you,
   Son of the-ter-nal Fa-ther su-per-nal.
   Cheese from the dai-ry
   In-cense they of-fer;

9. Harks o’er the pear-ly Dew-y lawn ear-ly
   Three, rol-ing thrift, it,
   Light out of star-land
   Nor is the gol-den Nug-get with-hol-den.

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
BRING A TORCH, JEANETTE, ISABELLA!

Un flambeau, Jeanette, Isabelle, by Émile Blémont (1839–1927) 16th Century French Carol

Arranged by Edward Cuthbert Nunn (1868–1914)

English by Edward Cuthbert Nunn (1868–1914)

Brightly

1. Bring a torch, Jean-nette, Is-a-bel-la! Bring a torch, to the
2. Who goes there a-knock-ing so loud-ly? Who goes there a-
3. It is wrong when the Child is sleep-ing, It is wrong to
4. Soft-ly to the lit-tle sta-ble, Soft-ly for-

crate, run! It is Je-sus, good folk of the vil-lage;
knock-ing like that? Ope your doors, I have here on a plate Some
talk so loud; Si-lence, all, as you gather a-round,_
mo-ment come; Look and see how charm-ing is Je-sus,

Christ is born and Ma-ry’s call-ing: Ah! ah! beau-ti-ful
very good cakes which I am bring-ing: Toc! toc! quick-ly your
Lest your noise should wak-en Je-sus: Hush! hush! see how
How He is white, His cheeks are ros-y! Hush! hush! see how the

is the Moth-er; Ah! ah! beau-ti-ful is her Son!
doors now o-pen; Toc! toc! Come let us make good cheer!
fast He slum-bers! Hush! hush! see how fast He sleeps!
Child is sleep-ing; Hush! hush! see how He smiles in dreams,

from The Home and Community Song-Book, 1922
The Angel Gabriel

1. The angel Gabriel from heaven came,
2. "For know a blessed Mother thou shalt be,
3. Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head,
4. Of her, Emmanuel, the Christ, was born

His wings as drifted snow, his eyes a flame;
All generations laud and honor thee,
"To me be as it pleaseth God," she said,
In Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn,

"All hail," said he, "thou lowly maiden Mary,
Thy Son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold,
"My soul shall laud and magnify His holy Name,"
And Christian folk throughout the world will ever say,

Most highly favored lady," Glorify a!
Most highly favored lady," Glorify a!
Most highly favored lady," Glorify a!
"Most highly favored lady," Glorify a!

from CyberHymnal.org
13th Century

**ANGELUS AD VIRGINEM**

1. Angelus ad virginem Sub-intrans in conclus. Vir-ginis for-mi-dinem De-
2. Quo modo con-cipierem, qua vi-rem non co-gnó-vi? Quá-li-ter in-frin-ger-em, qua

fir-ma men-te vo-vi? ‘Spí-ru-tus San-cti gra-ti-a Per-fi-ci-er hæc

Dó-mi-num Con-cipi-es Et pá-rí-es In-tác-ta, Sa-lú-tem
ó-mni-a; Ne tí-me-as, sed gáu-de-as, se-cú-ra, quod cas-ti-

3. Ad hæc virgo nóbilis Respón-dens in-quit e-i; Ancílla sum
4. An-ge-lus dis-pá-ruit Et sta-tim pu-el-lá-ris Ut-te-rus in-
5. E-iá Ma-ter Dó-mi-ni, Quæ pa-cem re-di-di-sti An-ge-lis et

hú-mi-lis O-mni-po-tén-tis De-i. Ti-bi cæ-lés-ti nún-ti-
tú-mu-it Vi-par-tus sa-lu-tá-ris. Qui, cir-cum-dá-tus ú-te-
hó-mi-ni, Cum Chri-stum ge-nú-i-sti; Tu-um ex-ó-ra fí-li-

o, Tan-ta se-cré-ti cón-sci-o, Con-sén-ti-ens Et cú-pi-ens Vi-dé-
ro No-vem mén-si-um nú-me-ro, Hinc ex-i-it Et in-i-it Con-flic-
um Ut se no-bis pro-pi-ti-um Ex-hí-be-at, Et dé-le-at Pec-cá-

re fac-tum quod áu-di-o, Pa-rá-ta sum pa-ré-re De-i con-sí-li-o.
ta; Præstans au-xí-lium Vi-ta fru-i be-á-ta Post hoc ex-sí-li-áum.
God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

1. God rest you merry, gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay,

2. In Bethlehem in Jewry, This blessed Babe was born,

3. From God our Heavenly Father, A blessed Angel came;

Remember Christ our Savior Was born on Christmas Day,

And laid within a manager, Upon this blessed Morn;

And unto certain Shepherds Brought tidings of the same:

To save us all from Satan’s pow’r When we were gone astray;

The which His Mother Mary, Did nothing take in scorn.

How that in Bethlehem was born The Son of God by Name.

O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy, O tidings of comfort and joy.
4. “Fear not then,” said the Angel, “Let nothing you affright,
5. The shepherds at those tidings rejoiced much in mind,
6. And when they came to Bethlehem Where our dear Savior lay,
7. Now to the Lord sing praises, All you with this place,

This day is born a Savior Of a pure Virgin bright,
And left their flocks feeding, In tempest, storm, and wind:
They found Him in a manager, Where oxen feed on hay;
And with true love and brotherhood Each other now embrace;

To free all those who trust in Him From Satan’s power and might.”
And went to Bethlehem straight way, The Son of God to find.
His Mother Mary kneeling down, Unto the Lord did pray.
This holy tide of Christmas All other doth deface.

ff O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy, O tidings of comfort and joy.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Carol of the Shepherds

English by Eda Lou Walton (1894–1961)

1. Come, all ye shepherds and be not dismayed,
   Seek where the lowly sweet baby is laid;
   Here in a manger, far from all danger, Sleeping behold Him,
   Warm arms enfold Him."

2. As we were watching our flocks where they lay,
   Shown a great glory as bright as the day.
   Glad bells were ringing, sweet voices singing, Through heav'n's blue portals,
   "Good will to mortals;"

3. Now we have found Him in Bethlehem stall,
   Sing the glad tidings, oh, sing them to all!
   Shepherds adore Him, wise men before Him Lay down their dowr,
   In glittering shower, Christmas is come.

17th Century Bohemian Carol

...
WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS

Nahum Tate (1652–1715)  Adapted from George F. Handel

1. While shepherds watch’d their flocks by night; All seat-ed on the ground; The
2. “To you, in Da - vid’s town, this day Is born of Da - vid’s line, A
3. The heav’n-ly Babe you there shall find, To hu-man view dis-play’d, All
4. “All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace; Good-

from Sunday School Hymns No. 1, 1903, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS

Nahum Tate (1652–1715)  Winchester Old, by George Kirbye (c. 1565–1634)

1. While shep-herds watch’d their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,
2. “Fear not,” said he, for might-y dread Had seized their troubl-ed mind;
3. “To you, in Da - vid’s town, this day, Is born of Da - vid’s line,
4. “The heav’n-ly Babe you there shall find To hu-man view dis-play’d,
5. Thus spake the ser - aph, and forth-with Ap-peared a shin-ing throng
6. “All glo - ry be to God on high And to the earth be peace;

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a-round,
“Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind,
A Sav - ior, Who is Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign,
All mean-ly wrap-p’d in swad-dling clothes, And in a manger laid,
Of an - gels prais-ing God, Who thus Ad-dressed their joy-ful song,
Good-will henceforth from heav’n to men, Be - gin and nev-er cease,

from Church Sunday School Hymn-Book, 1892, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
Traditional, 16th Century or earlier

**The Wexford Carol**

Traditional

1. Good peo-ple all, this Christ-mas time, Con-sid-er well, and bear in mind,

2. The night be-fore that hap-py tide, The no-ble Vir-gin and her guide

3. Let all your songs and prais-es be, Un-to His Heav’n-ly Ma-je-sty;

What our good God for us has done, In send-ing His be-lov-ed Son.
Were long time seek-ing up and down To find a lodg-ing in the town.
And ev-er-more a-mongst our mirth, Re-mem-ber Christ our Sav-ior’s birth.

With Ma-ry ho-ly, we should pray To God with love this Christ-mas day;
But mark how all things came to pass: From ev-ry door re-pelled A-las!
That night the Vir-gin Ma-ry mild, Was safe de-liv-er’d of a child;

In Beth-le-hem up-on that morn, There was a bless-ed Mes-si-ah born.
As long fore-told their ref-uge all Was but a hum-ble ox’s stall.
Ac-cord-ing un-to Heav’n’s de-cree, Man’s sweet sal-va-tion for to be.
Some Ancient Christmas Carols with the Tunes To Which They Were Formerly Sung in the West of England, 1822,
A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS EVE

Traditional

1. The Lord at first had Adam made Out of the dust and clay,

mf 2. And thus with the garden he Was set, there to stay;

3. “For in the day thou shalt it touch Or dost to it come nigh,

And in his nostrils breathed life, E’en as the Scriptures say.

And in commandment unto him These words the Lord did say:

If so thou do but eat thereof, Then thou shalt surely die.”

And then in Eden’s Paradise He placed him to dwell,

p  “The fruit which in the garden grows To thee shall be for meat,

But Adam he did take no heed Unto that only thing,

That he with the tree should remain, To dress and keep it well.

Except the tree in midst thereof, Of which thou shalt not eat.”

But did transgress God’s holy Law, And so was wrapt in sin.

ff Now let good Christians all begin A holier life to live,
And to re-joice and mer-ry be, For this is Christ-mas Eve.

4. Now mark the good-ness of the Lord, Which He to man-kind bore;
5. Which prom-ise now is brought to pass: Chris-tians, be-lieve it well;
6. And now the tide is nigh at hand, In which our Sav-i-or came;

His mer-cy soon He did ex-tend, Lost man for to re-store:
And by the death of God’s dear Son, We are re-deemed from Hell.
Let us re-joice and mer-ry be In keep-ing of the same;

And there-fore to re-deem our souls From death and hell and thrall,
So if we tru-ly do be-lieve, And do the thing that’s right,
Let’s feed the poor and hun-gry souls. And such as do it crave;

He said His own dear Son should be The Sav-i-or of us all.
Then by His mer-its we at last Shall live in heav-en bright.
And when we die, in heav-en we Our sure re-ward shall have.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CHRISTMAS

CHRISTIANS, AWAKE, SALUTE THE HAPPY MORN

John Byrom (1692–1763)  
John Wainwright (1723–1768)

Majestically

1. Christians, a - wake, sa - lute the hap - py morn, Where - on the Sav - ior of man - 
2. Then to the watch - ful shep - herds it was told, Who heard th’an - gel - ic her - ald’s 
3. He spoke; and straight - way the ce - les - tial choir In hymns of joy, un - known be - 

kind was born; Rise to a - dore the mys - ter - y of love, voice: “Be - hold, I bring good ti - dings of a Sav - ior’s birth
fore, con - spire: The prais - es of re - deem - ing love they sang,

Which hosts of an - gels chant-ed from a - bove; With them the joy - ful
To you and all the na - tions up - on earth: This day hath God ful -
And heav’n’s whole arch with al - le - lu - ias rang: God’s high - est glo - ry

ti - dings first be - gun Of God In - car - nate and the Vir - gin’s Son.
fill’d His prom - ised word, This day is born a Sav - ior, Christ, the Lord.”
was their an - them still, Peace up - on earth, and un - to men, good - will.
4. To Beth-l’hem straight the hap-py shep-herds ran, To see the won-der God had

5. Let us, like these good shep-herds, then em-ploy Our grate-ful voi-ces to pro-

6. Then may we hope, th’an-gel-ic thrones a-mong, To sing, re-deemed, a glad tri-

wrought for man: And found, with Jo-seph and the bless-ed maid,

claim the joy; Trace we the Babe, Who hath re-treived our loss,

um-phil song; He, that was borne up-on this joy-ful day,

Her Son, the Sav-i-or in a man-ger laid; A-mazed the won-drous

From His poor man-ger to His bit-ter Cross; Tread-ing His steps, as -

A-round us all His glo-ry shall dis-play; Saved by His love, in -

sto-ry they pro-claim, The ear-liest her-alds of the Sav-ior’s name.

sist-ed by His grace, Till man’s first heav’n-ly state a-gain takes place.

ces-sant we shall sing Of an-gels and of an-gel-men, the King.

from The English Hymnal, 1906
The Coventry Carol

1. Lullay, Thou little tiny Child,
2. O sisters too, how may we do,
3. Herod, the king, in his rag ing,
4. Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee,

By, by, lully, lully; Lully, Thou little
For to preserve this day; This poor Youngling for
Charged he hath this day; His men of might, in
And ever mourn and say; For Thy parting nor

dim. pp rall.

ti - ny child, By, by, lully, lully.
whom we sing, By, by, lully, lully?
his own sight, All children young to slay.
say nor sing, By, by, lully, lully.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Lully, lully, Thou little tiny Child, By, by, lully, lully;
All my heart this night rejoices

Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen, by Paul Gerhardt, 1653

Johann Georg Ebeling (1637–1676)

Translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1858

1. All my heart this night rejoices,
2. Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
3. Come then let us hasten yonder;
4. Thee, dear Lord, with thee I cherish;

As I hear, Far and near, Sweetest angel voices;
Soft and sweet, Doth entreat, "Flee from woe and danger;
Here let all, Great and small, Kneel in awe and wonder.
Live to thee, and with thee, Dying shall not perish;

"Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
Brethren come; from all that grieves you.
Love Him who with love is yearning;
But shall swell with thee for ever,

Till the air, Ev'rywhere, Now with joy is ringing.
You are freed; All you need I will surely give you.
Hail the star that from far bright with hope is burning.
Far on high, in the joy that can alter never.
I SAW THREE SHIPS

1. I saw three ships come sailing in, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
2. And what was in those ships all three, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
3. The Virgin Mary and Christ were there, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
4. Pray, whither sailed those ships all three, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,

5. They sailed into Bethlehem, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
6. And all the bells on earth shall ring, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
7. And all the Angels in Heav’n shall sing, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
8. And all the souls on earth shall sing, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
9. Then let us all rejoice a main, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,

O they sailed into Bethlehem, On Christmas day in the morning.
And all the bells on earth shall ring, On Christmas day in the morning.
And all the Angels in Heav’n shall sing, On Christmas day in the morning.
And all the souls on earth shall sing, On Christmas day in the morning.
Then let us all rejoice a main, On Christmas day in the morning.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
The Seven Joys of Mary

1. The first good joy that Mary had, It was the joy of
2–7. The next good joy that Mary had, It was the joy of

1. one; To see the blessed Jesus Christ,
2. two; To see her own Son Jesus Christ,
3. three; To see her own Son Jesus Christ,
4–7. four, five, etc.; To see her own Son Jesus Christ,

1. When He was first her Son. When He was first her Son,
2. Making the lame to go. Making the lame to go,
3. Making the blind to see. Making the blind to see,
4. Reading the Bible o'er. Reading the Bible o'er,
5. Raising the dead to life. Raising the dead to life,
6. Upon the Crucifix. Upon the Crucifix,
7. Ascending into heav'n. Ascending into heav'n,

Good Lord; And happy may we be; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost To all eternity.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
William C. Dix (1837–1898)

As With Gladness Men of Old

Konrad Kocher (1786–1872)

1. As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold; As with joy they hailed its light,
2. As with joyful steps they sped To that lowly manager bed, There to bend the knee before rude and bare; So may we with holy joy,
3. As they offer'd gifts most rare At that manager row way; And, when earthly things are past, a-ted light; Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
4. Ho-ly J-esus, ev'ry day Keep us in the lead ing on ward, beam ing bright; So, most gracious Him whom heav'n and earth adore; So may we with Pure and free from sin's al-loy, All our costliest Bring our ransomed souls at last Where they need no Thou its Sun which goes not down; There forever God, may we willing feet Ev-er more be led to Thee. will ing feet Ev-er seek Thy mer-cy seat. treas-ures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heav'n ly King, star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo-ry hide. may we sing Al-le-lu-ias to our King.

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
Guilló, pran ton tamborin

1. Wil - lie, get your lit - tle drum, Rob - in, bring your flute and come.
2. When the men of old - en days Gave the King of Kings their praise,
3. God and man to - day be - come Close - ly joined as flute and drum.

Aren’t they fun to play up - on? Tu - re - lu - re - lu, pat - a - pat - a - pan,
They had pipes to play up - on. Tu - re - lu - re - lu, pat - a - pat - a - pan,
Let the joy - ous tune play on! Tu - re - lu - re - lu, pat - a - pat - a - pan,

When you play your fife and drum, How can an - y - one be glum?
And al - so the drums they’d play, Full of joy, on Christ - mas Day.
As the in - stru - ments you play, We will sing, this Christ - mas Day.

Music from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
Watchman, Tell Us of the Night

1. Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are.
2. Watch-man, tell us of the night; Higher yet that star ascends.
3. Watch-man, tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn.

Trav-ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory beam- ing star.
Trav-ler, bless-ed-ness and light, Peace and truth its course por-tends.
Trav-ler, dark-ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter-ror are with-drawn.

Watch-man, does its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore - tell?
Watch-man, will its beams alone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watch-man, let thy wan-d'rings cease; Hie thee to thy quiet home.

Trav-ler, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.
Trav-ler, ages are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav-ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!
Heinrich Seuse (1300–1366)

**IN DULCI JUBILO**

Arranged by J.S. Bach (1685–1750)

1. *In dul-ci ju-bi-lo*—Nun sing-et und seid froh!
2. *O je-su, par-va-le*—Nach Dir ist mir so weh.
4. *U-bi sunt gau-di-a*—Nir-gend mehr denn da,

All-er un-ser Won-ne Liest in pro-se pi-
Tröst mir mein Ge-mü-te, O Pu-er óp-
wär-en all ver-lor-en, Per nos-tra cré-mi-
Wo die Eng-el sing-en No-vá cán-ti-

Sie leuch-tet wie die Son-ne Ma-
Durch all Dei-ne Gü-te, O
So hat er uns er-wor-
Und die Har-fen kling-

Al-pha es et
Tra-be me post
Quan-ta grá-ti-
E-ia, wär’n wir
### IN DULCI JUBILO

Heinrich Seuse (1300–1366)

1. In dul-ci jü-bi-lo,
   Now sing with hearts a-glow!
   Our de-light and plea-sure
   Lies in pre-sé-pí-o,
   Like sun-shine is our treas-ure
   Ma-

2. O Je-su, pár-vu-le,
   For thee I long al-way;
   With all Thy lov-ing kind-ness,
   O blind-ness O Pa-ter óp-ti-me,
   With all Thy lov-ing kind-ness, O

3. O Pa-tris cá-ri-tas!
   O na-ti lé-ni-tas!
   But Thou for us hast gain-ed Ce-
   stain-ed Per nos-tra crí-mi-na;
   But Thou for us hast gain-ed Ce-
   ló-rum gú-di-a.

4. U-bi sunt gáu-di-a,
   In an-ry place but there?
   There are an-gels
   And there the bells are ring-ing In
   No-va cán-ti-ca
   And there the bells are ring-ing In
   Re-gis cá-ri-a

from ChristmasCarolMusic.org

O! Alpha es et O!
Tra-be me post Te!
O that we were there!
O that we were there!

Te!
E-ia, wär’n wir da!
O that we were there!
O that we were there!

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
**Christmas**

**IN DULCI JUBILO**

Heinrich Seuse (1300–1366)

Transcribed by Robert Lucas de Pearsall (1795–1856)

Arranged by Robert Lucas de Pearsall (1795–1856)

14th century German melody

1. *In dul-ci ju-bi-lo*____ Let us our hom-age show:
2. *O Je-su, pars-vu-le*____ I yearn for Thee al-way;
4. *U-bi sunt gáu-di-a*____ If they be not there?

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5. Our heart’s joy re-clin-eth *In pra-sé-pi-o,*____ And like a bright star shin-eth
Hear me, I be-seech Thee, *O Pa-er óp-tri-me,*____ My pray-ing let it reach Thee,
Deep-ly were we stain-ed *Per nos-tra cri-mi-na,* But Thou for us hast gain-ed
There are an-gels sing-ing *No-va cán-ti-ca,* And there the bells are ring-ing

---

*O Prin-ceps gló-ri-e.*____ *Tra-be me post Te!*____ *Tra-be me post Te!*
*Ce-ló-rum gáu-di-a.*____ *Qua-lis gló-ri-a!*____ *Qua-lis gló-ri-a!*
*In Re-gis cú-ri-a*____ O that we were there! O that we were there!

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7. *Ma-tris in gré-mi-o*____ *Al-pha es et O!*____ *Al-pha es et O!*
*O Prin-ceps gló-ri-e.*____ *Tra-be me post Te!*____ *Tra-be me post Te!*
*Ce-ló-rum gáu-di-a.*____ *Qua-lis gló-ri-a!*____ *Qua-lis gló-ri-a!*
*In Re-gis cú-ri-a*____ O that we were there! O that we were there!

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from CantateDomino.org
**GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN, REJOICE**

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

14th Century German Melody

1. Good Christian men, rejoice With heart, and soul and voice; give ye heed to what we say: Jesus Christ is born today: Ox and ass before Him bow, And He is in the manger now.

2. Good Christian men, rejoice With heart, and soul and voice; now ye hear of endless bliss: Jesus Christ was born for this! He hath ope’d the heav’nly door, And man is blessed evermore.

3. Good Christian men, rejoice With heart, and soul and voice; now ye need not fear the grave: Jesus Christ was born to save! Calls you one and calls you all, To gain His everlast’ing hall.

Christ is born today! Christ is born today! Christ is born for this! Christ is born for this! Christ is born to save! Christ is born to save!

_from Christmas Carols, New and Old_
Gloucestershire Wassail

18th Century English

1. Was-sail, was-sail all over the town, Our toast it is white and our
ale it is brown; Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree, With the

2. So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek, Pray God send our master a
was-sailing bowl we'll drink unto thee. 4. And here is to Fill-pail and to her left
ear, Pray God send our master a happy New Year, A happy New

3. And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye, Pray God send our master a
was-sailing bowl we'll drink unto thee. 5. Come butler, come fill us a bowl of the
was-sailing bowl we'll drink unto thee. 6. Then here's to the maid in the lily white

Year as e'er he did see, With the was-sailing bowl we'll drink unto thee.
draw us a bowl of the small, Then down shall go butler, bowl and all.
door and pulled back the pin, For to let these jolly was-sail-ers in.

Allegro

18th Century English
1. Here we come a-wassailing Among the leaves so green, Here we come a-
mf
2. We are not dai-ly beg-gars That beg from door to door, But we are neigh-bors'
3. Good Mas-ter and good Mis-tress, As you sit by the fire, Pray think of us poor

Chorus

wan-d’ring, So fair to be seen.
chil-dren Whom you have seen be-fore. f Love and joy come to you, And to
chil-dren Who wan-der in the mire.

you your was-sail too, And God bless you, and send you a hap-py new

Additional Verses

4. We have a lit-tle purse Made of
year, And God send you a hap-py new year.

5. Call up the but-ler of this house, Put

6. Bring us out a ta-ble And

7. God bless the master of this house, Like-
ratch-ing leath-er skin; We want some of your small change To line it well with-in.
on his gol-den ring; Let him bring us a glass of beer, The bet-ter we shall sing.
spread it with a cloth; Bring us out a cheese, And of your Christmas loaf.
wise the mistress too; And all the lit-tle chil-dren That round the ta-ble go.
FROM HEAVEN HIGH I COME TO YOU

Martin Luther (1483–1546)
Old German Melody Attributed to Martin Luther
Translated by Catherine Winkworth (1827–1878)
Adapted by J.S. Bach (1685–1750)

Very slow and dignified (♩ = 46)

1. From heaven high I come to you, To bring you tidings, strange and true.
2. To you this night is born a Child Of Mary, chosen Mother mild;
3. Glory to God in highest Heav’n, Who unto us His Son hath giv’n!

Glad tidings of great joy I bring, Whereof I now will say and sing.
This little Child, of lowly birth, Shall be the joy of all the earth.
While angels sing with pious mirth A glad New Year to all the earth.

from The English Hymnal, 1906

THE BOAR’S HEAD CAROL

15th Century English
Traditional English

1. The boar’s head in hand bear I Be-decked with bays and rosemary;
2. The boar’s head as I understand Is the rarest dish in all this land,
3. Our steward hath providéd this In honor of the King of bliss,

And I pray you my masters merry be; Quot es-tis in cons-vi-vi-o.
Which is thus be-decked with a gay garland, Let us ser-vi-re can-ti-co.
Which on this day to be servéd is, In Re-gi-nén-si á-tri-o.
ANGELS, FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY

James Montgomery (1771–1854)  Henry Smart (1813–1879)

**FF-PP** Car - put a - pri dé - fe - ro Red - dens lau - des Do - mi - no.

1. Ang - els, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
2. Shep - herds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your flocks by night,
3. Sa - ges, leave your con - tem - pla - tions, Bright - er vis - ions beam a - far;
4. Saints be - fore the al - tar bend - ing, Watch - ing long in hope and fear,

Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth;
God with man is now re - sid - ing; Yon - der shines the in - fant light;
Seek the great De - sire of na - tions, Ye have seen His na - tal star;
Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing, In His tem - ple shall ap - pear;

Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
Robert Davis (1881–1950)  
Adapted from Orientis Partibus, 12th Century French

1. Jesus, our bro-ther, kind and good, Was hum-bly born in a sta-ble rude, And the  
2. “I,” said the don-key, shag-gy and brown, “I car-ried His Moth-er up hill and down; I__  
3. “I,” said the cow, all white and red, “I gave Him my man-ger_ for His bed,  

friend-ly beasts a-round Him stood; Je-sus, our broth-er, kind and good.  
car-ried Her safe-ly to Beth-le-hem town.” “I,” said the don-key, shag-gy and brown.  
gave Him my hay_ to pil-low His head.” “I,” said the cow, all white and red.  

4. “I,” said the sheep with curl- y horn, “I__ gave Him my wool for His blank-et  
5. “I,” said the dove from the raf-ters high, “Cooed Him to sleep, that He should not  
6. “I,” said the cam-el_ yel-low and black, “O-ver the des-ert, up-on my  
7. Thus ev’ry beast by_ some good spell, In the sta-ble dark was_ glad to  

warm, He_ wore_ my coat on Christmas morn.” “I,” said the sheep with curl- y horn.  
cry, We cooed Him to sleep, my mate and I.” “I,” said the dove from the raf-ters high.  
back I__brought Him a gift in the Wise Men’s pack,” “I,” said the cam-el_, yellow and black.  
tell Of the gift_ he gave Em-man-u-el, The gift he gave Em-man-u-el.  

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
Orientis Partibus

1. Ori-én-tis pár-ti-bus Ad-ven-tá-vit á-si-nus, Pul-cher et for-tis-si-mus,

2. Sal-tu vin-cit hín-nu-los Da-mas et ca-pré-o-los Su-per dro-me-dá-ri-os

3. Hic in cól-li-bus Sy-chen, Jam nu-tri-tus sub Ru-ben Trán-si-it per Jór-da-nem

Sár-ci-nis ap-tis-si-mus. 4. Dum tra-hit ve-hí-cu-la, Mul-ta cum sar-
Ve-lox Ma-di-á-ne-os. 5. Cum a-rís-tis, hór-de-um Có-me-dit et
Sá-li-it in Béth-le-hem. 6. A-men di-cas, á-si-ne; Jam sa-tur ex


Words from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com, Music from CyberHymnal.org

Although at Yule it Bloweth Cool

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)  Der wind der wet, der han der kret, 1554
Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. Al-though at Yule it blow-eth cool, And frost doth grip the fin-gers,

2. Through snow or sleet we pace the street, Fair sirs, with right good rea-son,

3. No itch-ing palms have we for alms, Con-tent if Christ, the bur-den

And nip the nose, and numb the toes, Of out-door Car-ol sing-ers,
To wish you all, both great and small, The bless-ings of the sea-son.
Of these our lays, be-stow His praise, And one day be our guer-don.

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
O Holy Night
(Cantique de Noël)

Placide Cappeau (1808–1877)
Translated by John Sullivan Dwight (1813–1893)

Adolphe Adam (1803–1856)

Andante maestoso (d = 72)

1. O holy night
2. Led by the light of faith
3. Truly He taught us to love

4. The stars are brightly shining,
5. It is the light of faith serenely beam ing,
6. With glowing taught us to love one another,

7. His law is
8. His law is

9. Long lay the hearts by His cradle we stand;
10. So led by love and His gospel is peace;
11. Chains shall He
world in sin and error piercing, Till He appeared
light of a star sweetly gleaming Here came the break for the slave is our brother, And in His

peared and the soul felt its worth A thrill of hope the wise men from Orient land. The King of kings lay name all oppression shall cease. Sweet hymns of joy in

weary soul rejoices, For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn; thus in lowly manager, In all our trials born to be our friend; grateful chorus raise we, Let all within us praise His holy name;
Fall on your knees, Oh, hear the angel
He knows our need, Our weakness is no
Christ is the Lord, Oh, praise His name for-

voices! O night divine, O
stranger. Behold your King, be-
ever! His pow’r and glory

night when Christ was born! O night O
fore Him lowly bend! Behold your
ever more pro-claim! His pow’r and

holy night O night divine!
King, before Him lowly bend!
glory ever more pro-claim!
Fall on your knees, Oh, hear the angel
He knows our need, Oh, weakness is no
Christ is the Lord, Oh, praise His name for-

voices! O night divine, O night when Christ was
stranger. Behold your King, before Him lowly
ever! His pow'r and glory ever more pro-

born! O night O holy night O night divine!
bend! Behold your King, before Him lowly bend!
claim! His pow'r and glory ever more pro-claim!
CHRISTMAS DAY

Allegro vivace.

1. Wake all music's magic pow'rs, On this blissful morn-ing,
2. Let this glorious hol-i-day Find such ho-ly spend-ing,
3. Give we glo-ry to this Feast, ff For man's res-to-ra-tion,
4. O how bright is this day made, Day with ra-diance glow-ing,
5. Ris'n to-day in splen-dor bright, Shin-ing to all a-ges,

Born to-day, the Child is ours, Theme of Pro-phet's warn-ing;
That the sim-ple-heart-ed may Joy with-out of-fend-ing,
Now the guil-ty is re-leased, ff Freed from con-dem-na-tion:
Which the Light of Light dis-played, Light in dark-ness show-ing;
Beams the Sun, whose dis-tant light Touch'd the Pro-phet's pa-ges;

Gi-ant in the race He tow'rs, Toil and dan-ger scorn-ing.
And sweet cha-rity may stay, With our con-course blend-ing.
By the wid-ow's son de-ceased, ff See E-li-sha's sta-tion!
Chas-ing thus death's gloom-y shade, Bright-ness o'er us throw-ing!
Now, to end the reign of night, Christ His pow'r en-gages.

O that bless-ed go-ing out, Which salva-tion brought a-bout,
O that bless-ed go-ing out, sal-va-tion brought a-bout,
O that bless-ed go-ing out, Which sal-va-tion brought a-bout.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
As Lately We Watched

Anonymous

19th Century Austrian

1. As lately we watch’d o’er our fields thro’ the night,
2. A King of such beauty was ne’er before seen,
3. His throne is a manager, His court is a loft,
4. Then shepherds, be joyful, salute your liege King,

A star there was seen of such glorious light;
And Mary His mother so like to a queen.
But troops of bright angels, in lays sweet and soft,
Let hills and dales ring to the song that ye sing,

All thro’ the night, angels did sing,
Blest be the hour, welcome the morn,
Him they proclaim, our Christ by name,
Blest be the hour, welcome the morn,

In carols, so sweet, of the birth of a King.
For Christ our dear Saviour on earth now is born.
And earth, sky and air straight are fill’d with His fame.
For Christ our dear Saviour on earth now is born.
The Virgin and Child

Adapted from *Thys endris nyzth*, 15th Century

Charles Steggall (1826–1905)

1. On yester night I saw a sight, A star as bright as day; And all along, I heard a song, lul-lay, by by, lul-lay, lul-lay, lul-lay, lul-lay, lul-lay. It makes my heart to spake: My Son, my Brother, Fa-ther dear, It makes my heart to ache. To see Thee there, so cold and bare, A

2. A lovely lady sat and sang, And to her Child she said: "Right sure I am a might-y King, Though in a stall? Why didst Thou not Thy cradle bring To some great crib My bed: For angels bright, Down to Me light; Thou

3. The Child then spake whilst she did sing, And to the maid-en It makes my heart to est

4. "Now, sweet-est Lord, since Thou art King, Why liest Thou in a royal hall? Me-thinks 'tis right, That king or knight Should

5. It makes my heart to ache, To see Thee there, so cold and bare, A

6. It makes my heart to ache, To see Thee there, so cold and bare, A
5. “My Mother Mary, thine I be,
   Though I be laid in stall,
   Both lords and dukes shall worship Me,
   And so shall monarchs all:
   Ye shall well see
   That princes three,
   Shall come on the twelfth day:
   Then let Me rest
   Upon thy breast,
   And sing by by, lullay.”

6. “Now tell me, sweetest Lord, I pray,
   Thou art my love and dear,
   How shall I nurse Thee to Thy mind,
   And make Thee glad of cheer?
   For all Thy will
   I would fulfil,
   I need no more to say;
   And for all this
   I will Thee kiss,
   And sing by by, lullay,”

7. “My Mother dear, when time it be,
   Then take Me up aloft,
   And set Me up upon thy knee,
   And handle Me full soft;
   And in thy arm,
   Thou wilt Me warm,
   And keep Me night and day:
   And if I weep,
   And may not sleep,
   Thou sing by by, lullay.”

from *Christmas Carols, New and Old*
Adapted from *Thys endris nyzth*, 15th Century

This Endris Night

15th Century English

1. This love-ly la-dy sat and sang, And to her Child did say,
2. “My sweet-est bird, ’tis thus re-quired, Though Thou be King ve-ray,
3. The Child then spake in His talk-ing, And to His mo-ther said,
4. “For an-gels bright down on me light; Thou know-est ’tis no nay.

And e’er a-mong, A maid-en sung, “Lul-lay, by by, lu-lay.”
“My Son, my Bro-ther, Fa-ther dear, Why liest Thou thus in hay?”
But n’er-the-less I will not cease To sing ’By by, lul-lay.”
“Yea, I am known as Heav-en-King In crib though I be laid.
And for that sight thou mayst de-light To sing, ’By by, lul-lay.”

from *The English Carol Book, Second Series*, 1913, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com

O Du Fröhliche

Johannes Daniel Falk (1768–1826)  
Sicilian Hymn


Welt ging ver-lor-en, Christ ist ge-bor-en, Freu-e, freue dich, o Christen-heit!
Christ ist er schienen, Uns zu ver-söh-nen, Freu-e, freue dich, o Christen-heit!
Himm-di-sche Hee-re Jauch-zen dir Eh-re, Freu-e, freue dich, o Christen-heit!

from *The Warburg Hymnal*, 1918, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
\[image\]

**CHRISTMAS**

**Carol of the Birds**

Traditional

Not slow.

**Bas-Quercey Carol**

1. Whence comes this rush of wings a far, Follow ing straight the No el star?
2. “Tell us, ye birds, why come ye here, Into this sta ble, poor and drear?”
3. Hark how the Greenfinch bears his part, Phlo mel, too, with ten der heart,
4. Angels and shep herds, birds of the sky, Come where the Son of God doth lie;

**I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day**

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882)

John Baptiste Calkin (1827–1905)

1. I heard the bells on Christmas Day Their old fam i liar car ols play,
2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bel fries of all Chris ten dom
3. And in de spair I bowed my head, “There is no peace on earth,” I said,
4. The n the bells more loud and deep: “God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
5. Till, ring ing, sing ing on its way, The world re volved from night to day,

And wild and sweet the words re peat Of peace on earth, good will to men.
Had rolled a long thun bro ken song Of peace on earth, good will to men.
For hate is strong, and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good will to men.
The wrong shall fail, the right pre vail, With peace on earth, good will to men.
A voice, a chime, a chant sub lime, Of peace on earth, good will to men.

from Carols Old and Carols New, 1916, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
CONGAUDEAT TURBA FIDELIUM

1. Con-gáu-de-at tur-ba fi-dé-li-um,
2. Ad pa-stó-res de-scé-nil an-ge-lus,
3. Lo-que-bán-tur pa-stó-res in-vi-cem,
4. Ad præ-sé-pe stant bos et á-si-nus,

Vir-go ma-ter pé-pe-rit fi-li-um in Béth-le-hem,
Di-cens e-is: na-tus est Dó-mi-nus in Béth-le-hem,
Trans-e-á-mus ad no-vum hó-mi-nem in Béth-le-hem,
Co-gno-vé-runt quis es-set Dó-mi-nus in Béth-le-hem,

5. In o-ctá-va dum cir-cum-cí-di-tur,
6. Tri-ni, tri-no, tri-na dant mú-ne-ra,
7. Col-ly-ri-das si-mul cum néc-ta-re

No-men e-i Je-sus im-pó-ni-tur in Béth-le-hem,
Re-gi re-gum fu-gé-ni tú-be-ra in Béth-le-hem,

Words from Pie Cantiones, 1582
FROM CHURCH TO CHURCH

Congaudeat turba fidelium, from an 11th Century Manuscript
Old Melody in Hypo-Dorian Mode

Versified by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)
Arranged by G. H. Palmer

1. From church to church the bells' glad tidings run:
2. And angel hosts the midnight of His birth,
3. “Now go we forth, and see this wondrous thing,”
4. Then Herod sought the Royal Son to slay,

A Virgin hath conceiv'd and borne a Son In Bethlehem.
Sang Glory be to God and peace on earth, In Bethlehem.
The shepherds said, “and seek the new-born King” In Bethlehem.
Who rather should have come to kneel and pray In Bethlehem.

5. The Star went leading from East unto the West:
6. Their frank incense, and myrrh, and gold they bring,
7. With three-fold gifts the Three-fold God then praise,

The Wise Men followed, till they saw it rest In Bethlehem.
To hail the God, the Mortal, and the King In Bethlehem.
Who thus vouch-safed the songs of man to raise In Bethlehem.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
**Es ist ein Ros entsprungen**

15th Century German

Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

1. Es ist ein Ros ent-sprun-gen, aus ein-er Wür - zel zart, wie uns die Alt-en
2. Das Rös-lein, das ich mein - e, da - von Je - sai - a sagt, ist Ma - ri - a die
3. Das Blüm-lein, so klein - e, das duf - tet uns so süß, mit sein-em hel-len

**Flos de radice Jesse**

Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

1. Flos de ra - di - ce Jes - se, est na - tus hö - di - e. Quem no - bis jam ad - és - se, læ - tá - mur
2. Hunc I - sa - i - as flo - rem, præ - sá - giis cé - ci - nit. Ad e - jus nos a - mó - rem, Na - scén - tis

**nicht enthalten**
**Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming**

15th Century German

Translated by Theodore Baker (1851–1934)

Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

1. **Lo, how a Rose e’er bloom-ing** From ten-der stem has sprung! Of
   jes – se’s lin-eage com-ing As men of old have sung. It came, a flow’r-er-t
   Ma – ry we be - hold it, The Vir-gin Moth-er kind. To show God’s love a-
   Christ, the Lord of Glo - ry Was born on earth this night. To Beth - le - hem they

2. I - sa - iah ’twas fore-told it, The Rose I had in mind; With
   bright, A - mid the cold of win - ter When half spent was the night.

3. The shep - herds heard the sto - ry Pro-claimed by an - gels bright, How
   right, She bore to men a Sav - ior, When half spent was the night.

4. O Flow’r, whose fra-grance ten - der With sweet-ness fills the air, Dis -
   sped - And in the man - ger found Him, As an - gel her - als said.

   The dark-ness ev ’ry - where; True man, yet ve-ry
   Moth - er kind, spent was the night.

   And share our ev ’ry load.

   was the night.
O Come, Little Children

1. O come, little children, O come one and all,
2. He's born in a stable for you and for me,
3. See Mary and Joseph with love beaming eyes,
4. Kneel down and adore Him with shepherds today,

To Bethlehem haste, to the manger so small,
Draw near by the bright gleaming Star light to see,
Are gazing upon the rude bed where He lies,
Lift up little hands now and praise Him as they;

God's Son for a gift has been sent you this night
In swaddling clothes lying so meek and so mild,
The shepherds are kneeling, with hearts full of love,
Rejoice that a Savior from sin you can boast,

To be your Redeemer, your joy and delight.
And purer than angels the heavenly Child.
While angels sing loud alleluias above.
And join in the song of the heavenly host.

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
There’s a Song in the Air!

Josiah G. Holland (1819–1881)

1. There’s a song in the air! There’s a star in the sky!
2. There’s a tumult of joy O’er the wonderful birth,
3. In the light of that star Lie the ages.impearled,
4. We rejoice in the light, And we echo the song

There’s a mother’s deep prayer And a baby’s low cry!
For the Virgin’s sweet Boy Is the Lord of the earth.
And that song from afar Has swept over the world.
That comes down thro’ the night From the heavenly throng.

And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
Ay! the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
Ev’ry hearth is a flame, and the beautiful sing
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,

For the manager of Bethlehem cradles a King!
For the manager of Bethlehem cradles a King!
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King!
And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King!

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
The Holly and the Ivy

17th Century English

The holly and the ivy, When they are both full grown,
2. The holly bears a blossom, As white as the lily flow'r,
3. The holly bears a berry, As red as any blood,
4. The holly bears a prickly, As sharp as any thorn,
5. The holly bears a bark, As bitter as any gall,

Of all the trees that are in the wood, The holly bears the crown:
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To be our sweet Savior:
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To do poor sinners good:
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, On Christmas day in the morn:
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, For to redeem us all:

The rising of the sun And the running of the deer,

The playing of the merry organ, Sweet singing in the choir.
**CHRISTMAS**

**THE HOLLY AND THE IVY**

17th Century English  
Old French Carol

1. The Holly and the Ivy, Now both are full-well grown,

2. The Holly bears a blossom, As white as lily flow'r;

3. The Holly bears a berry, As red as any blood,

Of all the trees that are in the wood, The Holly bears the crown:

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To be our sweet Savior.

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To do poor sinners good.

Of the rising of the sun, The running of the deer, The playing of the

merry organ, Sweet singing in the quire, Sweet singing in the quire.

4. The Holly bears a prickle, As sharp as any thorn,

5. The Holly bears a bark, As bitter as any gall;

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, On Christmas day in the morn.

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, For to redeem us all.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. On Christmas night all Christians sing To hear the news the angels bring. Angels bring:

2. Then why should men on earth be so sad, Since our Redeemer made us glad? made us glad?

3. When sin departs before His grace, Then life and health come in its place, in its place.

4. All out of darkness we have light, Which made the angels sing this night, sing this night:

5. News of great joy, news of great mirth, News of our merciful King's birth.

When from our sin He set us free, All for to gain our liberty.

An - gels and men with joy may sing, All for to see the new-born King.

“Glo - ry to God and peace to men, Now and for ev - er-more, A - men.”
**CHRISTMAS**

**Blessed be that Maid Marie**

15th Century Middle English Carol, modernized  
Melody from William Ballet’s *Late Book*, c. 1600  
Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. Blessed be that Maid Marie; Born He was of her body;
2. In a manger of an ass Je su lay and lulled was;
3. Sweet and blissful was the song Chant ed of the Angel throng,

Ve ry God ere time began, Born in time the Son of Man.  
Born to die upon the Tree Pro pec cán te bó mi ne.  
“Peace on earth,” Alle lu ia. In ex cél sis gló ri a.

Ey a! Je sus bó di e Na tus est de Vir gi ne.

4. Fare three Kings from far off land, Incense, gold and myrrh in hand;
5. Make we mer ry on this fest, In quo Chris tus na tus est;

In Beth lem the Babe they see, Stel la duc ti lú mi ne.  
On this Child I pray you call, To as soil and save us all.

D.S. al Fine.

from *The Cowley Carol Book*, 1919
1. There’s a star in the East on Christmas morn, Rise up, shepherds, and follow; It’ll lead to the place where the Savior’s born, Rise up, shepherds, and follow; get your flocks, you’ll forget your herds, Rise up, shepherds, and follow.

2. If you take good heed to the Angels’ words, Rise up, shepherds, and follow; You’ll follow; follow; fol fol

Leave your ewes and leave your lambs, Rise up, shepherds, and follow, Leave your sheep and

leave your rams, Rise up, shepherds, and follow. Fol fol fol fol

follow; Follow the star of Bethlehem, Rise up, shepherds, and follow.
Sleep, Holy Babe!

1. Sleep, Holy Babe! upon Thy mother's breast; Great Lord of earth, and
   sea, and sky, How sweet it is to see Thee lie In such a place of
   fold-ed wings, Be fore th'Incarnate King of kings, In rev'-rent awe pro-
   Face a-while, Up-on the lov-ing in-fant smile Which there di-vine-ly
   slum-bers break, And Thou to length-en'd pains a-wake, That death a-lone shall

2. Sleep, Holy Babe! Thine An-gels watch a-round, All bend-ing low with
   such a place of
   rev'-rent awe pro-
   di-vine-ly
   slum-bers break, And Thou to length-en'd pains a-wake, That death a-lone shall

3. Sleep, Holy Babe! while I with Mary gaze, In joy up-on that
   such a place of
   rev'-rent awe pro-
   di-vine-ly
   slum-bers break, And Thou to length-en'd pains a-wake, That death a-lone shall

4. Sleep, Holy Babe! ah! take Thy brief re-pose; Too quick-ly will Thy
   such a place of
   rev'-rent awe pro-
   di-vine-ly
   slum-bers break, And Thou to length-en'd pains a-wake, That death a-lone shall

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
The Truth From Above
(Herefordshire Carol)

1. This is the truth sent from above, The truth of God, the God of love.
2. The first thing which I do relate Is that God did man create;
3. Then, after this, 'twas God's own choice To place them both in Paradise,
4. But they did eat, which was a sin, And thus their ruin did begin.
5. Thus we were heirs to endless woes, Till God the Lord did interpose;

Therefore don't turn me from your door, But hearken all both rich and poor.
The next thing which to you I'll tell Woman was made with man to dwell.
There to remain, from evil free, Except they ate of such a tree.
Ruinèd them-selves, both you and me, And all of their posterity.
And so a promise soon did run That He would redeem us by His Son.

6. And at this season of the year Our blest redeemer did appear;
7. Thus He in love to us behaved, To show us how we must be saved;
8. "Go preach the Gospel," now He said, "To all the nations that are made!"
9. O seek! O seek of God above That saving faith that works by love!
10. God grant to all within this place True saving faith, that special grace

He here did live, and here did preach, and many thousands He did teach.
And if you want to know the way, Be pleased to hear what He did say:
And he that does believe in Me, From all his sins I'll set him free.
And, if He's pleased to grant thee this, Thou'rt sure to have eternal bliss.
Which to His people doth belong: And thus I close my Christmas song.
1. Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed,
2. How much better thou'rt attended, Than the Son of God could be,
3. Bless ed babe! what glorious features— Spot less fair, divine ly bright!
4. Soft, my child, I did not chide thee, Though my song may seem too hard;
5. See the kinder shepherds round Him, Tell ing won ders from the sky!
6. Lo, He slum bers in His man ger, Where the horn ed ox en fed:
7. Mayst thou live to know and fear him, Trust and love him all thy days;

Heav'ly blessings without number, Gently falling on thy head.
When from Heaven He descended, And became a child like thee!
Must He dwell with bru tal creatures? How could angels bear the sight?
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee, And her arms shall be thy guard.
Where they sought Him, there they found Him, With His Vir gin mo ther by.
Peace, my dar ling; here's no dan ger, Here's no ox a near thy bed.
Then go dwell for ev er near him, See his face and sing his praise!

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment, House and home, thy friends pro vide;
Soft and easy is thy cradle, Coarse and hard thy Sav ior lay:
Was there nothing but a man ger Curs ed sin ners could afford
Yet to tell the shame ful sto ry, How His foes a bused their King;
See the love ly Babe a dress ing; Love ly in fant, how He smiled!
'Twas to save thee, child, from dy ing, Save my dear from burn ing flame,
I could give thee thou sand kisses, Hop ing what I most de sire;

All with out thy care or pay ment: All thy wants are well supplied.
When His birth place was a stable, And His soft est bed was hay.
To re ceive the heav'ly Stran ger? Did they thus af front their Lord?
How they killed the Lord of glo ry, Makes me an gry while I sing.
When He wept, the mother's bless ing Soothed and hush'd the ho ly Child.
Bit ter groans and end less cry ing, That thy blest Re deem er came.
Not a mo ther's fond est wish es Can to greater joys a spire.
Glad Christmas Bells

1. Glad Christmas bells, your music tells
   The sweet and pleasant story;
2. No palace hall its ceiling tall
   His kindly head spread o'er,
3. Nor raiment gay, as there He lay,
   A - dorn'd the in - fant Stran - ger;
4. But from a far, a splendid star
   The wise men westward turn - ing;
5. Where on the hill, all safe and still,
   The fold - ed flocks were ly - ing,

How came to earth, in lowly birth,
   The Lord of life and glo - ry.
There on - ly stood a sta - ble rude
   The heav'nly Babe to cov - er.
Poor, hum - ble Child of moth - er mild,
   She laid Him in a man - ger.
The live - long night saw pure and bright,
   A - bove His birth-place burn - ing.
Down through the air an an - gel fair
   On wing of flame came fly - ing.

6. “Fear not,” said he, for - trem - bling - ly
   The shep - herds stood in won - der,
7. “And by this sign, the Babe Di - vine
   You may dis - cov - er sure - ly,
8. Then swift - ly came, in lines of flame
   Like count - less me - teors blaz - ing,
9. And all the choir, with tongues of fire
   Broke forth in joy - ful sing - ing,
10. “Glo - ry to Thee for - ev - er be,
    God in the high - est, glo - ry!

“Glad news I bring, the prom - is - ed King
   Lies in a sta - ble yon - der.
A - man - ger rude His dwell - ing is,
   There lies He, cra - dled poor - ly.”
A - mul - ti - tude, and with Him stood,
   A spec - ta - cle a - maz - ing.
Till with their cry the ve - ry sky
   From end to end was ring - ing.
Good will to men, and peace a - gain
   O - earth is beam - ing o'er Thee!”

from Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 1, 1881, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
1. We saw a light shine out afar, On Christmas in the morning,
And straight we knew it was Christ’s star, Bright beams in the morning.
Who bore for us both grief and shame, Affliction’s sharpest scorn.

2. Oh! ever thought be of His Name, On Christmas in the morning,
Then did we fall on bended knee, On Christmas in the morning,
And may we die (when death shall come,) On Christmas in the morning,

And prais’d the Lord, who’d let us see, His glory at its dawning.
And see in heav’n, our glorious home, That Star of Christmas morn.

from Carols Old and Carols New, 1916, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE

John H. Hopkins (1820–1891)

All 1. We three kings of O-ri-ent are; Bear-ing gifts we
Melchior 2. Born a King on Beth-le-hem’s plain, Gold I bring, to
Casper 3. Frank-in-cense to of-fer have I, In-cense owns a
Balthazar 4. Myrrh is mine, its bit-ter per-fume, Breathes a life of

All 5. Glo-rious now be-hold Him a-rise, King and God and

traverse a-far, Field and fountain, moor and mountain, Fol-low-ing yon-der star.
crown Him a-gain, King for-ev-er, ceas-ing nev-er, O-ver us all to reign.
De-i-ty nigh, Pray’r and prais-ing, all men rais-ing Worship Him, God most High.
gath-er-ing gloom; Sor-row, sigh-ing, bleed-ing, dy-ing, Seal’d in the stone-cold tomb.
Sac-ri-fice, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Earth to heav’n re-ply-es.

O fff Star of won-der, star of night, Star with roy-al beau-ty bright,

West-ward lead-ing, still pro-ceed-ing, Guide us to Thy per-fect light.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. Saw ye nev'er in the twi-light, When the sun had left the skies,
2. Heard ye nev'er of the story, How they crossed the desert wild,
3. Know ye not that low-ly Baby Was the bright and Morning Star,

Up in heav'n the clear stars shin-ing Thro' the gloom like lov-ing eyes?
Jour-neyed on by plain and moun-tain, Till they found the Ho-ly Child?
He who came to light the Gen-tiles, And the dark-ened isles a far?

So of old the wise men watch-ing, Saw a blaz-ing stran-ger star,
How they o- pen'd all their trea-sure, Kneel-ing to that In-fant King,
And we too may seek His cra-dle, There our hearts' best trea-sures bring,

And they knew the King was giv-en, And they fol lowed it from far.
Gave the gold and fragrant in-cense, Gave the myrrh in of fer ing?
Love and faith and true de vo-tion, For our Sav-iour, God, and King.

from Favorite Songs and Hymns for School and Home, 1899, via books.google.com
CHRISTMAS

CAROL OF THE BELLS
(Ukrainian Carol)

Peter J. Wilhousky (1902–1978)          Mikola Dmytrovitch Leontovych (1877–1921)

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Hark! how the bells, sweet silver bells, All seem to say, throw cares a-way.

Christmas is here, bringing good cheer, To young and old, meek and the bold,

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

Ding, dong, ding, dong, that is their song. With joyful ring, all caroling,

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

One seems to hear words of good cheer, From every-where fill-ing the air.

Oh, how they pound, raising the sound O'er hill and dale, tell-ing their tale.
f Gaily they ring while people sing Songs of good cheer, Christmas is here.

Ding, dong, ding, dong, Ding, dong, ding, dong, Ding, dong, ding, dong,

On, on they send, on without end Their joy-ful tone

Ding, dong, ding, dong, Ding! Dong! Ding!

Hark! how the bells, sweet silver bells All seems to say throw cares a-way.

Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Dong!

Qn, on they send on without end Their joyful tone to ev’ry home.

Dong! Ding! Dong! Dong! Ding, dong, ding dong!

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
O Christmas Tree

Traditional

Moderately

1. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Thy leaves are so unchanging;
2. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Much pleasure thou canst give me;
3. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Thy candles shine so brightly;
4. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! How richly God has decked thee.

Traditional German Folk Song
O Tannenbaum

1. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Wie treu sind deine
   Baum, Baum, Baum, Baum, Blätter!

2. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Du kannst mir sehr ge
   Baum, Baum, Baum, Baum, Blätter!

3. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Dein Kleid will mich was
   Baum, Baum, Baum, Baum, Blätter!

Blätter! Du grünst nicht nur zur Sommerzeit, Nein,
fallen! Wie oft hat schon zur Winterzeit Ein
leeren: Die Hoffnung und Beendigkeit Gibt

auch im Winter, wenn es schneit. O Tannenbaum, o
Baum von dir mich hoch erfreut! O Tannenbaum, o
Mut und Kraft zu jeder Zeit! O Tannenbaum, o

1. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Wie treu sind deine
   Baum, Baum, Baum, Baum, Blätter!

2. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Du kannst mir sehr ge
   Baum, Baum, Baum, Baum, Blätter!

3. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Dein Kleid will mich was
   Baum, Baum, Baum, Baum, Blätter!
Deck the Hall

Traditional

1. Deck the hall with boughs of holly, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

2. See the blazing Yule before us, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

3. Fast away the old year passes, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

'Tis the season to be jolly, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Strike the harp and join the chorus, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Hail the new, ye lads and lasses, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Don we now our gay apparel; Fa la la, la la la, la la la.

Follow me in merry measure, Fa la la, la la la, la la la.

Sing we joyous all together, Fa la la, la la la, la la la.

Troll the ancient Yuletide carol, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

While I tell of Yuletide treasure, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Heedless of the wind and weather, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

from Favorite Songs and Hymns for School and Home, 1899, via books.google.com
We Wish You a Merry Christmas

Traditional English Folk Song

We wish you a Merry Christmas, We wish you a Merry Christmas,
Oh, bring us a figgy pudding, Oh, bring us a figgy pudding,
We won't go until we get some, We won't go until we get some,

Wish you a Merry Christmas, And a happy New Year!
Bring us a figgy pudding, and a cup of good cheer.
Won't go until we get some, so bring it right here.

Good tidings to you wherever you are; Good tidings for Christmas and a happy New Year!

Christmas Bells

(Lovely Evening)

Somewhat quickly

Oh, how lovely is the evening, is the evening, When the Christmas bells are ringing, sweetly ringing! Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.
1. Dash-ing thro’ the snow In’a one-horse o- pen sleigh, O’er the fields we
go, Laughing all the way; Bells on bob tail ring, Mak-ing spi-rits
Bright Was seat-ed by my side; The horse was lean and lank, Mis-for-tune seem’d his
night, And sing this sleigh-ing song; Just get a bob-tailed bay, Two-for-ty as his
bright; O what sport to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to-night.
lot. He got in-to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up-sot.
speed, Hitch him to an o- pen sleigh And crack, you’ll take the lead.
CHORUS

Jingle bells, Jingle bells, Jingle all the way; Oh! what joy it is to ride in a onehorse open sleigh.

The One Horse Open Sleigh, 1857
1. Jolly old Saint Nicholas, Lean your ear this way!
2. When the clock is striking twelve, When I'm fast asleep,
3. Johnny wants a pair of skates; Susy wants a sled;

Don't you tell a single soul What I'm going to say;
Down the chimney, broad and black, With your pack you'll creep;
Nellie wants a story-book, one she hasn't read;

Christmas Eve is coming soon; Now, you dear old man,
All the stockings you will find Hanging in a row;
Now I think I'll leave to you What to give the rest;

Whisper what you'll bring to me; Tell me what you can.
Mine will be the shortest one, You'll be sure to know.
Choose for me, dear Santa Claus, You will know the best.

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
1. Come ye lofty, come ye lowly, Let your songs of gladness ring;
2. Come ye poor, no pomp of station Robes the Child your hearts adore:
3. Come ye children blest and merry, This one Child your model make;
4. High above a star is shining, And the wise men haste from far:
5. Hark the Heav'n of heav'n is ringing: Christ the Lord to man is born!

In a stable lies the Holy, In a manger rests the King;
He, the Lord of all salvation, Shares your want, is weak and poor:
Christ mas holy, leaf, and berry, For you all has ris'n the star.
And the Heav'n is ring-ing: Christ the Lord to man is born!

See in Mary's arms reposing Christ by highest Heav'n adored;
Ox en, round about behold them; Raft ers naked, cold, and bare,
Come ye gentle hearts and tender. Come ye spirits keen and bold;
And the song of Christ mas blessing Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. Like sil-ver lamps in a dis-tant shrine, The stars are spark-ling
4. The stars of heav’n still shine as at first They gleamed on this won-der-ful
5. Faith sees no long-er the sta-ble floor, The pave-ment of sap-phi-re is

bright; The bells of the ci-ty of God ring out, For the
night; The bells of the ci-ty of God peal out, And the
there; The clear light of Heav-en streams out to the world; And

Son of Ma-ry was born to-night; The gloom is past, and the
An-gels’ song still rings in the height; And love still turns where the
Angels of God are crowd-ing the air; And Heav’n and earth, through the

morn at last Is com-ing with or-i-ent light.
God-head burns, Hid in flesh from flesh-ly sight.
spot-less Birth, Are at peace on this night so fair.
2. Never fell melodies half so sweet As those which are filling the skies; And never a palace shone half so fair As the Heaven.

3. Now a new Pow'r has come on the earth, A match for the armies of Hell: A child is born who shall conquer the foe, And_

man-ger bed where our Sav-ior lies; No night in the year is all the spirits of wickedness quell: For Mary's Son is the

half so dear As this which has ended our sighs.

Might-y One Whom the prophets of God fore-tell.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. *Jesu hail! O God most holy,*
   Gentle Lamb, an *Infant lowly;*

2. To *enrich my desolation,*
   To *re-deem me from damnation,*

3. Low *based,* where *brutes are sleeping,*
   God’s *beloved Son is weeping;*

4. *Jesu,* Thine *heart is solely;* Draw it, take it to Thee *wholly;*

5. Hence let *idle fancies vanish,*
   Hence *all evil passions banish;*

Born, great God, a *human stranger,* Laid within the *narrow manger:*
Wrapt in swathings-bands Thou *liest,* Thou in want and weakness sighth:* Judge supreme, true God-head shar’ing, Sin-ner’s like-ness for us wear’ing!
With Thy sacred Fire ilume me, Let it inwardly consume me,
Make me like Thy self in meekness, Bind to Thee my human weakness,

*Might transcend ing, Weakness blending,* Greatness bending from the sky;

Love unending, man befriend ing, *ff* God most High, God most High.

*from Christmas Carols, New and Old*
Anonymous Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

1. Ave Jesus Deus magne, Ave Puer, mitis agne,
2. Ut me paupe rem distares, Ut me perditum salvares,
3. Inter bruta quam abjectus Vagnis, Partris o dilectus!
4. O mi Jesus, cor devotum Post te trahe, su me to tum,
5. Procul vanos hinc amorres, Procul malos arce mores,

Ave Deus homenate, In Presipi reclinante!
Jacres paninis involatus, Omini pe desitatus.
Judeix summe, verus Deus, Propter me fis homoreus!
Igne tuo sancto ures, Ahi, ah pianus commubre.
Tu is meos apostosinge, Aeter no me ne Xu stringe,

O postetas, o egestas, Omajestas Domini!

O majestas, quid non preestas fff homini? homini?

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Marcus Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348–413?)

Corde Natus

Divinum Mysterium, 13th Century Melody

1. Cor-de na-tus ex pa-re-n-tis An-te mun-di ex-ôr-di-um
2. Ip-se jus-sit et cre-á-ta, di-xit ip-se et fac-ta sunt,
3. Cór po-ris for-mam ca-du-ci, mem-brá mor-tób-xi-a

A et O co-gno-mini-ná-tus, ip-se fons et cláu-su-la
Ter-ra, cæ-lum, fos-sa pon-ti, tri-na re-rum má-chi-na,
In-du-it, ne gens per-i-ret pri-mo-plás-ti ex gér-mi-ne,

Omn-i-um quæ sunt, fu-é-runt, quæ-que post fu-tú-ra sunt.
Quæque in his vi-gent sub al-to so-lis et lu-næ glo-bo.
Mér-se-rat quem lex pro-fún-do no-xi-á-lis tár-ta-ro.

Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis.
Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis.
Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis.

4. O be-á-tus or-tus il-le,
5. Psal-lat al-ti-tú-do cæ-li,
6. Ec-ce, quem va-tes ve-tús-tis

Vir-go cum pu-é-r pe-ra E-di-dit nos-tram sa-lú-tem,
Psal-lant om-nes án-ge-li, Quid-quit est vir-tú-tis us-quam
Con-ci-né-bant sæ cu-lis, Quem pro-phe-tá-rum fi-dé-les
fe·ta San·cto Spi·ri·tu, Et pu·er re·démp·tor or·bis os sa·crá·tum
psal·lat in lau·dem De·i, Nu·lā ling·uá·rum si·lés·cat, vox et om·nis
pá·gi·næ spo·pón·de·rant, E·mi·cat pro·mis·sus o·lim; cun·cta con·láu-

 pró·tu·lit. Sæ·cu·ló·rum sæ·cu·lis.  7. Mac·te ju·dex mor·tu·ó·rum,
cón-so·net. Sæ·cu·ló·rum sæ·cu·lis.  8. Te se·nes et te ju·véntus,
dent e·um.  Sæ·cu·ló·rum sæ·cu·lis.  9. Ti·bi, Christe, sit cum Pa·tre

mac·te rex vi·vén·ti·um, Dex·ter in Pa·rén·tis ar·ce
par·vu·ló·rum te cho·rus, Tur·ba ma·trum, vir·gi·núm·que,
há·gio·que Pne·ú·ma·te Hym·nus, de·cus, laus pe·rén·nis,

qui clu·is vir·tu·ti·bus, Om·ni·um ven·tú·rus in·de
sim·pli·ces pu·él·lu·læ, Vo·ce con·córd·es pu·dí·cis
gra·ti·á·rum á·ti·o, Ho·nor, vir·tus, vic·tó·ri·a,

jus·tus ul·tor cri·mi·num. Sæ·cu·ló·rum sæ·cu·lis.
pér·stre·pant con·cén·ti·bus. Sæ·cu·ló·rum sæ·cu·lis.
re·gnurn æ·te·r·ná·li·ter. Sæ·cu·ló·rum sæ·cu·lis.

from Great Hymns of the Church Compiled by the Late Right Reverend John Freeman Young, 1887,
via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
1. Of the Father's love begotten, Ere the worlds began to be,

2. At His Word the worlds were framed; He commanded; it was done:

3. He is found in human fashion, Death and sorrow here to know,

He is Alpha and Omega, He the source, the ending He,

Heaven and earth and depths of ocean In their three-fold order one;

That the race of Adam's children Doomed by law to endless woe,

Of the things that are, that have been, And that future years shall see,

All that grows beneath the shining Of the moon and burning sun,

May not hence-forth die and perish In the dreadful gulf below,

Evermore and evermore! 4. O that birth forever blessed, When the Virgin,

Evermore and evermore! 5. This is He Whom seers in old time Chant ed of with

Evermore and evermore! 6. O ye heights of heaven adore Him; Angel hosts, His

full of grace, By the Holy Ghost conceiving, Bare the Savior of our race;

one accord; Whom the voices of the prophets Promised in their faithful word;

praises sing; Pow'rs, dominions, bow before Him, And exalt our God and King!
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer, First revealed His sacred face,
Now He shines, the long expected, Let creation praise its Lord,
Let no tongue on earth be silent, Ev'ry voice in concert sing,

Ev-er-more and ev-er-more! 7. Righteous judge of souls departed,
Ev-er-more and ev-er-more! 8. Thee let old men, thee let young men,
Ev-er-more and ev-er-more! 9. Christ, to Thee with God the Father,

Righteous King of them that live, On the Father's throne exalted
Thee let boys in chorus sing; Ma-trons, vir-gins, lit-tle maidens,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee, Hymn and chant with high thanksgiving,

None in might with Thee may strive; Who at last in vengeance com-ing
With glad voices an-swer-ing: Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And unwearied praises be: Hon- or, glo-ry, and dom-in-ion,

Sin-ners from Thy face shalt drive, Ev-er-more and ev-er-more!
And the heart its mu-sic bring, Ev-er-more and ev-er-more!
And e-ter-nal vic-to-ry, Ev-er-more and ev-er-more!

from Great Hymns of the Church Compiled by the Late Right Reverend John Freeman Young, 1887,
via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
Come! Tune Your Heart

Auf, schicke dich, by Christian Fürchtegott Gellert (1715–1769)  Sir Frederick A. G. Ouseley (1825–1889)

Translated by Frances E. Cox (1812–1897)

1. Come! tune your heart, To bear its part, And ce - le -
2. Ex - alt His Name; With joy pro - claim, God loved the
mf 3. Your ref - uge place In His free grace, Trust in His
4. O Christ, to prove For Thee, my love, In breth - ren
5. Come! praise the Lord; In Heav’n are stored Rich gifts for

brate Mes - si - ah’s feast with prais - es, with prais - es;
world, and through His Son for - gave us, for - gave us;
Name, and day by day re - pent you, re - pent you;
Thee my hands shall clothe and cher - ish, and cher - ish;
those who here His Name e - stem - ed, e - stem - ed;

Let love in - spire The joy - ful choir, While to the God of
Oh! what are we, That, Lord, we see Thy won - drous love, in
Ye mock God’s word, Who call Him Lord, And fol - low not the
To each sad heart Sweet Hope im - part, When worn with care, with
Al - le - lu - ia; Al - le - lu - ia; Re - joice in Christ, and

Love, glad Hymns it rais - es, it rais - es.
Christ who died to save - us, to save - us!
pat - tern He hath lent - you, hath lent - you.
sor - row nigh to per - ish, to per - ish.
praise Him ye re - deem - ed, re - deem - ed.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CHRISTMAS

'TWAS IN THE WINTER COLD
A Christmas Morning Hymn


1. 'Twas in the winter cold, when earth Was desolate and wild;
2. Then in the manger the poor beast Was present with his Lord;
3. But I have not, it makes me sigh, One off 'ring in my pow'r;
4. Grant me Thy-self, O Savior kind, The Spirit undepicted;
5. Light of the ever-lasting morn, Deep through my spirit shine;

That Angels welcomed at His Birth The everlasting Child.
Then swains and pilgrims from the East Saw, wondered, and adored.
'Tis winter all with me, and I have neither fruit nor flow'r.
That I may be in heart and mind As gentle as a child;
There let Thy presence newly born Make all my being Thine:

From realms of ever bright 'ning day, And from His throne above
And I this morn would come with them This blessed sight to see,
O God, O Brother let me give, My worthless self to Thee;
That I may tread life's arduous ways As Thou Thyself hast trod,
There try me as the silver, try, And cleanse my soul with care,

He came, with human kind to stay, All lowliness and love.
And to the Babe of Bethlehem Bend low the reverent knee.
And that the years which I may live May pure and spotless be:
And in the might of prayer and praise Keep ever close to God.
Till Thou art able to descry Thy faultless image there.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Traditional

**The Waits' Song**

1. The moon shines bright and the stars give a light A little before the day:
2. Awake, awake, good people all, Awake, and you shall hear,

Our mighty Lord He looked on us, And bade us awake and pray.
The Lord our God died on the Cross For us He loved so dear.

3. O fair, O fair Jerusalem, When shall I come to thee?
4. The fields were green as green as could be, When from His glorious seat,

When shall my sorrows have an end, Thy joy that I may see?
Our blessed Father watered us, With His Heav'nly dew so sweet.

5. And for the saving of our souls Christ died upon the Cross,
6. The life of man is but a span, And cut down in its flow'r,
We ne’er shall do for Jesus Christ As He hath done for us. We’re here to-day, to-morrow gone, The creatures of an hour.

7. Instruct and teach your children well, The while that you are here; It will be better for your soul, When your corpse lies on the bier.

8. To-day you may be alive and well, Worth many a thousand pound; To-morrow dead and cold as clay, Your corpse laid under-ground.

9. With one turf at thy head, O man, And another at thy feet;

10. My song is done, I must be gone, I can stay no longer here;

Thy good deeds and thy bad, O man, Will all together meet. God bless you all, both great and small, And send you a joyful new year.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
The Incarnation

Rev. H. R. Bramley (1833–1917)

1. The great God of Heaven is come down to earth, His mother a

2. A Babe on the breast of a maid-en He lies, Yet sits with the

3. Lo! here is Em-man-u-el, here is the Child, The Son that was

Virgin, and sin-less His Birth; The Father eternal His
Father on high in the skies; Before Him their faces the
promised to Mary so mild; Whose pow’r and domin-ion shall

Father alone: He sleeps in the manger; He reigns on the Throne.
Seraphim hide, While Joseph stands waiting, un-scared, by His side.
ev-er in-crease, The Prince that shall rule o’er a kingdom of peace.

Then let us adore Him, and praise His great love,

To save us poor sinners He came from above.
4. The wonderful Counselor, boundless in might, The Father’s own

5. Oh! wonder of wonders, which none can unfold; The Ancient of

6. The Word in the bliss of the Godhead remains, Yet in flesh comes to

Image, the Beam of His Light; Behold Him now wearing the
days is an hour or two old; The Maker of all things is
suffer the keenest of pains; He is that He was, and for

likeness of man, Weak, helpless, and speechless, in measure a span.
made of the earth, Man is worshipped by angels, and God comes to birth.
ever shall be, But becomes that He was not, for you and for me.

Then let us adore Him, and praise His great love,

To save us poor sinners He came from above.
17th Century English

God’s dear Son

The only wise, without all sinning, On this blessed day was born;  
God and Man endured with pity, And the Savior of mankind:  
To save us all from sin and thrall, When we in Satan’s chains were bound;  
And shed His blood to do us good With many a precious bleeding wound.

1. God’s dear Son, without beginning, Whom the wicked Jews did scorn;  
Bethlehem, King David’s city, Birthplace of that Babe we find,  
No princely palace for our Savior In Judea could be found,

2. And we ma...
4. No king-ly robes nor gold-en trea-sure Decked the birth-day of God’s Son;

5. Yet, as Ma-ry sat in sol-ace By our Sav-i-or’s cra-dle side,

6. Now to Him that hath re-deemed us By His death on ho-ly Rood,

No pomp-ous train at all took plea-sure To the King of kings to run;

Hosts of An-gels from God’s Pal-ace, Sing-ing sweet through Heav’n so wide:

And as sin-ners so e-steemed us, As to buy us with His Blood,

No man-tle brave could Je-sus have Up-on His cra-dle cold to lie;

Yea, Heav’n and earth, at Je-su’s birth, With sweet mel-o-dious tunes a-bound;

Yield last-ing fame, that still the Name Of Je-sus may be hon-ored here;

No music’s charms in nurse’s arms To sing that Babe a lul-la-by.

And ev-ry thing to Jew-ry’s King, Through all the world gives cheer-ful sound.

And let us say that Christ-mas Day Is still the best day in the year.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
The Babe of Bethlehem

Traditional

1. The Babe in Bethlehem’s manger laid, In humble form so low;
   By wondering Angels is surveyed, Thro’ all His scenes of woe.

2. A Savior! sinners all around Sing, shout the wonderful word;
   Let every bosom hail the sound, A Savior! Christ the Lord.

3. For not to sit on David’s throne With worldly pomp and joy,
   He came for sinners to a tone, And Satan to destroy.

ff Noël, noël, Now sing a Savior’s Birth; All hail, all hail
   His coming down to earth, Who raises us to Heav’n!

4. To preach the Word of Life Divine, And feed with living Bread,
   To heal the sick with hand benign, And raise to life the dead.

mf 5. He preached, He suffered, bled and died, Up-lift twixt earth and skies;
   In sinners’ stead was crucified, For sin a sacrifice.

6. Well may we sing a Savior’s Birth, Who need the Grace so given,
   And hail His coming down to earth, Who raises us to Heav’n.

From Christmas Carols, New and Old
GOD LOVED THE WORLD
(Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt)

from the Trier Gesangbuch, 1871

Arranged by B. Luard Selby (1853–1918)

1. God loved the world so that He gave His on-ly Son the world to save.
2. Our Sav-i-or He, and chief-est good, Like to our own, took flesh and blood.
3. The same that sit-teth thron’d on high, A Babe in low-ly crib doth lie.
4. See, the Al-might-y Lord of all Doth on the garb of com-mon thrall.

Chorus

mf Then sing for joy, sing for joy. f Near and far,

pp O and A, f Bless ye the Lord. Al-le-lu-ia. -ia.

Additional verses

5. Choos-ing Him pov-er-ty be-low, To make man rich for ev-er-mo.
6. What! God the serf, and man the knight! Sure, this of love the ve-ry height.
7. The gate of E-den once was barr’d, But now no need of Cher-ub-guard.
8. Where-fore, I pray you, mer-ry make, And ca-rol for the Ba-by’s sake.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
HOW GREAT OUR JOY!

German Carol
Translated by Theodore Baker (1851–1934)

Arranged by Hugo Jüngst (1853–1923)

1. While by the sheep we watched at night, Glad tidings brought an angel bright.
2. There shall be born, so he did say, In Bethlehem a Child to-day.
3. There shall the Child lie in a stall, This Child who shall redeem us all.
4. This gift of God we'll cherish well, That ever joy our hearts shall fill.

How great our joy! Great our joy! Joy, joy, joy! Joy, joy, joy!

from CyberHymnal.org

JESUS IN THE MANGER

Translated by Rev. H.R. Bramley (1833–1917) from Latin

Henry Smart (1813–1879)

Con spirito.

1. Why, Most High-est, art Thou lying, In a manger poor and
2. On a Mother's breast Thou sleep-est, Moth-er, yet a Vir-gin
3. Weak the Strong, of strength the Giver: Small, Whose arms cre-a-tion
low? Thou, the fires of heav'n sup- ply-ing, Come a sta- ble's cold to know?

still; Sad, with eyes bedimmed Thou weep-est, Eyes, which Heav'n with glad-ness fill.

span; Bound, Who on-ly can de- liv-er; Born is He Who ne'er be-gan.

price! Burn-ing wert Thou to be-friend us, Ex-iles far from Para-dise.

price! Burn-ing wert Thou to be-friend us, Ex-iles far from Para-dise.

price! Burn-ing wert Thou to be-friend us, Ex-iles far from Para-dise.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
From far away we come to you,

For as we wandered far and wide, The snow in the street, and the wind on the door;

Under a bent when the night was deep,

To tell of great tidings strange and true,

What hap do you deem there should us be tide?

There lay three shepherds tending their sheep,

From far away we come to you,

For as we wandered far and wide, What

Under a bent when the night was deep,

Tell of great tidings strange and true, From far away we come to you,

Hap do you deem there should us be tide? For as we wandered far and wide,

There lay three shepherds tending their sheep, Under a bent when the night was deep,

To tell of great tidings strange and true.

What hap do you deem there should us be tide?

There lay three shepherds tending their sheep.
4. "O ye shep-herds, what have ye seen,
5. "In an ox-stall this night we saw, The snow in the street, and the wind on the door,
6. There was an old man there be-side;

To slay your sorrow and heal your teen?
A Babe and a Maid without a flaw, Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor,
His hair was white, and his hood was wide,

Stand forth on the floor.
"O ye shep-herds, what have ye seen, To
"In an ox-stall this night we saw, A
There was an old man there be-side; His

slay your sorrow and heal your teen?"
Babe and a Maid without a flaw, "In an ox-stall this night we saw,
hair was white, and his hood was wide, There was an old man there be-side;

To slay your sorrow and heal your teen?"
A Babe and a Maid without a flaw.
His hair was white, and his hood was wide.
7. And as we gazed this thing up-on,
8. And a marvellous song we straight did hear, The snow in the street, and the wind on the door,
9. News of a fair and a marvellous thing,
In Bethlehem, that noble place

1. In Beth-le-hem, that no-ble place, As by the Pro-phet said it was,
   mf 2. On Christ-mas night an An-gel told The shep-herds watch-ing by their fold,
   mf 3. The shep-herds were en-com-pass-ed right, A-bout them shone a glo-ri-ous light,

   Of the Vir-gin Ma-ry, filled with Grace, Sal-vá-tor mun-di na-tus est.
   f In Beth-le-hem, full night the wold, “Sal-vá-tor mun-di na-tus est.”

   ff Be we mer-ry in this Fest, In quo Sal-vá-tor na-tus est.

   mf 4. “No cause have ye to be a-fraid, For why? this day is Je-sus laid
   mf 5. “And thus in faith find Him ye shall Laid poor-ly in an ox’s stall.”

   f  On Ma-ry’s lap, that gen-tle maid: Sal-vá-tor mun-di na-tus est.
   The shep-herds then laud-ed God all, Qui-a Sal-vá-tor na-tus est.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CHRISTMAS

CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

William Austin (1587–1634)

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan (1842–1900)

1. All this night bright angels sing, Never was such caroling, Hark! a voice which
   loudly cries, “Mortals, mortals, wake and rise. Lo! to gladness Turns your
   all this night, Heav’n and every twinkling light, All amaz in, Still stand

2. Wake, O earth, wake ev’rything, Wake and hear the joy I bring: Wake and joy; for
   reason: From the earth is ris’n a Sun, Shines all night though day be done.”
   gaz ing; Angels, Pow’rs, and all that be, Wake, and joy this Sun to see.

3. Hail! O Sun, O bless ed Light, Sent into this world by night; Let Thy Rays and
   heav’nly Pow’rs, Shine in these dark souls of ours. For most duly, Thou art

4. truely God and man, we do confess: Hail, O Sun of Righteousness!

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Traditional Cornish

**The Christmas Carol**

**The Holy Day Carol**

1. Now the Holy bears a berry As white as the milk, And
2. Now the Holy bears a berry As green as the grass, And
3. Now the Holy bears a berry As red as the blood, And
4. Now the Holy bears a berry As black as a coal, And

Mary bore Jesus Who was wrapped up in silk;
Mary bore Jesus Who died on the Cross;
Mary bore Jesus Who died on the Rood;
Mary bore Jesus Who died for us all.

And Mary bore Jesus Christ Our Savior to be; And the first tree of the greenwood It

was the Holy, Holy, Holy, And the first tree of the greenwood It was the Holy.

from *The Cornish Song Book, 1929, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com*
1. God rest you, Chryst-en gen-til men, Wher-ev-er you may be, Wher-ev-er
2. Last night ye shep-herds in ye east Saw ma-ny a won-drous thing, Saw ma-ny a

you may be, God rest you all in fielde or hall, Or
won-drous thing; Ye sky last night flamed pass-ing bright Whiles

on___ ye storm-y sea; For on this morn, this morn,oure Chryst is
that___ ye stars did sing, And an-gels came to bless, to bless ye

born, is born, That sav-eth you and me, That sav-eth you and me. For on this
name, ye name Of Je-sus Chryst, oure Kyng, Of Je-sus Chryst, oure Kyng. And an-gels

morn oure Chryst is born That sav-eth you and me.
came to bless ye name Of Je-sus Chryst, oure Kyng.
3. God rest you, Chryst-en gen-til men, Far-ing wher-e’er you may, Far-ing wher-
4. But think-ing on ye gen-til Lord That died up-on ye tree, That died up-

e’er you may; In no-blesse court do thou no sport, In
on ye tree, Let troubl-ings cease and deeds of peace A-

tour-na-ment no playe, In Pay-nim lands hold thou, hold thou thy
bound in Chryst-an-tie; For on this morn, this morn,oure Chryst is

hands, thy hands From bloud-y works this daye, From bloud-y works this daye. In Pay-nim
born, is born, That sav-eth you and me, That sav-eth you and me. For on this

lands hold thou thy hands From bloud-y works this daye. morn oure Chryst is born That sav-eth you and me.

from Favorite Songs and Hymns for School and Home, 1899, via books.google.com
**Ad cantus lætitiæ**

13th Century Manuscript at Stuttgart

**English by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)**

**Alto**

1. Ad can - tus læ - tí - ti - æ Nos in - ví - tat hó -
2. Na - tus est E - má - nu - el, Quod præ - dí - xit Gá -
3. Er - go nos cum gáu - di - o, No - stra si - mul cón -

**Basso**

1. Ad can - tus læ - tí - ti - æ Nos in - ví - tat
di - e Spes et a - mor pá - tri - æ Cæ - lés - tis.
2. Na - tus est E - má - nu - el, Quod præ - dí - xit
bri - el, Un - de san - cts Dâ - ni - el Est te - stis.
ti - o Be - ne - dí - cat Dó - mi - no Jú - bi - lo.
3. Er - go nos cum gáu - di - o, No - stra si - mul
cón - ti - o Be - ne - dí - cat Dó - mi - no Jú - bi - lo.

The same, in English

1. Love and hope of heav'n ly rest, And the song of such
2. Born is our E - man - u - el, As fore - told by Ga -
3. Where - fore let th'as - sem - bly all Bless, in ca - rol and

**Alto**

1. Love and hope of heav'n ly rest, And the song of
2. Born is our E - man - u - el, As fore - told by Ga -
3. Where - fore let th'as - sem - bly all Bless, in ca - rol

**Basso**

as fest To - day bid us do our best En - deav - or.
bri - el, E'en as doth Saint Dan - i - el As - sev - er.
choral, Je - sus on this fes - tiv - al, And ev - er.

such as fest To - day bid us do our best En - deav - or.
Ga - bri - el, E'en as doth Saint Dan - i - el As - sev - er.
and choral, Je - sus on this fes - tiv - al, And ev - er.

from *The Cowley Carol Book, 1919*
CHRISTMAS

Christmas Time is Come Again

Anonymous, 1863

1. Christmas time is come again, Christmas pleasures bringing;
   Let us join our voices now, And Christmas songs be singing.

2. Angels sang; let men reply, And children join their voices;
   Raise the chorus, loud and high, Earth and heaven rejoices.

Thus the story's given, Angel bands o'er Bethlehem's plains, Sang the songs of joyous praises bringing.

Then, before our Father's face, We shall still be

Chorus

Heaven.

Glory be to God on high! Peace, goodwill to mortals!

Christ the Lord is born to-night, Heav'n throws wide its portals.

from Favorite Songs and Hymns for School and Home, 1899, via books.google.com
A Day, a Day of Glory

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

Arranged by Dr. Charles Wood (1866–1926)

Old French

1. A day, a day of glory! A day that ends our woe!
2. With Gloria in excelsis Archangels tell their mirth:
3. He comes, His throne the manger; He comes, His shrine the stall;
4. Then bar the gates, that henceforth None thus may passage win,

A day that tells of triumph A against our vanquish’d foe!
With Kyrie eleison Men answer upon earth:
The ox and ass His courtiers, Who made and governs all:
Because the Prince of Israel Alone hath entered in:

Yield, summer’s brightest sunrise, To this December morn:
And angels swell the triumph, And mortals raise the horn,
The “House of Bread” His birthplace, The Prince of wine and corn:
The earth, the sky, the ocean His glorious way adorn:

Lift up your gates, ye Princes, And let the Child be born!

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
CHRISTMAS

EARTH TODAY REJOICES

Ave maris Stella lucens, from Pie Cantiones, 1582

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

1. Earth to-day rejoices, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
2. Reconstruction, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
3. Though the cold grows stronger, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,

Death can hurt no more; And celestial voices, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Peace that lasts for aye, Gladness and salvation, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Though the world loves night, Yet the days grow longer, Alleluia, Alleluia,

ia, Alleluia, Tell that sin is o’er. David’s sling destroys the foe:
ia, Alleluia, Came on Christmas Day. Gideon’s Fleece is wet with dew,
ia, Alleluia, Christ is born our Light. Now the Di-al’s type is learnt,

Samson lays the temple low: War and strife are done, God and man are one.
Solomon is crown’d a new: War and strife are done, God and man are one.
Burns the Bush that is not burnt: War and strife are done, God and man are one.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
HO! STEWARD, BID MY SERVANTS

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)  Ancient ecclesiastical pre-Reformation melody
Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. 'Ho! stew- ard, bid my ser- vants Go forth, and hith- er call,
   For guests, my friends and neigh- bors, To sup with me in hall;
   That, at this bless- ed sea- son, Which comes but once a year,
   We may, as folk in old- en days, Re- joice, and make good cheer.'

2. 'Sire, shall I bid the no- ble, That ban- quets in his state,
   With pur- ple and fine lin- en, With gold and sil- ver plate?
   'Nay, bid me not the no- ble, For he hath got e- now;
   But bring me in the coun- try man, That liv- eth by the plow.'

3. 'Sire, shall I bid in Di- vês, For it is ve- ry plain,
   If ye give him a ban- quet, He'll ban- quet you a- gain?
   'Nay, bid not hith- er Di- vês, For it shall ne'er be thus,
   But go a- mong the al- ley-lanes, And fetch in La- za- rus.'
4. 'Sire, shall I bid the merchant, That hath upon the seas
5. 'And wherefore must I turn me From noble and from rich?
6. 'For these be they, good steward, Whom God doth chiefly choose,

His fleets of caravels, And right great argosies?
And wherefore seek the poor man, That dwells in lane and ditch?
And these, His poorer brethren, No man may dare refuse.

'Nay, bid me not the merchant, But go and fetch the clerk,
'Man, lay to heart the reason, Because the King of all,
So, in this bleak December, Then make we best good cheer,

That with the bandog goes to rest, And riseth with the lark.
Though rich, grew poor, for mortal sake. And born was in a stall.
When, for the sake of Babe Jesus, The poor we welcome here.

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
HAIL! HOLY CHILD, LAIN IN AN OXEN MANGER

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. Hail! Holy Child, Lain in an ox-en man-ger, Of Je-se stem, Yet

2. Me-thinks I stand To-day in Da-vid’s Ci-ty, And twang the chord For

3. What if my flute Break time with An-ge-l sing-ers, Or not sur-pass The

4. Thou wilt ac-cept My song, nor rep-re-hend it: For Thee, a-bove All

scorn’d at Beth-le-hem, In win-ter wild, As ne’er-to-fore was stran-ger,

Da-vid’s Son and Lord: If, harp in hand, I make but tune-less dit-ty,

Al-to of yon ass; What if my lute Be pluck’d with art-less fin-gers,

earth-ly things, I love: And, tho’ in-cept my lay, Thou wilt a-mend it,

Con-strain’d, as I hear tell, Out-side, out-side a churl-ish

Yet, Babe, Thou know’st that I As-say, as-say my best, a

Or if my voice be Base, Now flat, now flat, now sharp, be-

And where ’tis out of joint, Canst make, canst make my false true

inn to dwell, Out-side, out-side a churl-ish inn to dwell.

lul-la-by, As-say, as-say my best, a lul-la-by.

reft of grace, Now flat, now flat, now sharp, be-reft of grace.

coun-ter-point, Canst make, canst make my false true coun-ter-point.

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
CHRIStMAS

MAKE WE JOY NOW IN THIS FEST

Old English Carol

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Chorus

Make we joy now in this fest In quo Christus nat-us est. E - ia._

Verse

1. A Pa - tre U - ni-gén-i-tus Is through a maid-en come to us:
2. A - gnós - cat o - mne se - cu-lum, A bright star made three kings to come,
3. A so - lis or - tus cár-di-ne So might-y a Lord is none as He;
4. Ma - ri - a ven - tre con - cé - pit, The Ho - ly Ghost was ay her with,
5. O lux be - á - ta Trí - ni - tas, He lay be-tween an ox and ass,

Sing we of Him and say Wel-come, Ve - ni, Re - dém-p-tor gén - ti - um.
Him for to seek with their pre - sen's, Ver - bum su - pér-num pród - i - ens.
And to our kind He hath Him knit, A - dam pa - rens quod pól - lu - it.

Of her in Beth - lem born He is, Con - sors pa - té - ri - ni li - mi - nis.
Bes - side His moth - er maid-en free, Gló - ri - a Ti - bi, Dó - mi - ne.

Fine.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
**CHRISTMAS**

**PUER NATUS IN BETHLEHEM**

(A Babe is Born in Bethlehem)

From *Pie Cantiones*, 1582

14th century or earlier

1. *Puer natus in Béthlehem, Alleluia.*
2. *Assumpsit car nem hóminis, Alleluia.*
3. *Per Gabriélis nuntium, Alleluia.*
4. *De matre natus virgine, Alleluia.*

5. *Unde gaudet Jerusalém, Alleluia.*
7. *Virgo concepit Filium, Alleluia.*

5. *Sine serpens vulne re, Alleluia.*
6. *In carne nobis simulis, Alleluia.*
7. *Tamquam sponsus de thalamo, Alleluia.*
8. *Hic jacet in præsépio, Alleluia.*

5. *De nostro venit sanguine, Alleluia.*
8. *Qui regnat sine termino, Alleluia.*
11. Ma-gi de lon-ge vé-ni-unt, Al-le-lú-ia.

Quod Pu-er e-rat Dó-mi-nus. Al-le-lú-ia.
Re-vé-lat Quis sit Dó-mi-nus, Al-le-lú-ia.


Na-tum sa-lú-tant Hó-mi-nem, Al-le-lú-ia.
Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no, Al-le-lú-ia.
De-o di-cá-mus grá-ti-ás, Al-le-lú-ia.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919

*In Piae Cantiones only a tenor and bass part were given, and in The Cowley Carol Book (and here), the bass line from Piae Cantiones is found in the soprano, while the tenor is retained as the tenor.
THE SON OF GOD IS BORN FOR ALL
(Geborn ist Gottes Sönelein)

Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)  Variation of Puer nobis nascitur from Pie Cantiones
Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

1. The Son of God is born for all At Beth-lem in a cat-tle-stall:
2. Re-joice to-day for Je-su's sake, With-in your hearts His cra-dle make:

3. Be-neath Him set His crib, of tree; Let Hope the lit-tle mat-tress be,
4. In bod-ies pure and un-de-fil'd Pre-pare a cham-ber for the Child:

5. Draw nigh, the Son of God to kiss, Greet Ma-ry's Child (the Lord He is)
6. Come rock His cra-dle cheer-i-ly, As doth His moth-er, so do ye,

His pil-low Faith, full fair to see, With cov-er-let of Cha-ri-ty.
To Him give in-cense, myrth and gold, Nor rai-ment, meat and drink with-hold.

He li-eth in a crib full small, And wrapt in swad-dling-clothes with-al.
A shrine, where-in the Babe may take His rest, in slum-ber or a-wake.
Up on those love-ly lips of His: Je-sus, your hearts’ de-sire and bliss.
Who nurs’ed Him sweet-ly on her knee, As told it was by pro-phe-cy.

7. By, by, lul-lay be-fore Him sing; Go, wind the horn, and pluck the string,
8. Thus, Babe, I min-i-ster to Thee, E’en as Thine An-gels wait on me:

Till all the place with mu-sic ring; And bid one prayer to Christ the King.
Thy rud-ly coun-te-nance I see, And ti-ny hands out-stretch’d to me.

9. Sleep, in my soul en-shrin-ed rest: Here find Thy cra-dle neat-ly drest:
10. Now chant we mer-ri-ly i-o With such as play in ór-ga-no;

For-sake me not, when sore dis-trest, Em-ma-nu-el, my Bro-ther blest.
And with the sing-ers in cho-ro Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
PUER NOBIS NASCITUR

Words and tune (14th cent.) from Pie Cantiones, 1582

To be sung in Unison.

1. Puer nobis nascitur Rector Angelorum, In hoc mundo
   Paepe piosum Sub feum a simorum Cogno varent

2. Hunc He rodes tiumit Magnum cum trem ore, In infantes
   Nec num Christum Regem celorum, Christum Regem celorum

3. Qui natus ex Maria Die hoderna Duc nos tua
   O God, to thy heav'n give

4. Te Salvator Aet O Cantemus in choro, Cantemus in
   And to the earth gave

5. Qui natus ex Maria Die hoderna Duc nos tua
   And O that Mary's

(The same, in English)

1. unto us is born a Son, King of Quiries super
   see on earth His

2. Christ, from heav'n descending low, Comes on earth a stranger: Ox and ass their

3. This did Hod sore afray, And grievously be wiler; So he gave the

4. Of his love and mercy mild This the Christmas story: And O that Mary's

5. O et Aet Aet O, Cum cantibus in choro, Cum canticis et
   life begun, Of lords the Lord eternal, Of lords the Lord eternal,

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
To us is born a little Child

(Parvulus nobis nascitur)

Ach! bleib bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ

15th Century

Translated by Wm. John Blew (1808–1894)

J.S. Bach (1685–1750)

1. To us is born a little Child Of Mary, maiden-mother mild;
   Whom all, dear, from their lay down, sweetly sing (Parvulus nobis nascitur)

2. Our King of Glory, Him have we, The Lion of the world;
   The Angels laud with service sweet,

3. That dear, through Him, to God we be, From death delivered and set free;
   Our Father's sole be gotten Son;

4. Now, make all, full sweetly sing Hosanna to our Baby-king;
   That hath but manager for His bed,

Let us His own poor servants greet.

Light ning the ages as they run.

That dark old Dragon's deadly bite.

And straw whereon to lay His head.

And therefore Father, Son, adore, With Holy Ghost, for evermore.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
To Us This Morn a Child is Born

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)
Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. To us this morn a Child is born, His Father is none other
2. Her Babe is Lord by all adored Isaiah had fore-shown her:
3. When He rod heard the Magi’s word, He smote the babes a-sunder
4. Now, faithful quire, bless God the Sire, Bless God the Spirit Holy,

Than God the King of ev’ry thing, Maid Mary is His Mother.
Now came’t to pass that ox and ass Bow’d down afore their Own er.
In all that coast, a blameless host, From two years old and under.
Bless God, the Son ere time begun, Now lain in man ger lowly.

When Angelick Host Entuned

Heinz, wiltu Christa han, 1582
Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

1. When an Angel host entuned An-them sweet and airy
2. When, with hon-ey, herd-men brought But-ter from the dai-ry
3. When three pil-grim kings un-lockt Each his cas-ket, spa-ry
4. ‘Glo-ry be to God on high, God, who can-not vary’!

O’er the Child, meek and mild, Of the Vir-gin Mary;
To the One Ho-ly Son Born of Maid-en Mary;
Of no thing for this King, God, the Son of Mary.
Was the lay on that day Sung by Bless-ed Mary.

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
'TWAS IN A CAVE ON CHRISTMAS MORN

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

Dich grüssen wir, O Jesulein, 1623

1. 'Twas in a cave on Christmas morn, No - el, No - el,
2. See in a crib the heav'n ly Child, Lul - lay, Lul - lay,
3. Thi - ther - ward kings and herd - men drew To Eph - ra - tha,

Additional Verses

4. Then was ful - fill'd the thing fore - told, E - ia, E - ia,
5. Arm - ies An - gel - ic sang for mirth Cam Ma - ri - a,
6. Gló - ri - a ti - bi, Dó - mi - ne, Al - le - lu - ia,

In ho - ly writ by bards of old, E - ia, E - ia, E - ia.
Mar - vel - lous glad o'er Je - su's birth Ex Ma - tre Ma - ri - a.
Qui na - tus es pro bó - mi - ne, Al - le - lu - ia.

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
New Prince, New Pompe

Robert Southwell (1560–1593)

Tune of We are poor frozen-out gardeners

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. Behoulde a selly tender Babe In freesing winter nighte,
   In homeyly manger trembling lies: Alas, a pitious sight:
   The inns are full, no man will yelde This little Pilgrime bedd:
   But forced He is with sely beastes In cribbe to shroude His headd.

2. Despise not Him for lying there, First what He is enquire:
   An orient perle is often found In depth of dirty mire.
   Waye not His cribbe, His woden dishe, Nor beastes that by Him feede:
   Waye not His Mother's poore attire, Nor Jospehe's simple weede.

3. This stable is a Prin-ce's courte, The cribbe His chaire of state:
   The bestes are parcell of His pompe, The woden dishe His plate.
   The parsons in that poor attire His royall live-ries weare:
   The Prince Him-self is come from heav'n, This pompe is pris'ed there.

4. With joye approch, O Christ-en wighte, Do hommage to thy Kinge:
   And highly prise this humble pompe, Which He from heav'n doth bring:
   With joye approch, O Christ-en wighte, Do hommage to thy Kinge:
   And highly prise this humble pompe, Which He from heav'n doth bring.
Quem Pastores

Anonymous, 14th Century

Arranged by Rev. J.R. Lunn, B.D.

2. Ad quem ma-gi am-bu-lá-bant, Au-rum, thus, myr-ham por-tá-bant, Im-mo-
3. Ex-ul-té-mus cum Ma-rí-a In cá-lés-ti hie-rár-chí-a Na-tum
4. Chris-to re-gi, De-o na-to, Per Ma-rí-am no-bis da-to, Mé-ri-

Music from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919, Words from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com

Quem Pastores

Arranged by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

1. Quem pastóres lauda-vé-re, Qui-bus án-ge-li di-xé-re,
2. Ad quem ma-gi am-bu-lá-bant, Au-rum, thus, myr-ham por-tá-bant,
3. Ex-ul-té-mus cum Ma-rí-a In cá-lés-ti hie-rár-chí-a
4. Chris-to re-gi, De-o na-to, Per Ma-rí-am no-bis da-to,

“Ab-sit vo-bis jam ti-mé-re, Na-tus est rex gló-ri-æ”
Na-tum pro-mat vo-ce pi-a Laus, ho-nor et gló-ri-a.
Mé-ri-to ré-so-net ve-re Dul-ci cum me-ló-di-a.

from ChristmasCarolMusic.org
1. Once again O blessed time, thankful hearts embrace thee:

2. Once again the Holy Night Breathes its blessing tender;

3. Welcome Thou to souls a-thirst, Fount of endless pleasure;

If we lost thy festal chime, What could e'er replace thee? What could
Once again the Man-ger Light Sheds its gentle splendor, Sheds its
Gates of Hell may do their worst, While we clasp our Treasure, While we

E'er re-place thee? Change will darken many a day, Many a bond dis-
gen-tle splendor; O could tongues by Angels taught Speak our exul-
clapse our Treasure: Welcome, though an age like this Puts Thy Name on

Sever; Many a joy shall pass away, But the "Great Joy" never!
oration In the Vir-gin's Child that brought All man-kind Salvation.
tri-al, And the Truth that makes our bliss Pleases against denial!

But the "Great Joy" never, But the "Great Joy" never!
All man-kind Salvation, All man-kind Salvation.
Pleases against denial, Pleases against denial!
4. Yea, if oth - ers stand a - part, We will press the near - er; Yea, O best fra -
5. So we yield Thee all we can, Wor - ship, thanks, and bless - ing; Thee true God, and
6. Thou that once, mid sta - ble cold, Wast in babe - clothes ly - ing, Thou whose Al - tar -

er nal Heart, We will hold Thee dear - er, We will hold Thee true Man On our knees con - fess - ing, On our knees con - veils en - fold Pow'r and Life un - dy - ing, Pow'r and Life un -
der - er; Faith - ful lips shall an - swer thus To all faith - less fess - ing; While Thy Birth - day morn we greet With our best de - dy - ing, Thou whose Love be - stows a worth On each poor en -
scorn - ing, “Je - sus Christ is God with us, Born on Christ - mas morn - ing. vo - tion, Bathe us, O most true and sweet! In Thy Mer - cy's o - cean. deav - or, Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth In our praise for ev - er.

Born on Christmas morn - ing, Born on Christ - mas morn - ing.”
In Thy Mer - cy's o - cean, In Thy Mer - cy's o - cean. In our praise for ev - er, In our praise for ev - er.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
A CRADLE-SONG OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Translated by Rev. H.R. Bramley (1833–1917) from Latin

Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)

Allegretto non troppo.

1. The Virgin stills the crying Of Jesus, sleep less lying;
2. O Lamb, my love inviting, O Star, my soul delighting,
3. My Child, of Might in-dwell ing, My Sweet, all sweets excellent,

And singing for His pleasure, Thus calls upon her Treasure,
O Flow'r of mine own bearing, O Jew - el past com par ing!
Of bliss the Fountain flowing, The Day-spring ever glowing,

piu lento.

“My Darling, do not weep, My Jesus, sleep!”

4. My Joy, my Exul - ta - tion, My spi rit's Con so la tion;
5. Say, wouldst Thou heav'n ly sweet ness, Or love of an sw'ring meet ness?

My Son, my Spouse, my Brother, O listen to Thy Mother!
Or is fit music wanting? Ho! An-gels, raise your chanting!

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. As Jacob with travel was weary one day, At night on a
stone for a pillow he lay, He saw in a vision a
years and is not yet decayed; Many millions have climbed it and
Jacob are guarding it still: And remember each step, that by
words, “Come up hither, ye blest, Here are regions of light, here are
lad-der so high, That its foot was on earth, and its top in the sky.
reached Si-on’s hill, And thousands by faith are climbing it still.
faith we pass o’er, Some Prophet or Martyr hath trod it before.
man-sions of bliss;” O who would not climb such a ladder as this?
Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus, who died on the Tree, And hath rais’d up a
lad-der of mer-cy for me, And hath rais’d up a ladder of mer-cy for me.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
The Story of the Shepherd

Gongora, a Spanish Carol

Translated by Archdeacon Churton

1. It was the very noon of night: the stars above the fold, More sure than clock or
2. O ne’er could nightingale at dawn salute the rising day With sweetness like that
3. I roused me at the piercing strain, but shrunk as from the ray Of summer lightning;

chiming bell, the hour of midnight told: When from the heav’ns there came a voice, and
bird of song in his immortal lay: O ne’er were wood-notes heard at eve by
all around so bright the splendid lay. For oh, it mastered sight and sense, to

forms were seen to shine, Still bright’ning as the music rose with light and love di-
banks with poplar shade, So thrilling as the concert sweet by heav’nly harpings
see that glory shine, To hear that minstrel in the clouds, who sang of Love Di-

vine. With love divine the song began; there shone a light serene:
made; For love divine was in each chord, and fill’d each pause between:
vine, To see that form with bird-like wings, of more than mortal mien:

O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen? O,
who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

4. When once the rapt-urous trance was past, that so my sense could bind, I left my sheep to Him whose care breathed in the west-ern wind; And bowed be-fore the low-ly rack where Love Di-vine was laid:

5. I hast-en’d to a low-roofed shed, for so the An-gel bade; I left them, for in-stead of snow, I trod on blade and flow’r, A new-born Babe, like ten-der Lamb, with Li-on’s strength there smiled:

And ice dis-solved in star-ry rays at morn-ing’s gra-cious hour, Re-
For Li-on’s strength, im-mort-al might, was in that new-born Child; That veal-ing where on earth the steps of Love Di-vine had been; Love Di-vine in child-like form had God for-ev-er been:

D.S. al Fine

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
SWEET WAS THE SONG THE VIRGIN SUNG

From William Ballet's Lute Book, c. 1600

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

At a moderate pace.

mp Sweet was the song the Virgin sung, When she, when she to Bethlem Juda came, And

was deliver'd of a Son, pp That blessed Jesus hath to name.

a tempo

mp Lulu, lul-la, lu-la, lul-la-by, Lu-la, lu-la, lu-la, lul-la-by, sweet Babe, sung

she, mf My Son, and eke a Savior born, Who hast vouchsaed from on high To

dim.

f To visit us that were forlorn; La-lu-la, la-lu-la, la-lu-la-

To visit us
Traditional Austrian Salzburg Melody, c. 1819

**STILL, STILL, STILL**

2. Schlaf, schlaf, schlaf, Mein lieb-es Kind-lein schlaf!
3. Groß, groß, groß Die Lieb’ ist ü-ber-groß!
4. Wir, wir, wir, Wir ruf-en all zu dir:

Die Eng-lein tun schön ju-bi-liert-en, Bei dem Krip-plein
Mari-a tut es nie-der-sing-en Ihr e keu-sche
Gott hat den Him-mels-thron ver-las-ten Und muss reis-en
Tu uns des Him-mels Reich auf-schließ-en, Wenn wir ein-mal

Brust dar-bring-en. Schlaf, schlaf, schlaf, Mein lieb-es Kind-lein schlaf!

from Salzburger Völks-Lieder, 1865
**CHRISTMAS**

**Kling Glöckchen**

Karl Enslin (1819–1875)

Traditional German

---

1. Laßt mich ein, ihr Kinder! Ist so kalt der Winter!
2. Mädchen, hört, und Bübchen, Macht mir auf das Stübchen!
3. Hell erglühn die Kerzen, Öffnet mir die Herzen,

---

Öffnet mir die Türen! Laßt mich nicht erfrieren!
Bring euch viele Gaben, Sollt euch dran erlassen!
Will drin wohnen fröhlich, Frommes Kind, wie selig!

---

Kling, Glöckchen kling-e-ling-e-ling! Kling, Glöckchen kling!

---

from *The Wartburg Hymnal, 1918*
1. Infant holy, infant lowly
   For His bed a cattle stall;

2. Flocks were sleeping, shepherds keeping
   Vigil till the morning new

Oxen lowing, little knowing, Christ the Babe, is Lord of all.
Saw the glory, heard the story, Tidings of a gospel true.

Swift are winging angels singing, Noëls ringing,
Thus rejoicing, free from sorrow, Praises voicing

Tidings bringing: Christ the Babe is Lord of all.
Greet the morrow: Christ the Babe was born for all.
IL EST NÉ LE DIVIN ENFANT

17th century French melody

Arranged by Bernard Dewagtere

1. Depuis plus de qua-tre mille ans, Nous le pro-mettaient les pro-phètes, Depuis plus de qua-
2. Une é -tabl’ est son lo - ge-ment, Un peu de paille est sa cou-chet-te, Une é -tabl’ est son
3. O Jé-sus, ô roi tout puis-sant, Tout pe-tit en-fant que vous ê -tes, O Jé-sus, ô roi

from www.free-scores.com
1. “No-ël nou-ve-let,” come let us sing “no-ël;”
2. Prais-es to our Lord, our Sav-ior Je-sus Christ,
   No-ël nou-ve-let, No-ël chan-tions i-ci,

Let us faith-ful folk, cry out our thanks to God!
Come to earth as man, as man to live and die,
Dé-votes gens, cri-ons à Dieu mer-ci!

Sing we “no-ël,” un-to the ti-ny King,
Chan-tions No-ël pour le Roi nou-ve-let!

“No-ël nou-ve-let,” come let us sing “no-ël.”
No-ël nou-ve-let, No-ël chan-tions i-ci!
**Fum, Fum, Fum**

1. Twen - ty-fifth day of De - cem - ber, Fum, fum, fum! For a
Praise we now the Lord a - bove, Fum, fum, fum! Now we

blessed Babe was born Up - on this day at break of morn In a manger poor and low - ly Lay the
all our voi - ces raise And sing a song of grate - ful praise Celebrate in song and sto - ry All the

Son of God most won - ders of His glo - ry Fum, fum, fum! For a Fum, fum, fum!
Now we fum!

---

**CHRISTMAS**

Arranged by Abel Di Marco, Pbro.

Catalanian

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**CHRISTMAS**

**HACIA BELÉN VA UNA BURRA**

Traditional

**Allegro** \( \frac{4}{4} \) 168

1. Ha-cia Belén va u-ná bu-rra rin rin yo me remen-da-ba yo me remen-dé, yo me eché un re-
   mp

2. En el po-ral de Belén rin rin rin yo me remen-da-ba yo me remen-dé, yo me eché un re-

3. En el po-ral de Belén rin rin rin yo me remen-da-ba yo me remen-dé, yo me eché un re-
   rin rin rin rin rin, rin rin rin

mien-do yo me lo qui-te, car-ga-da de cho-co-la-te. Lle-va su cho-

mien-do yo me lo qui-te, han en-tra-do los ra-to-nes. Y al buen-no

mien-do yo me lo qui-te, gi-ta-ni-llos han en-tra-do Y al Niño
   rin rin rin rin,

co-la-te-ра rin rin rin yo me remen-da-ba yo me remen-rin, yo me eché un re-
  de San Jo-sé rin rin rin yo me remen-da-ba yo me remen-rin, yo me eché un re-
   que es-tá en la cu-na rin yo me remen-da-ba yo me remen-rin, yo me eché un re-
   rin rin rin rin rin

mien-do yo me lo qui-te, su mo-li-ni-llo y su-a-na-fre.

mien-do yo me lo qui-te, Le han roído los cal-zo-nes.

mien-do yo me lo qui-te, los pa-ná-les la han ro-ba-do.

Marí-a Marí-a ven-ác-a corre-n-do que el cho-co-la-ti-llo se lo es-tán comien-
   do.

Marí-a Marí-a ven-ác-a corre-n-do que los calzon-ci-llos los es-tán roy-en-

Marí-a Marí-a ve-a-cá vo-lan-do que los pa-ña-li-tos los es-tán lle-van-

from cpdl.org and pucep.edu
Riu Riu Chiu

Mateo Flecha el Viejo (1481–1553)

Riu, riu Chi-u la guarda ribe-ra. Dios guar-do el lo-bo de nuestra cor-de-ra.

Dios guar-do el lo-bo de nues-tra cor-de-ra.

Dios guar-do el lo-bo, el lo-bo de nues-tra cor-de-ra.

Dios guar-do el lo-bo, el lo-bo de nues-tra cor-de-ra.

Fine

1. El lo-bo ra-bio-so la qui-so mor-de-r; Más Dios po-de-ro-so la su-po de-fen-der;

Qui-zo-le ha-zer que no pu-die-se pe-car, Ni aún o-ri-gi-nal es-ta Vir-ge-n no tu-vie-ra.
2. Es-te ques na-ci-do es el gran monar-cha; Chris-to pa-tri-ar-cha de car-ne vesti-do;

3. Muchas profe-ci-as lo-an pro-fe-ti-zado Ya un en nues-ta di-as lo he-mos al con-çado

4. Yo vi mil' gar-co-nes que an duan can-tan-do Por a-qui bo-lan-do ha-zien-do mil-so-nes

5. Es-te vie-ne a dar a-los muer-tos vi-da Y vie-ne a re-pa-rar de to-dos la sa-y-da

6. Míra bien que os cuad-re que an-sí na l'o-ye-ra Que Dios no pudi-e-ra ha-zer-la mas que Ma-dré

7. Pues que ya-te ne-mos lo que des-se a-mos To-dos lun-tos va-mos pre-sen-tes lle-ve-mos

To-dos le da-re-mos Nue-stra volu-ta-tad Pues as-ci-gu-al-ar con el hom-bre vi-nie-ra.
Christina Rosetti (1830–1894)

Moderato e tranquillo

IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER

Harold Darke (1888–1976)

1. In the bleak mid-winter, frosty wind made moan,

   Earth stood hard as iron, Water like a stone.

   Snow on snow, In the bleak mid-winter, Long ago.

   2. Our God, Heav’n can-not hold Him, Nor earth sustain;

   God, who all night for-gave us, Chil-dren He made for us;

   a tempo

   In the bleak mid-winter, fro-sty wind made moan.

   Earth stood hard as iron, Water like a stone.

   Snow on snow, In the bleak mid-winter, Long ago.

   2. Our God, Heav’n can-not hold Him, Nor earth sustain;

   God, who all night for-gave us, Chil-dren He made for us;

   a tempo

   In the bleak mid-winter, fro-sty wind made moan.

   Earth stood hard as iron, Water like a stone.

   Snow on snow, In the bleak mid-winter, Long ago.

   2. Our God, Heav’n can-not hold Him, Nor earth sustain;

   God, who all night for-gave us, Chil-dren He made for us;

   a tempo

   In the bleak mid-winter, fro-sty wind made moan.

   Earth stood hard as iron, Water like a stone.

   Snow on snow, In the bleak mid-winter, Long ago.

   2. Our God, Heav’n can-not hold Him, Nor earth sustain;

   God, who all night for-gave us, Chil-dren He made for us;

   a tempo

   In the bleak mid-winter, fro-sty wind made moan.

   Earth stood hard as iron, Water like a stone.

   Snow on snow, In the bleak mid-winter, Long ago.

   2. Our God, Heav’n can-not hold Him, Nor earth sustain;

   God, who all night for-gave us, Chil-dren He made for us;

   a tempo

   In the bleak mid-winter, fro-sty wind made moan.
flee a - way, When He comes to reign._ In the bleak mid-winter, A

stable place suf-ficed the Lord_God Al-might-y_ Jesus Christ.

4. What can I give Him, Poor as I am?_ If I were a shep-herd, I would bring a

lamb;_ If I were a wise man, I would do my part, Yet what I can, I give Him,

Give my heart, give my heart.
IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER

Christina Rosetti (1830–1894)

1. In the bleak mid-winter, frosty wind made moan,
   Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone,
   Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
   In the bleak mid-winter, Long ago.
   The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

2. Our God, Heav’n cannot hold Him Nor earth sustains;
   Heav’n and earth shall flee away When He comes to reign;
   Enough for Him, whom angels Fall down before,
   The ox and ass and camel which adored.
   The ox and ass and camel which adored.

3. Enough for Him, whom cherubim Worship night and day,
   A breastful of milk, And a mangerful of hay:
   But only His mother In her maiden bliss.
   Worshipped the Beloved with a kiss.
   Worshipped the Beloved with a kiss.

4. Angels and archangels May have gathered there
   If I were a shepherd I would bring a lamb;
   If I were a wise man I would do my part;
   Yet what I can, I give Him, Give my heart.
   Yet what I can, I give Him, Give my heart.

5. What can I give Him, Poor as I am?
   What can I give Him, Poor as I am?
   What can I give Him, Poor as I am?
   What can I give Him, Poor as I am?
   What can I give Him, Poor as I am?

Gustav Holst (1874–1934)
Laetentur Cæli et exsultet terra, et exsultet terra an-
te faciem Domini. Laetentur caeli

Laetentur Cæli et exsultet terra, et exsultet terra an-
te faciem Domini. Laetentur caeli et ex-
sultet terra. Laetentur caeli et exsultet terra. An-
tes faciem Domini. Quoniam venit, quon-

Laetentur Cæli

Quoniam venit, quoniam venit, quoniam venit, quoniam ven-
it!
Shiloh

from *The Suffolk Harmony* (1786)

**1st Shepherd 1.** Me-thinks I see an heav’n-ly Host of An-gels on the Wing;

**Narrator 5.** Then learn from hence, ye ru-ral Swains, the meek-ness of your God, Who

thinks I hear their cheer-ful notes, so mer-ri-ly they sing, so

left the bound-less Realms of Joy, to ransom you with blood, to

mer-ri-ly they sing. **1st Angel 2.** Let all your Fears be

ransom you with blood. **1st Angel 3.** Lay down your crooks, and

**1st Angel 4.** Seek not in Courts or

banish’d hence. Glad tid-ings I pro-claim._ For there’s a Sav-ior

quit your Flocks, to Beth-le-hem re-pair; And let your wan-d’ring

Pal-a-ces; Nor Roy-al cur-tains draw; But search the Sta-ble,

Glad to

Glad to

born to-day, and Je-sus is His name, and Je-sus is His name.

steps be squared by yon-der shin-ing Star, by yon-der shin-ing Star.

see your God ex-tend-ed on the Straw, ex-tend-ed on the Straw.
Narrator 6. The master of the inn refus’d a more commodious place; Un-

Narrator 9. Then suddenly a Heav’n-ly Host a-round the Shepherds throng. Ex-

Grand Chorus 10. To God the Father, Christ the Son, and Holy Ghost accord; The

gen’rous Soul of savage mold, and destitute of Grace, and

ult-ing in the three-fold God, and thus address their song, and

first and last, the last and first, Eternal praise afford, E-

destitute of Grace.

thus address their song. 1st Angel 7. Exult ye Oxen,
ter-nal praise afford. 1st Angel 8. The Royal guest you

low for joy, ye Tenants of the Stall, Pay your obeisance;

entertain is not of common Birth, but second to the

ye is

on your knees Unanimously fall, Unanimously fall.

Great I Am; the God of heav’n and earth, the God of heav’n and earth.

from www.cpdl.org
**Myn Lyking**

15th Century

Allegro moderato \( ( \text{q} = 112) \)

1. I saw a fair May-den

syt-tin and sing. She lul-léd a lyt-tel Childe, a swee-te Lord-ing.

Lullay myn lyking, my dere sonne, my sweet-ing. Lullay my dere herte, myn own dere der-ling.
2. That same Lord is He that made al-le thing, Of al-le lord-is He is Lord, of allé kyng-es Kyng.

3. There was mickle melody at that Chyld's birth. All that were in heav'nly bliss, they made mickle mirth.

4. Angels bright sang their song to that Chyld; Blyss-id be Thou, and so be She, so meek and so mild.

from Twelve Christmas Carols, 1912, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
Mrs. Alderson

1. In-fant of days, yet Lord of Life, Sweet Prince of Peace, All hail!
2. “Peace I leave with you,” was a-gain Thy dy-ing Gift to earth;
3. O ol-ive Branch! O Dove of Peace! Brood-ing o’er storm- y wa-ters!

5. Oh! we are wea- ry of the strife, The din with which earth’s fields are rife,
Sweet ech-o of the lin-g’ring strain Of Christmas morn, the glad re-frain
When shall the flood of woe de-crease? When shall the drear-y con-flict cease,

And we would list the tale_ That chimes its Christ-mas news for us,
Of An-thems at Thy Birth;_ When An-gel choirs hymned forth to us
And earth’s sad sons and daugh- ters With glad hearts hail_ Thy word to us,

Pax
"In ter-na_ Pax, Pax, Pax, Pax"
Pax, Pax, Pax, Pax
Pax, Pax, Pax
"In ter-na_ Pax, Pax, Pax, Pax"
Pax, Pax, Pax
4. O hear Thy Church, with one accord, Her long-lost Peace imploring: Be it according to Thy word: Thy Reign of Peace bring in, dear Lord; Heav’n’s Peace to earth restoring. And Peace Eternal, Jesus, grant, we pray.
"In Ce-lo Pax, Et in Ex-cèl-sis, Gló-ri-a, in Ex-cèl-sis, Et in Ex-

cél-sis, Gló-ri-a. Et in Ex-cèl-sis, Gló-ri-

cél-sis, Gló-ri-a. Et in Ex-cèl-sis, in Ex-cèl-sis, Gló-ri-

cél-sis, Gló-ri-a. In Ce-lo, Pax, Et in Ex-cèl-sis, Gló-ri-

Et in Ex-cèl-sis, Gló-ri-a. Et in Ex-cèl-sis, Gló-ri-

Et in Ex-cèl-sis, Gló-ri-a. Et in Ex-cèl-sis, Gló-ri-

Et in Ex-cèl-sis, Gló-ri-a. Et in Ex-cèl-sis, Gló-ri-

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
If angels sung a Savior’s birth, If angels sung a Savior’s birth, If angels sung a Savior’s birth, If angels sung a Savior’s birth,

Savior’s birth, On that auspicious morn, Savior’s birth, On that auspicious morn, Savior’s birth, On that auspicious morn, Savior’s birth, On that auspicious morn,

We well may imitate their mirth, We well may imitate their mirth, We well may imitate their mirth, We well may imitate their mirth,

Now He again is born, Now He again is born, Now He again is born, Now He again is born,
A Christmas Round

Tollite Hostias

Læ-tén-tur cæ-li, et


from cpdl.org
**Gaudete**

2. De-us ho-mo factus est na-tú-ra mirán-te, Mundus re-no-vátus est a Christo regnán-te.
3. E-zechielis por-ta clau-sa per-trán-si-tur, Un-de lux est or-ta, sa-lus in-ve-ni-tur.
4. Er-go nostra cón-ti-o psal-lat jam in lustro, Be-ne-di-cat Dó-mi-no, sa-lus Re-gi nos-tro.

Chorus and text of verses from *Piae Cantiones*, 1582, via imslp.org. Melody of verses from www.cpdl.org

**Glorious, Beauteous, Golden-Bright**

Anna M. E. Nichols

Maria Tiddeman (1837–1915)

1. Glo-ri-ous, beau-teous, gol-den-bright, Shed-ding soft-est pur-est light, Shone the stars that Christ-mas night, When the dream 'Mid the won-derous glo-ry-stream, That il-
2. But the stars’ sweet gol-den gleam Fad-ed quick-ly as a Jew-ish shep-herds kept Watch be-side their flocks that slept. lum-ined all the earth, When Christ’s An-gels sang His birth.
3. Soft and pure and holy glory, Kings and seers and prophets
4. But that light no more avail'd, All its splendor straight-way
5. Now no more on Christmas night, Is the sky with Angels

hoary, Shed throughout the sacred story: While the
palced In His light whom Angels hailed; Even
bright, But for ever shines the Light; Even

priests, like shepherds true, Watch'd beside God's chosen few.
as the stars of old, 'Mid the brightness lost their gold.
He Whose birth they told To the shepherds by the fold.

6. Since that Light then darkens never, Let us all, with glad endeavor, Sing the

song that echoes ever: Glory in the highest Heaven! Peace on earth to us forgiven.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Alma Redemptoris Mater

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c. 1525–1594)

Redemptoris Mater, quae per vi a caeli porta

Alma Redemptoris Mater, quae per vi a caeli porta

ma nes, Et Stella maris, suc-cure ca-deni ti, sur-gere qui cur rat pó pu-

ma nes, Et Stella maris, suc-cure ca-deni ti, sur-gere qui cur rat pó pu-

ma nes, Et Stella maris, suc-cure ca-deni ti, sur-gere qui cur rat pó pu-

lo: Tu quae genu-isti, natu-ra miran-te, tu-um san-ctum Ge-ni-tó-re m: Vir-

lo: Tu quae genu-isti, natu-ra miran-te, tu-um san-ctum Ge-ni-tó-re m: Vir-

lo: Tu quae genu-isti, natu-ra miran-te, tu-um san-ctum Ge-ni-tó-re m:

Tu quae genu-isti, natu-ra miran-te, tu-um san-ctum Ge-ni-tó-re m:
Virgo prius ac postérius, Gabriélis ab o-

Virgo prius ac postérius, Gabriélis ab 

-re sumens il-lud A-ve, pec-ca-tórum 

-re sumens il-lud A-ve, pec-ca-tó-rum mi-se-ré-

-re sumens il-lud A-ve, pec-ca-tó-rum mi-se-ré-

mi-se-ré-re, pec-ca-tó-rum mi-se-ré-re.
O magnum mystérium et admirabile sacraméntum.
dé-rent Dó-mi-num na-tum, vi-dé-rent Dó-mi-num na-tum

dé-rent Dó-mi-num na-tum, vi-dé-rent Dó-mi-num na-tum ja-cén-

ja-cén-tem in pra-sé-pi-o, ja-cén-tem in pra-sé-pi-o, ja-cén-tem in pra-

ja-cén-tem in pra-sé-pi-o, ja-cén-tem in pra-sé-pi-o.
O beáta virgo cujus viscera meruérunt portáre Dóminus Jesus Christum. Allelúja, Allelúja, Allelúja, Allelúja, Allelúja, Allelúja, Allelúja, Allelúja.
**PERSONENT HODIE**

*from Piae Cantiones, 1582*

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

1. Pér-so-nent hó-di-e vo-ces pu-é-ru-læ, lau-dán-tes ju-cún-de
2. In mun-do ná-sci-tur, pan-nis in-vól-vi-tur, præ-sé-pi pó-ni-tur
3. Ma-gi tres ve-né-runt, pár-vu-lum in-qui-runt, Béth-le-hem ád-e-unt,
4. Om-nes cle-ri-cu-li, pár-i-ter pú-e-ri, can-tent ut án-ge-li:

 Qui no-bis est na-tus, sum-mo De-o da-tus, et de vir-, vir-, vir-
sta-bu-lo bru-tó-rum, rec-tor su-per-nó-rum, pér-di-dit, -dit, -dit,
stél-lu-lam se-quén-do, ip-sum ad-o-rán-do, au-rum thus, thus, thus,
Ad-ve-nis-ti mun-do, lau-des Ti-bi fun-do. Id-e-o, -o, -o,

et de vir-, vir-, vir-, et de vir-gí-ne-o ven-tre pro-cre-á-tus.
au-rum thus, thus, thus, au-rum thus, et myr-rham E-i of-fe-rén-do.
id-e-o, -o, -o, id-e-o, gló-ri-a in ex-cél-sis De-o.

*from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919*
PERSONENT HODIE

1. Pér-so-nent hó-di-e vo-ces pu-é-ru-læ, lau-dán-tes
2. In mun-do ná-sci-tur, pan-nis in-vól-vi-tur, præ-sé-pi
3. Ma-gi tres ve-né-runt, pár-vul-um in-qui-runt, Béth-le-hem
4. Om.nes cle-ri-cu-li, pár-i-ter pú-er-i, can-ten-t ut

ju-cún-de Qui no-bis est na-tus, sum-mo De-o da-tus, et de vir-, vir-, vir-
pó-ni-tur stá-bu-lo bru-tó-rum, rec-tor su-per-nó-rum, pér-di-dit, -dit, -dit,
ád-e-unt, stél-lu-lam se-quén-do, ip-sum ad-o-rán-do, au-rum thus, thus, thus,
án-ge-li: Ad-ven-is-ti mun-do, lau-des Ti-bi fun-do. Id e o, -o, -o,
et de vir-, vir-, vir-, et de vir-gi-ne-o ven-tre pro-bre-á-tus.
au-rum thus, thus, thus, au-rum thus, et myr-rham E-i of-fe-rén-do.
id-e-o, -o, -o, id-e-o, gló-ri-a in ex-cél-sis De-o.
1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light: The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

2. Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells a-cross the snow: The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

3. Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hand; Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die. Ring out the false, ring in the true. Ring in the Christ that is to be.

from The Life Hymnal, 1904
RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)

Adapted from Kyrie, 12th Mass

W.A. Mozart (1756–1791)

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,
3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,

The flying cloud, the frosty light:
Ring, happy bells a cross the snow:
For those that here we see no more:
And ancient forms of party strife:

The year is dying in the night;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring in re dress to all mankind.
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
6. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease:
8. Ring in the valiant man and free,

5.
6.
7.
8.

The faithless coldness of the times:
The civic slander and the spite:
Ring out the narrow wing lust of gold:
The larger heart, the kindlier hand:

Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring out the darkness of the land,

But ring the fuller minstrel in.
Ring in the common love of good.
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

from HymnWiki.org
NEW YEAR

AULD LANG SYNE

First verse, traditional

Other verses, Robert Burns (1759–1796)

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind?
2. We twa ha’ e run a-boot the braes, And pu’d the gow’ans fine;
3. We twa ha’ e sport ed i’ the burn, Frae morn’ in’ sun till dine,
4. And here’s a hand, my trust y frien’, And gie’s a hand o’ thine;

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days of auld lang syne?
But we’ve wan der’d mon y a weary foot, Sin’ auld lang syne.
But seas between us braid ba’e roared Sin’ auld lang syne.
We’ll tak’ a cup o’ kind ness yet, For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne;

We’ll tak’ a cup o’ kind ness yet For auld lang syne.

from Favorite Songs and Hymns for School and Home, 1899