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 *Gaudete*) 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*
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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 ordainest 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 victory over 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 DaySpring, 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, Emmanu-el cap-ti-vum sol-ve Is-ra-el,
qui ge-mit in ex-si-li-o, pri-vá-tus Dei Fí-li-o.
Gau-de! Gau-de! Em-manu-el, na-scé-tur pro te Is-ra-el!
fac i-ter tu-tum sú-per-rum, et clau-de vi-as in-fer-rum.

2. Veni, O Sa-pi-én-ti-a, quæ hic dis-pó-nis óm-ni-a,
ve-ni, vi-am pru-dén-ti-æ ut dó-ce-as et gló-ri-æ.
Veni, ve-ni, A-do-ná-i, qui pó-pu-lo in Si-na-i
noc-tis de-pél-le né-bu-las, di-rás-que mor-tis té-ne-bras.

3. Veni, ve-ni, A-do-ná-i, qui pó-pu-lo in Si-na-i
de spec-tu tu-os tár-ta-ri e-duc et an-tro bá-ra-thri.
de spec-tu tu-os tár-ta-ri e-duc et an-tro bá-ra-thri.

4. Veni, O Jes-se vír-gu-la, ex hos-ti-tu-os ún-gu-la,
Jes-Sa-ni, ni, ni, tum
Ven-la, ni, ni, tum
di-te ex-el, gna-cratís

5. Veni, Cla-vis Da-ví-di-ca, re-gna re-clú-de cæ-li-ca,
Veni, Cla-vis Da-ví-di-ca, re-gna re-clú-de cæ-li-ca,
fac i-ter tu-tum sú-per-rum, et clau-de vi-as in-fer-rum.

6. Veni, ve-ni, O O-ri-en-s, so-lá-re nos ad-vé-ni-ens,
Veni, ve-ni, O O-ri-en-s, so-lá-re nos ad-vé-ni-ens,
noc-tis de-pél-le né-bu-las, di-rás-que mor-tis té-ne-bras.

7. Veni, ve-ni, Rex Gén-ti-um, ve-ni, Re-démptor óm-ni-um,
Veni, ve-ni, Rex Gén-ti-um, ve-ni, Re-démptor óm-ni-um,
fac i-ter tu-tum sú-per-rum, et clau-de vi-as in-fer-rum.
Come Thou Long Expected Jesus

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

Come, Thou long expected Jesus, born to set Thy people free;
Israél's strength and consolation, hope of all the earth Thou art:
Born Thy people to deliver, born a child, and yet a king,
By Thine own eternal Spirit rule in all our hearts alone;

from our fears and sins release us, let us find our rest in Thee.
Dear desire of ev'ry nation, joy of ev'ry long ing heart.
Born to reign in us for ever, now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thy grace, help us to merit life eternal at Thy throne.

from The Church Hymnary, 1902, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com

Come Thou Long Expected Jesus

Stuttgart, Christian F. Witt (c. 1660–1716)

Adapted by Henry J. Gauntlett (1805–1876)

Come, Thou long expected Jesus, born to set Thy people free;
Israél's strength and consolation, hope of all the earth Thou art:
Born Thy people to deliver, born a child, and yet a king,
By Thine own eternal Spirit rule in all our hearts alone;

from our fears and sins release us, let us find our rest in Thee.
Dear desire of ev'ry nation, joy of ev'ry long ing heart.
Born to reign in us for ever, now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thy grace, help us to merit life eternal at Thy throne.

from CyberHymnal.org
O COME, DIVINE MESSIAH

1. O come, di-vine Mes-si-a-h! The world in si-lence waits the day
When Christ, whom na-tions sigh for, Whom priest and pro-phet long
foretold, Come and bid us hail the dawn of grace.

2. O Christ, whom na-tions sigh for, Whom priest and pro-phet long
foretold, Come and bid us hail the dawn of grace.

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, divine Mes-si-a-h! The world in si-lence

waits the day When hope shall sing its tri-umph, And sad-ness flee a-way.
ADVENT

On Jordan’s Bank

Jordanis oras prævia, by Charles Coffin (1676–1749)  Winchester New
Translated by John Chandler (1806–1876)  Adapted from Chorale in Musikalisches Hand-Buch, 1690

1. On Jordan’s bank the Baptist’s cry announces that the Lord is nigh;
   där man der Seele von der Sünde befreit, die durch den Herrn geöffnet wird;
   in him die neue Welt beginnt.

2. Then cleansed be every soul from sin; Make straight the way for God within;
   Dann wird die Seele gereinigt von Sünde, die Wege für den Herrn werden gerade gezogen;
   damit die Welt beginnen kann.

3. For Thou art our salvation, Lord, Our Refuge and our great reward.
   Du bist unser Retter, Herr, unser Zuflucht und unser großes Nutz.
   dein Name ist immer an der Spitze.

4. Stretch forth Thine hand, to heal our sore, And make us rise and fall no more;
   Streck aus dein Hand, um unsere Wunden zu heilen, und lass uns aufstehen und nie wieder fallen.
   Haltet das Lamm mit den Geschöpften fest.

5. All praise, eternal Son, to Thee, Whose advent doth Thy people free,
   Alle Lobung, ewiger Sohn, zu dir, für das Eintreten deiner Zeit hat dein Volk die Freiheit erlangt.
   nimmt die Hände der Menschen in die Hand.

Come, then, and hearken, for he brings Glad tidings from the King of kings!
   Komm, dann höre zu, er bringt frohe Botschaft vom König der Könige!
   auf seinem Namen entscheidet alles Wunder.

Prepare we in our hearts a home, Where such a mighty Guest may come.
   Lass uns in den Herzen ein Haus bereiten, wo der stärkste Gast kommen kann.
   führt die Menschen nach Haus.

Without Thy grace our souls must fade And wither like a flower decayed.
   Ohne deine Gnade für den Tod färben, und wie ein Blumenblatt färben.
   der Atem bleibt zugleich.

Once more upon Thy people shine, And fill the world with love divine.
   Einmal wieder beleuchtet durch dein Volk, und füllt die Welt mit Liebe göttlich.
   die Seele beginnt die Welt zu lieben.

Whom with the Father, we adore, And Holy Ghost, for evermore.
   Welchen mit dem Vater, wir anbeten, und Heiligen Geist, für immer.
   deinen Namen der Welt wird freudig.
Wake, O Wake! with Tidings Thrilling

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

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 joy un-doubt-ing, She stands and waits with ea-ger eyes; grace un-end-ing! Her light burns clear, her star doth rise. gel-ic voi-ces Be glo-ry giv'n to Thee a-lone! more shall leave us, We stand with An-gels round Thy throne.

3. Ev-ry soul in Thee re-joic-es; From men and from an-
Now the gates of pearl re-ceive us, Thy pre-sence nev-er
The Bride-groom comes in sight, Raise high your tor-ches bright! Al-le-
Earth can-not give be-low The bliss Thou dost be-stow. Al-le-

The wedding song Swells loud and strong: Go forth and join the fest-al throng. -na! Let us pre-pare To fol-low there, Where in Thy sup-per we may share. -ia! Grant us to raise, To length of days, The tri-umph cho-rus of Thy praise.

from The English Hymnal, 1906
CREATOR ALME SIDERUM

Translated by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

1. Creator of the stars of night, Thy people's ever-lasting Light;  
2. Thou, grieving that the ancient curse Should doom to death a universe,  
3. Thou cam'st, the Bridegroom of the bride, As drew the world to evening-tide;  
4. Hast found the med'cine, full of grace, To save and heal a ruin'd race.  
5. Proceeding from a virgin shrine, The spotless Victim all divine.  
6. Intende votis sup'licum.  

In-tén-de vo-tis süp-plí-cum. 4. Cu-jus po-té-stas gló-ri-æ,  
Mundí me-de-la fac-tus es. 5. Te de-pre-cá-mur úl-ti-mæ  
In-tác-ta prodís vic-ti-ma. 6. Virtus, hon-or, laus, gló-ri-a  
Et cæ-li-tes et in-fe-ri  
Ar-mis su-pér-næ grá-ti-æ  
San-ceto si-mul Pa-ra cli-to,  

DEATH
4. At Whose dread Name, ma-jes-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 ALME SIDERUM

Anonymous, 7th Century

Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

1. Cón-di-tor al-me sí-de-rum, AÉ-té-rna lux cre-dén-ti-um,  
2. Christe, Re-démptor óm-ni-um, Ex-áu-di pre-ces sup-pli-cum.

Christmas is Coming

Traditional

Edith Nesbitt (1858–1924)

Christmas is coming! The goose is getting fat; Please to put a pen-ny in the  
old man’s hat, Please to put a pen-ny in the old man’s hat.
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 penny, a ha'p'ny'll do, a
old man's hat.

But a penny's better, A penny or two are better, or

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

three! or four! ff

old man's hat. If you haven't got a penny, a ha'p'ny'll do, If you haven't got a ha'p'ny, a
farthing'll do, If you haven't got a farthing,

God bless you!

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

all the little children that round the table grow.

Love

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

happy new year, And God send you a happy new year.
John Francis Wade (1711–1786)

From *Cantus Diversi*, 1751

**Adeste Fideles**

1. *Ad és te fí dé les, Læ ti tri um phán tes, Ve ni te, ve*

2. *De um de De o, lu men de lú mi ne, Ges tant pu*

3. *Can tet nunc 'I o,' cho rus an ge ló rum; Can tet nunc *

4. *Erg o qui na tus di e ho di é r na. Je su,*

5. *ni te in Béth le hem; Na tum vi dé te, Re gem an ge ló rum;*


7. *au la ca lés ti um, Gló ri a! So li De o Gló ri a!*

8. *ti bi sit gló ri a, Pa tris æ tér ni Verbum ca ro fac tum.***

9. *mf Ve ni te ad o ré mus, f Ve ni te ad o ré mus,*

10. *ff Ve ni te ad o ré mus, Dó mi num.*

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

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

Translated by Frederick Oakley (1802–1880)

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 giv’n; Word of the Father, Now in flesh appearing;

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

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

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

JOY TO THE WORLD!

Lowell Mason (1792–1872)

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King;
   Cease her feeding, let her be free.

2. Joy to the world! the Savior reigns; Let men their songs employ;
   While fields and woods, repeat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sin and sorrow be their lot;
   Tate's version

4. He rules the world with truth and grace And makes the nations prove
   The glories of His righteousness...

Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King;
Cease her feeding, let her be free.

Joy to the world! the Savior reigns; Let men their songs employ;
While fields and woods, repeat the sounding joy.

And how the theme of old, Repeate! repeat the sounding joy.

Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found.
And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love.

And how the theme of old, Repeate! repeat the sounding joy.

And how the theme of old, Repeate! repeat the sounding joy.

And how the theme of old, Repeate! repeat the sounding joy.

From Hymns of the Kingdom of God, 1910, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
A Child this day is born

1. A Child this day is born, A Child of high renown;
Most worthy of a sceptre, A sceptre and a crown.

2. These tidings shepherds heard Whilst watching o’er their fold,
’Twas by an Angel unto them That night revealed and told.

3. Then was there with the Angel An host incessant
Of heavenly 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.

4. They praised the Lord our God And our celestial King:

5. All glory be to God, That sit-teth 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 shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay

2. They looked up and saw a Star Shining in the East beyond them far, And to the earth it came from country far; To seek for a King was

3. And by the light of that same Star Three wise men hem it took its rest, And there it did both ly on bended knee, And of fer’d there in

4. This star drew nigh to the North West, O’er Bethle to our Heavenly Lord, That hath made Heav’n and keep-ing their sheep On a cold winter’s night that was so deep. gave great light, And so it con-tinued both day and night.

5. Then entered in those Wise men three, Full reverent then our Heav-enly Lord, That hath made Heav’n and earth of naught, And with His Blood man-kind hath bought.

6. Then let us all with one accord, Sing praises shep-herds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay

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**from Christmas Carols, New and Old**
When Christ was born of Mary free!

15th Century Middle English Harleian Manuscript

16th Century English Tune
Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

1. When Christ was born of Mary free, In Bethlehem, that fair city,
2. Herdsmen beheld these Angels bright, To them appearing with great light,
3. The King is come to save mankind, As in scripture 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,

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

1. Hark! the herald angels sing, “Glory to the new-born King!
2. Christ, by highest heav’n adored; Christ, the ever-lasing 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 Virgin’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 God-head 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-le-hem.”
Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Jesus, 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
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 a-dored, Jesus, the Light of the world;
4. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of peace, Jesus, the Light of the world;

5. Glory 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 everlasting 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 dewdrops 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
1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,
   From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
   “Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heav’n’s all gracious King.”
   The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the angels sing.

2. Still through the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurl’d;
   And still their heav’nly music floats O’er all the weary world;
   Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on hov’ring wing,
   And ev’er o’er its Belzounds The blessed angels sing.

3. O ye, beneath life’s crush’ing load, Whose forms are bending low,
   Who toil along the climbing way With paineful steps and slow!
   Look now, for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing;
   O rest beside the weary road And hear the angels sing.

4. For lo! the days are hast’ning on, By prophet bards foretold,
   When with the ever-circling years Comes round the age of gold;
   When Peace shall over all the earth Its ancient splendors fling.
   And the whole world send back the song Which now the angels sing.

—Edmund H. Sears (1810–1876)
—Richard S. Willis (1819–1900)

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

Traditional

Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

1. Shepherds! shake off your drowsy sleep, Rise and
   leave your silly sheep; Angels from heav’n arround loud
   sing-ing, Tid-ings of great joy are bring-ing.

2. Hark! even now the bells ring round, Listen
   to their mer-ry sound; Hark! how the birds new songs are
   mak-ing, As if win-ter’s chains were break-ing.

3. See how the flow’rs all burst anew, Think-ing
   snow is sum-mer dew; See how the stars a-fresh are
   glow-ing, All their bright-est beams be stow-ing.

4. Com-eth at length the age of peace, Strife and
   sor-row now shall cease; Prophets fore-told the won-derous
   sto-ry Of this Heav’n born Prince of Glo-ry.

5. Shepherds! then up and quick a-way, Seek the
   Babe ere break of day; He is the hope of ev’ry
   na-tion, All in Him shall find sal-va-tion.

from Carols Old and Carols New, 1916, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
1. Angels we have heard on high, Sweetly singing o'er the plains;
2. Shepherds, why this jubilee? Why your joyous songs prolong?
3. Come to Bethlehem and see Him whose birth the angels sing;
4. See Him in a manger laid, Whom the choirs of angels praise;

5. And the mountains in reply Echoing their joyous strains.
What the glad some tidings be Which inspire your heavenly song?
Come adore on bend ed knee Christ, the Lord, our new born King.
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid, While our hearts in love we raise.

mf Glória in excelsis Deo,
Masters in This Hall

Andante

1. Masters in this hall, Hear ye news today,
2. This is Christ, the Lord, Masters be ye glad!

Brought from over sea, And ever I you pray,
Christmas is come in, And no folk should be sad!

No-él! No-él! No-él! No-él sing we clear! Holpen are all folk on earth Born is God's Son so dear:

No-él! No-él! No-él, sing we loud! God to day hath poor folk rais'd And cast adown 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,

Three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.
5. On the fifth day of Christmas my true love sent to me

6-12. On the etc.

9.

11.

10.

19.

22.

26.

5. Slower

26. (last time rall.)

11. Twelve drummers drumming, Elev’n pipers piping, Ten lords a-leaping,

10. Elev’n milk maids, etc.

8. Nine ladies dancing, Eight maids a-milking, Sev’n swans a-swimming, Six geese a-laying,

6. Six French lords, etc.

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

30. Two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.
1. Listen, Lordings, unto me, a tale I will you tell; Which, as on this night of glee, in
   David’s town be fell. Jo-seph came from Na - za - reth, with Ma - ry that sweet
   maid: Wea - ry were they, nigh to death; and for a lodg - ing pray’d.
   Sing high, sing high, sing low, sing low, sing high, sing low, sing to and fro,

2. In the Inn they found no room; a scan-ty bed they made: Soon a Babe from Ma - ry’s womb was
   in the man - ger laid. Forth He came as light through glass: He came to save us
   all. In the sta - ble ox and ass be - fore their Ma - ker fall.
   Go tell it out with speed, Cry out and shout all round a - bout, That Christ is born in - deed.
Shepherds lay a field that night, to keep the silly sheep, Hosts of Angels

Onward then the Angels sped, the shepherds onward went, God was in His

in their sight came down from heav’n’s high steep. Tidings! Ti-dings! unto you: to

you a Child is born, Pur-er than the drops of dew, and brighter than the morn.

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 indeed.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
**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 Laid down His sweet head: The stars in the heavens Look’d

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. Thy tender care, And take us to heaven To live with Thee there.

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...
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-pray: Bless all the dear children In Thy tender care, And take us to heaven To sleep in the hay. The cattle are lowing, The poor baby wakes, But live with Thee there. Away in a manger, No crib for His bed, The little Lord Jesus No crying He makes; I love Thee, Lord Jesus, Look lit-tle Lord Jesus Laid down His sweet head: The stars in the heavens Look’d down from the sky, And stay by my cradle Till morning is nigh.

2. Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me forever And love me, I
A Virgin Unspotted

1. A Virgin unspotted, the prophet foretold, 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 entered the ci-ty so fair, A num-ber of__
4. Then were they con-strain'd in a stable to lie, Where hors-es and

Savior, which now we be-hold, To be our Re-deem-er from
Ma-ry to-gather did pass, All for to be tax-ed with
peo-ple so might-y was there, That Jo-seph and Ma-ry, whose
ass-es they used for to tie: Their lodg-ing so sim-ple they

dea-th, hell and sin, Which Ad-am's trans-gres-sion had wrap-ped us in.
ma-ny one moe. Great Caes-ar 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-i-or was born.

Aye and there-fore be mer-ry, set sor-row a-side,

Christ Je-sus, our Sav-i-or, was born on this tide.
5. The King of all kings to this world being brought, Small store of fine
6. Then God sent an angel from heaven so high, To certain poor
7. Then present ly after the shepherds did spy Vast numbers of
8. To teach us humility all this was done, And learn we from

linc - en to wrap Him was sought, But when she had swaddled her
shep - herds in fields where they lie, And bade them no long - er in
angels to stand in the sky; They joy - ful - ly talk - ed and
thence haugh - ty pride for to shun; A man - ger His cra - de Who

young Son so sweet, With in an ox man - ger she laid Him to sleep.
sor - row to stay, Be - cause that our Sav - ior was born on this day.
sweet - ly did sing: “To God be all glo - ry, our heav - en - ly King.”
came from a - bove, The great God of mer - cy, of peace, and of love.

ff Aye and there - fore be mer - ry, set sor - row a - side,

Christ Je - sus, our Sav - ior, 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-tin chime, ye ring-ers;

Ding dong! Ve-ri-ly the sky is riv’n with an-gel sing-ing.
And i-o, 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

Ding dong, ding Ding-a dong-a ding Ding dong, ding dong Ding-a dong ding.

1. Up! good Christen folk, and listen How the merry church bells ring
   And from steeple bid good people Come adore the new born King.
   Born of mother, blest o'er other, ex Maria Virgine
   In a stable (tis no fable), Christus natus hodie.

2. Tell the story how from glory God came down at Christmas tide
   Bringing gladness, chasing sadness, showing blessings far and wide.

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

O quam mundum, from Pie Cantiones, 1582

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
Stille Nacht

Joseph Möhr (1792–1848)

Franz Gruber (1787–1863)

Tranquillo (\( \text{d} = 90 \))

1. Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht! Alles schlägt;
   ein sam wacht. Nur das trau te hoch heilige Paar.

2. Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht! Hir ten erst
   kund ge macht, Durch der En gel Hal le lu ja!

3. Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht! God tes Sohn,
   o wie lacht Lieb' aus dein em göt tlich en Mund,

Hol der Kna be im lock igen Haar, Schlaf in himm lischer
Tönt es laut von fern und nah: mf Christ, der Ret ter ist
Da uns schlägt die ret ten de Stund': Christ, in deiner Ge

Ruh! Schlaf in himm lischer Ruh!
da! Christ, der Ret ter ist da!
burt! Christ, in deiner Ge burt!

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
SILENT NIGHT

Translated by John Freeman Young (1820–1885)

Franz Gruber (1787–1863)

CHRISTMAS

Tranquillo \( \text{\textbullet} = 90 \)

1. Sil - ent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm,
   all is bright. Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child,
   Holy Infant, so ten - der and mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly
   peace, ______

2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep - herds quake
   at the sight; Glo - ries stream from heav - en a - far,
   Heav'n - ly hosts ______ sing Al - le - lu - ia; mf Christ, the Sav - ior is
   born! ______

3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God,
   love's pure light! Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face,
   With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy
   peace; ______

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

CHRIST WASH BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY
(Resonet in laudibus)

14th Century Latin carol, as found in *Pie Cantiones*, 1582
14th Century German melody, Resonet in laudibus

English words by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)
Arranged chiefly by G. R. Woodward (1848–1934)

1. Christ was born on Christ-mas Day, Wreathe the hol-ly, twine the bay;
2. He is born to set us free, He is born our Lord to be,
1. Ré-so-net in láu-di-bus cum ju-cún-dis plau-si-bus
2. Chris-tus na-tus hó-di-e ex Ma-rí-a vir-gi-ne

3. Let the bright red ber ries glow Ev’rywhere in good-ly show;
4. Chris-tian men, re-joice and sing; ’Tis the birth-day of a King,
3. Pú-e-ri con-cí-ni-te, na-to re-gi psál-li-te,
4. Si-on lau-da Dó-mi-num Sal-va-tó-rem hó-minum,

Chri-stus na-tus bo-di-e: The Babe, the Son, the Ho-ly One of Ma-ry.
Ex Ma-ri-a Vir-gi-ne: The God, the Lord, by all ad-or’d for ev-er.

vo-ce pi-a di-ci-te Ap-pá-ru-it quem gé-nu-it Ma-rí-a.
5. Night of sadness: Morn of gladness evermore: Ever, ever: After many
Sunt impléta quæ præ-dixit Gá-brí-el. E-ia, E-ia, vir-go De-um

troubles sore, Morn of gladness evermore and evermore. 6. Midnight scarcely pass'd and over,
gé-nu-it, quem di-vi-na vó-lu-it clemén-ti-a. 6. Hó-di-e ap-pá-ru-it, ap-

Drawing to this holy morn, Very early, very early Christ was born. 7. Sing out with bliss, His
pá-ru-it in Is-ra-él, Ex Ma-rí-a vir-gi-ne est na-tus Rex. 7. Mag-nun no-men

Name is this: Em-man-u-el: As was foretold in days of old By Ga-briél. 8. Midnight scarcely
Dó-mi-ni Em-má-nu-el, quod an-nun-ti-á-tum est per Gá-brí-el. 8. Hó-di-e ap-

pass'd and over, Drawing to this holy morn, Very early, very early Christ was born.
pá-ru-it, ap-pá-ru-it in Is-ra-él, Ex Ma-rí-a vir-gi-ne est na-tus Rex.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
JOSEPH, O DEAR JOSEPH MINE

Josef, Lieber Josef Mein, 16th Century

Resonet in laudibus, 14th Century

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

God re-ward both thee and thine, In par-a-dise, So prays the moth-er,
God’s pure light on thee will shine, In par-a-dise, So prays the moth-er,

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

Christmas time, In the town of Beth-lehem, 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 wond’ring 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 today.

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 tonight.
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
1. See a - mid the win - ter’s snow, Born for us on earth be - low,
   Ho - ly Child, By Thy Face so meek and mild,
   By the joys that fill thy breast.

2. Lo, with - in a man - ger lies He who built the star - ry skies;
   He, By the joys that fill thy breast, 
   As we watched at dead of night, Lo, we saw a won - drous light;

   What a ten - der love was Thine;
   “As we watched at dead of night, Lo, we saw a won - drous light;

4. “As we watched at dead of night, Lo, we saw a won - drous light;
   What a ten - der love was Thine;
   “As we watched at dead of night, Lo, we saw a won - drous light;

5. See the ten - der Lamb ap - pears, Prom - ised from e - ter - nal years.
   Sits a - mid the Cher - u - bim!
   Sits a - mid the Cher - u - bim!
   Sits a - mid the Cher - u - bim!

   Where - fore have ye left your sheep On the lone - ly moun - tain steep?
   Where - fore have ye left your sheep On the lone - ly moun - tain steep?
   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.”
   An - gels sing - ing peace on earth, Told us of the Sav - ior’s Birth.”
   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!
   Thus to come from high - est bliss Down to such a world as this!
   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!
   Teach us to re - sem - ble Thee, In Thy sweet hu - mil - i - ty!
   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.
   Pray for us, that we may prove Wor - thy of the Sav - ior’s love.
   Pray for us, that we may prove Wor - thy of the Sav - ior’s love.

6. Hail! Thou ev - er bless - ed morn! Hail, Redemp - tion’s hap - py dawn!
   Hail, Redemp - tion’s hap - py dawn!
   Hail, Redemp - tion’s hap - py dawn!

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
William C. Dix (1837–1898)  
16th Century English Air  
Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

**What Child is This?**

1. What Child is this, Who, laid to rest, On Mary’s lap is sleeping?  
   1. Haste, to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Mary!  

2. Why lies He in such mean estate, Where ox and ass are feeding?  
   2. Hail, hail the Word made flesh, The Babe, the Son of Mary!  

3. So bring Him in-cense, gold, and myrrh, Come peasant, king, to own Him;  
   3. Joy, joy for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Mary!  

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 en-throne 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 lul-la-by:

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Moderato

1. Good King Wenceslas look’d out On the Feast of Stephen, When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven; Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Tho’ the frost was cru - el, When a poor man came in sight, Gath’ring win - ter fu - el.

2. “Hith - er, page, and stand by me, If thou know’st it, tell - ing; Yon - der peas - ant, who is he? Where, and what his dwell - ing?” “Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der -neath the moun - tain; Right a - gainst the forest fence, By Saint Ag - nes’ foun - tain.

3. “Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine - logs hith - er; Thou and I will know not how, I can go no long - er.” “Mark my foot - steps, my good page, Tread thou in them bold - ly: Thou shalt find the men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos - sess - ing, Ye who now will wild la - ment And the bit - ter wealth - er. winter’s rage Freeze thy blood less cold - ly.” bless the poor, Shall your - selves find bless - ing.

4. “Sire, the night is dark - er now, And the wind blows strong - er; Fails my heart, I in his mas - ter’s steps he trod, Where the snow lay dint - ed; Heat was in the ter’s, for - est, win - ter and and and reg - rent’s, venous, then.’

5. arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

Tempus adest floridum, from Piae Cantiones, 1582

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CHRISTMAS

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Tempus adest floridum, from Piae Cantiones, 1582

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

Moderato

1. Good King Wen-ces - las look’d out
On the Feast of Ste-phen, When the snow lay
2. “Hith - er, page, and stand by me,
If thou know’st it, tell - ing; Yon - der peas-ant,
3. “Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine - logs hith - er; Thou and I will
4. “Sire, the night is dark - er now,
And the wind blows strong - er; Fails my heart, I
5. In his mas-ter’s steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dint - ed; Heat was in the

round a - bout,
Deep and crisp and e - ven; Bright - ly shone the
who is he? Where, and what his dwell - ing?” 
“Sire, he lives a
see him dine When we bear them thith - er. 
Page and mon - arch
know not how, I can go no long - er.” “Mark my foot-steps,
very sod Which the saint had print - ed; There - fore, Chris-tian

moon that night,
Tho’ the frost was cru - el, When a poor man
good league hence, Un - der -neath the moun - tain;
Right a - gainst the
forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er;
Thro’ the rude wind’s
my good page, Tread thou in them bold - ly:
Thou shalt find the
men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos - sess - ing, Ye who now will

came in sight,
Gath’ring win - ter fu - el.
for - est fence, By Saint Ag - nes’ foun - tain.
wild la - ment And the bit - ter weath - er.
win - ter’s rage Freeze thy blood less cold - ly.”
bless the poor, Shall your - selves find bless - ing.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
IN natali Domini

14th Century

Melody from Nürnberg Gesangbuch, 1544

Arranged by G.H. Palmer

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)

1. On the Birthday of the Lord, Angels joy in glad accord;
   And they sing in sweetest tone, Glory be to God alone.
   Joy for earth, Told them of the joy for earth.
   God is born of maiden fair, Mary doth the Savior bear;
   Born the King and Lord we own; Glory be to God alone.

2. These good news an Angel told, To the shepherds by their fold,
   Told them of the Savior’s Birth, Told them of the joy for earth.
   Father’s Breast, Cometh from His Father’s Breast.
   God a lone, Glory be to God alone.

3. Born is now Emmanuel, He, announced by Gabriel,
   Whom Prophets old attest, Cometh from His
   Told them of the joy for earth.
   God a lone, Glory be to God alone.

4. Born today is Christ the Child, Born of Mary undeceived,
   Born the King and Lord we own; Glory be to God alone.
   Father’s Breast, Cometh from His Father’s Breast.
   God is born of maiden fair, Mary doth the Savior bear;
   Born the King and Lord we own; Glory be to God alone.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Once in Royal David's City

1. Once in royal David's city Stood a lowly cattle shed,
   Where a mother laid her Baby In a manger for His bed:
   Mary was that mother mild, Jesus Christ her little Child.
   With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Savior holy.
   For that Child so dear and gentle Is our Lord in heav'n above:

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;
   Christian children all must be Mild, obedient, good as He.
   And He feeleth for our sadness, And He shar eth in our gladness.
   Where a mother laid her Baby In a manger for His bed:

3. And, through all His wondrous childhood, He would honor and obey,
   Love, and watch the lowly maiden In whose gentle arms He lay;
   He was little, weak, and helpless, Tears and smiles, like us, He knew:
   And our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His own redeeming love;
   And His shelter was a stable, And His cradle was a stall;

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:
   Mary was that mother mild, Jesus Christ her little Child.
   With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Savior holy.
   And our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His own redeeming love;

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 our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His own redeeming love;
   And our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His own redeeming love;
Past Three a Clock

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

Past three a clock, And a cold frost-y morn-ing, Past three a clock; Good

morrow, mas-ters all!

Son of th’e-ter-nal Fa-ther su-per-nal.

5. Cheese from the dai-ry

Hark how they rime it, Time it, and chime it.

Né-er-to - fore so well Ca -rol-ling No -él.

Seek the high Stran-ger Laid in the man-ger.

Bring they for Ma-ry, And, not for mon - ey, But-ter and hon-ey.

Lead-eth from far land Prin-ces, to meet Him, Worship and greet Him.

In -cense they of-fer; Nor is the gol-den Nug-get with -hol-den.

Up, sirs nor stay you Till ye con-fess Him Likewise, and bless Him.

1. Born is a Ba -by, Gen-tle as may be,

2. Ser-aph quire sing - eth, An-gel bell ring-eth;

3. Mid earth re-joic-es Hear-ing such voi-ces

4. Hinds o’er the pear-ly Dew-y lawn ear-ly

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
bring a torch, jeanette, isabella!

english by edward cuthbert nunn (1868–1914)
arranged by edward cuthbert nunn (1868–1914)

brightly

1. bring a torch, jeanette, isabella! bring a torch, to the
cradle, run! its jesus, good folk of the village;

2. who goes there a knocking so loudly? who goes there a-
knocking like that? ope your doors, i have here on a plate some

3. it is wrong when the child is sleeping, it is wrong to
talk so loud; silence, all, as you gather around,

4. softly to the little stable, softly for a
moment come; look and see how charming is jesus,

christ is born and mary’s calling: ah! ah! beautiful
very good cakes which i am bringing: toc! toc! quickly your

lest your noise should waken jesus: hush! hush! see how
how he is white, his cheeks are rosy! hush! hush! see how the

is the mother; ah! ah! beautiful is her son!
doors now open; toc! toc! come let us make good cheer!

fast he slumbers! hush! hush! see how fast he sleeps!
how he is sleeping; hush! hush! see how he smiles in dreams.

from the home and community song-book, 1922
CHRISTMAS

THE ANGEL GABRIEL

Translated and Adapted by Sabine Baring-Gould (1834–1924)

Basque Carol

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,” Glor––ri–a!
Most highly favored lady,” Glor––ri–a!
Most highly favored lady,” Glor––ri–a!
“Most highly favored lady,” Glor––ri–a!

from CyberHymnal.org
Angelus ad virginem

1. Angelus ad virginem Sub-intrans in conventa. Virginiis formidinem Dei
2. Quomodo conciperem, quae virum non cognovi? Qualiter infringere, quae

mulcens inquit "Ave." Ave regina virginum, Caeli terraeque

ominia; Namibus, sedguaeas, secura, quod casti

hominum. Tu porta caeli facta Medela crimenun. monia

manebit in patria Dei potentia.
3. Ad hæc vir-go nó-bi-lis Re-spón-dens in-quit e-i; An-cíl-la sum
4. An-ge-lus dis-pá-ru-it Et sta-tim pu-el-lá-ris U-te-rus in-
5. E-ia Ma-ter Dó-mi-ni, Quæ pa-cem re-di-di-sti An-ge-lis et

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

O, Ta-n-ta se-cré-ti cón-sci-o, Con-sén-ti-ens Et cú-pi-
ro No-ve-mén-si-num nú-me-ro, Hinc ex-i-it Et ín-i-it Con-
um Ut se no-bis pro-pí-ti-um Ex-hi-be-at, Et dé-le-at Pec-

re fac-tum quod ãu-di-o, Pa-rá-ta sum pa-re-re De-i con-
tum, Af-fi-gens hu-mero Cru-ce-m, qua de-dit ic-
ta; Præ-stans au-xi-li-um Vi-ta fru-i be-á-ta Post hoc ex-si-li-um.
God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

1. God rest you merry, gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay,
   Remember Christ our Savior Was born on Christmas Day,
   To save us all from Satan's pow'r When we were gone a stray;
   ff O-- tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,

2. In Bethlehem in Jewry, This blessed Babe was born,
   And laid within a manger, Up on this blessed Morn;
   The which His Mother Mary, Did nothing take in scorn.
   ff O-- tidings of comfort and joy, O-- tidings of comfort and joy.

3. From God our Heavenly Father, A blessed Angel came;
   And unto certain Shepherds Brought tidings of the same:
   How that in Bethlehem was born The Son of God by Name.

Words by arrangement of Sir John Stainer (1840–1901).
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 within 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 pow’r 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
CHRISTMAS

CAROL OF THE SHEPHERDS

17th Century Bohemian Carol

English by Eda Lou Walton (1894–1961)

1. Come, all ye shepherds and be not dismayed,
2. As we were watching our flocks where they lay,
3. Now we have found Him in Bethlehem stall,

Seek where the lowly sweet baby is laid;
Shown a great glory as bright as the day;
Sing the glad tidings, oh, sing them to all!

Here in a manger, far from all danger, Sleeping behold Him,
Glad bells were ringing, sweet voices singing, Through heav’n’s blue portals,
Shepherds adore Him, wise men before Him Lay down their dower,

Warm arms enfold Him In Christmas joy.
“Good will to mortals;” Christmas is come.
In glittering shower, Christmas is come.


**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-

The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round,  
And glo-ry shone a-round.  
Sav-iour, Who is Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign:  
mean-ly wrapp’d in swad-dling bands, And in a manger laid, And in a manger laid.”
will henceforth from heav’n to men Be-gin, and nev-er cease! Be-gin, and nev-er cease!”

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**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 troub-led 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 forthwith 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 wrapp’d in swad-dling clothes, And in a man-ger 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,

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

from Church Sunday School Hymn-Book, 1892, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
THE WEXFORD CAROL

Traditional, 16th Century or earlier

1. Good people all, this Christmas time, Consider well, and bear in mind,
2. The night before that happy tide, The noble Virgin and her guide
3. Let all your songs and praises be, Unto His Heavenly Majesty;

What our good God for us has done, In sending His beloved Son.
Were long time seeking up and down To find a lodging in the town.
And evermore, amongst our mirth, Remember Christ our Savior's birth.

With Mary holy, we should pray To God with love this Christmas day;
But mark how all things came to pass: From every door repelled Alas!
That night the Virgin Mary mild, Was safe delivered of a child;

In Bethlehem upon that morn, There was a blessed Messiah born.
As long foretold their refuge all Was but a humble ox's stall.
According unto Heaven's decree, Man's sweet salvation for to be.
4. Near Beth-le-hem did shepherds keep
   Their flocks of lambs and feeding sheep;

5. With thankful heart and joyful mind,
   The shepherds went the babe to find,

6. See how the Lord of Heav’n and earth,
   Show’d Him-self lowly in His Birth;

To whom God’s angels did appear,
Which put the shepherds in great fear.
And as God’s angels had foretold,
They did our Savior Christ behold.
A sweet example for mankind,
To learn to bear a humble mind.

“Prepare and go,” the angels said,
“To Beth-le-hem. Be not afraid
Within a manager He was laid,
And by His side the virgin maid.
If quires of angels did rejoice,
Well may mankind with heart and voice

For there you’ll find this happy morn
A princely babe sweet Jesus born.”
Attend ing on the Lord of Life
Who came to earth to end all strife.
Sing praises to the God of Heav’n,
That unto us His Son has giv’n.

from free-scores.com, with additional verses from
Some Ancient Christmas Carols with the Tunes To Which They Were Formerly Sung in the West of England, 1822,
via books.google.com
A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS EVE

1. The Lord at first had Adam made Out of the dust and clay,
   And thus within the garden he Was set, there-in to stay;
   "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.

2. "The fruit which in the garden grows To thee shall be for meat,
   But Adam he did take no heed Un-to that only thing,
   And then in Eden's Paradise He placed him to dwell,
   "The tree in midst there-of, Of which thou shalt not eat."

3. That he within it should remain, To dress and keep it well.
   Except the tree in midst there-of, Of which thou shalt not eat.
   That he with-in it should remain, To dress and keep it well.
   That he with-in it should remain, To dress and keep it well.

4. 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;

mf 5. Which prom-is e 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-ger-y 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-war-d shall have.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CHRISTIANS, AWAKE, SALUTE THE HAPPY MORN

John Byrom (1692–1765)

Majestically

1. Christians, awake, salute the happy morn, Where-on the Savior of man-
health.

2. Then to the watch-ful shepherds it was told, Who heard th'an-gel-ic her-ald’s

3. He spake; and straight-way the ce-les-tial choir In hymns of joy, unknown 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-deeming 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-lias 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 promised 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.

John Wainwright (1723–1768)
4. To Bethl'hem straight the hap-py shep-hers ran,  
    To see the won-der God had

5. Let us, like these good shep-hers, then em-ploy  
    Our grateful 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 retrieved our loss,

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

Her Son, the Sav-iour in a man-ger laid;  
Amazed 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-iour's name.

sist-ed by His grace, Till man's first heav'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**

Robert Croo, 1534

16th Century English Carol

Adapted and Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

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1. _Lul-lay, Thou lit-tle ti-ny Child,_
   For to pre-serve this day;
   Charg-ed he hath this day;
   And ev-er mourn and say;
   By, by, lul-ly, lul-lay.

2. _O sis-ters too, how may we do,_
   This poor Young-ling for
   His men of might, in
   For Thy part-ing nor
   By, by, lul-ly, lul-lay?

3. _Her-od, the king, in his rag-ing,_
   _Young-ling for
   His men of might, in
   For Thy part-ing nor
   By, by, lul-ly, lul-lay._

4. _Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee,_
   _Young-ling for
   His men of might, in
   For Thy part-ing nor
   By, by, lul-ly, lul-lay._

---

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Lul-ly, lul-lay, Thou little ti-ny Child, By, by, lul-ly, lul-lay;

1. O sisters too, how may we do, For to pre-
2. Her-od, the king, in his rag-ing, Charg-ed he
3. Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee! And ev-er

serve this day; This poor Young-ling for whom we
hath this day; His men of might, in his own
mourn and say; For Thy part-ing nor say nor

sing By, by, lul-ly, lul-lay?
sight, All chil-dren young to
sing, By, by, lul-ly, lul-lay.

from ChristmasCarolMusic.org
All My Heart This Night Rejoices

Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen, by Paul Gerhardt, 1653
Translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1858

1. All my heart this night rejoices,
   As I hear, Far and near, Sweetest angel voices;
   “Christ is born,” their choirs are singing,
   Till the air, Ev’rywhere, Now with joy is ringing.

2. Hark! a voice from yonder maker,
   Soft and sweet, Doth en treat, “Flee from woe and danger;
   Brethren come; from all that grieves you.
   You are freed; All you need I will surely give you.”

3. Come then let us hasten yonder;
   Here let all, Great and small, Kneel in awe and wonder.
   Love Him who with love is yearning;
   Hail the star that from far bright with hope is burning.

4. Thee, dear Lord, with thee I cherish;
   Live to thee, and with thee, Dying shall not perish;
   But shall swell with thee for ever,
   Far on high, in the joy that can alter never.

from CantateDomina.org
I SAW THREE SHIPS

Traditional

Briskly.

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. O 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 Heaven 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,

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

**Traditional**

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,

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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 heaven. Ascending into heaven,

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

---

*from Christmas Carols, New and Old*
1. As with gladness men of old
   Did the guiding star behold;
   As with joy they hailed its light,
   Lead ing on ward, beam ing bright;
   God, may we ever more be led to Thee.

2. As with joyful steps they sped
   To that lowly manager bed,
   There to bend the knee before
   So may we with most gracious Him whom heav'n and earth adore;
   Ever seek Thy mercy seat.

3. As they of fer'd gifts most rare
   At that manager rude and bare;
   So may we with holy joy,
   Pure and free from sin's al loy,
   Ever seek Thy mercy seat.

4. Holy Jesus, ev'ry day
   Keep us in the narrow way;
   And, when earth ly things are past,
   Bring our ran somed souls at last
   Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5. In the heav'n ly country bright
   Need they no cre a tion
   A tted light;
   Thou its Sun which goes not down;
   May we sing Alle lu ias to our King.
Guilló, pran ton tamborin

---

**CHRISTMAS**

**PAT-A-PAN**

Burgundian carol, 1720

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

### Garland title

1. Will, get your little drum, Robin, bring your flute and come.
2. When the men of olden days Gave the King of Kings their praise,
3. God and man today become Close-ly joined as flute and drum.

Aren’t they fun to play upon? 
Tu-re- lu-re- lu, 
pat-a-pat-a-pan,

They had pipes to play upon. 
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 anyone 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; High 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 portends.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight, Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman, does its beau-ti'ous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?
Watchman, will its beams a- lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease; Hie thee to thy qui-et 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!

from ChristmasCarolMusic.org
Heinrich Seuse (1300–1366)  

Arranged by J.S. Bach (1685–1750)  

**IN DULCI JUBILO**

1. In dul-ci jú-bi-lo  
   Nun sing-et und seid froh!

2. O fe-su, pár-vu-le,  
   Nach Dir ist mir so weh.

3. O Pa-tris cá-ri-tas!  
   O na-ti lé-ni-tas!  
   Wir

   Nir-gend mehr denn da,

5. Alle un-ser  
   Won-ne Liegt in pre-sé-pi-
   Tröst mir mein Ge-mü-te, O Pu-er óp-ti-
   wär-en all ver-lor-en, Per nos-tra crí-mi-
   Wo die Eng-el sing-en No-va cán-ti-

Tris in gré-mi-o  
Quan-ta grá-ti-a  
Re-gis cú-ri-a  
Al-pha es et  
Tra-be me post  
E-ia, wär’n wir

Nun sing't und seid froh!

Durch all Dei-ne Gü-ste, O

So hat er uns er-wor-ben

Und die Har-fen kling-en

No-ches ver-lor-

Wo die Eng-el sing-en

In

O

Durch all

No-ches ver-lor-

Wo die Eng-el sing-en

In
IN DULCI JUBILO

Heinrich Seuse (1300–1366)
14th century German melody

1. In dul-ci jú-bi-lo Now sing with hearts a - glow! Our delight and
plea - sure Lies in pre-se-pi-o, Like sun-shine is our trea - sure Ma -
2. O Je-su, pár-vu-le, For thee I long al - way; Com-fort my heart's
blind-ness O Pu-ev óp - ti-me, With all Thy lov-ing kind - ness, O
3. O Pa-tris cá-ri-tas! O na - ti lé-ni-tas! Deep-ly were we
stain-ed Per nos-tra crí-mi-na; But Thou for us hast gain-ed Ce -
sing-ing No - va cán-ti-ca And there the bells are ring-ing In
4. U-bí sunt gáu-di-a In an - y place but there? There are an-gels
tris in gré - mi-o Al -pha es et O! Al -pha es et O!
Prínceps glo-ri-e, Tra-be me post Te! Tra-be me post Te!
á! Quan-ta grá-ti-a! O that we were there! O that we were there!
dá! E-ia, wär'n wir da!

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919

from ChristmasCarolMusic.org
IN DULCI JUBILO

1. In dulci jubilo
2. O Jesu, parvule,
3. O Patris caritas!
4. Ubi sunt gaudia?

Let us our homage show;
I yearn for Thee alway;
O nati legitas!
If they be not there?

Ma-tris in gregio
O Prin-cesps glorio
Ce-lorum gaudia
In Re-gis caria

Al-pha es et O!
Tra-be me post Te!
Qua-lis glor-
O that we were there!

from CantateDomina.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; for Christmas Carols, New and Old

ff
Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!
ff
Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!

mf
2. Good Christian men, rejoice With heart, and soul and voice; for Christmas Carols, New and Old

ff
Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!
ff
Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!

mf
3. Good Christian men, rejoice With heart, and soul and voice; for Christmas Carols, New and Old

ff
Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!
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Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!

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Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!
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Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!
ff
Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!
GLOUCESTERSHIRE WASSAIL

18th Century English

Allegro

1. Was sail was sail all over the town, Our toast it is white and our
mf 2. So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek, Pray God send our master a
3. And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye, Pray God send our master a

ale it is brown; Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree, With the
good piece of beef, A good piece of beef that may we all see, With the
good Christmas pie, A good Christmas pie that may we all see, With the

was sailing bowl we'll drink unto thee. 4. And here is to Fill-pail and to her left
was sailing bowl we'll drink unto thee. 5. Come but-ler, come fill us a bowl of the
was sailing bowl we'll drink unto thee. 6. Then here's to the maid in the li-ly white

ear, Pray God send our master a hap-py New Year, A hap-py New
best, Then we hope that your soul in heav-en may rest, But if you do
smock, Who tripp'd to the door and slipp'd back the lock, Who tripp'd to the

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 but-ler, bowl_and all.
door and pulled back the pin, For to let these jol-ly was-sail_ers in.
17th Century English

The Wassail Song

1. Here we come a-was-sailing 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 neighbors'
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. 

Additional Verses

4. We have a lit-tle purse Made of 
5. Call up the but-ler of this house, Put 
6. Bring us out a ta - ble And 
7. God bless the mas-ter 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 Christmas Carols, New and Old
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 \( \frac{4}{4} \) = 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 Heaven, Who unto us His Son hath given!

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 Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
2. The boar’s head as I understand Is the rarest dish in all this land,
3. Our steward hath provided this In honor of the King of bliss,

And I pray you my masters merry be; Quot estis in convivio.
Which is thus decked with a gay garland, Let us servire can ti co.
Which on this day to be served is, In Regi nensus a trio.
ANGELS, FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY

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

1. Angels, from the realms of glory, Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
2. Shepherds, in the field a-biding, Watch-ing o'er your flocks by night,
3. Sages, leave your contemplations, Brighter visions beam afar;
4. Saints before the altar bending, Watch-ing long in hope and fear,

Ye, who sang creation's story, Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
God with man is now residing; Yonder shines the infant light;
Seek the great Desire of nations, Ye have seen His natal star;
Suddenly the Lord, descending, In His temple shall appear;

Come and worship, come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

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

THE FRIENDLY BEASTS

Robert Davis (1881–1950)  Adapted from Orientis Partibus, 12th Century French

1. Je - sus, our brother, kind and good, Was hum - bly born in a sta - ble rude, And the
2. “I,” said the don-key, shaggy 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, I_

friend - ly beasts a - round Him stood; Je-sus, our broth - er, kind and good.
car - ried Her safely to Beth - le - hem town.” “I,” said the don-key, shaggy 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, yellow 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**

Attributed to Pierre de Corbeil, Bishop of Sens (d. 1222)

12th Century French

Words from *HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com*, Music from *CyberHymnal.org*

**Although at Yule it Bloweth Cool**

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. Although at Yule it bloweth cool, And frost doth grip the fingers,
2. Through snow or sleet we pace the street, Fair sirs, with right good reason,
3. No itching palms have we for alms, Content if Christ, the burden

And nip the nose, and numb the toes, Of outdoor Carol singers,
To wish you all, both great and small, The blessings of the season.
Of these our lays, bestow His praise, And one day be our guar don.

*from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924*
O HOLY NIGHT
(Cantique de Noël)

Andante maestoso (d = 72)

1. O ho-ly
2. Led by the
3. Tru-ly He

night the stars are bright-ly shin-ing, It is the
light of faith se-re-ly beam-ing, With glow-ing
taught us to love one an-oth-er, His law is

night of the dear Sav-iour's birth; Long lay the
hearts by His cra-dle we stand; So led by
love and His gos-pel is peace; Chains shall He
world in sin and error pin -
ing, Till He ap -
light of a star sweet - ly gleam -
ing Here came the
break for the slave is our bro -
ther, And in His

peared and the soul felt its worth
wise men from O - ri - ent land. The King of kings lay
name all op-pres - sion shall cease. Sweet hymns of joy in

wea - ry soul re-joic - es, For yon - der breaks a new and glo-ri - ous morn;
thus in low - ly man - ger, In all our tri - als born to be our friend;
grate - ful cho - rus raise we, Let all with - in us praise His ho - ly name;
Fall on your knees, Oh, hear the angel voices! O
He knows our need, Our weakness is no stranger. Be-
Christ is the Lord, Oh, praise His name for ever! His

night divine, O night when Christ was born! O
hold your King, be before Him lowly bend! Be -
pow’r and glory ever more proclaim! His

night O holy night O night di-vine!
hold your King, be before Him lowly bend!
pow’r and glory ever more proclaim!
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, 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 proclaim!

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

*Translation by Rev. H.R. Bramley (1833–1917) from Latin*  
*Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)*

**Allegro vivace.**

1. Wake all music’s magic pow’rs, On this blissful morning,
2. Let this glorious holiday Find such holy spending,
3. Give we glory to this Feast, For man’s restoration:
4. O how bright is this day made, Day with radiance glowing,
5. Ris’n to-day in splendor bright, Shining to all ages,

**mf**

Born to-day, the Child is ours, Theme of Prophet’s warning;
That the simple hearted may Joy without offending,
Now the guilty is released, Freed from condemnation:
Which the Light of Light displayed, Light in darkness showing;
Beams the Sun, whose distant light Touch’d the Prophet’s pages;

**mf**

Giant in the race He tow’rs, Toil and danger scorn ing.
And sweet charity may stay, With our course blending.
By the widow’s son deceased, See E-li-sha’s station!
Chasing thus death’s gloomy shade, Bright-ness o’er us throw ing!
Now, to end the reign of night, Christ His pow’r engages.

**p**

O that blessed going out, Which salvation brought about,

**p**

O that blessed going out, salvation brought about,

**ff**

O that blessed going out, Which salvation brought about.

*from Christmas Carols, New and Old*
1. As lately we watch’d o’er our fields thro’ the night,
   A star there was seen of such glorious light;
   All thro’ the night, angels did sing,
   In carols, so sweet, of the birth of a King.
2. A King of such beauty was ne’er before seen,
   And Mary His mother so like to a queen.
   Blest be the hour, welcome the morn,
   For Christ our dear Savior on earth now is born.
3. His throne is a manager, His court is a loft,
   But troops of bright angels, in lays sweet and soft.
   Him they proclaim, our Christ by name,
   And earth, sky and air straight are fill’d with His fame.
4. Then shepherds, be joyful, salute your liege King,
   Let hills and dales ring to the song that ye sing,
   Blest be the hour, welcome the morn,
   For Christ our dear Savior on earth now is born.
THE VIRGIN AND CHILD

Adapted from *Thys endris nyzech*, 15th Century

Charles Steggall (1826–1905)

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1. On yesternight I saw a sight, A star as bright as day; And all along, I


2. A lovely lady sat and sang, And to her Child she spake: My

3. The Child then spake whilst she did sing, And to the maiden said: “Right

4. “Now, sweetest Lord, since Thou art King, Why liest Thou in a stall? Why

Son, my Brother, Father dear, It makes my heart to

sure I am a mighty King, Though in a

didst Thou not Thy cradle bring To some great

It makes my heart to

ache, To see Thee there, so cold and bare, A

crib My bed: For angels bright, Down to Me light; Thou

royal hall? Me-thinks ’tis right, That king or knight Should

ache,
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 fulfi,
   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
O Du Fröhliche

Johannes Daniel Falk (1768–1826)

2. O du fröh-lie-che, o du se-li-ge, Gna-den-bring-en-de Weihnachts-zeit!

from The Warburg Hymnal, 1918, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
CHRISTMAS

Carol of the Birds

Traditional

Not slow.

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

Birds from the woods in won - drous flight, Beth - le - hem seek this Ho - ly Night.
“Hast - ning we seek the new - born King, And all our sweet - est mu - sic bring.”
Chants from her leaf - y dark re - treat Re, mi, fa, sol, in ac - cents sweet.
Christ on the earth with man doth dwell, Join in the shout, “No - ěl, No - ěl!”

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

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882)

John Baptiste Calkin (1827–1905)

1. I heard the bells on Christ - mas Day Their old fa - mil - iar car - ols play,
2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bel - fies of all Chris - ten - dom
3. And in de - spair I bowed my head, “There is no peace on earth,” I said,
4. Then pealed 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 th’un - 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 HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
CONGAUDEAT TURBA FIDELIUM

1. Congau - de - at turba fi - dé - li - um,
2. Ad pa - stó - res de - scén - dit án - ge - lus,
3. Lo - que - bán - tur pa - stó - res in - vi - cem,
4. Ad prae - 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,
Cogno - vé - runt quis es - set Dó - mi - nus in Béth - le - hem,

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

Nom - en e - i Je - sus im - pó - ni - tur in Béth - le - hem,
Re - gi re - gum fu - gén - ti ú - be - ra in Béth - le - hem,
Be - ne - dí - cat Christus Rex gló - ri - æ 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 frankincense, 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 vouchsafed the songs of man to raise In Bethlehem.

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

1. Es ist ein Ros entsprung-en, aus ein-er Wur - zel zart, wie uns die Alt-en
2. Das Köselein, das ich mein - e, da von Je - sai - a sagt, ist Ma - ri - a die
3. Das Blüm - lein, so klein - e, das duftet uns_ so süß, mit seinem hel-len

Wur - zel zart,
-sai - a sagt,

sung - en, von Jes - se kam_ die Art Und hat ein Blüm-lein
reine die uns das Blüm - lein bracht. Aus Göt - tes ew'gem
Schein - e ver - treibts die Fin - ster - nis. Wahr Mensch und wahr - er

war die Art Blüm - lein bracht. der halb - en Nacht.

Rat hat sie ein Kind ge - bor - en und blieb ein rei - ne Magd.
Gott, hilft uns aus al - lem Leid - e, ret - tet von Sünd und Tod.

halb - en Nacht.
rei - ne Magd.

Flos de radice Jesse

1. Flos de ra-di-ce Jes-se, est na-tus hó - di - e. Quem no - bis jam ad - és - se, læ-tá-mur
2. Hunc I-sa-i-as florem, præ-sá-giis cé - ci-nit. Ad e - jus nos a-mórem, Nascentís
3. Est cam-pi flos pu-di-ci, est flos con-vál - li - um. Pulchrúmque potest di-ci, in spin-is
4. Hic su-o flos o-dó-re, fi-dé-les át - tra-hit. Di - ví - no mox a-mó-re, at-tráctos

hó - di - e.
cé - ci - nit.
Lo, How a Rose E’er Blooming

15th Century German
Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)
Translated by Theodore Baker (1851–1934)

1. Lo, how a Rose c’er blooming From tender stem has sprung! Of Jesse’s lin-age com-ing As men of old have sung. It came, a flow’r-et bright, Amid the cold of winter
2. I sa-iah ’twas fore-told it, The Rose I had in mind; With Ma-ry we be-hold it, The Vir-gin Moth-er kind. To show God’s love a- right, She bore to men a Sav-i-or, When half spent was the night. And in the man-ger found Him, As an-gel her-alds said. God, From Sin and death now save us, And share our every load.
3. The shep-herds heard the sto-ry Pro-claimed by an-gels bright, How Christ, the Lord of Glo-ry Was born on earth this night. To Beth-le-hem they sped, And in the man-ger found Him, As an-gel her-alds said.
4. O Flow’r, whose fragrant ten-der With sweet-ness fills the air, Dis- pel with glorious splen-dor The darkness eve-ry-where; True man, yet ve-ry old have sung. Moth-er kind spent was the night.

ú - ni-ce. Flos il-le Je-sus est. Ma-ri-a Vir-go ra-dix de qua_ flos ortus est. ú - ni-ce. or-tus est.
li - li-um. O-dó-ris óp-ti-mi; vel so-li quodvis ce-dit a-ro-ma nó-mi-ni.
im - bu-it. O flos o grá-ti-a: ad Te, ad Te su-pí-ro, de Te me sá-ti-a.
O Come, Little Children

Ihr Kinderlein kommet, by Christoph von Schmid (1768–1854)  
Johann A. P. Schulz (1747–1800)

1. O come, little children, O come one and all,
To Bethlehem haste, to the manger so small,
God’s Son for a gift has been sent you this night
To be your Redeemer, your joy and delight.

2. He’s born in a stable for you and for me,
Draw near by the bright gleaming Star light to see,
In swaddling clothes lying so meek and so mild,
And purer than angels the heavenly Child.

3. See Mary and Joseph with love beam ing eyes
Are gazing upon the rude bed where He lies,
The shepherds are kneeling, with hearts full of love,
While angels sing loud alleluias above.

4. Kneel down and adore Him with shepherds today,
Lift up little hands now and praise Him as they;
Rejoice that a Savior from sin you can boast,
And join in the song of the heavenly host.

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

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 love-ly e- van-gel they bring,

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

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
1. 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 prick-le, 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 Saviour:

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 mer-ry or-gan, Sweet sing-ing in the choir.
The Holly and the Ivy

17th Century English

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

mf 2. The Holly bears a blossom, As white as likely flower;

mf 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:

f And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To be our sweet Savior;

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

p Oh the rising of the sun, The running of the deer, f The playing of the

mer—ry organ, Sweet singing in the quire, Sweet singing in the quire.

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

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Traditional English (17th century or earlier)

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?

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.

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:

Angels and men with joy may sing, All for to see the new-born King.
“Glory to God and peace to men, Now and for ever-more, Amen.”
Blessed be that Maid Marie

15th Century Middle English Carol, modernized

Melody from William Ballet's Lute 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 Jesus lay and dull-ed was;
3. Sweet and blissful was the song Chanted of the Angel throng,
4. Fare three Kings from far-off land, Incense, gold and myrrh in hand;
5. Make we merry on this fest, In quo Christus natus est;

Fine.

E-ya! Jesus bo-di-e Natus est de Vir-gi-ne.

In Bethlem 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.
Rise Up, Shepherds, and Follow

Traditional

200
CHRISTMAS

Spiritual

Arranged by Allen L. Richardson

mf

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 get your herds, Rise up, shepherds, and follow.

mf

2. If you take good heed to the Angels’ words, Rise up, shepherds, and follow: You’ll for-
leave your ewes and leave your lambs, Rise up, shepherds, and follow, Leave your sheep and
leave your rams, Rise up, shepherds, and follow. Follow, follow, Rise up, shepherds, and
follow;

a tempo

fol

3. Follow the star of Bethlehem, Rise up, shepherds, and follow.
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'In-car-nate King of kings, In rev'-rent awe pro-
   Face a-while, Up-on the lov-ing in-fant smile Which there di-ven-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
   great-er kings, In rev'-rent awe pro-
   Face a-while, Up-on the lov-ing in-fant smile Which there di-ven-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 Ma-ry gaze, In joy up-on that
   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
   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.
Ruined themselves, 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 with in 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.
CHRISTMAS
CRADLE HYMN

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)
from Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second, 1813

1. Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed, Heavenly
   blessings without number, Gently falling on thy head. Sleep, my
   Heav'n He descended, And became a child like thee! Soft and
   dwell with brutal creatures? How could angels bear the sight? Was there
   mother sits beside thee, And her arms shall be thy guard. Yet to
   sought Him, there they found Him, With His Virgin mother by. See the
darling; here's no danger, Here's no a near thy bed. 'Twas to
dwell forever near him, See his face and sing his praise! I could
   babe; thy food and raiment, House and home, thy friends provide;
ea - sy is thy cradle, Coarse and hard thy Savior lay;
   nothing but a manager Cursed sinners could afford
tell the shameful story, How His foes abused their King;
   love - ly Babe a-dress'ing; Love - ly infant, how He smiled!
save thee, child, from dying, Save my dear from burning flame,
give thee thousand kisses, Hoping what I most desire;

2. How much better thou'rt attended, Than the Son of God could be, When from
   All your days; Then go
   blessings without number, Gently falling on thy head. Sleep, my
   Heav'n He descended, And became a child like thee! Soft and
   dwell with brutal creatures? How could angels bear the sight? Was there
   mother sits beside thee, And her arms shall be thy guard. Yet to
   sought Him, there they found Him, With His Virgin mother by. See the
darling; here's no danger, Here's no near thy bed. 'Twas to
   dwell forever near him, See his face and sing his praise! I could
   babe; thy food and raiment, House and home, thy friends provide;
ea - sy is thy cradle, Coarse and hard thy Savior lay;
   nothing but a manager Cursed sinners could afford
tell the shameful story, How His foes abused their King;
   love - ly Babe a - dress'ing; Love - ly infant, how He smiled!
save thee, child, from dying, Save my dear from burning flame,
give thee thousand kisses, Hoping what I most desire;

3. Bless-ed babe! what glorious features—Spot-less fair, divine - ly bright! Must He
   All your days; Then go
   blessings without number, Gently falling on thy head. Sleep, my
   Heav'n He descended, And became a child like thee! Soft and
   dwell with brutal creatures? How could angels bear the sight? Was there
   mother sits beside thee, And her arms shall be thy guard. Yet to
   sought Him, there they found Him, With His Virgin mother by. See the
darling; here's no danger, Here's no near thy bed. 'Twas to
   dwell forever near him, See his face and sing his praise! I could
   babe; thy food and raiment, House and home, thy friends provide;
ea - sy is thy cradle, Coarse and hard thy Savior lay;
   nothing but a manager Cursed sinners could afford
tell the shameful story, How His foes abused their King;
   love - ly Babe a - dress'ing; Love - ly infant, how He smiled!
save thee, child, from dying, Save my dear from burning flame,
give thee thousand kisses, Hoping what I most desire;

4. Soft, my child, I did not chide thee, Though my song may seem too hard; 'Tis thy
   All your days; Then go
   blessings without number, Gently falling on thy head. Sleep, my
   Heav'n He descended, And became a child like thee! Soft and
   dwell with brutal creatures? How could angels bear the sight? Was there
   mother sits beside thee, And her arms shall be thy guard. Yet to
   sought Him, there they found Him, With His Virgin mother by. See the
darling; here's no danger, Here's no near thy bed. 'Twas to
   dwell forever near him, See his face and sing his praise! I could
   babe; thy food and raiment, House and home, thy friends provide;
ea - sy is thy cradle, Coarse and hard thy Savior lay;
   nothing but a manager Cursed sinners could afford
tell the shameful story, How His foes abused their King;
   love - ly Babe a - dress'ing; Love - ly infant, how He smiled!
save thee, child, from dying, Save my dear from burning flame,
give thee thousand kisses, Hoping what I most desire;

5. See the kinder shepherds round Him, Telling wonders from the sky! Where they
   All your days; Then go
   blessings without number, Gently falling on thy head. Sleep, my
   Heav'n He descended, And became a child like thee! Soft and
   dwell with brutal creatures? How could angels bear the sight? Was there
   mother sits beside thee, And her arms shall be thy guard. Yet to
   sought Him, there they found Him, With His Virgin mother by. See the
darling; here's no danger, Here's no near thy bed. 'Twas to
   dwell forever near him, See his face and sing his praise! I could
   babe; thy food and raiment, House and home, thy friends provide;
ea - sy is thy cradle, Coarse and hard thy Savior lay;
   nothing but a manager Cursed sinners could afford
tell the shameful story, How His foes abused their King;
   love - ly Babe a - dress'ing; Love - ly infant, how He smiled!
save thee, child, from dying, Save my dear from burning flame,
give thee thousand kisses, Hoping what I most desire;

6. Lo, He slumbers in His manager, Where the horned ox fed: Peace, my
   All your days; Then go
   blessings without number, Gently falling on thy head. Sleep, my
   Heav'n He descended, And became a child like thee! Soft and
   dwell with brutal creatures? How could angels bear the sight? Was there
   mother sits beside thee, And her arms shall be thy guard. Yet to
   sought Him, there they found Him, With His Virgin mother by. See the
darling; here's no danger, Here's no near thy bed. 'Twas to
   dwell forever near him, See his face and sing his praise! I could
   babe; thy food and raiment, House and home, thy friends provide;
ea - sy is thy cradle, Coarse and hard thy Savior lay;
   nothing but a manager Cursed sinners could afford
tell the shameful story, How His foes abused their King;
   love - ly Babe a - dress'ing; Love - ly infant, how He smiled!
save thee, child, from dying, Save my dear from burning flame,
give thee thousand kisses, Hoping what I most desire;

7. Mayst thou live to know and fear Him, Trust and love him all thy days; Then go
   All your days; Then go
   blessings without number, Gently falling on thy head. Sleep, my
   Heav'n He descended, And became a child like thee! Soft and
   dwell with brutal creatures? How could angels bear the sight? Was there
   mother sits beside thee, And her arms shall be thy guard. Yet to
   sought Him, there they found Him, With His Virgin mother by. See the
darling; here's no danger, Here's no near thy bed. 'Twas to
   dwell forever near him, See his face and sing his praise! I could
   babe; thy food and raiment, House and home, thy friends provide;
ea - sy is thy cradle, Coarse and hard thy Savior lay;
   nothing but a manager Cursed sinners could afford
tell the shameful story, How His foes abused their King;
   love - ly Babe a - dress'ing; Love - ly infant, how He smiled!
save thee, child, from dying, Save my dear from burning flame,
give thee thousand kisses, Hoping what I most desire;
1. Glad Christmas bells, your music tells
   The sweet and pleasant story;
2. No palace hall its ceiling tall
   His kindly head spread o ver,
3. Nor ra i ment gay, as there He lay,
   A don'd the in fant Stran ger;
4. But from a far, a splendid star
   The wise men west ward turn ing;
5. Where on the hill, all safe and still,
   The fold ed flocks were ly ing,

How came to earth, in low ly birth,
   The Lord of life and glo ry.
There on ly stood a stable rude
   The heav'n ly 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 trembling 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 meteors blaz ing,
9. And all the choir, with tongues of fire
   Broke forth in joyful sing ing,
10. “Glo ry to Thee for ev er be,
   God in the high est, glo ry!

“Glad news I bring, the promised 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 rude, 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 beaming o er Thee!”
1. We saw a light shine out a - far, On Christ - mas in the morn - ing.

2. Oh! ev - er thought be of His Name, On Christ - mas in the morn - ing.

And straight we knew it was Christ’s star, Bright beam - ing in the morn - ing.
Who bore for us both grief and shame, Af - flic - tion's sharp - est scorn - ing.

Then did we fall on bend - ed knee, On Christ - mas in the morn - ing,
And may we die (when death shall come,) On Christ - mas in the morn - ing,

And prais’d the Lord, who'd let us see, His glo - ry at its dawn - ing.
And see in heav’n, our glo - rious home, That Star of Christ - mas morn - ing.

from Carols Old and Carols New, 1916, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
1. We three kings of Orient are; Bearing gifts we bring.
   All
   Melchior
   Caspar
   Balthazar

2. Born a King on Bethlehem's plain, Gold I bring, to
   crown Him again.
   Deity, reefing, Pray'r and praising, all men raising Worship Him, God most High.
   gathering gloom; Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, Seal'd in the stone-cold tomb.
   Sacrifice, Alleluia, Alleluia, Earth to heav'n replies.

3. Frank-in-cense to offer have I, Incense owns a
   Deity, again.     King forever, cease-ing never, Over us all to reign.
   Greeting gloom; Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, Seal'd in the stone-cold tomb.
   Sacrifice, Alleluia, Alleluia, Earth to heav'n replies.

4. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume, Breathes a life of
   tra-verse afar, Field and fountain, moor and mountain, Following yon-der star.
   Death, again.     Glory, in-cess-y cease-ing, Over us all to reign.
   Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, Seal'd in the stone-cold tomb.
   Sacrifice, Alleluia, Alleluia, Earth to heav'n replies.

5. Glorious now behold Him arise, King and God and
   O Star of wonder, star of night, Star with royal beauty bright.
   Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to Thy perfect 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 lowly Baby Was the bright and Morning Star,

Up in heav’n the clear stars shin’ing Thro’ the gloom like loving eyes?
Journeyed on by plain and mountain, Till they found the Holy Child?
He who came to light the Gentiles, And the darkened isles afar?

So of old the wise men watching, Saw a blazing stranger star,
How they o’pen’d all their treasure, Kneeling to that Infant King,
And we too may seek His cradle, There our hearts’ best treasures bring,

And they knew the King was given, And they followed it from far.
Gave the gold and fragrant incense, Gave the myrrh in offering?
Love and faith and true devotion, For our Savior, 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)

\[= 170\]

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

5

Christmas is here, bring-ing good cheer, To young and old, meek and the bold,

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

Ding, dong, ding, dong, that is their song. With joy-ful ring, all ca-rol-ing.

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

13

One seems to hear words of good cheer, From ev-’rywhere fill-ing the air.

p

mf

Oh, how they pound, rais-ing the sound O’er hill and dale, tell-ing their tale.
Christmas

Gay they ring while people sing Songs of good cheer, Christmas is here.

Merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas! Merry, merry, merry,

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

Merry Christmas! On, on they send, on without end Their joyful tone

Hark! how the bells, sweet silver bells All seems to say throw cares away.

1. Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

2. Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding, dong, ding dong!

On, on they send on without end Their joyful tone to every home.

From HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
Traditional German Folk Song

Moderately

1. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Thy leaves are so un-
   changing; Not only green when summer's here, But also when 'tis cold and drear.
2. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Much pleasure thou canst give me; O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! The greatest glee!
3. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Thy candles shine so bright-
   ly! From base to summit gay and bright, There's trust in God unchangeably.
4. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! How richly God has decked thee.

How richly God has decked thee! When summer's here, But also when 'tis cold and drear.

Traditional German Folk Song

Moderately

1. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Thy leaves are so unchange-
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

Moderately

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

Traditional German Folk Song

Moderately

1. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Thy leaves are so unchange-
2. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Much pleasure thou canst give me.
3. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Thy candles shine so bright-
4. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! How richly God has decked thee.
1. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Wie treu sind deine Blätter!
   O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, zum Sommer-zeit, Nein,
   Baum von dir mich hoch erfreut! O Tannenbaum, o
   Mut und Kraft zu jeder Zeit! O Tannenbaum, o

2. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Du kannst mir sehr gerne
   Baum von dir mich hoch erfreut! O Tannenbaum, o
   Mut und Kraft zu jeder Zeit! O Tannenbaum, o

3. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Dein Kleid will mich was lehren!
   O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Du kannst mir sehr gerne
   Baum von dir mich hoch erfreut! O Tannenbaum, o
   Mut und Kraft zu jeder Zeit! O Tannenbaum, o
Deck the Hall

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
**Traditional English Folk Song**

**We Wish You a Merry Christmas**

1. We wish you a Merry Christmas, We wish you a Merry Christmas, We wish you a Merry Christmas, And a happy New Year!

2. Oh, bring us a figgy pudding, Oh, bring us a figgy pudding, Oh, bring us a figgy pudding, And a cup of good cheer.

3. We won’t go until we get some, We won’t go until we get some, We won’t go until we get some, So bring it right here.

**Christmas Bells**

*(Lovely Evening)*

Somewhat quickly

1. Oh, how lovely is the evening, is the evening, When the Christmas bells are ringing, sweetly ringing!

2. Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

3. Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.
JINGLE BELLS
(The One Horse Open Sleigh)

James Lord Pierpont (1822–1893)

Allegro

1. Dashing thro’ the snow In a one-horse open sleigh, O’er the fields we
2. A day or two ago I thought I’d take a ride, And soon Miss Fan-nie
3. Now the ground is white, Go it while you’re young, Take the girls to-

14

go, Laughing all the way; Bells on bob tail ring, Making spi-rits
Bright Was seated by my side; The horse was lean and lank, Mis-fortune seem’d his
night, And sing this sleighing song; Just get a bobtailed bay, Two-for-ty as his

20

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.
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way; Oh! what joy it is to ride in a onehorse open sleigh.
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;  Suzy 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 Hang-ing 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 blithe 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!

6. In a stable lies the Holy, In a manger rests the King:  
7. He, the Lord of all salvation, Shares your want, is weak and poor:  
8. Christmas holy, leaf, and berry, All be prized for His dear sake:  
9. Come glad hearts, and spirts pin ing: For you all has ris'n the star.  
10. Are not all our hearts too singing, Wel come, wel come, Christmas morn?

11. See in Mary's arms reposing Christ by highest Heav'n adored:  
12. Oxen, round about behold them; Rafters naked, cold, and bare,  
13. Come ye gentle hearts and tender. Come ye spirts keen and bold;  
14. Let us bring our poor oblations, Thanks and love, and faith and praise;  
15. Still the Child, all pow'r possessing, Smiles as through the ages past;

16. Come, your circle round Him closing, Pious hearts that love the Lord.  
17. See the Shep-herds, God has told them That the Prince of Life lies there.  
18. All in all your homage render, Weak and mighty, young and old.  
19. Come ye people, come ye na tions, All in all draw nigh to gaze.  
20. And the song of Christmas bless ing Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
THE MANGER THRONE

William Chatterson Dix (1837–1898)

1. Like silver lamps in a distant shrine, The stars are sparkling
4. The stars of heav’n still shine as at first They gleamed on this wonder-ful
5. Faith sees no longer the stable floor, The pavement of sapphire is

bright; The bells of the city of God ring out, For the
night; The bells of the city of God peal out, And the
there; The clear light of Heaven streams out to the world; And

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

morn at last is coming with orient light.
God-head burns, Hid in flesh from sly 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 an palace shone half so fair As the Hell: A child is born who shall conquer the foe, And_

3. Now a new Pow'r has come on the earth, A match for the armies of man-ger bed where our Sav-iour lies; No night in the year is all the spi-rits of wicked-ness quell: For Ma-ry's Son is the half so dear As this which has ended our sighs. Mighty One Whom the proph-ets of God fore-tell.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Ave Jesu Deus

1. Jesu hail! O God most holy, Gentle Lamb, an Infant lowly;
2. To enrich my desolation, To redeem me from damnation,
3. Low based, where brutes are sleeping, God's beloved Son is weeping;
4. Jesu, Thine my 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 manager:
Wrapt in swathings bands Thouickest, Thou in want and weakness sighing:
Judge supreme, true God-head sharing, Sinner's likeness for us wearing!
With Thy sacred Fire illumine me, Let it inwardly consume me,
Make me like Thyself in meekness, Bind to Thee my human weakness,

Might transcending, Weakness blending, Greatness bending from the sky; Love un-

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Anonymous

Ave Jesu Deus

1. Ave Je-su De-us ma-gne, Ave Pu-er, mi-tis a-gne,
2. Ut me páu-pe-rem di-tá-res, Ut me pé-re-di-tum sal-vá-res,
3. In-ter bru-ta quam ab-jéc-tus Va-gis, Pa-tris o di-léc-tus!
4. O mi Je-su, cor de-vó-tum Post te tra-he, su-me to-tum,
5. Pro-cul va-nos hinc a-mó-res, Pro-cul ma-los ar-ce mo-res,

Ave De-us ho-mo na-te, In Præ-sé-pi re-cliná-te!
Ja-ces pan-nis in-vo-lú-tus, Om-ni o-pe des-ti-tú-tus.
Ju-dex sum-me, ve-rus De-us, Prop-ter me fis ho-mo re-us!
I-gne tu-o san-cto u-re, Ah, ah pé-ni-tus com-bú-re.
Tu-is me-os ap-tos fin-ge, Æ-tér-no me ne-xu strin-ge,

O po-tés-tas, o e-gés-tas, O ma-jés-tas Dó-mi-ni!

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Corde Natus

Marcus Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348–413?)

Divinum Mysterium, 13th Century Melody

1. Cor-de-natus ex parén-tis An-te muni-de ex-ór-di-um
2. Ip-se jus-sit et cre-á-ta, di-xit ip-se et fac-ta sunt,
3. Cor-po-ris for-mam ca-dú-ci, mem-bra morti-ob-nó-xi-a

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

Om-ni-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-li-s tár-ta-ro.

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

Vir-go cum pu-ér-pe-ra E-di-dit nos-tram sa-lú-tem,
Psal-lant om-nes án-ge-li, Quid-qui-d est vir-tú-tis us-quam
Con-ci-né-bant sacu-li-s, Quem pro-phe-tá-rum fi-dé-les
eta Sancto Spiritu, Et puér re démpotor orbis os sacrátum
psal lat in laudem Dei, Nul la linguárum si léscat, vox et om nis
pá gi náe spor pón de rant, Emicat promís sus olim; cuncta con látu

pró tu lit. Sæcu ló rum sæcu lis. 7. Mac te ju dex mor tu ó rum,
con so net. Sæcu ló rum sæcu lis. 8. Te senes et te juven tus,
dent e um. Sæcu ló rum sæcu lis. 9. Ti bi, Christe, sit cum Pa tre

mac te rex vi vén ti um, Dexter in Parén 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 cluis vir tú ti bus, Omnium ven tú rus in de
sim plí ces pu él lu læ, Vó ce con cór des pu dí cis
gra ti á rum ác ti o, Hon or, vir tus, vin tó ri a,

justus ul tar cri mi num. Sæcu ló rum sæcu lis.
pér stre pant con cén ti bus. Sæcu ló rum sæcu lis.
regnum æ ter ná li ter. Sæcu ló rum sæcu lis.

from Great Hymns of the Church Compiled by the Late Right Reverend John Freeman Young, 1887,
via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
OF THE FATHER’S LOVE BEGOTTEN

Translated by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)  
Divinum Mysterium, 13th Century Melody

1. Of the Father’s love begotten, Ere the worlds began to be, He is Alpha and Omega, He the source, the ending He, Of the things that are, that have been, depths of ocean In their three-fold order one; All that grows beneath the shining A-dam’s children Doomed by law to endless woe, May not henceforth die and perish.

2. At His Word the worlds were framed; He commanded; it was done: Heav’n and earth and the dreadful gulf below, Of the moon and burning sun, In the dreadful gulf below, Ev’r-more and ev’r-more!

3. He is found in human fashion, Death and sorrow here to know, That the race of And that future years shall see, Ev’r-more and ev’r-more!

4. O that birth for ev’r blessed, When the Vir-gin, full of grace, The Holy Ghost conceiving, Bare the Sav-iour of our race;

5. This is He Whom seers in old time Chant-ed of with one ac-cord; O ye heights of heav’n adore Him; Angel hosts, His prais-es sing;

6. Of the Father’s love begotten, Ere the worlds began to be, He is Alpha and Omega, He the source, the ending He, Of the things that are, that have been, depths of ocean In their three-fold order one; All that grows beneath the shining A-dam’s children Doomed by law to endless woe, May not henceforth die and perish.

7. At His Word the worlds were framed; He commanded; it was done: Heav’n and earth and the dreadful gulf below, Of the moon and burning sun, In the dreadful gulf below, Ev’r-more and ev’r-more!

8. He is found in human fashion, Death and sorrow here to know, That the race of And that future years shall see, Ev’r-more and ev’r-more!

9. O that birth for ev’r blessed, When the Vir-gin, full of grace, The Holy Ghost conceiving, Bare the Sav-iour of our race;

10. This is He Whom seers in old time Chant-ed of with one ac-cord; O ye heights of heav’n adore Him; Angel hosts, His prais-es sing;

11. Of the Father’s love begotten, Ere the worlds began to be, He is Alpha and Omega, He the source, the ending He, Of the things that are, that have been, depths of ocean In their three-fold order one; All that grows beneath the shining A-dam’s children Doomed by law to endless woe, May not henceforth die and perish.

12. At His Word the worlds were framed; He commanded; it was done: Heav’n and earth and the dreadful gulf below, Of the moon and burning sun, In the dreadful gulf below, Ev’r-more and ev’r-more!

13. He is found in human fashion, Death and sorrow here to know, That the race of And that future years shall see, Ev’r-more and ev’r-more!

14. O that birth for ev’r blessed, When the Vir-gin, full of grace, The Holy Ghost conceiving, Bare the Sav-iour of our race;

15. This is He Whom seers in old time Chant-ed of with one ac-cord; O ye heights of heav’n adore Him; Angel hosts, His prais-es sing;

16. Of the Father’s love begotten, Ere the worlds began to be, He is Alpha and Omega, He the source, the ending He, Of the things that are, that have been, depths of ocean In their three-fold order one; All that grows beneath the shining A-dam’s children Doomed by law to endless woe, May not henceforth die and perish.

17. At His Word the worlds were framed; He commanded; it was done: Heav’n and earth and the dreadful gulf below, Of the moon and burning sun, In the dreadful gulf below, Ev’r-more and ev’r-more!

18. He is found in human fashion, Death and sorrow here to know, That the race of And that future years shall see, Ev’r-more and ev’r-more!

19. O that birth for ev’r blessed, When the Vir-gin, full of grace, The Holy Ghost conceiving, Bare the Sav-iour of our race;

20. This is He Whom seers in old time Chant-ed of with one ac-cord; O ye heights of heav’n adore Him; Angel hosts, His prais-es sing;

21. Of the Father’s love begotten, Ere the worlds began to be, He is Alpha and Omega, He the source, the ending He, Of the things that are, that have been, depths of ocean In their three-fold order one; All that grows beneath the shining A-dam’s children Doomed by law to endless woe, May not henceforth die and perish.

22. At His Word the worlds were framed; He commanded; it was done: Heav’n and earth and the dreadful gulf below, Of the moon and burning sun, In the dreadful gulf below, Ev’r-more and ev’r-more!

23. He is found in human fashion, Death and sorrow here to know, That the race of And that future years shall see, Ev’r-more and ev’r-more!

24. O that birth for ev’r blessed, When the Vir-gin, full of grace, The Holy Ghost conceiving, Bare the Sav-iour of our race;

25. This is He Whom seers in old time Chant-ed of with one ac-cord; O ye heights of heav’n adore Him; Angel hosts, His prais-es sing;

26. Of the Father’s love begotten, Ere the worlds began to be, He is Alpha and Omega, He the source, the ending He, Of the things that are, that have been, depths of ocean In their three-fold order one; All that grows beneath the shining A-dam’s children Doomed by law to endless woe, May not henceforth die and perish.

27. At His Word the worlds were framed; He commanded; it was done: Heav’n and earth and the dreadful gulf below, Of the moon and burning sun, In the dreadful gulf below, Ev’r-more and ev’r-more!

28. He is found in human fashion, Death and sorrow here to know, That the race of And that future years shall see, Ev’r-more and ev’r-more!

29. O that birth for ev’r blessed, When the Vir-gin, full of grace, The Holy Ghost conceiving, Bare the Sav-iour of our race;

30. This is He Whom seers in old time Chant-ed of with one ac-cord; O ye heights of heav’n adore Him; Angel hosts, His prais-es sing;
Now and let Ev-er-more! Ev-er-more and Ev-er-more! Ev-er-more and Ev-er-more! Ev-er-more and Ev-er-more!

Righteous King of them that live, On the Fa-ther’s throne ex-alt-ed
Thee let boys in cho-rus sing; Ma-trons, vir-gins, lit-tle maid-ens,
And, O Ho-ly Ghost, to Thee, Hymn and chant with high thanks-giv-ing,

None in might with Thee may strive; Who at last in vengeance com-ing
With glad voi-ces an-swering: Let their guileless songs re-ech-o,
And un-wear-ied prais-es be: Hon-or, glo-ry, and do-min-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
CHRISTMAS

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)

Come! tune your heart, To bear its part, And ceaseless praise;
Exalt His Name; With joy proclaim, God loved the world, and through His Son for-gave us, for-gave us;
Your refuge place In His free grace, Trust in His Name, and day by day repent you, re-pent you;
O Christ, to prove For Thee, my love, In brethren;
Come! praise the Lord; In Heav’n are stored Rich gifts for praise, with praises, with praises;
brate Messiah’s feast with praises, with praises;
world, and through His Son for-gave us, for-gave us;
Name, and day by day repent you, re-pent you;
Thee my hands shall clothe and cherish, and cherish;
those who here His Name esteem ed, esteem ed;
Let love inspire The joyful 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
Alleluia; Alleluia; Rejoice in Christ, and

Love, glad Hymns it raises, it raises. Christ who died to save us, to save us!
pat-tern He hath lent you, hath lent you.
sor-row nigh to perish, to perish.
praise Him ye redeem ed, redeem ed.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
'TWAS IN THE WINTER COLD

A Christmas Morning Hymn

Rev. Charles I. Black (1821–1896)
Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)

1. 'Twas in the winter cold, when earth was desolate and wild,___
2. Then in the manger the poor beast was presented with his Lord;___
   mf 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 undivided;___
5. Light of the ever-lasting morn, Deep through my spirit shine;___

That Angels welcomed at His Birth The ever-lasting 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 Beth-lehem 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

Moderato.

mf

1. The moon shines bright and the stars give a light A little before the day: Our

2. Awake, awake, good people all, Awake, and you shall hear, The

3. O fair, O fair Jerusalem, When shall I come to thee? When

4. The fields were green as green as could be, When from His glorious seat, Our

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
8. Today you may be alive and well, Worth many a thousand pound; To-

will be better for your soul, When your corpse lies on the bier.
morning 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
Rev. H. R. Bramley (1833–1917)

THE INCARNATION

Traditional

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 - uel, here is the Child, The Son that was

Virgin, and sin - less His Birth; The Fa - ther e - ter - nal His
Father on high in the skies; Before Him their faces the
promised to Ma - ry so mild; Whose pow'r and do - min - ion shall

Father a - lone: He sleeps in the man - ger; He reigns on the Throne.
Ser - a - phim hide, While Jo - seph stands wait - ing, un - scared, by His side.
ev - er in - crease, The Prince that shall rule o'er a king - dom of peace.

ff Then let us a - dore Him, and praise His great love,

To save us poor sin - ners He came from a - bove.
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.
ev'er 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.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
God’s dear Son

1. God’s dear Son, without beginning, Whom the wicked Jews did scorn;

mf

2. Bethlehem, King David’s city, Birth-place of that Babe we find,

p

3. No prince-ly place for our Savior In Judea could be found,

ff

The only wise, without all sinning, On this blessed day was born;

God and Man endowed with piety, And the Savior of man-kind:

But sweet Mary’s meek behavior Pa-tient-ly up-on the ground

To save us all from sin and thrall, When we in Satan’s chains were bound;

Yet Jew-ry land, with cruel hand, Both first and last His pow’r de-nied;

Her Babe did place, in vile dis-grace, Where ox-en in their stalls did feed;

And shed His blood to do us good With many a pur-ple bleed-ing wound.

When He was born they did Him scorn, And showed Him mal-ice when He died.

mf

No mid-wife mild had this sweet Child, Nor woman’s help at moth-er’s need.
4. No king-ly robes nor gold-en trea-sure Decked the birth-day of God’s Son;

mf
5. Yet, as Ma-ry sat in sol-ace By our Sav-ior’s cra-dle side,
6. Now to Him that hath redeemed us By His death on ho-ly Rood,

p
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 esteemed us, As to buy us with His Blood,

ff
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-o red here;

mf
No mu-sic’s charms in nurse’s arms To sing that Babe a lul-la-by.
And ev-ery thing to Jew-ry’s King, Through all the world gives cheer-ful sound.
And let us say that Christmas Day Is still the best day in the year.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
**The Babe of Bethlehem**

1. The Babe in Beth-lem's man-ger laid, In hum-ble form so low;  
   **mf** A Sav-i-or! sin-ners all a-round Sing, shout the won-drous word;  
   3. For not to sit on Da-vid's throne With world-ly pomp and joy,

   By wond'ring An-gels is sur-vey'd, Thro' all His scenes of woe.  
   Let ev-ery bo-som hail the sound, A Sav-i-or! Christ the Lord.  
   He came for sin-ners to a-tone, And Sa-tan to de-stroy.

2. **ff** No-él, no-él, Now sing a Sav-ior's Birth; All hail, all hail His com-ing down to earth, Who rais-es us to Heav'n!

4. **mf** To preach the Word of Life Di-vene, And feed with liv-ing Bread,  
   5. He preach-ed, He suf-fered, bled and died, Up-lift 'twixt earth and skies;  
   6. Well may we sing a Sav-ior's Birth, Who need the Grace so giv'n,

   To heal the sick with hand be-nign, And raise to life the dead.  
   In sin-ners' stead was cru-ci-fied, For sin a sac-ri-fice.  
   And hail His com-ing down to earth, Who rais-es us to Heav'n.

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*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 only Son the world to save.
2. Our Savior He, and chiefest good, Like to our own, took flesh and blood.
3. The same that sit-teth thron’d on high, A Babe in lowly 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,

mf O and A, f Bless ye the Lord. Alleluia.

pp Last verse.

pp Additional verses

mf 5. Choosing 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.
How Great Our Joy!

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 today.
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!

from CyberHymnal.org

Jesus in the Manger

1. Why, Most High est, art Thou lying, In a manger poor and
2. On a Mother's breast Thou sleep est, Mother, yet a Virgin
3. Weak the Strong, of strength the Giver: Small, Whose arms creation
low? Thou, the fires of heav'n supplying,
Come a stable's cold to know?
still; Sad, with eyes bedimmed Thou wepest,
Eyes, which Heav'n with gladness fill.
span; Bound, Who only can deliver;
Born is He Whose' er began.

O what works of love stupendous Were salvation's price! Burning

O what works of love stupendous, Je su, Were salvation's price! Burning
1. From far away we come to you, To
2. For as we wandered far and wide, The snow in the street, and the wind on the door, What
3. Under a bent when the night was deep,

tell of great tidings strange and true,
hap do you deem there should us be-tide? Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor,
There lay three shep-herds tending their sheep,

Stand forth on the floor. From far away we come to you, To
For as we wandered far and wide, What
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 shep-herds tending their sheep.
4.  "O ye shepherds, 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 beside;

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,

Stand forth on the floor.
"O ye shepherds, what have ye seen,
"In an ox-stall this night we saw,
There was an old man there beside; His

slay your sorrow and heal your teen?"
"O ye shepherds, what have ye seen,
In an ox-stall this night we saw,
hair was white, and his hood was wide, There was an old man there beside;

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 upon,
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,

Those twain knelt down to the little One, That slew our sorrow and healed our care,” Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor,
Noël, Noël, Noël, we sing!

Stand forth on the floor. And as we gazed this thing upon,
And a marvellous song we straight did hear, That News of a fair and a marvellous thing, No-

Those twain knelt down to the little One, And as we gazed this thing upon, slew our sorrow and healed our care,” And a marvellous song we straight did hear, Noël, Noël, Noël, we sing! News of a fair and a marvellous thing,

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. In Beth-le-hem, that no-ble place, As by the Pro-phet said it was, 
**mf**
2. On Christmas night an An-gel told The shep-herds watch-ing by their fold, 
3. The shep-herds were en-com-passed right, A-bout them shone a glo-ri-ous light, 
**f** Of the Vir-gin Ma-ry, filled with Grace, Sal-va-tor mun-di na-tus est. 
**ff** Be we mer-ry in this Fest, In quo Sal-va-tor na-tus est. 
**mf** 4. “No cause have ye to be a-fraid, For why? this day is Je-sus laid 
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-va-tor mun-di na-tus est. 
The shep-herds then laud-ed God all, Qui-a Sal-va-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 carol-ing, Hark! a voice which
loudly cries, “Mortals, mortals, wake and rise. Lo! to glad-ness Turns your
all this night, Heav’n and ev’ry twinkling light, All a-maz-ing, Still stand
sad-ness: From the earth is ris’n a Sun, Shines all night though day be done.”
gazing; 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’n-ly Pow’rs, Shine in these dark souls of ours. For most du-ly, Thou art
truly God and man, we do confess: Hail, O Sun of Right-eous-ness!

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. Now the Holly bears a berry As white as the milk, And
2. Now the Holly bears a berry As green as the grass, And
3. Now the Holly bears a berry As red as the blood, And
4. Now the Holly bears a berry As black as a coal, And

Mary bore Jesus Who was wrap't 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 Saviour for 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, Christ-en gen-til men, Where-eve-er you may be, Where-eve-er
2. Last night ye shep-herds in ye east Saw many a wondrous thing, Saw many a

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

on ye storm-y sea; For on this morn, this morn, our 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, Chrys-ten gen-til men, Far-ing wher-e'er you may, Far-ing wher-

4. But thinking 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 troublings 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 Chrys 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. oun Chrys is
morn oun Chrys is born That sav-eth you and me.
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 car-

1. Born is our E-man-u-el, As fore-told by Ga-
2. Born is our E-man-u-el, As fore-told by Ga-
3. Where-fore let th’as-sem-bly all Bless, in car-

as____ fest To-day bid us do our best En-deav-or.

such as fest To-day bid us do our____ best En-deav-or.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
Christmas Time is Come Again

1. Christmas time is come again, Christmas pleasures bringing; Let us join our voices now, And Christmas songs be singing. Years ago, one starry night, Thus the story's loud and high, Earth and heav'n rejoices. When we reach that happy place, Joyous praises given, Angel bands o'er Bethlehem's plains, Sang the songs of heaven. Glory be to God on high!

2. Angels sang; let men reply, And children join their voices; Raise the chorus bringing, Then, before our Father's face, We shall still be singing.

Chorus

Peace, goodwill to mortals! Christ the Lord is born tonight, Heav'n throws wide its portals.

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

A DAY, A DAY OF GLORY

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

Arranged by Dr. Charles Wood (1866–1926)

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

A day that tells of triumph 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 enter’d 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, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia,
2. Re-con-cil-lation, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia,
3. Though the cold grows stronger, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia,

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

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

Sam-son lays the temple low: War and strife are done, God and man are one.
Sol-o-mon 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! steward, bid my servants Go forth, and hither call,
   For guests, my friends and neighbors, To sup with me in hall;
   That, at this blessed season, Which comes but once a year,
   We may, as folk in olden days, Rejoice, and make good cheer.'

2. 'Sire, shall I bid the noble, That banquets in his state,
   With purple and fine linen, With gold and silver plate?
   'Nay, bid me not the noble, For he hath got e'now;
   But bring me in the country man, That liveth by the plow.'

3. 'Sire, shall I bid in Di vos, For it is very plain,
   If ye give him a banquet, He'll banquet you again?
   'Nay, bid not hither Di vos, For it shall ne'er be thus,
   But go among the alley lanes, And fetch in Lazarus.'
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 caravellas, 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 ban-dog 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 manger, 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-gel 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 tuneless 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,

Constrain’d, as I hear tell, Out-side, out-side a churl-ish inn to
Yet, Babe, Thou know’st that I As-say, as-say my best, a lul-la-
Or if my voice be Base, Now flat, now flat, now sharp, be-ref of
And where ’tis out of joint, Canst make, canst make my false true coun-

dwell, Out-side, out-side a churl-ish inn to dwell.
by, As-say, as-say my best, a lul-la-by.
grace, Now flat, now flat, now sharp, be-ref of grace.
point, Canst make, canst make my false true coun-

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
CHRISTMAS

MAKE we JOY NOW IN THIS FEST

Old English Carol

Chorus

Make we joy now in this fest  In quo Christus natus est.  E - ia.

Verse

1. A Pa - tre U - ni-gén - i - tus  Is through a maid - en come to us:
2. A - grós - cat o - mne sa - cu - lum,  A bright star made three kings to come,
3. A so - lis or - tus cár - di - ne  So mighty a Lord is none as He;

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

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,

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

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
**PUER NATUS IN BETHLEHEM**

(A Babe is Born in Bethlehem)

*From *Piæ Cantiones*, 1582*

1. *Puer natus in Bélthelém, Al-le-lú-ia.*
2. *As-súm-psit car-nem hó-mi-nis, Al-le-lú-ia.*
4. *De ma-tre na-tus vir-gi-ne, Al-le-lú-ia.*

5. *Sí-ne ser-pén-tis vúl-ne-re, Al-le-lú-ia.*
6. *In car-ne no-bis sí-mi-lis, Al-le-lú-ia.*
7. *Tam-quam spon-sus de thál-a-mo, Al-le-lú-ia.*


Ver-bum Pa-trís al-tís-si-mi, Al-le-lú-ia.

Vir-go con-ce-pit Fí-li-um, Al-le-lú-ia.

Si-ne vi ri-li sé-mi-ne, Al-le-lú-ia.

De nos-tró ve-nit sán-gui-ne, Al-le-lú-ia.

Pec-cá-to sed dis-sí-mi-lis, Al-le-lú-ia.

Pro-cés-sit ma-tris ú-te-ro, Al-le-lú-ia.

Qui re-gnat si-ne té-rmi-no. Al-le-lú-ia.
Cantiones is found in the soprano, while the tenor is retained as the tenor.

Quod Pu-er e-rat Dó-mi-nus, Al-le-lú-ia.
Re-vé-lat Quis sit Dó-mi-nus, Al-le-lú-ia.
Au-rum, thus, myr-ham óf-fe-runt. Al-le-lú-ia.

In-trántes do-mum in-vicem, Al-le-lú-ia.
In hoc na-tá-li gáu-di-o, Al-le-lú-ia.
Lau-dé-tur san-ccta Trí-ni-tas, 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-as, 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-sus’s sake, With-in your hearts His cra-dle make:

3. Be-neth 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,

---

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

---

Puer nobis nascitur

Piæ Cantiones
Up on those lovely lips of His: Jesus, your hearts' desire and bliss.
Who nurs'd Him sweetly on her knee, As told it was by prophecy.

7. By, by, lul-lay before Him sing; Go, wind the horn, and pluck the string,
8. Thus, Babe, I minister to Thee, E'en as Thine Angels wait on me:

Till all the place with music ring; And bid one prayer to Christ the King.
Thy rud-dy coun-te-nance I see, And tiny hands outstretch'd to me.

9. Sleep, in my soul en-shrin-ed rest: Here find Thy cradle neatly drest:
10. Now chant we merri ly io With such as play in órga no;

For-sake me not, when sore distress, Em-man-uel, my Brother blest.
And with the sing ers in cho ro Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919


Words and tune (14th cent.) from *Pie Cantiones*, 1582

**PUER NOBIS NASCITUR**

Arranged by G.H. Palmer

**To be sung in Unison.**

1. *Puer nobis nascitur* 
   *Recto An-ge-lorum, In hoc mund-o*

2. *In pra-se-pe* 
   *Foe-no a si-nó-rum Co-gno-ve-runt*

3. *Hunc He-ro-des* 
   *Ma-gno cum tre-mó-re In in-fán-tes*

4. *Qui natus ex Ma-rí-a* 
   *Dí-c ho-di-ér-na Duc nos tu-á*

5. *Te Sal-vá-tor A et O* 
   *Can-té-mus in cho-ro, Can-té-mus in*

   *Do-mi-num Chris-tum Re-gem cae-ló-rum, Chris-tum Re-gem cae-ló-rum.*
   *Ir-ru-it Hos cae-dens in fu-ró-re, Hos cae-dens in fu-ró-re.*
   *Grá-ti-a Ad gáu-di-a su-pér-na, Ad gáu-di-a su-pér-na.*
   *Ór-ga-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no.*

(The same, in English)

1. *Unto us is born a Son, King of Quires su-per-nal:* 
   *See on earth His*

2. *Christ, from heav’n descending low,* 
   *Comes on earth a stran-ger:* 
   *Ox and ass their*

3. *This did Her-od sore af-fray, And griev-ous ly be-wil-der,* 
   *So he gave the*

4. *Of His love and mer-cy mild* 
   *This the Christmas sto-ry:* 
   *And O that Ma-ry’s*

5. *O et A et A et O, Cam cán-ti-bus in cho-ro, Cam cán-ti-cis et*

6. *Life be-gun, Of lords the Lord e-ter-nal,* 
   *Of lords the Lord e-ter-nal,*
   *Own-er know Be-cra-dled in the man-ger, Be-cra-dled in the man-ger.*
   *Word to say, And slew the lit-tle chil-der, And slew the lit-tle chil-der.*
   *Gen-tle Child might lead us up to glo-ry, Might lead us up to glo-ry!*
   *Ór-ga-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no.*

From *The Cowley Carol Book*, 1919.
CHRISTMAS

To us is born a little Child
(Parvulus nobis nascitur)

1st Century

Translated by Wm. John Blew (1808–1894)

J.S. Bach (1685–1750)

Ach! bleib bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ

1. To us is born a little Child Of Mary, maiden-mother mild;
2. Our King of Glory, Him have we, The Lord of victory:
3. That dear, through Him, to God we be, From death delivered and set free:
4. Now, masters all, full sweetly sing Hosanna to our Babbling;

Whom Angels laud with service sweet,
The Father's solebegotten Son
Our death wounds heal'd by His, despite
That hath but manager for His bed,

Let us His own poor servants greet.
Lightning the angels as they run.
That dark old Dragon's deadly bite.
And straw where, 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 Herod heard the Magges' word, He smote the babes asunder
4. Now, faith ful quire, bless God the Sire, Bless God the Spirit Holy,

When Angelick Host Entuned

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

1. When an Angel host entuned Anthem sweet and airy
2. When, with honesty, herd-men brought But from the dairy
3. When three pilgrim kings unlockt Each his cas ket, sparrow
4. 'Glo ry be to God on high, God, who can not vary'

O'er the Child, meek and mild, Of the Virgin Mary;
To the One Holy 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)

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,
4. Then was ful - fill'd the thing fore - told, E - ia, E - ia,
5. Arm - ies An - gel - ic sang for mirth Cun Ma - ri - a,
6. Gló - ri - a ti - bi, Dó - mi - ne, Al - le - lu - ia,

7. Je - sus, the Son of God was born, No - el, No - el, No - el.
For to a - dore the Babe Je - su, At Beth -lem Eph-ra - tha.

Additional Verses

Mar - vel-lous glad o'er Je - sus'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. Beholde a sely ten-der Babe In free-sing win-ter nightes,
2. De-spise not Him for ly-ing there, First what He is en-quire:
3. This sta-ble is a Prin-ce’s court, The cribbe His chaire of state:
4. With joye ap-proch, O Christ-en wighte, Do hom-age to thy Kinge:

In home-ly man-ger trem-bling lies: A-las, a pit-iou-sighte:
An or-i-ent perle is of-ten found In depth of dir-ty mire.
The beasts are par-cell of His pompe, The wod-den dishe His plate.
And high-ly prise this hum-ble pompe, Which He from heav’n doth bring:

The inns are full, no man will yelde This lit-tle Pil-grime bedd:
Waye not His cribbe, His wod-den dishe, Nor beastes that by Him feede:
The par-sons in that poor at-tire His roy-all live ries wearde:
With joye ap-proch, O Christ-en wighte, Do hom-age to thy Kinge:

But forced He is with sely beastes In cribbe to shroude His headd.
Waye not His Moth-er’s poore at-tire, Nor Jo-sephe’s sim-ple weede.
The Prince Him-self is come from heav’n, This pompe is pris-èd there.
And high-ly prise this hum-ble pompe, Which He from heav’n doth bring.

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
Anonymous, 14th Century

Quem Pastores

Arranged by Rev. J.R. Lunn, B.D.

Arranged by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

Music from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919, Words from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com

from ChristmasCarolMusic.org
Christmas

Christmas Song

William Bright (1824–1901)

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)

1. Once a - gain O bless - ed time, thank - ful hearts em - brace thee:
2. Once a - gain the Ho - ly Night Breathes its bless - ing ten - der;
3. Wel - come Thou to souls a - thirst, Fount of end - less plea - sure;

If we lost thy fes - tal chime, What could e' er re - place thee? What could
Once a - gain the Man - ger Light Sheds its gen - tle splen - dor, Sheds its
Gates of Hell may do their worst, While we clasp our Tre - sure, While we

e' er re - place thee? Change will dark - en ma - ny a day, Ma - ny a bond dis -
gen - tle splen - dor; O could tongues by An - gels taught Speak our ex - ul -
clasp our Tre - sure: Wel - come, though an age like this Puts Thy Name on

sev - er; Ma - ny a joy shall pass a - way, But the “Great Joy” nev - er!
ta - tion In the Vir - gin's Child that brought All man - kind Sal - va - tion.
tri - al, And the Truth that makes our bliss Pleases a - gainst de - ni - al!

But the “Great Joy” nev - er, But the “Great Joy” nev - er!
All man - kind Sal - va - tion, All man - kind Sal - va - tion.
Pleas a - gainst de - ni - al, Pleas a - gainst de - ni - al!
4. Yea, if others stand a-part, We will press the nearer; Yea, O best fra-
5. So we yield Thee all we can, Worship, thanks, and bless ing; Thee true God, and
6. Thou that once,’mid stable cold, Wast in babe-clothes lying, Thou whose Al-

ter nal Heart, We will hold Thee dear er, We will hold Thee
Thee true Man On our knees con fess ing, On our knees con-
veils en fold Pow’r and Life und y ing, Pow’r and Life un-

dear 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 Christmas morn ing,
vo tion, Bathe us, O most true and sweet! In Thy Mer cy’s o cean.
deavor, Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth In our praise for ev er.

Born on Christmas morn ing, Born on Christ mas morn ing.”
ff 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

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

Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)

Allegretto non troppo.

1. The Vir-gin stills the cry-ing, Of Je-sus, sleep-less ly-ing;

2. O Lamb, my love in-vit-ing, O Star, my soul de-light-ing,

3. My Child, of Might in-dwell-ing, My Sweet, all sweets ex-cell-ing,

And sing-ing for His plea-sure, Thus calls up-on her Tre-a sure,

O Flow’r of mine own bear-ing, O Jew-el past com-par-ing!

Of bliss the Foun-tain flow-ing, The Day-spring ev-er glow-ing,

“My Dar-ling, do not weep, My Je-sus, sleep!”

10.

4. My Joy, my Ex-ul-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 Bro-ther, O lis-ten to Thy Mo-ther!

Or is fit mu-sic want-ing? Ho! An-gels, raise your chant-ing!

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
   ladder so high, That its foot was on earth, and its top in the sky.
   Hal-le-lu-jah to Jesus, who died on the Tree, And hath rais'd up a

2. This ladder is long, it is strong and well-made, Has stood hundreds of
   years and is not yet decayed; Many millions have climbed it and
   reached Sion's hill, And thousands by faith are climbing it still.
   faith we pass o'er, Some Prophet or Martyr hath trod it before.
   Hal-le-lu-jah to Jesus, who died on the Tree, And hath rais'd up a

3. Come let us ascend: all may climb it who will; For the Angels of
   ladder so high, That its foot was on earth, and its top in the sky.
   mansions of bliss:” O, who would not climb such a ladder as this?
   ladder of mercy for me, And hath rais'd up a ladder of mercy for me.

4. And when we arrive at the haven of rest We shall hear the glad
   ladder so high, That its foot was on earth, and its top in the sky.
   ladder so high, That its foot was on earth, and its top in the sky.
   ladder of mercy for me, And hath rais'd up a ladder of mercy for me.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
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 heavens 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 splendor 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 divine banks with popular 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 Divine. 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:

vines, 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-ureous trance was past, that so my sense could bind,
5. I hast-en'd to a low-roofed shed, for so the An-gel bade;

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:

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 morning's gra-cious hour,
Re-
For Li-on's strength, im-mort-al might, was in that new-born Child;

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:

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
SWEET WAS THE SONG THE VIRGIN SUNG

From William Ballet's *Lute Book*, c. 1600

**At a moderate pace.**

From William Ballet's *Lute Book*, c. 1600

**Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)**

```
22
16
11
10
9
8

Sweet was the song the Virgin sung, When she, when she to Bethlem Juda came, And was delivered of a Son, That blessed Jesus hath to name.

Lul-la, lul-la, lu-la, lul-la-by, Lu-la, lu-la, lu-la, lul-la-by, sweet Babe, sung

she, My Son, and eke a Savior born, Who hast vouch-safed from on high To

To visit us that were forlorn; La-lu-la, la-lu-la, la-lu-la-
```

To visit us
**Christmas**

by, *p* sweet babe, sang she, And rock’d Him sweet-ly on her knee.

from *The Cowley Carol Book, 1919*

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**Still, Still, Still**

Traditional Austrian

Salzburg Melody, c. 1819

Die Eng-lein tun schön ju-bi-lier-en, Bei dem Krip-plein
Ma-ri-a tut es nie-der-sing-en Ihr-e keu-sche
Gott hat den Him-mels-thron ver-las-sen 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!
ster-ben müs-sen. Wir, wir, wir, Wir ruf-en all zu dir.

from *Salzburgische Volks-Lieder, 1865*
Karl Enslin (1819–1875)

CHristmas

Kling Glöckchen

Traditional German

1. Laßt mich ein, ihr Kinder!
   Ist so kalt der Winter!

2. Mädchens, hört, und Bübchen,
   Macht mir auf das Stübchen!

3. Hell er-glühen die Kerzen,
   Öffnet mir die Herzen,

Kling, Glöckchen kling-e-ling-e-ling!

Öffnet mir die Türen!
Bringe euch vie-le Gaben,
Will drin wohnen fröhlich,

Kling, Glöckchen kling-e-ling-e-ling!

from The Wartburg Hymnal, 1918
Traditional Polish Carol

Translation by Edith M. G. Reed (1885–1933)

Arrangement by Edith M. G. Reed (1885–1933)

**Infant Holy, Infant Lowly**

*(W Żłobie Leży)*

1. In-fant ho-ly, in-fant low-ly
   For His bed a cat-tle stall;

2. Flocks were sleep-ing, shepherds keep-ing
   Vi-gil till the morn-ing new

Ox-en low-ing, lit-tle know-ing,
Saw the glo-ry, heard the sto-ry,
Christ the Babe, is Lord of all.

Swift are wing-ing an-gels sing-ing,
Thus re-joic-ing, free from sor-row,
No-ëls ring-ing,
Prais-es voic-ing

tid-ings bring-ing: Christ the Babe is Lord of all.
greet the mor-row: Christ the Babe was born for all.
**IL EST NÉ LE DIVIN ENFANT**

Anonymous

17th century French melody

Arranged by Bernard Dewagtere

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1. Depuis plus de quatre mille ans, Nous le promettaient les prophètes, Depuis plus de quatre mille ans, Nous attendions ces heureux temps.

2. Une étagère est son logement, Un peu de paille est sa couche-tête, Une étagère est son logement, pour un Dieu quel(e) dénuement!

3. O Jésus, ô roi tout puissant, Tout petit enfant que vous êtes, O Jésus, ô roi tout puissant, Régnerez sur nous entièrement.

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from www.free-scores.com
Noël Nouvelet

15th Century French Carol from Le Grande Bible des Noëls

Translated by P.S.B.

1. “No - él nou - ve - let,” come let us sing “no - él;”
2. Prais - es to our Lord, our Sav - ior Je - sus Christ,

Let us faith - ful folk, cry out our thanks to God!
Come to earth as man, as man to live and die,

Sing we “no - él,” un - to the ti - ny King,
Chan - tons No - él pour le Roi nou - ve - let!

“No - él nou - ve - let,” come let us sing “no -él;”
No - él nou - ve - let, No - él chan - tons i - ci!”
Catalanian

\[ \text{\textcopyright 1871 Published by Novello, company or other person.}\]

1. Twentieth-fifth day of December, Fum, fum, fum!
2. Praise we now the Lord above, Fum, fum, fum!

For a blessed Babe was born Up on this day at break of morn
In a manger poor and lowly Lay the

2. Praise we now the Lord above, Fum, fum, fum!

Now we fum!

Son of God most holy Fum, fum, fum!
For a

For a
HACIA BELÉN VA UNA BURRA

Ma-ri-a Ma-ri-a ven-a-cá corrien-do que el cho-co-la-ti-llo se lo están comien-do.
Ma-ri-a Ma-ri-a ve a-cá vo-lan-do que los paña-li-tos los es-tán lle-van-do.

1. Ha-cia Be-lén va u-na bu-ra rin rin yo me remen-da-ba yo me remen-de, yo me eché un re-
2. En el por-tal de Be-lén rin rin rin yo me remen-da-ba yo me remen-de, yo me eché un re-
3. En el por-tal de Be-lén rin rin rin rin yo me remen-da-ba yo me remen-de, yo me eché un re-

miendo yo me lo qui-té, car-ga-da de cho-co-la-te. Lle-va su cho-
miendo yo me lo qui-té, han en-tra-do los ra-to-nes. Y al beu-no
miendo yo me lo qui-té, gi-ta-ni-llos han en-tra-do Y al Niño

rin rin rin rin,
Riu Riu Chiu

Mateo Flecha el Viejo (1481-1553)

Riu, riu Chiu la guarda ribera. Dios guardo el lobo de nuestra cor-
dera. Dios guardo el lobo de nuestra cor-
dera.

Dios guardo el lobo, el lobo de nuestra cor-
dera. Dios guardo el lobo, el lobo de nuestra cor-
dera.

1. El lobo rabioso la quisomorder; Mas Dios po-de-ro-so la su-po de-fender;

D.S.

Quizo-le hazer que no pudiesse pe-car, Ni aun o-ri-gi-nal es-ta Virgen 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 ves-ti-do;
Hanos re-di-mi-do con se hazer chiquito; A un quera in-fi-ni-to fi-ni-to ses hi-zie-ra.

36. Muchas pro-fe-ci-as lo-an pro-fe-ti-za-do Ya un en nuestra di-as lo hemos al con-ca-do

A dios humana-do ve-mos en el cielo Y al hombre nel cie-lo pues quel le quiste-ra.

44. Yo vi mil’gar-ço-nes que an duan cantan-do Por a-qui bolan-do ha-zien-do milso-nes

Duzien do a-ga-scones Gloria sean el cielo Y pas en el sue-lo pues le-su nascie-ra.

52. Es-te viene a dar a-los muertos vi-da Y vie-ne a re-parar de todos la sa-y-da

Es la luz del Di-a a ques-te mocue-lo Es-tes al dor-de-ro Que San Juan di-xe-ra.

60. Mi-ra bien que os cuad-cre que an-si na l'o-ye-ra Que Dios no pudie-ra ha-zer-la mas que Ma-dre

El que-ra su Pa-dre oy d'ella nas-çio Y el que la cri-o su hi-jo se di-xe-ra.

72. Pues que ya-te ne-mos lo que des-se a-mos Todos luntos va-mos pre-sen-tes lle-ve-mos

Todos le da-re-mos Nue-stra vo-lut-tad Pues as-ci-gu-al-ar con el hombre vi-nie-ra.

from cpdl.org
**IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER**

Christina Rosetti (1830–1894)  
Moderato e tranquillo

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Soprano Solo 1. In the bleak mid-winter, frosty wind made moan,  
Tenor Solo 3. Enough for Him, whom Cherubim, Worship night and day,  

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.  

Fall down before, The ox and ass and camel, Which adore.  

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2. Our God, Heav’n cannot hold Him, Nor earth sustain; Heav’n and earth shall
flee away, When He comes to reign._ In the bleak midwinter, A stable place suf-
ficed the Lord God Almighty Jesus Christ.

4. What can I give Him, Poor as I am? 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, give my heart.
1. In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,
2. Our God, Heav’n can not hold Him Nor earth sustain;
3. Enough for Him, whom Cher-ubim Wor-ship night and day,
4. Angels and archangels May have gath-ered there
5. What can I give Him, Poor as I am?

Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone,
Heav’n and earth shall flee a-way When He comes to reign;
A breast-ful of milk, And a man-ger-ful of hay:
Cher-ubim and Ser-a-phim Thronged the air
If I were a shep-herd I would bring a lamb;

Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed
Enough for Him, whom angels fell down be-fore,
But only His mother In her maid-en bliss
If I were a wise man I would do my part;

In the bleak midwinter, Long a-go.
The Lord God Al-mighty, Je-sus Christ.
The ox and ass and camel which adore.
Wor-shipped the Be-loved with a kiss.
Yet what I can, I give Him, Give my heart.

from CantateDomina.org
CHRISTMAS

LÆTENTUR CAELI

Rev. Hubert Gruender, S.J.

Lætentur Cæli et ex-sul-tet ter-ra, et ex-sul-tet ter-ra

Læ-tén-tur Cæ-li et ex-sul-tet ter-ra, et ex-sul-tet ter-ra an-

Læ-tén-tur Cæ-li et ex-sul-tet ter-ra, et ex-sul-tet ter-ra an-

Læ-tén-tur Cæ-li et ex-sul-tet ter-ra. Læ-tén-tur Cæ-li et ex-

Læ-tén-tur Cæ-li. An-te


Læ-tén-tur Cæ-li. Quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-

fæ-ciem Dó-mi-ni. Quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-

fæ-ciem Dó-mi-ni. Quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-

fæ-ciem Dó-mi-ni. Quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-

fæ-ciem Dó-mi-ni. Quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-

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fæ-ciem Dó-mi-ni. Quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-

fæ-ciem Dó-mi-ni. Quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-

fæ-ciem Dó-mi-ni. Quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-

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fæ-ciem Dó-mi-ni. Quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-

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fæ-ciem Dó-mi-ni. Quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-

fæ-ciem Dó-mi-ni. Quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-

fæ-ciem Dó-mi-ni. Quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-ni-am ve-nit, quo-
1st Angel 2. Let all your Fears be banished hence. Glad tidings I proclaim, For there's a Savior quit your Flocks, to Bethlehem repair; And let your wandering
Palaces; Nor Royal curtains draw; But search the Stable,

Glad to

1st Angel 3. Lay down your crooks, and Glad to

1st Angel 4. Seek not in Courts or Glad to

Glad to

born today, and Jesus is His name, and Jesus is His name. steps be squared by yonder shining Star, by yonder shining Star. see your God extended on the Straw, extended on the Straw.
Narrator 6. The mas-ter of the inn re-fus’d a more com- mo-dious place; Un-
Narrator 9. Then sud-den-ly a Heav’n-ly Host a-round the Shep-herds throng. Ex-
Grand Chorus 10. To God the Fa-ther, Christ the Son, and Ho-ly Ghost ac-cord; The

gen’rous Soul of sav-age mold, and des-ti-tute of Grace, and
ult-ing in the three-fold God, and thus ad-dress their song, and
first and last, the last and first, Ex-ternal praise af-ford, Ex-

des-ti-tute of Grace. thus ad-dress their song. 1st Angel 7. Ex-ult ye Ox-en,
ter-nal praise af-ford. 1st Angel 8. The Roy-al guest you

ye is
low for joy, ye Ten-ants of the Stall, Pay your o-bei-sance;
en-ter-tain is not of com-mon Birth, but sec-ond to the

ye is
on your knees U-nan-i-mous-ly fall, U-nan-i-mous-ly fall.
Great I Am; the God of heav’n and earth, the God of heav’n and earth.

from www.cpdl.org
Lullay myn lyking, my dere sonne, my sweet-ing. Lullay my dere herte, myn own dere der-ling.

Lullay myn lyking, my dere sonne, my sweet-ing. Lullay my dere herte, myn own dere der-ling.

Lullay myn lyking, my dere sonne, my sweet-ing. Lullay my dere herte, myn own dere der-ling.
He sang their o\nfrom Twelve Christmas Carols, 1912, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
Mrs. Alderson

In Terra Pax

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)

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!

4. 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,

5. 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,
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 re-

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rall.

storing. And Peace Eternal, Jesus, grant, we pray.
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, On that auspicious morn,

Now He again is born, Now He again is born, Now He again is born, Now He again is born.

1.

2.
TOLLITE HOSTIAS

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835–1921)

**CHRISTMAS**

**GAUDETE**

15th Century

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2. De-us ho-mo factus est na-tú-ra mirán-te, Mundus re-no-vátus est a Christo regnán-te.
3. E-ze-chielis por-ta clau-sa pertrán-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 lu-stro, Be-ne-di-cat Dómi-no, sa-lus Re-gi nostro.

Chorus and text of verses from *Piae Cantiones, 1582*, via imslp.org. Melody of verses from www.cpdl.org

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**GLORIOUS, BEAUTEOUS, GOLDEN-BRIGHT**

Anna M. E. Nichols

Maria Tiddeman (1837–1915)

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1. Glor-i-ous, beau-téous, gol-den-bright, Shed-ding soft est pur-est
2. But the stars’ sweet gold-en gleam Fad-ed quick-ly as a

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light, Shone the stars that Christ-mas night, When the
dream 'Mid the won-drous glo-ry stream, That il-

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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 availed, 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)

Redemptóris Mater, quæ pér-vi-a cæ-li porta

Alma Redemptóris Mater, quæ pér-vi-a cæ-li porta

ma-nes, Et stella ma-ris, succúr-re ca-dén-ti, sûr-ge-re qui cu-rat pó-pu-

ma-nes, Et stella ma-ris, succúr-re ca-dén-ti, sûr-ge-re qui cu-rat pó-pu-

ma-nes, Et stella ma-ris, succúr-re ca-dén-ti, sûr-gere qui cu-rat pó-pu-

lo: Tu quæ genu-í-sti, na-tú-ra mirán-te, tu-um san-ctum Ge-ni-tó-rem: Vir-

lo: Tu quæ genu-í-sti, na-tú-ra mirán-te, tu-um san-ctum Ge-ni-tó-rem: Vir-

lo: Tu quæ genu-í-sti, na-tú-ra mirán-te, tu-um san-ctum Ge-ni-tó-rem:

Tu quæ genu-í-sti, na-tú-ra mirán-te, tu-um san-ctum Ge-ni-tó-rem:
O magnum mysté-ri-um et ad-mi-rá-bi-le sacra-mén- tum.
O magnum mysté-ri-um et ad-mi-rá-bi-le sacra-
mén-tum. O magnum my-
sté-
mén-
tum. O magnum my-

sté-
cra-mén-
tum. O magnum my-

sté-
cra-mén-
tum. O magnum my-

sté-
cra-mén-
tum. O magnum my-

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CHRISTMAS

O MAGNUM MYSTERIUM

Tomás Luis de Victoria (c. 1548–1611)
ut animáli-a vi-dé-rent Dómi-num natum, vi-dé-rent Dómi-num

a-ni-má-li-a, ut a-ni-má-li-a vi-dé-rent Dómi-num natum, vi-dé-rent Dómi-num

a-ni-má-li-a vi-dé-rent Dómi-num natum,
O beáta virgo cu-jus ví-sce-ra me rué-

O beáta virgo cu-jus ví-sce-ra me rué-

runt portá-re Dó-mi-num Je-sum Chi-stum. Al-le-lú-ja, Al-

runt portá-re Dó-minum Je-sum Chi-stum. Al-le-lú-ja, Al-

runt portá-re Dó-mi-num Je-sum Chi-stum. Al-le-lú-ja, Al-

le-lú-ja, Al-le-lú-ja, Al-le-lú-ja, Al-le-lú-ja, Al-le-lú-ja, Al-le-

le-lú-ja, Al-le-lú-ja, Al-le-lú-ja, Al-le-lú-ja, Al-le-lú-ja, Al-le-

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Al-le-lú-ja, Al-le-lú-ja, Al-le-lú-ja, Al-le-lú-ja, Al-le-lú-ja, Alle-
**Personent Hodie**

from *Piae Cantiones*, 1582

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1914)

**Pér-só-nent hó-di-e vo-ces pu - é - ru-læ, lau-dán-tes ju-cún-de**

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-ne-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-

et de vir-, vir-, vir-, et de vir-gí-ne-o ven - tre pro - cre - á - tus.

stá - bu-lo bru - tō - 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,

au - rum thus, thus, thus, au - rum thus, et myrrham E - i of - fe - rén - do.

Ad - ven - ís - ti mun - do, lau-des Ti - bi fun - do. Id - e - o, -o, -o,

id - e - o, -o, -o, id - e - o, glo - ri - a in ex - cèl-sis De - o.
Words from *Piae Cantiones*, 1582

**PERSONENT HODIE**

Arranged by Gustav Holst (1874–1934)

1. Pér-sonent hó-di-e vo-ces pu-é-ru-læ, lau-dán-tæs
2. In mundo ná-sci-tur, panni in-vól-vi-tur, præ-sé-pi
3. Ma-gi tres ve-né-runt, pár-vul-um in quir-unt, Béth-le-hem

ju-cúnde Qui nobis est na-tus, summo De-o da-tus, et de vir-, vir-, vir-
pó-ni-tur stá-bu-lo bru-tó-rum, rec-tor super-nó-rum, pér-di-dit, -dit, -dit,
ád-e-unt, stél-lulam se-quén-do, ip-sum ad-o-rán-do, aurum thus, thus, thus,
án-ge-li: Ad-venás-ti mun-do, laud-es Ti-bi fun-do. Id-e-o, -o, -o,

et de vir-, vir-, vir-, et de vir-gi-ne-o ven-tre procre-á-tus.
aurum thus, thus, thus, aurum thus, et myrrham E-i of-fe-rén-do.
íd-e-o, -o, -o, íd-e-o, gló-ri-a in ex-cél-sis De-o.
Ring Out, Wild Bells

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.

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,

5. Fly ing cloud, the frosty light:
Ring, happy bells across the snow:
For those that here we see no more:
And ancient forms of party strife:

9. Year is dying in the night;
Year is going, let him go;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,

13. Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring in redress 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,

The faithless coldness of the times:
The civic slander and the spite:
Ring out the 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.
First verse, traditional

Other verses, Robert Burns (1759–1796)

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days of auld lang syne? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days of auld lang syne?

2. We twa hae run a boot the braes, And pu'd the gow'ans fine; But we've wander'd mony a weary foot, Sin' auld lang syne. But seas betwixt us braed ba'er roared Sin' auld lang syne. We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

3. We twa hae sported i' the burn, Frae mornin' sun till dine, We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne. We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

4. And here's a hand, my trusty frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne;

We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne. We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne.