A COLLECTION
of
Christmas Carols

SELECTED, TRANSCRIBED, AND EDITED
by
BENJAMIN BLOOMFIELD

Sixth edition, 20 December 2022
This work is free of known copyright restrictions.
The latest version of this book is always available at: http://aCollectionOfChristmasCarols.com
Cover artwork, Song of the Angels, painted in 1881 by William-Andolphe Bouguereau; downloaded from wikipaintings.org
Inside cover artwork illustrated by Arthur Hughes, as found in Christmas Carols, New and Old; downloaded from http://www.ccel.org/b/bramley/carols/jpg-hires/0001-i.jpg
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ad cantus lætitiae</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adeste Fideles</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All my heart this night rejoices</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All this night bright angels sing</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alma Redemptoris Mater</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Although at Yule it Bloweth Cool</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Angel Gabriel</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angels from the Realms of Glory</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angels We Have Heard on High</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angelus ad Virginem</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As Jacob with travel was weary one day</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As Lately We Watched</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As With Gladness Men of Old</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auld Lang Syne</td>
<td>206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ave Jesu Deus</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Away in a Manger</td>
<td>28, 29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Babe of Bethlehem</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behold a sely tender babe</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blessed be that Maid Marie</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Boar’s Head Carol</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bring a Torch, Jeannette, Isabella!</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carol for Christmas Day</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Carol for Christmas Eve</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carol for Christmas Eve</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carol of the Bells</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carol of the Birds</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carol of the Shepherds</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Child this day is born</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ Was Born on Christmas Day</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christians, Awake, Salute the Happy Morn</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas Bells</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas Day</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas is Coming</td>
<td>9, 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Christmas Round</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas Song</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas Time is Come Again</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chrystmasse of Olde</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come All Ye Shepherds</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come Thou Long Expected Jesus</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come! Tune Your Heart</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come Ye Lofty</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conditor alme siderum</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Congaudeat turbia fidelium</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corde Natus</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Coventry Carol</td>
<td>62, 63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cradle Hymn</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Cradle-Song of the Blessed Virgin</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Creator alme siderum</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dashing through the snow</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Day, a Day of Glory</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deck the Hall</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ding dong ding</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ding Dong Merrily on High</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earth Today Rejoices</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Es ist ein Ros entsprungen</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The first good joy that Mary had</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The First Noël</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flos de radice Jesse</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Friendly Beasts</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Church to Church</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From far away</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Heaven High I Come to You</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fum, Fum, Fum</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gaudete</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glad Christmas Bells</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glorious, Beauteous, Golden-Bright</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gloucestershire Wassail</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God Loved the World</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good rest you Chrysten gentilmen</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God’s dear Son</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Golden Carol</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good Christian Men, Rejoice</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good King Wenceslas</td>
<td>42, 43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good people all, this Christmas time</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Great God of Heaven is come down to earth</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hacia Belén va una burra</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail! Holy Child, Lain In An Oxen Manger</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! a Herald Voice is Calling</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! how the bells</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! the Herald Angels Sing</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here we come a wassailing</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ho! Steward, Bid My Servants</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hodie Christus natus est</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Holly and the Ivy</td>
<td>96, 97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How Great Our Joy!</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hymn for Christmas Day</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I saw a fair Mayden zytin and sing</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Saw Three Ships</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If angels sung a Savior’s birth</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Il est né le divin Enfant</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Bethlehem, that noble place</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Dulci Jubilo</td>
<td>70, 71, 72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In natali Domini</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Terra Pax</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the Bleak Midwinter</td>
<td>180, 182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Incarnation</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Infant Holy, Infant Lowly</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Infant of days, yet Lord of Life</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It Came Upon the Midnight Clear</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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.
O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL

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

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

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

3. O come, Thou Lord of might, Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai’s height;
   In ancient times didst give the Law, In cloud, and majesty and awe.

4. O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free Thine own from Satan’s tyranny;
   From depths of hell Thy people save, And give them victory o’er the grave.

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.
ADVENT

VENI, VENI, EMMANUEL

1. Veni, veni, Emmanuel capi-vum sol-ve Is-rael,
qui ge-mit in ex-si-li-o, pri-vá-tus De-i Fí-li-o.
Gau-de! Gau-de! Em-má-nu-el, na-scé-tur pro te Is-ra-el!
fac i-ter tu-tum sú-pe-rum, et clau-de vi-as in-fe-rum.

2. Veni, O Sa-pí-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.


4. Veni, O Jes-se vír-gu-la, ex hos-tis tu-os ún-gu-la,
de spec-tu tu-os tá-ra-ti e-duc et an-tro bá-ra-thri.

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

6. Veni, veni, O O-rí-ens, 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, veni, Rex Gén-ti-um, ve-ni, Redémp-tor óm-ni-um,
ut sal-vas tu-os fá-mu-los pec-cá-ti si-bi cón-sci-os.
Come Thou Long Expected Jesus

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)  Cross of Jesus, Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

Come, Thou long expected Jesus, born to set Thy people free;
Is-rael's strength and con-so-la-tion, hope of all the earth Thou art:
Born Thy people to de-liv-er, born a child, and yet a king,
By Thine own e-ter-nal Spi-rit rule in all our hearts a-lone;

from our fears and sins re-lease us, let us find our rest in Thee.
dear de-sire of ev’ry na-tion, joy of ev’ry long-ing heart.
born to reign in us for ev-ver, now Thy gra-cious king-dom bring.
by Thy grace, help us to mer-it life e-ter-nal at Thy throne.

Come Thou Long Expected Jesus

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)  Stuttgart, Christian F. Witt (c. 1660–1716)

Adapted by Henry J. Gauntlett (1805–1876)

1. Come, Thou long expected Jesus, born to set Thy people free;
2. Is-rael's strength and con-so-la-tion, hope of all the earth Thou art:
3. Born Thy people to de-liv-er, born a child, and yet a king,
4. By Thine own e-ter-nal Spi-rit rule in all our hearts a-lone;

from our fears and sins re-lease us, let us find our rest in Thee.
dear de-sire of ev’ry na-tion, joy of ev’ry long-ing heart.
born to reign in us for ev-ver, now Thy gra-cious king-dom bring.
by Thy grace, help us to mer-it life e-ter-nal at Thy throne.
1. O come, divine Messiah! The world in silence waits the day When hope shall sing its triumph, And sadness flee away.

2. O Christ, whom nations sigh for, Whom priest and prophet long foretold, Come break the captive fetters; Redeem the long-lost fold.

3. You come in peace and meekness, And lowly will Your cradle be; All clothed in human weakness Shall we Your God-head see.

Dear Savior haste; Come, come to earth, Dispel the night and show Your face, And bid us hail the dawn of grace. O come, divine Messiah! The world in silence waits the day When hope shall sing its triumph, And sadness flee away.

Advent
O Come, Divine Messiah

Abbé Simon J. Pellegrin (1663–1745)
Translated by Sister Mary of St. Philip, SND (1825–1904)
On JORDAN’S BANK

Jordanis oras prævia, by Charles Coffin (1676–1749)

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

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

HARK! A HERALD VOICE IS CALLING

Vox clara ecce intonat, 6th Century

Translated by Edward Caswall (1814–1878)

William Henry Monk (1823–1889)

1. Hark! a herald voice is calling; ‘Christ is nigh,’ it seems to say;
2. Star-tled at the solemn warning, Let the earthbound soul arise;
3. Lo! the Lamb, so long expec-ted, Comes with pardon down from heav’n;
4. So when next He comes with glory, Wrap-ping all the earth in fear,
5. Hon-or, glory, vir-tue, mer-it, To the Fa-ther and the Son,

‘Cast away the dreams of dark-ness, O ye chil-dren of the day!’
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispell-ing, Shines up on the morn-ing skies.
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow, One and all to be for-giv’n;
May He then as our de-fender On the clouds of heav’n appear.
With the co-e-ter-nal Spi-rit, While un-end-ing ages run.

from The English Hymnal, 1906
Wacht Auf! by P. Nicolai (1556–1608)
Transcribed by F.C.B.
Very slow and solemn (♩ = 64)

1. Wake, o wake! with tidings thrilling
   The watchmen all the
   Midnight strikes! no more delaying,
   The hour has come! we

2. Zion hears the watchmen shouting,
   Her heart leaps up with
   See her Friend from heav’n descending,
   Adorned with truth and

3. Every soul in Thee rejoices;
   From men and from an-
   Now the gates of pearl receive us,
   Thy presence never

air are filling, Arise, Jerusalem, arise!
hear them saying, Where are ye all, ye virgins wise?
joy un-doubting, She stands and waits with eager eyes;
grace un-ending! Her light burns clear, her star doth rise.
gel-ic voices Be glory given to Thee alone!
more shall leave us, We stand with Angels round Thy throne.


The Bridegroom comes in sight, Raise high your torches bright! Alleluia!
Now come, Thou precious Crown, Lord Jesus, God’s own Son! Hosanna!
Earth cannot give below The bliss Thou dost bestow. Alleluia!
The wedding song Swells loud and strong: Go forth and join the festal throng.
-
na! Let us prepare To follow there, Where in Thy supper we may share.
lu-ia! Grant us to raise, To length of days, The triumph chorus of Thy praise.

from The English Hymnal, 1906
1. Creator of the stars of night, Thy people's everlasting 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;

Je-su, Redeem-er, save us all, And hear thy servants when they call.
Hast found the med'cine, full of grace, To save and heal a ruin'd race.
Proceeding from a virgin shrine, The spotless Victim all divine.
4. At Whose dread Name, majestic now, All knees must bend, all hearts must bow;
5. O Thou, Whose coming is with dread To judge and doom the quick and dead,
6. To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, Three in One,

And things celestial Thee shall own, And things terrestrial, Lord alone.
Pre-serve us, while we dwell below, From ev'ry insult of the foe. Amen.
Laud, honor, might, and glory be From age to age eternal.
Christmas is Coming

H. Walford Davies (1869–1941)

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

If you haven’t got a penny, a ha’p’ny’ll do, a ha’p’ny’ll do, a ha’p’ny’ll do, a ha’p’ny’ll do,

But a penny’s better, A penny or two are better, or three, or four!

If you haven’t got a penny, a ha’p’ny’ll do, If you haven’t got a ha’p’ny, a ha’p’ny’ll do.
far thing'll do, If you haven't got a farthing,
God bless you! God

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

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

Joy come to you, and to you your was-sail too, And God bless you, and send you a

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

**ADESTE FIDELES**

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

---

**CHRISTMAS**

**ADESTE FIDELES**

from *Cantus Diversi*, 1751

---

### Lyrics

1. *Ad-éste fí-dé-les*, Læ-ti tri-um-phán-tes, Ve-ní-te, ve-

2. De-um de De-o, lu-men de lú-míne, Ges-tant pu-

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

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

---

*mf* Vení-te ad-o-ré-mus,

*ff* Vení-te ad-o-ré-mus,

---

*Deus*
O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

Translation by Frederick Oakley (1802–1886)

O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-umphant, O come ye, O come ye to

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-umphant, O come ye, O come ye to
2. God, of God, Light of Light, Lo, He ab-hors not the
3. Sing, choirs of an-gels, Sing with ex-ul-ta-tions, Sing, all ye cit-i-zens of
4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap-py morn-ing, Je-sus, to Thee be

Christ-mas

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

Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

Lowell Mason (1792–1872)

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

2. Joy to the world! the Savior reigns; Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plain, Repeate the sounding joy, Repeate the sounding joy.

3. No more let sin and sorrow rows grow, Nor thorns intrude his field, His wonders of His love, And wonders of His love.

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

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

And peate, and peate the sound-ing joy.

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

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

And peate the sound-ing joy.
A Child this day is born, A Child of high renown;
These tiding shepherds heard Whilst watching o'er their fold,
There was there with the Angel An host incontinent
Most worthy of a sceptre, A sceptre and a crown.
'Twas by an Angel unto them That night revealed and told.
Of heavenly bright soldiers, All from the highest sent.
Glad tiding to all men, Glad tiding sing we may,
Because the King of kings Was born on Christmas Day.
They praised the Lord our God And our celestial King:
All glory be to God, That siteth still on high,
All glory be in Paradise, This heav'ly host do sing.
With praises and with triumph great, And joyful melody.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
The First Noël

Traditional

18th Century French Melody

1. The first Noël the angel did say, Was to certain poor

2. They looked up and saw a Star Shining in the

3. And by the light of that same Star Three wise men

4. This star drew nigh to the North West, O'er Beth le-

5. Then entered in those Wise men three, Full reverent-

6. Then let us all with one accord, Sing praises

shep-herds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay

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

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

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

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

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 man-kind, 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-cel-sis Glor-ri-a."
Who said God's Son is born to-night, "In ex-cel-sis Glor-ri-a."
Therefore this song we have in mind, "In ex-cel-sis Glor-ri-a."
That we may sing to Thy solace, "In ex-cel-sis Glor-ri-a."

ff In ex-cel-sis Glor-ri-a, In ex-cel-sis Glor-ri-a,


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

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)  Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847)

1. Hark! the herald angels sing,  “Glory to the new-born King!
2. Christ, by highest heav’n adored; Christ, the everlasting Lord;
3. Mild He lays His glory by,  Born that man no more may die,

Peace on earth, and mercy mild;  God and sinners reconciled.
Late in time behold Him come,  Offspring of the 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 the Incarnate Deity.
Ris’n with healing in His wings,  Light and life to all He brings,

With th’angelic hosts proclaim,  “Christ is born in Beth-lehem.”
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,  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
CHRISTMAS

JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Arranged by George D. Elderkin

1. Hark! the Herald angels sing, Jesus, the Light of the world;
2. Joyful all ye nations rise, Jesus, the Light of the world;
3. Christ, by highest heaven adored, 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 newborn King, Jesus, the Light of the world.
Join the triumph of the skies, Jesus, the Light of the world.
Christ, the ever-last ing Lord, Jesus, the Light of the world.
Hail! the sun of righteousness, Jesus, the Light of the world.

We’ll walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the 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 evening 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 ever o’er its Bel-sounds The blessed angels sing.

3. O ye, beneath life’s crushing load, Whose forms are bending low,
   Who toil along the climbing way With painful 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 splendours 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
Traditional Besançon Carol

Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

Shepherds! Shake Off Your Drowsy Sleep

1. Shepherds! shake off your drowsy sleep, Rise and
2. Hark! even now the bells ring round, Listen
3. See how the flowers all burst anew, Thinking
4. Cometh at length the age of peace, Strife and
5. Shepherds! then up and quick a-way, Seek the

leave your silly sheep; Angels from heav’n around loud

to their merry sound; Hark! how the birds new songs are

snow is summer dew; See how the stars a-fresh are

sorrow now shall cease; Prophets foretold the wondrous

Babe ere break of day; He is the hope of every


sing-ing, Tid-ings of great joy are bring-ing.
mak-ing, As if winter’s chains were break-ing.
glow-ing, All their bright-est beams be-stow-ing.
sto-ry Of this Heav’n born Prince of Glo-ry.
na-tion, All in Him shall find sal-va- tion.

Shepherds! the chorus come and swell! Sing No-él, O sing No-él!

from Carols Old and Carols New, 1916, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
Les Anges dans nos Campagnes, 18th Century
18th Century French Carol

Translated by Bishop James Chadwick (1813–1882)

1. Angles we have heard on high, Sweetly singing o'er the plains;
2. Shepherds, why this jubilee? Why your joyous songs prolong?
3. Come to Bethlem and see Him whose birth the angels sing;
4. See Him in a manger laid, Whom the choirs of angels praise;

And the mountains in reply Ech - o - ing their joyous strains.
What the glad - some tidings be Which in - spir - e your heav'ly song?
Come a - dore on bend-ed knee Christ, the Lord, our new-born King.
Ma - ry, Jo - seph, lend your aid, While our hearts in love we raise.

Gló - ri - a in ex-célsis De - o,
Gló - ri - a in ex-célsis De - o!

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

William Morris (1834–1896)

Andante

1. Masters in this hall, 
Hear ye news today, 
Brought from over sea, 
Christmas is come in, 
No-él! No-él! 
No-él sing we clear! Holpen are all folk on earth 
Born is God's Son so dear: 

2. This is Christ, the Lord, 
Masters be ye glad! 
And ever I you pray, 
And no folk should be sad! 
No-él! 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
Traditional

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.

8.

7.

6.

11.

10.

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

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

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

(last time rall.)

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
2. In the Inn they found no room; a scanty bed they made: Soon a Babe from Mary's womb was

David's town fell. Joseph came from Nazareth, with Mary that sweet
in the manger laid. Forth He came as light through glass: He came to save us

maid: Weary were they, nigh to death; and for a lodging pray'd.
all. In the stable ox and ass before their Maker fall.

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

Go tell it out with speed, Cry out and shout all round about, That Christ is born indeed.
3. Shepherds lay a - field that night, to keep the sil - ly sheep, Hosts of An - gels
in their sight came down from heav’n’s high steep. Tidings! Ti-dings! un - to you: to
man-ger bed, in wor - ship low they bent. In the morning see ye mind, my

4. On - ward then the An - gels sped, the shepherds on - ward went, God was in His
you a Child is born, Pur - er than the drops of dew, and brighter than the morn.
masters one and all, At the Al - tar Him to find, Who lay with-in the stall.

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

Go tell it out with speed, Cry out and shout all round a - bout, That Christ is born in - deed.

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 where He lay, The little Lord Jesus A-sleep in the hay.

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

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

**Away In A Manger**

William Kirkpatrick (1838–1921)

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

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

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

Away In A Manger

Anonymous

Jonathan E. Spilman (1812–1896)

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 ten - der care, And take us to heaven To sleep in the hay. The cattle are low - ing, 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 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 for ev - er And love me, I

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
A Virgin Unspotted

17th Century English

Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

1. A _Virgin_ un-spotted, the pro-phet fore-told, Should bring forth a__
2. At _Beth-le-hem_ ci-ty in Jew-ry it was That Jo-seph and
3. But when they had en-tered the ci-ty so fair, A_ num-ber of_
4. Then were they con-strain’d in a sta-ble to lie, Where hors-es and

Sav-iors, which now we be-hold, To_ be our Re-deem-er from
Ma-ry to-geth-er 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

death, 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-ior was born.

Aye and there-fore be mer-ry, set sor-row a-side,
Christ Je-sus, our Sav-ior, was born on this tide.
25. 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 presently after the shepherds did spy Vast numbers of_
8. To teach us humility all this was done, And learn we from

lin - 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 joyful - ly talk - ed and
thence haugh - ty pride for to shun; A man - ger His cra - dle 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)

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

O quam mundum, from Pie Cantiones, 1582

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

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

And from steeple bid good people
Come adore the new born King.
Bring-ing gladness, chas-ing sad-ness, show'ring blessings far and wide.

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

In a stable (tis no fa-ble), Christus nas-tus hó-di-e.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
Stille Nacht

Joseph Mohr (1792–1848)

Tranquillo ($\frac{3}{4}$ = 90)

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

2. Stil - le Nacht! hei - li - ge Nacht! Hir - ten erst
   kund - ge - macht, Durch der En - gel Hal - le - lu - ja!
   Tönt es laut von fern und nah: $mf$ Christ, der Ret - ter ist
   Da uns schlägt die ret - ten - de Stund': Christ, in dein - er Ge -

3. Stil - le Nacht! hei - li - ge Nacht! Got - tes Sohn,
   o wie lacht Lieb' aus dein - em göt - tlich - en Mund,
   der lock - igsten Hirn: Schlaf in deinem Mund,
   Da! Ruh! Christ, der Ret - ter ist da!

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

SILENT NIGHT

Translated by John Freeman Young (1820–1885)
Franz Gruber (1787–1863)

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

1. Silent night! Holy night! All is calm,
   all is bright. Round on Virgin Mother and Child,
   Holy Infant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace,

2. Silent night! Holy night! Shepherds quake at the sight;
   all is bright. Round on Virgin Mother and Child,
   Holy Infant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace,

3. Silent night! Holy night! Son of God, love's pure light!
   all is bright. Round on Virgin Mother and Child,
   Holy Infant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace,

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

**CHRIST WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY**

(Resonet in laudibus)

14th Century Latin carol, as found in *Piae Cantiones*, 1582

English words by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

14th Century German melody, *Resonet in laudibus*

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

---

1. **Re-sonet in lau-di-bus cum ju-cúndis plau-si-bus**
2. **Chris-tus na-tus hó-di-e ex Ma-rí-a vírgi-ne**

---

1. **Chris-tus na-tus hó-di-e: The Babe, the Son, the Ho-ly One of Ma-ry.**
2. **Ex Ma-rí-a Vir-gi-ne: The God, the Lord, by all ador’d for ev-er.**
3. **Si-on cum fi-dé-li-bus, Ap-pá-ru-it quem gé-nu-it Ma-rí-a.**
4. **Sí-ne ví-ri-li sé-mi-ne Ap-pá-ru-it quem gé-nu-it Ma-rí-a.**

---

1. **Chris-tus na-tus hó-di-e**: The Babe, the Son, the Ho-ly One of Ma-ry.
2. **Ex Ma-rí-a Vir-gi-ne**: The God, the Lord, by all ador’d for ev-er.
3. **Vo-ce pi-a di-ci-te Ap-pá-ru-it quem gé-nu-it Ma-rí-a.**
4. **Pu-rá-tó-rem crí-minum Ap-pá-ru-it quem gé-nu-it Ma-rí-a.**

---

1. Christ was born on Christ-mas Day, Wreath the hol-ly, twine the bay;
2. He is born to set us free, He is born our Lord to be,
3. Sky! the bright red ber-ries glow Ev’ry-where in good-ly show;
4. Chris-tian men, re-joice and sing; ’Tis the birth-day of a King,

---

---

---

---
5. Night of sadness: Morn of gladness evermore: Ever, ever: After many
   
5. Sunt impléta quæ præ-di-xit Gá-bri-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-ví-na vô-lu-it cleménti-a. 6. Hó-di-e ap-pá-ru-it, ap-

Drawing to this ho-ly morn, Ve-ry ear-ly, ve-ry ear-ly Christ was born. 7. Sing out with bliss, His

pá-ru-it in Is-ra-él, Ex Ma-ri-a vír-gi-ne est na-tus Rex. 7. Mag-nu-num no-men

Name is this: Em-ma-num et, quod an-nun-ti-a-tum est per Gá-bri-el. 8. Midnight scarcely

Dó-mi-ni Em-ma-num et, quod an-nun-ti-a-tum est per Gá-bri-el. 8. Hó-di-e ap-

pass'd and over, Drawing to this ho-ly morn, Ve-ry ear-ly, ve-ry ear-ly Christ was born.

pá-ru-it, ap-pá-ru-it in Is-ra-él, Ex Ma-ri-a vír-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 divine,
2. I will gladly, lady mine, Help thee rock the Child divine,

God reward both thee and thine, In paradise, So prays the mother,
God’s pure light on thee will shine, In paradise, So prays the mother,

Mary, Eia, Eia, Eia. He came down at

Christmas time, In the town of Beth-lehem, in Beth-lehem. Bringing to men

far and wide, Love’s diadem, Eia, Eia, Lulla-laby.
O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks (1835–1893)

Lewis H. Redner (1831–1908)

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 giv’n!
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, gatherer 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!
Hymn for Christmas Day

Edward Caswall (1814–1878)

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

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
What Child is This?

William C. Dix (1837–1898)

Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

1. What Child is this, Who, laid to rest, On Mary’s lap is sleeping?
   Whom angels greet with anthems sweet, While shepherds watch are keeping?
   This, this is Christ the King; Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
   Haste, 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?
   Good Christian, fear: for sinners here The silent Word is pleading:
   Nails, spear shall pierce Him through, The Cross be borne, for me, for you:
   Hail, hail the Word made flesh, The Babe, the Son of Mary!

3. So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh, Come peasant, king, to own Him;
   The King of kings, salvation brings; Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
   Raise, raise the song on high The Virgin sings her lullaby:
   Joy, joy for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Mary!

4. Is this the Christ, so long desired, Come, let us adore Him;
   Sweet Child of peace, be born to save Meek Jesus Reaches us from above:
   On this day the Virgin sings With pure and burning hearts:
   Of the Babe, the Son of Mary!
CHRISTMAS

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

Tempus adest floridum, from *Piæ Cantiones*, 1582

Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

Moderato

1. Good King Wenceslas look’d out On the Feast of Stephen, When the snow lay round about, Deep and crisp and even; Brightly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cruel, When a poor man came in sight, Gather’ring winter fuel.

2. “Hither, page, and stand by me, If thou know’st it, telling; Yonder peasant, who is he? Where, and what his dwelling?” “Sire, he lives a good league hence, Underneath the mountain; Right against the forest fence, By Saint Agnes’ fountain.

3. “Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine-logs hither; Thou and I will see him dine When we bear them thither.” “Mark my footsteps, know not how, I can go no longer.” “Take my candle, and open the door.”

4. “Sire, the night is darker now, And the wind blows stronger; Fails my heart, I may not live.” “Go thy ways, thou good page, Tread thou in them boldly: Thou shalt find the men, be sure, Wealth or rank possessing, Ye who now will forrest fence, By Saint Agnes’ fountain.

5. In his master’s steps he trod, Where the snow lay dinted; Heat was in the heart’s sole, Cold for the peasant poor.” “I will give thee bread and wine.”

from *Christmas Carols, New and Old*
**GOOD KING WENCESLAS**

*Tempus adest ûoridum, from Pie Cantiones, 1582*

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

**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,
ve-ry 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-nel.
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*
1. In natá-li Dó-mi-ni, Gau-dent om-nes An-ge-li
2. Nun-ti-á-vit An-ge-lus Gáu-di-um pas-tó-ri-bus,

Et can-tant cum jú-bi-lo: Gló-ri-a u-ni De-o.
Chris-ti na-ti-vi-tá-tem Ma-gnam ju-cun-di-tá-tem.

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

Additional verses

3. Na-tus est E-má-nu-el, Quem præ-di-xit Gá-bri-el,
4. Chris-tus na-tus hó-di-e Ex Ma-rí-a vír-gi-ne,

Tes-tis est E-zé-chi-el: A Pa-tre pro-cés-sit.
Non con-cé-p-tus sé-mi-ne Ap-pá-ru-it hó-di-e:

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
On the Birthday of the Lord

In natali Domini, 14th Century

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)

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

1. On the Birthday of the Lord Angels joy in glad accord,
   cord, 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 maid-en fair, Mary doth the Savior bear; Mary ever pure,
Cecil Frances Alexander (1818–1895)  Henry J. Gauntlett (1805–1876)

**Once in Royal David’s City**

1. Once in royal David’s city Stood a lowly cattle shed,
2. He came down to earth from heaven, Who is God and Lord of all,
3. And, through all His wondrous childhood, He would honor and obey,
4. Jesus is our childhood’s pattern, Day by day like us He grew;
5. And our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His own redeeming love;

Where a mother laid her Baby In a manger for His bed:
And His shelter was a stable, And His cradle was a stall;
Love, and watch the lowly maid-en In whose gentle arms He lay;
He was little, weak, and helpless, Tears and smiles, like us, He knew:
For that Child so dear and gentle Is our Lord in heav’n above:

Mary was that mother mild, Jesus Christ her little Child.
With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Savior holy.
Christian children all must be Mild, obedient, good as He.
And He feels for our sadness, And He shares in our gladness.
And He leads His children on To the place where He is gone.

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

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

Past three a clock, And a cold frosty morn ing, Past three a clock; Good

morning, masters all!

1. Born is a Baby, Gentle as may be,
2. Seraph quire sing eth, Angel bell ring-eth;
3. Mid earth rejoices Hearing such voices
4. Hinds o’er the pear ly Dewy lawn early

Son of the-ter nal Fa ther su per nal.
Hark how they rime it, Time it, and chime it.
Ne’erto fore so well Ca rol ling No el.
Seek the high Stranger Laid in the man-ger.

5. Cheese from the dairy
6. Light out of star land
7. Myrrh from full cof fer,
8. Thus they: I pray you,

Bring they for Mary, 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.

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
Un ûambeau, Jeannette, Isabelle!

English by Edward Cuthbert Nunn (1868–1914)
Arranged by Edward Cuthbert Nunn (1868–1914)

16th Century French Carol

Bring a Torch, Jeanette, Isabella!

Brightly

1. Bring a torch, Jeanette, Isabelle! Bring a torch, to the cradle, run!
2. Who goes there knocking so loudly? Who goes there a-
3. It is wrong when the Child is sleeping. It is wrong to talk so loud;
4. Softly to the little stable, Softly for a moment come;

though good folk of the village;

Ope your doors, I have here on a plate Some noise should wake the Jesus: Hush! hush! see how the

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 wake the Jesus: Hush! hush! see how the

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!

Child is sleeping; Hush! hush! see how He smiles in dreams!

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

1. The angel Gabriel from heaven came,
   His wings as drifted snow, his eyes a flame;
   “All hail,” said he, “thou lowly maiden Mary,”
   Most highly favored lady,
   Gló - ri - a!

2. “For know a blessed Mother thou shalt be,
   All generations laud and honor thee,
   “To me be as it pleaseth God,” she said,
   Most highly favored lady,
   Gló - ri - a!

3. Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head,
   “My soul shall laud and magnify His holy Name,”
   “My soul shall laud and magnify His holy Name,”
   Most highly favored lady,
   Gló - ri - a!

4. Of her, Emmanuel, the Christ, was born
   In Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn,
   “All hail,” said he, “thou lowly maiden Mary,”
   Most highly favored lady,
   Gló - ri - a!

Translated and Adapted by Sabine Baring-Gould (1834–1924)  
Basque Carol
Angelus ad virginem

1. An-gelus ad vi-r-ginem Sub-in-trans in con-clá-ve. Vir-gi-nis for-mi-dinem De-
2. “Quómodo con-ci-perem, que vi-rum non co-gnó-vi? Quá-li-ter in-frín-gerem, que

fir-ma men-te vo-vi?” “Spí-ri-tus Sanc-ti grá-ti-a Per-fi-ci-et hæc

Dó-minum Con-cí-pi-es Et pá-ri-es In-tác-ta, Sa-lú-tem
óm-ni-a; Ne tí-me-as, sed gáu-de-as, se-cú-ra, quod cas-ti-

hó-minum. Tu por-ta ca-li fac-ta Medél-la crí-minum.”
mó-ni-a Ma-né-bit in-te pu-ra De-i pot-én-ti-a.”
3. Ad hæc vir-go nó-bi-lis Re-spón-dens i-n-quit e-i: “An-ci-la sum
4. An-ge-lus dis-pá-ru-it Et sta-tim pu-el-lá-ris U-te-rus in-
5. E-i-a Ma-ter Dó-mi-ni, Quæ pa-ce-red di-dis-ti An-ge-lis et

hú-mi-lis Om-ni-pot-en-tis De-i. Ti-bi cæ-lé-s-ti nú-ti-
tú-mu-it Vi pa-rus sa-lu-tá-ris. Qui, cir-cúm-da-tus ú-te-
hó-mi-ni, Cum Chris-tum ge-nu-is-ti; Tu-um ex-ó-ra fí-li-

o, Ta-n-ta se-cré-ti cón-sci-o, Con-sén-ti-en-s Et cú-pi-en-s Vi-dé-
ro No-ve-méns-i-um nú-me-ro, Hinc éx-i-it Et ín-i-it Con-flic-
um Ut se nobis pro-pí-ti-um Ex-fi-be-at, Et dé-le-at Pec-cá-

re fac-tum quod áu-di-o, Pa-rá-ta sum pa-re-re De-i con-sí-li-o.”
ta; Præstans au-xi-li-um Vi-ta fru-i be-á-ta Post hoc ex-sí-li-um.
G R Y M, G
Traditionally Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN

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

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

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

Remember Christ our Savior Was born on Christmas Day,
And laid within a manger, Upon this blessed Morn;
And unto certain Shepherds Brought tidings of the same:

To save us all from Satan's pow'r When we were gone astray;
The which His Mother Mary, Did nothing take in scorn.
How that in Bethlehem was born The Son of God by Name.

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CAROL OF THE SHEPHERDS

English by Eda Lou Walton (1894–1961)

1. Come, all ye shepherds and be not dismayed,
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,
“Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind,
A Sav - ior, Who is Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign,
All mean - ly wrap’d in swad-dling bands, And in a manger laid, And in a manger laid,
Of an - gels prais-ing God, Who thus Ad - dressed their joy - ful song,
Good - will henceforth from heav’n to men, Be - gin and nev - er cease,

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

while shepherds watched their flocks

Nahum Tate (1652–1715)

Winchester Old, by George Kirby (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 trou - 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 wrap’d in swad-dling clothes, And in a manger laid,
Of an - gels prais-ing God, Who thus Ad - dressed their joy - ful song,
Good - will henceforth from heav’n to men, Be - gin and nev - er cease,

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

1. Good peo-ple all, this Christmas time, Con-sid-er well, and bear in mind,
2. The night be-fore that hap-py tide, The no-ble Vir-gin and her guide
3. Let all your songs and prais-es be, Un-to His Heav’n-ly Ma-je-sty;

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

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

In Beth-le-hem up-on that morn, There was a bless-ed Mes-si-ah born.
As long fore-told their re-fuge all Was but a hum-ble ox’s stall.
Ac-cord-ing un-to Heav’n’s de-cree, Man’s sweet sal-va-tion for to be.
4. Near Beth-le-hem did shepherds keep
Their flocks of lambs and feeding sheep;

5. With thankful heart and joy-ful mind,
The shepherds went the babe to find,

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

To whom God’s an-gels did appear,
Which put the shepherds in great fear.

And as God’s an-gels had fore-told,
They did our Sav-iour Christ be-hold.

A sweet ex-am-ple for mankind,
To learn to bear a hum-ble mind.

“Pre-pare and go,” the an-gels said,
“To Beth-le-hem. Be not a-fraid

With-in a man-ger He was laid,
And by His side the vir-gin maid

If quires of An-gels did re-joice,
Well may man-kind with heart and voice

For there you’ll find this hap-ky morn
A princely babe sweet Je-sus born.”

At-tend-ing on the Lord of Life
Who came to earth to end all strife.

Sing prai-ses to the God of Heav’n,
That un-to 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
1. The Lord at first had Adam made Out of the dust and clay,
2. And thus within the garden he Was set, there-in to stay;
3. "For in the day thou shalt it touch Or dost to it come nigh,

And in his nostrils breathed life, E'en as the Scriptures say.
And in commandment unto him These words the Lord did say:
If so thou do but eat there-of, Then thou shalt surely die."

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

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

ff Now let good Christians all begin A holier life to live,
And to rejoice and merry be, For this is Christmas Eve.

4. Now mark the goodness of the Lord, Which He to mankind bore;

His mercy soon He did extend, Lost man for to restore:
And by the death of God's dear Son, We are redeemed from Hell.
Let us rejoice and merry be In keeping of the same;

And therefore to redeem our souls From death and hell and thrall,
So if we truly do believe, And do the thing that's right,
Let's feed the poor and hungry souls. And such as do it crave;

He said His own dear Son should be The Savior of us all.
Then by His merits we at last Shall live in heaven bright.
And when we die, in heaven we Our sure reward shall have.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Christians, Awake, Salute the Happy Morn

Majestically

1. Christians, a - wake, sa - lute the hap - py morn, Where - on the Sav - ior of man -
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 - ias rang: God’s high - est glo - ry

ti - dings first be - gun Of God In - car - nate and the Vir - gin’s Son.
fill’d His 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 Byrom (1692–1765)
John Wainwright (1723–1768)
4. To Bethl’hem straight the hap-py shep-herds ran, To see the won-der God had

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

6. Then may we hope, th’an-gel-ic thro-nes 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; A-mazed the won-drous

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

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

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

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

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

from The English Hymnal, 1906
1. Lullay, Thou little tiney Child,
2. O sisters too, how may we do,
3. Herod, the king, in his raging,
4. Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee,

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
chants.

1. O sisters too, how may we do, For to prepare

serve this day; This poor Youngling for whom we

hath this day; His men of might, in his own

mourn and say; For Thy parting nor say nor

sing By, by, lully, lul - lay?
sight, All children young to slay.
sing, By, by, lully, lul - lay.

from ChristmasCarolMusic.org
All my heart this night rejoices

Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen, by Paul Gerhardt, 1653
Johann Georg Ebeling (1637–1676)

Translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1858

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

2. Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
   Soft and sweet, Doth entreat, “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, Dy ing shall not perish;
   But shall swell with thee for ever,
   Far on high, in the joy that can alter never.

from CantateDomina.org
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

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

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
As With Gladness Men of Old

William C. Dix (1837–1898)

Konrad Kocher (1786–1872)

1. As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold; As with joy they hail’d its light, Lead ing on ward, beam ing bright; So, most gracious God, may we Ever more be led to Thee.

2. As with joy-ful steps they sped To that low-ly man-ger bed, There to bend the knee be-fore So may we with ho-ly joy, Him whom heav’n and earth adore; So may we with Pure and free from sin’s al-loy, All our cost liest will ing feet Ever seek Thy mer-cy seat.

3. As they of fer’d gifts most rare At that man-ger rude and bare; So may we with ho-ly joy, Bring our ran-somed souls at last Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo-ry hide. may we sing Al-le-lu-ias to our King.

4. Ho-ly Je-sus, ev’ry day Keep us in the nar-row way; And, when earth-ly things are past, Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown, Thou its Sun which goes not down; There for-ev-er treas-ures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heav’n-ly King.

5. In the heav’n-ly coun-try bright Need they no cre

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

Burgundian carol, 1720
Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

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

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

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

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

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are.

2. Watchman, tell us of the night; High yet that star as ends.

3. Watchman, 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-rous ray Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Watchman, will its beams a lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watchman, let thy wand’ring cease; Hie thee to thy quiet home.

Trav’ler, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Israel.
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*
1. *In dulci jubilo*  
Nun singet und seid froh!

2. *O feste, parrule,*  
Nach Dir ist mir so weh.

3. *O Patris causa!*  
O nata lenitas! Wir

4. *Ubi sunt gaudia?*  
Nirgend mehr denn da,

5. *Alle unser Wonne*  
Liegst in presépitae,

6. *Tröst mir mein Gemüte,*  
O Potter opitium,

7. *Wären all verloren,*  
Per nostra cimaen,

8. *Wo die Engel singen,*  
No va canantiago,

9. *Alme, o*  
Sie leuchtet wie die Sonne Mariën,

10. *Durch all Deine Güte,*  
O Nationen,

11. *So hat er uns erworben*  
Und die Harfen klingen In

12. *Caeca*  
Durch all Deine Güte, O

13. *Und die Harfen klingen*  
Durch all Deine Güte, O

14. *In*  
Durch all Deine Güte, O

15. *Wir*  
Durch all Deine Güte, O

16. *Wir*  
Durch all Deine Güte, O
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-sé-pi-o, Like sun-shine is our trea-sure Ma-
blind-ness O Pu-er óp-tí-me, With all Thy lov-ing kind-ness, O
stain-ed Per nos-tra cri-mi-na; But Thou for us hast gain-ed Ce-
sing-ing No-va cán-tí-ca And there the bells are ring-ing In

from ChristmasCarolMusic.org
Heinrich Seuse (1300–1366)  
14th century German melody  
Arranged by Robert Lucas de Pearsall (1795–1856)  

**CHRISTMAS**

**IN DULCI JUBILO**

Translated by Robert Lucas de Pearsall (1795–1856)

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

---

Our heart’s joy re-clin-eth *In pre-sé-pi-o,* And like a bright star shin-eth
Hear me, I be-seech Thee, *O Pu-er óp-ti-me,* My pray-ing let it reach Thee,
Deep-ly were we stain-ed *Per nos-tra cri-mi-na,* But Thou for us hast gain-ed
There are an-gels sing-ing *Nu-va cân-ti-ca,* And there the bells are ring-ing

---

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

---

*Ma-tris in gré-mi-o* Al-pha es et O! Al-pha es et O!
*O Prin-ceps gló-ri-e,* Tra-be me post Te! Tra-be me post Te!
*Cé-ló-rum gáu-di-a,* Qua-lis gló-ri-a! Qua-lis gló-ri-a!
*In Re-gis cá-ri-a* O that we were there! O that we were there!
Good Christian Men, Rejoice

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

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

2. Good Christian men, rejoice With heart, and soul and voice; 
   Now ye hear of endless bliss: Jesus Christ was born for this! 
   He hath ope’d the heav’nly door, And man is blessed ever-more. 
   Calls you one and calls you all, To gain His ever-lasting hall.

3. Good Christian men, rejoice With heart, and soul and voice; 
   Now ye need not fear the grave: Jesus Christ was born to save! 
   Say: the less we fear what we have to say, 
   Christ is born to-day! Christ is born to-day!

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
**CHRISTMAS**

**Gloucestershire Wassail**

*18th Century English*

**Allegro**

1. Was sail was sail all o-ver the town, Our toast it is white and our
2. So here is to Cher-ry and to his right cheek, Pray God send our mas-ter a
3. And here is to Dob-bin and to his right eye, Pray God send our mas-ter a

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>mf</th>
<th>2.</th>
<th>3.4</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>7.</th>
<th>8.9</th>
<th>10</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>11.12.13</th>
<th>14</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>15.16.17</th>
<th>18.19</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>20</th>
<th>21</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>22</th>
<th>23</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>24</th>
<th>25</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>26</th>
<th>27</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>28</th>
<th>29</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>30</th>
<th>31</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>32</th>
<th>33</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>34</th>
<th>35</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>36</th>
<th>37</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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. _ Love and joy come to you, And to
chil-dren Who wan-der in the mire.

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

Additional Verses
4. We have a lit-tle purse Made of
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 mis-tress 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 \( \frac{\text{d} = 46}{} \)

1. From heav - en high I come to you, To bring you ti - dings, strange and true.
2. To you this night is born a Child Of Ma - ry, chos-en Moth - er mild;
3. Glo - ry to God in high - est Heav’n, Who un - to us His Son hath giv’n!

Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring, Where of I now will say and sing.
This lit - tle Child, of low - ly birth, Shall be the joy of all the earth.
While an - gels sing with pi - ous 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 rose - ma - ry;
2. The boar’s head as I un - der-stand Is the rar - est dish in all this land,
3. Our stew - ard hath pro - vid - ed this In hon - or of the King of bliss,

And I pray you my mas - ters mer - ry be; Quot es - tis in con - vi - vi - o.
Which is thus be - decked with a gay gar - land, Let us serv - vi - re cán - ti - co.
Which on this day to be serv - ed is, In Re - gi - nén - si á - tri - o.
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. Shep-herds, in the field a-biding, Watch-ing o'er your flocks by night,
3. Sa-ges, leave your con-tem-pla-tions, Bright-er vis-ions beam a-far;
4. Saints before the altar bend-ing, Watch-ing long in hope and fear,

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

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

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
The Friendly Beasts

Robert Davis (1881–1950)

Adapted from Orientis Partibus, 12th Century French

1. Je - sus, our broth - er, 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 warm,
5. “I,” said the dove from the raf - ters high, “Cooed Him to sleep, that He should not cry,
6. “I,” said the cam - el_ yellow and black, “O ver the des - ert, up - on my back
7. Thus ev - ry beast by_ some good spell, In the sta - ble dark was_ glad to tell

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

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
Orientalis 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) Der wind der wet, der han der kret, 1554

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

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

2. 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 guerdon.

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

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

Adolphe Adam (1803–1856)

Andante maestoso \( (\text{d} = 72) \)

1. O holy night,
   the stars are brightly shining,
   It is the night of the dear Savior’s birth;
   Long lay the chains;

2. Led by the light of faith serenely beams,
   With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand;
   Love and His gospel is peace;
   So led by chains shall He

3. Truly He taught us to love one another,
   His law is love and His gospel is peace;
   Peace and love throughout the world;
   His law is peace.
world in sin and error pin ing, Till He ap
light of a star sweetly gleaming. Here came the
break for the slave is our brother, And in His

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

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

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

night O holy night O night divine!
hold your King, beefore Him lowly bend!
pow'r and glory ever more proclaim!
Fallop on your knees, Oh, hear the angel
He knowsour need, Our weakness is no
Christ is the Lord, Oh, praise His name for-

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

bend! O night O holy night O night divine!
claim! Behold your King, before Him lowly bend!
His pow’r and glory ever more proclaim!
Christmas Day

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 today in splendor bright, Shining to all ages,

mf

Born today, 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 shining;
Beams the Sun, whose distant light Touch'd the Prophet's pages;

mf

Giant in the race He towers, Toil and danger scorning.
And sweet charity may stay, With our course blending.
By the widow's son deceased, See Elisha's station!
Chasing thus death's gloomy shade, Brightness o'er us throwing!
Now, to end the reign of night, Christ His pow'r engages.

mf

O that blessed going out, Which salvation brought about,
O that blessed going out, salvation brought about,

ff

O that blessed going out, Which salvation brought about.
As Lately We Watched

Anonymous

19th Century Austrian

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

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

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

In carols, so sweet, of the birth of a King.
For Christ our dear Saviour on earth now is born.
And earth, sky and air straight are fill’d with His fame.
For Christ our dear Saviour on earth now is born.
Adapted from Thys endris nyzth, 15th Century

Charles Steggall (1826–1905)

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


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

Son, my Brother, Father dear, It makes my

sure I am a mighty King, Though in a

didst Thou not Thy cradle bring To some great

It makes my heart to

ache,

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

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

It makes my heart to

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 fulfil, 
    I need no more to say; 
    And for all this 
    I will Thee kiss, 
    And sing by by, lullay,”

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

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

**This Endris Night**

1. This lovely lady sat and sang, And to her Child did say,
2. "My sweet bird, 'tis thus required, Though Thou be King very,
3. The Child then spake in His talking, And to His mother said,
4. "For angels bright down on me light; Thou knowest 'tis no nay.

And e'er a-mong, A maiden sung, "Lullay, by by, lullay."
"My Son, my Brother, Father dear, Why liest Thou thus in hay?"
But e'er the less I will not cease To sing 'By by, lullay."
"Yea, I am known as Heaven-King In crib though I be laid.
And for that sight thou mayst de-light To sing, 'By by, lullay."

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

**O Du Fröhliche**

Johannes Daniel Falk (1768–1826)

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

Welt ging ver-lo-ren, Christ ist ge-bor-en, Freu-e, freue dich, o Christen-heit!
Christ ist er-schien, Uns zu ver-söh-nen, Freu-e, freue dich, o Christen-heit!
Himmli-sche Heere Jauchzen dir Eh-re, Freu-e, freue dich, o Christen-heit!

from *The Wartburg Hymnal, 1918*, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com


**CHRISTMAS**

**Carol of the Birds**

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882)

Traditional

Not slow.

1. Whence comes this rush of wings a-far, [F]ollow-ing straight the No-él 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-ling 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-él, No-él!”

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 Chris-tmas Day Their old fa-mil-iar car-ols play,
2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bel-fries of all Chris-ten-dom
3. And in de-spair I bowed my head, “There is no peace on earth,” I said,
4. 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-pet. 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
CHRISTMAS

CONGAUDEAT TURBA FIDELIUM

from an 11th Century Manuscript

Old Melody in Hypo-Dorian Mode
Arranged by G. H. Palmer

Words from Piae Cantiones, 1582
From Church to Church

From church to church the bells’ glad tidings run:

And angel hosts the midnight of His birth,

“Now go we forth and see this wondrous thing,”

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,

The Star went leading from East unto the West:

Their frankincense and myrrh, and gold they bring,

With threefold gifts the Threefold 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

15th Century German

Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

Flos de radice Jesse

Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)
Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

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

1. Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming From tender stem has sprung! Of Jesse's linage coming As men of old have sung. It came, a flow'r-et bright, A-mid the cold of winter When half-spent was the night.
2. Is-a-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.
3. The shep-herds heard the sto-ry Pro-claimed by an-gels bright, How 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 fragrance ten-der With sweet-ness fills the air, Dis-Christ, the Lord of Glo-ry Pel with glorious splen-dor The darkness ev-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-rí-a Vir-go ra-dix de qua-flos ortus est.
ál - li-ci. Flos virgam su-per-at cae-ri ter-rae que ci-ves, Flos il-le ré - cre-at.
im-bu-it. O flos o grá-ti-a: ad Te, ad Te su-pí - ro, de Te me sá-ti - a.
ú - ni-ce.
ál - li-ci.
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,
2. He's born in a stable for you and for me,
3. See Mary and Joseph with love beaming eyes
4. Kneel down and adore Him with shepherd's today,

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

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

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

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
THERE’S A SONG IN THE AIR!

Josiah G. Holland (1819–1881) Karl P. Harrington (1861–1953)

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 imprisoned,
4. We rejoice in the light, And we echo the song

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

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

For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King!
And we greet in His cradle our Savior 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 flower,
3. The holly bears a berry, As red as the lily flower,
4. The holly bears a prick, As sharp as any thorn,
5. The holly bears a bark, As bitter as any gall,

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

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

The playing of the merry organ, Sweet singing in the choir.
1. The Holly and the Ivy, Now both are full well grown,
2. The Holly bears a blossom, As white as lily flower;
3. The Holly bears a berry, As red as any blood,

Of all the trees that are in the wood, The Holly bears the crown:
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To be our sweet Savior
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To do poor sinners good

Oh the rising of the sun, The running of the deer, The playing of the
merry organ, Sweet singing in the quire, Sweet singing in the quire.

The Holly bears a prick le, As sharp as any thorn,
5. The Holly bears a bark, As bitter as any gall;

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, On Christmas day in the morn.
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, For to redeem us all

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
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?

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:

Christmas

The Sussex Carol

News of great joy, news of great mirth, News of our merciful King’s birth.
When from our sin He set us free, All for to gain our liberty.

An - gels and men with joy may sing, All for to see the new-born King.
“Glory to God and peace to men, Now and for ever - more, A - men.”
CHRISTMAS

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. Bless'd be that Maid Marie; Born He was of her body;
2. In a manger of an ass Je - su lay and hull-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 mer-ry on this fest, In quo Chris-tus na-tus est;

Very God ere time began, Born in time the Son of Man.
Born to die upon the Tree Pro pec-can-te hó-mi-ne.

E - ya! Je-sus bó-di-e Na-tus est de Vir-gi-ne.

In Bethle - mum the Babe they see, Stel-la duc-ti lu-mi-ne.
On this Child I pray you call, To as-soil and save us all.

D.S. al Fine.

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

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

2. Sleep, Holy Babe! Thine Angels watch a-round, All bending low with
fold-ed wings, Before th'Incarnate King of kings, In rever-ent awe pro-
Face a-while, Upon the loving infant smile Which there di-vine-ly
slum-bers break, And Thou to length-en'd pains a-wake, That death a-lone shall

3. Sleep, Holy Babe! while I with Mary gaze, In joy upon that
rest, In such a place of rest. Accompaniment
found, In rever-ent awe pro-found.
plays, Which there di-vine-ly plays.
close, That death a-lone shall close.

4. Sleep, Holy Babe! ah! take Thy brief re-pose; Too quickly will Thy

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
Woan 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 within this place
True saving faith, that special grace

He here did live, and here did preach,
And many thousands He did teach.
And if you want to know the way,
Be pleased to hear what He did say:
And he that does believe in Me,
From all his sins I'll set him free.
And, if He's pleased to grant thee this,
Thou're sure to have eternal bliss.
Which to His people doth belong:
And thus I close my Christmas song.
Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

CHRISTMAS

CRADLE HYMN

from Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second, 1813

1. Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed, Heavenly
2. How much better thou'rt attend-ed, Than the Son of God could be, When from
3. Bless-ed babe! what glorious features—Spot-less fair, divine-ly bright! Must He
4. Soft, my child, I did not chide thee, Though my song may seem too hard; 'Tis thy
5. See the kind-er shepherds round Him, Tell-ing won-ders from the sky! Where they
7. Mayst thou live to know and fear him, Trust and love him all thy days; Then go

bless-ings with-out num-ber, Gen-tly fall-ing on thy head. Sleep, my
Heaven He de-scend-ed, And be-came a child like thee! Soft and
dwell with bru-tal crea-tures? How could an-gels bear the sight? Was there
mo-ther sits be-side thee, And her arms shall be thy guard. Yet to
sought Him, there they found Him, With His Vir-gin mo-ther by. See the
dar-ling; here's no dan-ger, Here's no ox a-near thy bed. 'Twas to
dwell for-ev-er near him, See his face and sing his praise! I could

babe; thy food and rai-ment, House and home, thy friends pro-vide;
ea-sy is thy cra-dle, Coarse and hard thy Sav-ior lay;
noth-ing but a man-ger Curs-ed sin-ne rs could af-ford
tell the shame-ful sto-ry, How His foes a-bused their King;
love-ly Babe a-dress-ing; Love-ly in-fant, how He smiled!
save thee, child, from dy-ing, Save my dear from burn-ing flame,
give thee thou-sand kiss-es, Hop-ing what I most de-sire;

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

1. Glad Christmas bells, your music tells The sweet and pleasant story;
2. No palace hall its ceiling tall His royal headspread over;
3. Nor raiment gay, as there He lay, A dorn’d the infant Stranger;
4. But from afar, a splendid star The wise men westward turning;
5. Where on the hill, all safe and still, The folded flocks were lying,

How came to earth, in lowly birth, The Lord of life and glory.
There on ly stood a stable rude The heav’nly Babe to cover.
Poor, humble Child of mother mild, She laid Him in a manger.
The live long night saw pure and bright, Above His birth-place burning.
Down through the air an angel fair On wing of flame came flying.

6. “Fear not,” said he, for tremblingly The shepherds stood in wonder,
7. “And by this sign, the Babe Di-vine You may discover surely,
8. Then swiftly came, in lines of flame, Like countless meteors blazing,
9. And all the choir, with tongues of fire Broke forth in joyful singing,
10. “Glo-ry to Thee forever be, God in the high-est, glory!

“Glad news I bring, the promised King Lies in a stable yonder.
A manger rude His dwell-ing is, There lies He, cradled poor-ly.
A mul-ti-tude, and with Him stood, A spec-tacle a-maz-ing.
Till with their cry the very sky From end to end was ring-ing.
Good will to men, and peace a-gain O earth is beaming o’er Thee!”

from Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 1, 1881, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
1. We saw a light shine out a-far, On Christmas in the morning,
And straight we knew it was Christ’s star, Bright beams in the morning.
Then did we fall on bended knee, On Christmas in the morning,
And praised the Lord, who’d let us see, His glory at its dawn.

2. Oh! ever thought be of His Name, On Christmas in the morning,
Who bore for us both grief and shame, Affliction’s sharpest scorn.
And may we die (when death shall come,) On Christmas in the morning,
And see in heav’n, our glorious home, That Star of Christmas morning.

from Carols Old and Carols New, 1916, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
We Three Kings of Orient Are

All
1. We three kings of Orient are; Bearing gifts we bring to Thee.
Melchior
2. Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
    Gold I bring, to Thee.
Casper
3. Frank-incense to offer I, Incense owns a perfume
    Sweet as the dews of Heaven.
Balthazar
4. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume,
    Breathing a life of From the dead, they come to Thee.
All
5. Glorious now behold Him arise,
    King and God and

Verse
11. Tra-verse afar, Field and fountain, moor and mountain, Follow-ing yon-der star.
    Crown Him again, King for-ev-er, ceas-ing nev-er, O-ver us all to reign.
    De-i-ty nigh, Pray'r and praise-ing, all men rais-ing Worship Him, God most High.
    Gather-ing gloom; Sorrowing, sigh-ing, bleed-ing, dy-ing, Seal'd in the stone-cold tomb.
    Sac-rifice, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Earth to heav'n re-plies.

From Christmas Carols, New and Old
The Stranger Star

1. Saw ye never in the twi-light, When the sun had left the skies,
   And we too may seek His cradle, There our hearts' best treasures bring,

2. Heard ye never of the story, How they crossed the desert wild,
   How they o-p'en'd all their treasure, Kneeling to that Infant King,

3. Know ye not that lowly Baby Was the bright and Morning Star,
   And they knew the King was given, And they followed it from far.

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?
Who came to light the Gentiles, And the darkened isles afar?

So of old the wise men watching, Saw a blazing stranger star,
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 offer ing?
**CHRISTMAS**

**CAROL OF THE BELLS**

(Ukrainian Carol)

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

\[ \text{\textit{Hark! how the bells, sweet silver bells, All seem to say, throw cares a-way.}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{Christmas is here, bringing good cheer, To young and old, meek and the bold,}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{Ding, dong, ding, dong, that is their song. With joyful ring, all caroling.}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{One seems to hear words of good cheer, From everywhere filling the air.}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{Oh, how they pound, raising the sound O'er hill and dale, telling their tale.}} \]
Gaily they ring while people sing Songs of good cheer, Christmas is here.

Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas! Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry,

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

mer-ry Christmas! On, on they send, on without end Their joy-ful tone

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

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

Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

... 2.

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

On, on they send on without end Their joyful tone to ev’ry home. Dong!

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
Traditional

Moderately

Christ - mas Tree!  Christ - mas Tree!  Thy leaves are so un - chan - ging;
Not on - ly green when sum - mer’s here,  But al - so when it’s cold and drear.

Christ - mas Tree!  Christ - mas Tree!  Much plea - sure thou canst give me;
How oft - en has the Christ - mas tree Af - ford - ed me the great - est glee!

Christ - mas Tree!  Christ - mas Tree!  Thy can - dles shine so bright - ly.
From base to sum - mit gay and bright,  There’s on - ly splen - dor for the sight.

Christ - mas Tree!  How rich - ly God has decked thee.
Thou bidst us true and faith - ful be,  And trust in God un - chan - ging - ly.

Christ - mas Tree!  Thy leaves are so un - chan - ging.
O Tannenbaum

Traditional German Folk Song

Moderately

1. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Wie treu sind deine Blätter!
2. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Du kannst mir sehr gefallen!
3. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Dein Kleid will mich was lernen!

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

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

Deck the Hall

16th Century Welsh Tune

1. Deck the hall with boughs of holly, Fa la la la, la la la la.
2. See the blazing Yule before us, Fa la la la, la la la la.
3. Fast away the old year passes, Fa la la la, la la la la.

'Tis the season to be jolly,       Fa la la la, la la la la.
Strike the harp and join the chorus, Fa la la la, la la la la.
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses,   Fa la la la, la la la la.

Don we now our gay apparel;       Fa la la, la la la, la la la la.
Follow me in merry measure,       Fa la la, la la la, la la la la.
Sing we joyous all together,       Fa la la, la la la, la la la la.

Troll the ancient Yuletide carol, Fa la la la, la la la la.
While I tell of Yuletide treasure, Fa la la la, la la la la.
Heed less of the wind and weather, Fa la la la, la la la la.

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

Traditional English Folk Song

1. We wish you a Merry Christmas, We wish you a Merry Christmas, We won't bring wish go us you until we get some, We won't bring wish go us you until we get some, We
til $$\text{Mer}$$ $$\text{gy}$$ we get pud $$\text{t}$$ $$\text{g}$$ Christ some, ding, mas, Christ some, ding, mas,

2. Oh, bring us a figgy pudding, Oh, bring us a figgy pudding, Oh,

3. We won't go until we get some, We won't go until we get some, We
good cheer.

4. And a happy New Year! And a happy New Year!

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

6. bring us a figgy pudding, and a cup of good cheer.

7. won't go until we get some, so bring it right here.

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

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

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

Christmas Bells

(Lovely Evening)

Somewhat quickly

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

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 go, Laughing all the way; Bells on bobtail ring, Making spirits bright; O what sport to ride and sing A sleighing song tonight.

2. A day or two ago I thought I'd take a ride, And soon Miss Fan-nie was seated by my side; The horse was lean and lank, Mis-fortune seem'd his lot. He got into a drifted bank, And we, we got up lot. Speed, Hitch him to an open sleigh And crack, you'll take the lead.

3. Now the ground is white, Go it while you're young, Take the girls to-night. And sing this sleighing song; Just get a bobtailed bay, Two-for-ty as his bright;
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way; Oh! what joy it is to ride in a onehorse open sleigh.
JOLLY OLD SAINT NICHOLAS

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

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

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

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

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
Come Ye Lofty

Rev. Archer Gurney (1820–1887)
G.J. Elvey (1816–1893)

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 blithely and merrily, This 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’ns is ringing: Christ the Lord to man is born!

In a stable lies the Holy, In a manager rests the King:
He, the Lord of all salvation, Shares your want, is weak and poor:
Christmas holy, leaf, and berry, All be prized for His dear sake:
Come glad hearts, and spirits pinning: For you all has ris’n the star.
Are not all our hearts too singing, Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?

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

Come, your circle round Him closing, Pi ous hearts that love the Lord.
See the Shepherds, God has told them That the Prince of Life lies there.
All in all your homage render, Weak and mighty, young and old.
Come ye people, come ye nations, All in all draw nigh to gaze.
And the song of Christmas blessing Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Like silver lamps in a distant shrine, The stars are sparkling
The stars of heav’n still shine as at first They gleamed on this wonder-ful
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.
Godhead burns, Hid in flesh from fleshly sight.
Spotless Birth, Are at peace on this night so fair.
2. Never fell melodies half so sweet As those which are filling the
skies; And never a palace shone half so fair As the 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
manager where our Savior lies; No night in the year is__
all the spirits of wickedness quell: For Mary's Son is the

half so dear As this which has ended our sighs.
Mighty One Whom the prophets of God foretell.

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,
mf 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 swathing bands Thouickest, Thou in want and weakness sighingest:
Judge supreme, true God-head sharing, Sin-ner's likeness for us wearing!
With Thy sacred Fire illumine me, Let it inwardly consume me,
Make me like Thy-self in meekness, Bind to Thee my human weakness,

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

end-ing, man be-friending, ff God most High, God most High.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Ave Jesu Deus

1. Ave Je-su De-us ma-gne, Ave Pu-er, mi-tis a-gne,
2. Ut me pau-pe-rem di-ta-tes, Ut me per-di-tum sal-vaes,
3. In-ter bru-ta quam ab-jec-tus Va-gis, Pa-tris o di-lec-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-rect,  

Anon-

CHRISTMAS

Anonymous

Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Corde Natus

Divinum Mysterium, 13th Century Melody

1. Cor-de natus ex parén-tis An-te mundi ex ór-di-um
2. Ip-se jus-sit et creá-ta, di-xit ip-se et fac-ta sunt,
3. Có-ro-ris for-mam ca dú-ci, mem-bra mortí̃b-nó-xi-a

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

7. E-di-dit nos-tram sa-lú-tem,
8. Quid-quid est vir-tú-tis us-quam
9. Quem pro-phe-ta-rum fi-dé-les

Marcus Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348–413?)

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,
Ind-u-it, ne gens per-i-ret pri-moplásti ex gér-mi-ne,
fe-ta Sancto Spi-ri-tu, Et pu-er re-de-mptor or-bis os sa-crâ-tum
psal-lat in lau-dem De-i, Nul-la li-ngui-rum si-lès-cat, vox et om-nis
pâ-gi-næ spo-pôn-de-rant, E-mi-cat pro-mi-sus o-lim; cunc-ta con-lâ-
côn-so-net. Sæ-cu-ló-rum sa-cu-lis._ 8. Te se-nes et te ju-vên-tus,
mac-te rex vi-vén-ti-um, Dex-ter in Pa-rén-tis ar-ce
par-vu-ló-rum te cho-rus, Tur-ba ma-trum, vir-gi-nûm-que,
há-gi-o-que Pnèu-ma-te Hym-nus, de-cus, laus per-énn-is,
qui clu-is vir-tú-ti-bus, Om-ni-um ven-tú-rus in-de
sim-pli-ces pu-él-lu-læ, Vo-ce con-có-r-de pu-di-cis
gra-ti-á-rum âc-ti-o, Ho-nor, vir-tus, vic-tó-ri-a,
jus-tus ul-tor cri-mi-num. Sæ-cu-ló-rum sa-cu-lis._
pér-stre-pant con-cén-ti-bus. Sæ-cu-ló-rum sa-cu-lis._
re-gnum âe-ter-nâ-li-ter. Sæ-cu-ló-rum sa-cu-lis._

from Great Hymns of the Church Compiled by the Late Right Reverend John Freeman Young, 1887,
via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
1. Of the Father’s love begotten, Ere the worlds began to be, He is Alpha
2. At His Word the worlds were framed; He commanded; it was done: Heav’n and earth and
3. He is found in human fashion, Death and sorrow here to know, That the race of

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
Adam’s children Doomed by law to endless woe, May not henceforth die and perish

And that future years shall see, Ev’r-more and ev’r-more!
Of the moon and burning sun, Ev’r-more and ev’r-more!
In the dreadful gulf below, Ev’r-more and ev’r-more!

4. O that birth for’er blessèd, When the Virgin, full of grace,
5. This is He Whom seers in old time Chant-ed of with one ac-cord;
6. O ye heights of heav’n adore Him; An-gel hosts, His prais-es sing;

By the Holy Ghost con-ceiv-ing, Bare the Sav-ior of our race;
Whom the voices of the prophets Prom-ised in their faith ful word;
Pow’rs, dominions, bow be-fore Him, And ex-tol our God and King!

Of the Father’s Love Begotten
Divinum Mysterium, 13th Century Melody

Translated by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)
Great Hymns of the Church Compiled by the Late Right Reverend John Freeman Young

And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
Now He shines, the long expected,
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
First revealed His sacred face,
Let creation praise its Lord,
Ev'ry voice in concert sing.

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

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

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

Sin-ners from Thy face shalt drive,
And the heart its music bring,
And et-ernal vic-to-ry,
Ev'er-more and ev'er-more!
Ev'er-more and ev'er-more!
Ev'er-more and ev'er-more!
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

Hymns it rais – es, it rais – es.

1. Come! tune your heart, To bear its part, And ce le –

2. Ex alt His Name; With joy pro claim, God loved the

3. Your ref uge place In His free grace, Trust in His

4. O Christ, to prove For Thee, my love, In brethren

5. Come! praise the Lord; In Heav’n are stored Rich gifts for

brate Mes si ah’s feast with prais es, with prais es;

world, and through His Son for gave us, for gave us;

Name, and day by day re pent you, re pent you;

Thee my hands shall clothe and cher ish, and cher ish;

those who here His Name e steem ed, e steem ed;

Let love in spire The joy ful choir, While to the God of

Oh! what are we, That, Lord, we see Thy won drous love, in

Ye mock God’s word, Who call Him Lord, And fol low not the

To each sad heart Sweet Hope im part, When worn with care, with

Al le lu ia; Al le lu ia; Re joice in Christ, and

Love, glad Hymns it rais es, it rais es.

Christ who died to save us, to save us!

pat tern He hath lent you, hath lent you.

sor row nigh to per ish, to per ish.

praise Him ye re deem ed, re deem ed.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
'Twas in the winter cold, when earth was desolate and wild,
Then in the manger the poor beast was presented with his Lord;
But I have not, it makes me sigh, one off'ring in my pow'r;
Grant me Thy-self, O Saviour kind, The Spirit unfiled,
Light of the everlast ing morn, Deep through my spirit shine;

That Angels welcomed at His Birth The everlast ing Child.
Then swains and pilgrims from the East saw, wonder'd, and adored.
'Tis winter all with me, and I have neither fruit nor flower.
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 everbright'ning day, And from His throne above
And I this morn would come with them This bless'd sight to see,
O God, O Brother let me give, My worth-less self to Thee;
That I may tread life's arduous ways As Thou Thy-self 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 spot-less be;
And in the midst of prayer and praise Keep ever close to God.
Till Thou art able to de-cry Thy fault-less image there.
Traditional

**The Waits' Song**

Moderato.

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,

Our Lord mightily Lord He looked on us, And bade us awake and pray.

Lord our God died on the Cross For us He loved so dear.

Our God died on the Cross For us He loved so dear.

When shall I come to thee? When shall I come to thee?

When shall I come to thee? When shall I come to thee?

Thy joy that I may see? Thy joy that I may see?

With His Heav'n-ly dew so sweet.

With His Heav'n-ly dew so sweet.

With His Heav'n-ly dew so sweet.

The life of man is but a span, And cut down in its flow'r,
We ne'er shall do for Jesus Christ
As He hath done for us.

We're here to-day, to-morrow gone,
The creatures of an hour.

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

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

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

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

Thy good deeds and thy bad, O man,
Will all together meet.

God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful new year.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
The great God of Heaven is come down to earth, His mother a Virgin, and sinless His Birth; The Father eternal His Father on high in the skies; Before Him their faces the promised to Mary so mild; Whose pow'r and dominion shall

Faither alone: He sleeps in the manager; He reigns on the Throne. Seraphim hide, While Joseph stands waiting, unscared, by His side. ever increase, The Prince that shall rule o'er a kingdom of peace.

ff Then let us adore Him, and praise His great love, To save us poor sinners He came from above.
4. The wonderful Counselor, boundless in might, The Father's own

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

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

Imagery, 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
ever shall be, But becomes that He was not, for you and for me.

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

To save us poor sinners He came from above.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. God's dear Son, without beginning, Whom the wicked Jews did scorn;
   Beth-lehem, King David's city, Birth-place of that Babe we find,
   No princely palace for our Savior In Judaea could be found,

The only wise, without all sinning, On this blessed day was born;
   God and Man en-dued with pi-ty, And the Savior of man-kind:
   But sweet Mary's meek behav-iour Patient-ly upon the ground

To save us all from sin and thrall, When we in Satan's chains were bound;
   Yet Jewry 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.
   No mid-wife mild had this sweet Child, Nor woman's help at mother's need.
4. No king-ly robes nor gold-en trea-sure
Decked the birth-day of God's Son;

5. Yet, as Ma-ry sat in sol-ace
By our Sav-iour's cra-dle side,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No mu-sic's charms in nurse's arms
To sing that Babe a lul-la-by.

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

And let us say that Christmas Day
Is still the best day in the year.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
The Babe of Bethlehem

Traditional

1. The Babe in Bethlehem's manger laid, In humble form so low;

2. A Savior! sinners all around, Sing, shout the wondrous word;

3. For not to sit on David's throne With worldly pomp and joy;

By wondering Angels is surveyed, Thro' all His scenes of woe.
Let every bosom hail the sound, A Savior! Christ the Lord.
He came for sinners to a-tone, And Satan to destroy.

Noël, noël, Now sing a Savior's Birth; All hail, all hail His coming down to earth, Who raises us to Heaven!

4. To preach the Word of Life Divine, And feed with living Bread, 

5. He preached, He suffered, bled and died, Up' twixt earth and skies;

6. Well may we sing a Savior's Birth, Who need the Grace so giv'n,

To heal the sick with hand benignant, And raise to life the dead.
In sinners' stead was crucified, For sin a sacrifice.
And hail His coming down to earth, Who raises us to Heaven.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
God loved the world so that He gave His only Son the world to save.
Our Saviour He, and chiefest good, Like to our own, took flesh and blood.
The same that siteth thron'd on high, A Babe in lowly crib doth lie.
See, the Almighty Lord of all Doth on the garb of common thrall.

Chorus
Then sing for joy, sing for joy. Near and far, 

O and A, Bless ye the Lord. Alleluia. 

Additional verses
Choosing Him poverty be low, To make man rich for evermore.
What! God the serf, and man the knight! Sure, this of love the very height.
The gate of Eden once was barr'd, But now no need of Cherub-guard.
Wherefore, I pray you, merry make, And carol for the Baby's sake.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
German Carol
Translated by Theodore Baker (1851–1934)

German Melody
Arranged by Hugo Jüngst (1853–1923)

**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.

**Jesus in the Manger**

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

Henry Smart (1813–1879)

1. Why, Most High-est, art Thou lying, In a manger poor and
2. On a Mother's breast Thou sleep-est, Moth-er, yet a Vir-gin
3. Weak the Strong, of strength the Giv-er: Small, Whose arms cre-a-tion
low? Thou, the fires of heav’n supply, Come a stable’s cold to know?
still; Sad, with eyes dimmed Thou weep-est, Eyes, which Heav’n with glad-ness fill.
span; Bound, Who only can de-liv-er; Born is He Whone’er be-gan.

O what works of love stu-pendous Were sal-va-tion’s price! Burn-ing
welt Thou to be-friend us, Ex-iles far from Para-dise.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
FROM FAR AWAY

1. From far away we come to you,
2. For as we wandered far and wide,
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?

Stand forth on the floor.

From far away we come to you,
For as we wandered far and wide,
Under a bent when the night was deep,

To tell of great tidings strange and true.
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, Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor,
His hair was white, and his hood was wide,

Stand forth on the floor.
"O ye shepherds, what have ye seen, To
There was an old man there beside; His

slay your sorrow and heal your teen?”  “O ye shepherds, what have ye seen,
Babe and a Maid without a flaw, "In an ox-stall this night we saw, hair was white, and his hood was wide, There was an old man there 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,
1. In Bethlehem, that noble place, As by the Prophet said it was,

2. On Christmas night an Angel told The shepherds watching by their fold,

3. The shepherds were encompassed right, About them shone a glorious light,

4. "No cause have ye to be afraid, For why? this day is Jesus laid

5. "And thus in faith find Him ye shall Laid poorly in an ox's stall.

Of the Virgin Mary, filled with Grace, Salvator mundi natus est.
In Bethlehem, full night the world, "Salvator mundi natus est."
"Dread ye naught," said the Angel bright, "Salvator mundi natus est."
Be we merry in this Fest, In quo Salvator natus est.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. All this night bright angels sing, Never was such carol-ing, Hark! a voice which loud-ly cries, “Mortals, mortals, wake and rise. Lo! to glad-ness Turns your all this night, Heav’n and ev-ry twink-ling light, All a-maz-ing, Still stand sad-ness: From the earth is ris’n a Sun, Shines all night though day be done.” gaz-ing; An-gels, Pow’rs, and all that be, Wake, and joy this Sun to see.

3. Hail! O Sun, O bless-ed Light, Sent in-to 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 tru-ly God and man, we do confess: Hail, O Sun of Right-eous-ness!

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
The Christmas Day Carol

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

And Mary bore Jesus Christ Our Savior 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.
CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMASMASSE OF OLDE

Swiss Air

1. God rest you, Chryst-en gen-till men, Wherev-er you may be, Wherev-er you may be, God rest you all in fiele or hall, Or

2. Last night ye shep-herds in ye east Saw many a won-drous thing; Ye sky last night flamed pass-ing bright Whiles

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

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

morn oure Chryst is born That sav-eth you and me. came to bless ye name Of Je-sus Chryst, oure Kyng.
3. God rest you, Christen gentil 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, oun Chryst is

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

lands hold thou thy hands From bloud-y works this daye.
morn oun Chryst is born That sav-eth you and me.
13th Century Manuscript at Stuttgart

**Ad cantus lætitiæ**

English by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

As found in *Piae Cantiones, 1582*

---

**The same, in English**

---

*From The Cowley Carol Book, 1919*
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, Joy-ous praises giv'en, Angel bands o'er Bethlehem's plains, Sang the songs of heaven. Glory be to God on high! 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.
A Day, a Day of Glory

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)  Old French

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 pass sage 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 entered in:

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

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

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
1. Earth to-day rejoices, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, 
2. Re-con-cil-i-a-tion, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, 
3. Though the cold grows stron-ger, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia,

Death can hurt no more; And ce-les-tial voi-ces, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, 
Peace that lasts for aye, Glads, and sal-va-tion, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, 
Though the world loves night, Yet the days grow lon-ger, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, 

ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Tell that sin is o'er. Da-vid's sling de-stroys 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 tem-ple 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
1. ‘Ho! stew - ard, bid my ser - vants Go forth, and hith - er call,
   For guests, my friends and neigh - bors, To sup with me in hall;
   That, at this bless - ed sea - son, Which comes but once a year,
   We may, as folk in old - en days, Re - joice, and make good cheer.’

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

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

His fleets of 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, LAWN IN AN OXEN MANGER

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)  Flemish, Quittez, pasteurs, vos brebis et houlette
Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. Hail! Holy Child, Lain in an ox-en man-ger, Of Je-se stem, Yet
2. Me-thinks I stand To-day in David’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 strang-er,
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 ept 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-rect of
And where ’tis out of joint, Canst make, canst make my false true coun-ter-

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

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
MAKE WE JOY NOW IN THIS FEST

Old English Carol

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

CHRISTMAS

1. A Patre Uniginitus Is through a maiden come to us;
2. Agnos cat omne seculum, A bright star made three kings to come,
3. A solis ortus caridine So might-y a Lord is none as He;
4. Maria ven tre concepit, The Holy Ghost was ay her with,
5. O lux beatata Trinitas, He lay between an ox and ass,

Sing we of Him and say Wel-come, Veni, Redemp tor gen ti um.
Him for to seek with their pre sen's, Verbum su pernum prod i ens.
And to our kind He hath Him knit, Adam pa rens quod pul lu it.

Of her in Bethlem born He is, Con sors paterni luminis.
Beside His mother maiden free, Glor a Ti bi, Domine.
CHRISTMAS

PUER NATUS IN BETHLEHEM

(A Babe is Born in Bethlehem)

14th century or earlier

From Piae Cantiones*, 1582

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

5. Si-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 thá-la-mo, Al-le-lú-ia.

9. Unde gaudet Je-rú-sa-le-m, Al-le-lú-ia.
Ver-bum Pa-tris al-tís-si-mi, Al-le-lú-ia.
Vir-go con-cé-pit Fí-li-um, Al-le-lú-ia.
Si-ne vi-ri-li sé-mi-ne, Al-le-lú-ia.

10. De nos-tro ve-nit sán-gui-ne, Al-le-lú-ia.
Pec-cá-to sed dis-sí-mi-lis, Al-le-lú-ia.
Pro-cé-sit ma-tris ú-te-ro, Al-le-lú-ia.
Qui re-gnat si-ne tér-mi-no. Al-le-lú-ia.
Quod Puer erat Dominus. Alleluia.
Revelat Quis sit Dominus. Alleluia.
Au-rum, thus, myrrham of ferunt. Alleluia.

Intrantes domum invicem, Alleluia.
In hoc natali gaudiio, Alleluia.
Laudetur sancta Trinitas, Alleluia.

Natum salutant Hominem, Alleluia.
Bene dicamus Domino, Alleluia.
Deo dicamus gratias, Alleluia.

*In Pia Cantiones only a tenor and bass part were given, and in The Cowley Carol Book (and here), the bass line from Pia Cantiones is found in the soprano, while the tenor is retained as the tenor.
CHRISTMAS

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 cattle-stall:
   
   2. Re-joice to-day for Jesus’s sake,
      With-in your hearts His cradle make:

   He li-eth in a crib full small,
   And wrapt in swad-dlingclothes with-al.
   
   A shrine, where-in the Babe may take
   His rest, in slumber or a-wake.

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

      His pil-low Faith, full fair to see,
      With cov-er-let of Cha-ri-ty.
      
      To Him give in-cense, myrrh and gold,
      Nor rai-ment, meat and drink with-hold.

   5. Draw nigh, the Son of God to kiss,
      Greet Mary’s Child (the Lord He is)
   
   6. Come rock His cradle cheer-i-ly,
      As doth His moth-er, so do ye,
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 neat-ly drest:
10. Now chant we mer-ri-ly i-o With such as play in órga-no:

For-sake me not, when sore dis-trest, Em-ma-nu-el, my Broth-er blest.
And with the sing-ers in cho-ro Be-ne-di-cámus Dó-mi-no.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
Puer nobis nascitur

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

Arranged by G.H. Palmer

*To be sung in Unison.*

1. Pu-er no-bis ná-sci-tur Rec-tor An-ge-ló-rum, In hoc mun-do
2. In præ-sé-pe pó-si-tum Sub fæ-no a si-nó-rum Co-gno-vé-runt
3. Hunc He-ró-des ti-mu-it Ma-gno cum tre-mó-re In in-fán-tes
4. Qui na-tus ex Ma-ri-a Di-e ho-di-ér-na Duc nos tu-a
5. Te Sal-vá-tor A et O Can-té-mus in cho-ro, Can-té-mus in

ír-ru-it Hos cæ-dens in fu-ró-re, Hos cæ-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-cámus Dó-mi-no, Be-ne-di-cámus Dó-mi-no.

(The same, in English)

1. Un-to us is born a Son, King of Quires su-per-nal: See on earth His
2. Christ, from heav’n de-scend-ing low, Comes on earth a stran-ger: Ox and ass their
3. This did He-rod 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, Cum cán-ti-bus in cho-ro, Cum cán-ti-cis et

life be-gun, Of lords the Lord e-ter-nal, Of lords the Lord e-ter-nal,
Ow-ner 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-cámus Dó-mi-no. Be-ne-di-cámus Dó-mi-no.

from *The Cowley Carol Book*, 1919
1. To us is born a little Child Of Mary, maid - en-mother mild;
2. Our King of Glo - ry, Him have we, The Li - on - lord of vic - to - ry:
3. That dear, through Him, to God we be, From death de - liv - er'd and set free:
4. Now, mas - ters all, full sweet-ly sing Ho - san-na to our Ba - by - king;

Whom An - gels laud with ser - vice sweet,
The Fa - ther's sole - be - got - ten Son
Our death - wounds heal'd by His, de - spite
That hath but man - ger for His bed,

Let us His own poor serv - ants greet.
Light - ning the a - - ges as they run.
That dark old Dra - - gon's dead - ly bite.
And straw where - on to lay His head.

And therefore Fa - ther, Son, a - dore, With Ho - ly Ghost, for ev - er - more.
**CHRISTMAS**

**To Us This Morn a Child is Born**

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

**When Angelick Host Entuned**

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

*From The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924*
'TWAS IN A CAVE ON CHRISTMAS MORN

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Dich grüssen wir, O Jesulein, 1623

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. 'Twas in a cave on Christmas morn, Noel, Noel,
2. See in a crib the heav'ly Child, Lul-lay, Lul-lay,
3. Thi-ther-ward kings and herd-men drew To Eph-ra-tha,

Je-sus, the Son of God was born, Noel, Noel, Noel.
For to adore the Babe Je-su, At Beth-leem Eph-ra-tha.

Additional Verses

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

In ho-ly writ by bards of old, Eia, Eia, Eia.
Mar-vel-lous glad o'er Jesus'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 (1560–1595)

Tune of *We are poor frozen-out gardeners*

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

**1.** Behoulde a se-ly tender Babe In frees-ing win-ter nighte,

**2.** De-spise not Him for ly-ing there, First what He is en-quire:

**3.** This sta-ble is a Prin-ce's courte, The cribbe His chaire of state:

**4.** With joye ap-proch, O Christ-en wighte, Do hom-age to thy Kinge:

---

**In home-ly manger**

**In nigh-ly ma-nier**

**tribling lies:**

Alas, a pit-i-ous sighte:

An or-ient 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 beasts that by Him feede:

The par-sons in that poor at-tire

His roy-all live ries weare:

With joye ap-proch, O Christ-en wighte,

Do hom-age to thy Kinge:

But forced He is with se-ly beasts

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-ed there.

And high-ly prise this hum-ble pompe,

Which He from heav'n doth bring.

---

from *The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924*
**CHRISTMAS**

**Quem Pastores**

*Anonymous, 14th Century*  
*Arranged by Rev. J.R. Lunn, B.D.*

1. *Quem pas-tóres lau-da-vé-re, Qui-bus án-ge-li di-xé-re, "Ab-sit*
2. *Ad quem ma-gi am-bu-lábant, Au-rum, thus, myr-rham por-tá-bant, Im-mo-
3. *Ex-ul-té-mus cum Ma-rí-a In cæ-lés-ti hie-rár-chi-a Na-tum*
4. *Chris-to re-gi, De-o na-to, Per Ma-rí-am no-bis da-to, Mé-ri-

---

Music from *The Cowley Carol Book, 1919*, Words from Hymns.AndCarolsOfChristmas.com

**Quem Pastores**

*Arranged by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)*

1. *Quem pas-tóres lau-da-vé-re, Qui-bus án-ge-li di-xé-re,*
2. *Ad quem ma-gi am-bu-lábant, Au-rum, thus, myr-rham por-tá-bant,*
3. *Ex-ul-té-mus cum Ma-rí-a In cæ-lés-ti hie-rár-chi-a*
4. *Chris-to re-gi, De-o na-to, Per Ma-rí-am no-bis da-to,*

---

"*Ab-sit vo-bis jam ti-mé-re, Na-tus est rex gló-ri-æ, Rex gló-ri-æ."


*Na-tum pro-mat vo-ce pi-a Laus, ho-nor et gló-ri-a, et gló-ri-a.*

*Mé-ri-to ré-so-net ve-re Dul-ci cum me-lú-di-a, me-lú-di-a.*

from ChristmasCarolMusic.org
William Bright (1824–1901)

Christmas Song

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)

1. Once again O blessed time, thankful hearts embrace thee:
2. Once again the Holy Night Breathes its blessing ten der;
3. Welcome Thou to souls a-thirst, Fount of endless pleasure;

If we lost thy festival chime, What could e’er replace thee? What could
Once again the Man-ger Light Sheds its gentle splendor, Sheds its
Gates of Hell may do their worst, While we clasp our Treasure, While we

e’er replace thee? Change will darken many a day, Many a bond dis-
gen - tle splen - dor; O could tongues by An-gels taught Speak our ex ul-
clasp our Treasure: Welcome, though an age like this Puts Thy Name on

sever; Many a joy shall pass away, But the “Great Joy” never!
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 Pleads against de ni al!

But the “Great Joy” never, But the “Great Joy” never!
All man - kind Sal va tion, All man - kind Sal va tion.
Pleads a - gainst de - ni al, Pleads a - gainst de - ni al!
4. Yea, if others stand apart, 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 ly ing, Thou whose Al tar-

ter nal Heart, We will hold Thee dear er, We will hold Thee dar er; Faith ful lips shall an swer thus To all faith less
veils en fold Pow'r and Life undy ing, Pow'r and Life with the Lord's reward; Our webs we will un fold

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

corn 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.
deav or, Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth In our praise for ev er.

Born on Christmas morn ing, Born on Christ mas morn ing."
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.
A CRADLE-SONG OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Translated by Rev. H. R. Bramley (1833–1917) from Latin
Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)

Allegretto non troppo.

1. The Virgin stills the crying, Of Jesus, sleepless lying;
2. O Lamb, my love inviting, O Star, my soul delighting,
3. My Child, of Might indwelling, My Sweet, all sweets excelling,
4. My Joy, my Exultation, My spirit’s Consolation;
5. Say, wouldst Thou heavenly sweetness, Or love of answering meetness?

And singing for His pleasure, Thus calls upon her Treasure,
O Flower of mine own bearing, O Jewel past comparing!
Of bliss the Fountain flowing, The Day-spring ever glowing,

“My Darling, do not weep, My Jesus, sleep!”

My Son, my Spouse, my Brother, O listen to Thy Mother!
Or is fit music wanting? Ho! Angels, raise your chanting!

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Traditional

JACOB'S LADDER

1. As Ja - cob with travel was wea - ry one day, At___ night on a
2. This lad - der is long, it is strong and well-made, Has stood hun - dreds of
3. Come let___ us a-scend: all may climb it who will; For the An - gels of
4. And when we ar - rive at the ha - ven of rest We shall hear the glad

stone_ for a pil - low he lay, He___ saw in a vi - sion a
years_ and is not yet de-cayed; Ma - ny mil - lions have climbed it and
Ja - cob are guard - ing it still: And re - mem - ber each step, that by
words, “Come up hi - ther, ye blest, Here are re - gions of light, here are

laid - der so high, That its foot was on earth, and its top in the sky.
reached Si-on's hill, And_ thou - sands by faith are___ climbing it still.
faith we pass o'er, Some Pro - phet or Mar - tyr hath trod it be - fore.
man - sions of bliss;” O___ who would not climb such a laid - der as this?

Hal-le - lu - jah to Je - sus, who died on the Tree, And hath rais'd up a

lad - der of mer - cy for me, And hath rais'd up a laid - der of mer - cy for me.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Translated by Archdeacon Churton

The Story of the Shepherd

Gongora, a Spanish Carol

By Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)

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 marveled sight and sense, to
forms were seen to shine. Still bright’ning as the music rose with light and love di-
banks with poplar shade: So thrilling as the concert sweet by heav’nly harpings see that glory shine: To hear that minstrel in the clouds, who sang of Love Di-

vine. With love divine the song began; there shone a light serene: made; For love divine was in each chord, and fill’d each pause between:
vine. To see that form with bird-like wings, of more than mortal mien:

O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen? O,
25. who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

4. When once the rapt-urous trance was past, that so my sense could bind,

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; That

veal-ing where on earth the steps of Love Di- vine had been; Love Di- vine in child-like form had God for-ev-er been:

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

From William Ballet’s Lute Book, c. 1600

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

At a moderate pace.

mp Sweet was the song the Virgin sung, When she, when she to Bethlehem Juda came, And

was deliver’d of a Son, pp That blessed Jesus hath to name.

a tempo

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

she, mf My Son, and eke a Saviour born, Who hath vouch-saf-ed from on high To

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

To visit us
And rock'd Him sweet-ly on her knee.

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

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919

---

2. Schlaf, schlaf, schlaf, Mein lieb-es Kind-lein schlaf!
3. Groς, groß, groß Die Lieb' ist ü-ber-groß!
4. Wir, wir, wir, Wir ruf-en all zu dir:

Die Eng-lein tun schön ju-bi-lier-en, Bei dem Krip-plein
Ma-ria 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!

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

CHRISTMAS

KLING GLÖCKCHEN

1. Laßt mich ein, ihr Kinder!
   Ist so kalt der Winter!
2. Mädchens, hört, und Bübchen,
   Macht mir auf das Stübchen!
3. Hell er-glühn die Kerzen,
   Öffnet mir die Herzen,

Öffnet mir die Türen!
Bring euch viele Gaben,
Will drin wohnen frohlich,

Kling, Glöckchen kling-e-ling-e-ling!
Kling, Glöckchen kling!

from The Wartburg Hymnal, 1918
Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

(W Żłobie Leży)

Traditional Polish Carol

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

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

1. Infant holy, infant lowly For His bed a cattle stall;
2. Flocks were sleeping, shepherds keeping Vigil till the morning new

Oxen lowing, little knowing, Christ the Babe, is Lord of all.
Saw the glory, heard the story, Tidings of a gospel true.

Swift are winging angels singing, Noëls ringing,
Thus rejoicing, free from sorrow, Praises voicing

Tidings bringing: Christ the Babe is Lord of all.
greet the morrow: Christ the Babe was born for all.

from CyberHymnal.org
Anonymous 17th century French melody
Arranged by Bernard Dewagtere

Il est né le divin Enfant, Jouez hautbois, résonnez musettes!

Il est né le divin Enfant. Chantons tous son avenement.

1. Depuis plus de quatre mille ans, Nous le promettaient les prophètes, Depuis plus de quatre mille ans, Nous le promettaient les prophètes.
2. Une établ'est son logement, Un peu de paille est sa couche, Une établ'est son logement, Un peu de paille est sa couche.
3. O Jésus, ô roi tout puissant, Tout petit enfant que vous êtes, O Jésus, ô roi tout puissant, Tout petit enfant que vous êtes.

from www.free-scores.com
15th Century French Carol from *Le Grande Bible des Noëls*

Translated by P.S.B.

**NOËL NOUVELET**

1. "No-ël nou-ve-let," come let us sing "no-ël;"
2. Prai-sés 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-ël," un-to the ti-ny King,

"No-ël nou-ve-let," come let us sing "no-ël."
"No-ël nou-ve-let, No-ël chan-tons i-ci!"
1. Twenty-fifth day of December, Fum, fum, fum!
2. Praise we now the Lord above, Fum, fum, fum!

Fum, fum, fum, fum, fum, fum.

blessed Babe was born
In a manger poor and lowly
Up-on this day at break of morn
Celebrate in song and story

Fum, fum, fum, fum, fum, fum.

Son of God most holy
The wonders of His glory
For a fum!
Now we fum!

Fum, fum, fum, fum, fum, fum.

from cpdl.org and pucp.edu
HACIA BELÉN VA UNA BURRA

1. Hacia Belén va una burra
rin rin yo me remendaba yo me remendé, yo me eché un remendo

2. En el portal de Belén
rin rin yo me remendaba yo me remendé, yo me eché un remendo

3. En el portal de Belén
rin rin yo me remendaba yo me remendé, yo me eché un remendo

Miendo yo me lo quité, carga de chocolate. 
Miendo yo me lo quité, han entrado los rataiones. 
Miendo yo me lo quité, gitanillos han entrado. 

Y al buen Niño

co - la - te - ra
rin rin yo me remendaba yo me remendé, yo me eché un remendo

De San José
rin rin yo me remendaba yo me remendé, yo me eché un remendo

Que está en la cuna
rin rin yo me remendaba yo me remendé, yo me eché un remendo

Miendo yo me lo quité, su molinillo y su ana fre.
Miendo yo me lo quité, Le han roido los calzones.
Miendo yo me lo quité, los panales han roido.

Marí - a Marí - a
vena - cá corriendo que el chocolate se lo están comiendo.
Marí - a Marí - a
vena - cá corriendo que los calzones los están royendo.
Marí - a Marí - a
vena - cá volando que los panalitos los están llevando.
**CHRISTMAS**

**RIU RIU CHIU**

Mateo Flecha el Viejo (1481–1553)

Ri-u, ri-u Chi-u, la guarda ri-be-ra. Dios guardó el lo-bo de nuestra cor-

de-ra. Dios guardó el lo-bo de nues-tra cor-de-ra.

Ri-u, ri-u Chi-u, la guarda ri-be-ra. Dios guardó el lo-bo, el

lobo de nuestra cor-de-ra. Dios guardó el lobo, el

lobo de nuestra cor-de-ra.

1. El lo-bo ra-bio-so la_ _qui-so morder, Mas Dios po-de-ро-so la su-po de-fender,

Quiso-le ha-zer que no pudiese pe-car: Ni_aun o-ri-gi-nal es-ta Virgen no tu-vie-ra.

3. Muchas profecías lo han profetizado, Y aún en nuestros días, lo hemos alcanzado;

4. Yo vi mil garzones que andaban cantando, Por a-qui volando ha-zien-do mil soñes,

5. Este viene a dar a los muertos vida, Y viene a reparar de todos la caída.

6. Mira bien que os cuadre que ansiña lo oyera: Que Dios no pudiera hacerla más que Madre;

7. Pues que ya tenemos lo que deseamos, Todos juntos vamos, presentes lle-vemos;

Todos le damos nuestra voluntad, Pues a igualar con el hombre vie-niera.
Christina Rossetti (1830–1894)  
Harold Darke (1888–1976)  

**IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER**

Moderato e tranquillo

1. In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,
   Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone.
   Snow on snow, in the bleak midwinter, long ago.
   2. Our God, Heav'n cannot hold Him, nor earth sustain;
   3. Enough for Him, whom Cherubim, worship night and day,
   4. Enough for Him, whom angels, snow on snow, fall down before, the ox and ass and camel, which adore.

**Soprano Solo 1.**

In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,

**Tenor Solo 3.**

Enough for Him, whom Cherubim, worship night and day,

**Moderato e tranquillo**

A tempo

For the Him, bleak wind made moan,

Snow on snow, snow on snow,

**poco rall.**

Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone.

Snow had fallen, snow on snow,

**p a tempo**

breast full of milk, and a manger full of hay,

Snow had fallen, snow on snow,

**mp**

And a manger full of hay,

For the Him, bleak wind made moan,

**m.f.**

Enough for Him, whom angels,

Snow had fallen, snow on snow,

**a tempo**

Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone.

Snow had fallen, snow on snow,

**poco rall.**

breast full of milk, and a manger full of hay,

Snow had fallen, snow on snow,

**a tempo**

And a manger full of hay,

Enough for Him, whom angels,

Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
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.
IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER

Christina Rossetti (1830–1894)

1. In the bleak mid-winter, frosty wind made moan,
2. Our God, Heavn’ cannot hold Him Nor earth sustain;
3. Enough for Him, whom Cher-u-bim Worship night and day,
4. Angels and archangels May have gathered there
5. What can I give Him, Poor as I am?

Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone, Heavn’ and earth shall flee a-way When He comes to reign;
A breastful of milk, And a man-gerful of hay: Cher-u-bim and Ser-aphim Throng ed 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 mid-winter a stable place sufficed
Enough for Him, whom an-gels Fall down before,
But only His mo-ther In her maid-en bliss
If I were a wise man I would do my part;

In the bleak mid-winter, Long ago.
The Lord God Al-mighty, Jesus Christ.
The ox and ass and camel which adore.
Wor-shipped the Beloved with a kiss.
Yet what I can, I give Him, Give my heart.

from CantateDomina.org
Lætentur Cæli

Lætentur Cæli et ex-sul-tet ter-ra, et ex-sul-tet ter-ra ant-te faciem Domini. Lætentur cæli - te faciem Domini. Læ-ten-tur caeli et ex-


fæ-ciem Domini. Quon-i-am ven-it, quon-i-am ven-it, quon-i-am ven-it, quon-
1st Shepherd 1. Me thinks I see an heav’nly Host of Angels on the Wing; Me
Narrator 5. Then learn from hence, ye rural Swains, the meekness of your God, Who

thinks I hear their cheer-ful notes, so mer-ri-ly they sing, so
left the bound-less Realms of Joy, to rans-om you with blood, to

mer-ri-ly they sing. 1st Angel 2. Let all your Fears be
rans-om you with blood. 1st Angel 3. Lay down your Crooks, and
1st Angel 4. Seek not in Courts or

Glad
to
ban-ish’d hence. Glad tid-ings I pro-claim, For there’s a Sav-ior
quit your flocks, to Beth-le-hem re-pair; And let your wan-d’ring
Pal-a ces; Nor Roy-al cur-tains draw; But search the Sta-ble,

Glad
to

born to-day, and Je-sus is His name, and Je-sus is His name.
steps be squared by yon-der shin-ing Star, by yon-der shin-ing Star.
see your God ex-tend-ed on the Straw, ex-tend-ed on the Straw.
6. The master of the inn refused a more commodious place; Un-

Narrator 6. The master of the inn refused a more commodious place; Un-

Narrator 9. Then suddenly a Heavenly Host around the Shepherds throng. Ex-

Grand Chorus 10. To God the Father, Christ the Son, and Holy Ghost accord; The

...
Myn Lyking

15th Century

Allegro moderato (\( \frac{3}{4} \) = 112)

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

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

Saw a fair May-den syttin and sing. She lul lèd a lyt-tel Childe, a sweeté Lording.

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.
13
Fine. \(mf\)

2. That
Fine.

17
same Lord is He that made al-le thing, Of al-le lordis He is Lord, of al-le kynges Kyng.

21
3. There was mickle melody at that Chyld’s birth. All that were in heav’nly bliss, they made mickle mirth.

25
4. Angels bright sang their song to that Child; Blyss-id be Thou, and so be She, so meek and so mild.

from 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!

Oh! we are wea-ry of the strife, The din with which earth’s fields are rife,
Sweet ech-o of the lin-g-ling strain Of Christmas morn, the glad re-frain
When shall the flood of woe de-crease? When shall the drear-y con-flict cease,

And we would list the tale That chimes its Christ-mas news for us,
Of An-thems at Thy Birth; When An-gel choirs hymned forth to us
And earth’s sad sons and daugh-ters With glad hearts hail Thy word to us,

Pax, ______________ Pax, ______________ Pax, ______________ Pax, ______________ Pax, ______________ Pax, ______________ Pax, ______________ Pax,
4. O hear Thy Church, with one accord, Her long-lost Peace imploring: Be it according to Thy word: Thy Reign of Peace bring in, dear Lord; Heav’n’s Peace to earth restores.
Pax, Pax, Pax,

Cæsis, Cæsis, Cæsis,

In Cælo Pax, In Cælo Pax, Et in Excelsis,

Glória, Glória, Glória, In Cælo Pax, Et in Excelsis, Et in Excelsis, Glória, in Excelsis, Et in Excelsis, Glória.

cæsis, Glória, Et in Excelsis, Glória, Et in Excelsis, Glória.

cæsis, Glória, Et in Excelsis, in Excelsis, Glória.

cæsis, In cælo, Pax, Et in Excelsis, Glória.

cæsis, Et in Excelsis, Glória.

Glória, Glória, Glória.

a, Et in Excelsis, Glória.

a, Et in Excelsis, Glória.

a, Et in Excelsis, Glória.

a, Et in Excelsis, Glória.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
If angels sung a Savior's birth, If angels sung a Savior's birth, If angels sung a Savior's birth, If angels sung a Savior's birth,

We well may imitate their mirth, We well may imitate their mirth, We well may imitate their mirth, We well may imitate their mirth,

Now He again is born, Now He again is born, Now He again is born, Now He again is born.
A Christmas Round

Maestoso

**Gaudete**

*15th Century*

2. De-us ho-mo factus est na-tú-ra mirán-te, Mundus re-no-vá-tus est a Christo regnán-te.
3. E-ze-chielis por-ta clau-sa per-trán-sí-tur, Un-de lux est or-ta, sa-lus in-ve-ní-tur.
4. Er-go nostra cón-ti-o psal-lat jam in lustro, Be-ne-di-cat Dó-mi-no, sa-lus Re-gi nostro.

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

**Glorious, Beauteous, Golden-Bright**

*Anna M. E. Nichols*  
*Maria Tiddeman (1837–1915)*

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

light, Shone the stars that Christ-mas night, When the
dream ’Mid the won-der-ous glo-ry stream, That il-

Jew-ish shep-herds kept Watch be-side their flocks that slept.

lum-i-ned all the earth, When Christ’s An-gels sang His birth.
Alma Redemptoris Mater

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c. 1525–1594)

Redemptoris Mater, quae pervia caeli porta

Alma Redemptoris Mater, quae pervia caeli porta

masses, Et stella maris, succurre cadenti, surgere qui curat populo:

lo: Tu quae genuisti, natura mirante, tuum sanc tum Genitori rem: Vir-

lo: Tu quae genuisti, natu ra mirante, tuum sanc tum Genitori rem: Vir-

_ Tu quae genuisti, natu ra mirante, tuum sanc tum Genitori rem:
Virgo prius ac postériorus, Gabriélis ab o-

Virgo prius ac postériorus, Gabriélis ab

O re sumens il lud Ave, peccatórum

O re sumens il lud Ave, peccatórum miséré-

Mi sé ré re, peccatórum mi sé ré re.

Mi sé ré re, peccatórum mi sé ré re.

Mi sé ré re, peccatórum mi sé ré re.

Mi sé ré re, peccatórum mi sé ré re.
O Magnum Mysterium

Tomás Luis de Victoria (c. 1548–1611)
ut a-ni-má-li-a vi-dé-ren-tum, vi-dé-ren-tum Dó-mi-num na-tum,


O beáta virgo cu-jus ví-scera me rué-

O beáta virgo cu-jus ví-scera me rué-

O beáta virgo cu-jus ví-scera me rué-

O beáta virgo cu-jus ví-scera me rué-

runt portá-re Dó-minum Je-sum Chris-tum. Al-le-lú-ja, Al-

runt portá-re Dó-minum Je-sum Chris-tum. Al-le-lú-ja, Al-

runt portá-re Dó-minum Je-sum Chris-tum. Al-le-lú-ja, Al-

runt portá-re Dó-minum Je-sum Chris-tum. Al-le-lú-ja, Al-

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

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

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

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

from Piæ Cantiones, 1582

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1914)

1. Personent hó-di-e vo-ces pu-é-ru-læ, laudán-tes ju-cún-de
3. Ma-gi tres ve-né-runt, pár-vu-lum in-qui-runt, Béth-le-hem ád-e-unt,
4. Om-nes cle-ri-cu-li, pár-i-ter pú-e-ri, can-tent ut án-ge-li:

Qui no-bis est na-tus, sum-mo De-o da-tus, et de vir-, vir-, vir-
stá-bu-lo bru-tó-rum, rector su-per-nó-rum, pérd-i-dit, -dit, -dit,
stél-lu-lam se-quén-do, ip-sum ad o-rán-do, au-rum thus, thus, thus,
Ad-ve-nis-ti mun-do, lau-des Ti-bi fun-do. Id-e-o, -o, -o,

et de vir-, vir-, vir-, et de vir-gí-ne-o ven-tre pro-cre-á-tus.
au-rum thus, thus, thus, au-rum thus, et myrrham E-i of-fe-rén-do.
id-e-o, -o, -o, id-e-o, gló-ri-a in ex-cél-sis De-o.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
1. Pér-sonent hó-di-e vo-ces pu-ér-ru-læ, lau-dán-tes
2. In mundo ná-sci-tur, pannis in-vól-vi-tur, præ-sé-pi
3. Ma-gi tres ve-nérunt, pár-vulum in-quí-runt, Béth-le-hem

jucúnde Qui nobis est na-tus, summo De-o dá-tus, et de vir-, vir-, vir-
pó-ni-tur stá-bu-lo bru-tó-rum, rec-tor super-nó-rum, pérdi-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-vení-ti mun-do, lau-des Ti-bí fun-do. Íd-e-o, -o, -o,
1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light: The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells a-cross the snow: The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.
3. Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hand; Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

from The Life Hymnal, 1904
New Year

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

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 narrow wing lust of gold:
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;

Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring out the darkness of the land,

But ring the fuller minstrel in.
Ring in the common love of good.
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the Christ that is to be.
First verse, traditional

Other verses, Robert Burns (1759–1796)

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind?
2. We twa hae run a boot the braes, And pu’d the gow’ans fine;
3. We twa hae sported i’ the burn, Frae morn’ in’ sun till dine,
4. And here’s a hand, my trusty frien’, And gie’s a hand o’ thine;

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind?
But we’ve wandered mony a weary foot, Sin’ auld lang syne.
But seas between us braid ba’er roared, Sin’ auld lang syne.
We’ll tak’ a cup o’ kindness yet, 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.

from Favorite Songs and Hymns for School and Home, 1899