A Collection
of
Christmas Carols

SELECTED, TRANSCRIBED, AND EDITED
by
BENJAMIN BLOOMFIELD

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Benjamin Bloomfield*

*Cincinnati, 2012*
O COME, O COME, EMANUEL

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 ordrest 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.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.
VENI, VENI, EMMAUEL

1. Veni, veni, Emmanuel capitiyum solvere Israel.
2. Veni, O Sapientia, quae hic disponeas omnia.
3. Veni, veni, A Dona, qui populo in Sina.
4. Veni, O Jesus virgula, ex hostis tuos unguula.

qui gemit in exsilio, privatus Dei Filius.
veni, viam prudens in et gloria ut descendat in.
de spectuat tarsi educet et antro baramthri.

Gaudete! Gaudete! Emmanuel, nasceatur pro te Israel.

5. Veni, Clavis Davidica, regna reclude celestia.
6. Veni, veni, O Oriens, solem adveniens.
7. Veni, veni, Rex Gentium, veni, Redemptor omnium.

faciter tum suturem, et claude vias in fernum.
nocitis de pelle nebulas, diatasse mortis teneras.
ut salvas tuos tumultuos pecati simul cossos.
Come Thou Long Expected Jesus

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

1. Come, Thou long expected Jesus, born to set Thy people free;
2. Israel’s strength and consolation, hope of all the earth Thou art;
3. Born Thy people to deliver, born a child, and yet a king,
4. By Thine own eternal Spirit rule in all our hearts alone;

Come, Thou long expected Jesus, born to set Thy people free;
from our fears and sins release us, let us find our rest in Thee.

ADVENT

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

4. By Thine own eternal Spirit rule in all our hearts alone;
from The Church Hymnary, 1902, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com

Come Thou Long Expected Jesus

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

Adapted by Henry J. Gauntlett (1805–1876)

1. Come, Thou long expected Jesus, born to set Thy people free;
2. Israel’s strength and consolation, hope of all the earth Thou art;
3. Born Thy people to deliver, born a child, and yet a king,
4. By Thine own eternal Spirit rule in all our hearts alone;

from CyberHymnal.org
O Come, Divine Messiah

1. O come, di- vine Mes- si- ah! The world in si- lence waits the day When
2. O Christ, whom na- tions sigh for, Whom priest and pro- phet long foretold, Come
3. You come in peace and meek- ness, And low- ly will Your cra- dle be; All

hope shall sing its tri- umph, And sad- ness flee a- way.
break the cap- tive fet- ters; Re- deem the long- lost fold.
clothed in hu- man weak- ness Shall we Your God- head see.

Dear Sav- ior haste; Come, come to earth, Dis- pel the night and show Your

face, And bid us hail the dawn of grace. O come, divine Mes- si- ah! The world in si- lence

waits the day When hope shall sing its tri- umph, And sad- ness flee a- way.
On Jordan’s Bank

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

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

Hark! a Herald Voice is Calling

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

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

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

Wachtet Auf! by P. Nicolai (1556–1608)

Translated by F.C.B.

Very slow and solemn (\( \frac{d}{=} 64 \))

1. Wake, o wake! with tidings thrilling
   The watch-men all the
   Mid-night strikes! no more delaying,
   'The hour has come!' we

2. Zion hears the watch-men 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 undoubting, She stands and waits with eager eyes;
Grace unending! 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 Bride-groom comes in sight, Raise high your torches bright!
Now come, Thou precious Crown, Lord Jesus, God's own Son!

Earth cannot give below The bliss Thou dost bestow.
Alleluia! The wedding song Swells loud and strong: Go forth and join the

imestone. Let us prepare To follow there, Where in Thy supper we may share.

Alleluia! Grant us to raise, To length of days, The triumph chorus of Thy praise.

from The English Hymnal, 1906
CREATOR ALME SIDERUM

1. Creator alme siderum, Ae-ter-na lux cre-den-ti-um, Je-su, Redemptor om-ni-um,
2. Qui dae-mo-nis ne frau-di-bus Per-fi-ret or-bis, im-pet-tu A-mo-ris ac-tus, lan-gui-di-
3. Commune qui mundi ne-fas Ut ex-pi-a-tes, ad crucem E Vir-gi-nis sa-crati-o

In-ten-de votis sup-pli-cum. 4. Cu-jus pot-és-tas gló-ri-ae, No-mén-que cum primum so-nat,
Mundi me-de-la fac-tus es. 5. Te de-pre-cá-mur úl-ti-mae Magnum di-é-i Jú-di-cem,
In-tac-ta prod-ís vic-ti-ma. 6. Virtus, ho-nor, laus, gló-ri-a De-o Pa-tri cum Fi-li-o,

Et cæ-li-tes et in-fe-ri Tre-mén-te cur-ván-tur ge-nu.

CREATOR OF THE STARS OF NIGHT

Translated by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

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

Je-su, Re-deem-er, save us all, And hear thy ser-vants when they call.
Hast found the med-cine, full of grace, To save and heal a ru-in'd race.
Pro-ceed-ing from a vir-gin shrine, The spot-less Vic-tim all di-vine.
4. At Whose dread Name, 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,
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,
But a penny’s better, A penny or two are better, or
three, four! Christmas is coming, the geese are getting fat,
Please to put a penny in the three! or four!

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

does, if you have not got a thing, God bless you, and send you a

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

hap-py new year, And God send you a hap-py new year. Love and Year.
A F
John Francis Wade (1711–1786)

CHRISTMAS

ADESTE FIDELES
from Cantus Diversi, 1751

1. Ad - és - te fí - dé - les, Læ - ti tri - um - phán - tes, Ve - ní - te, ve -
2. De - um de De - o, lu - men de lú - miæ, Ges - tant pu -
3. Can - tet nunc 'I - o,' cho - rus an - ge - ló - rum; Can - tet nunc
dé - tus,o,9

ni - te in Béth - le-hem; Na - tum vi - dé - te, Re - gem an - ge - ló - rum;
au - la cae - lés - ti-um, Gló - ri - a in ex - cé - l-sis De - o!
ti - bi sit gló - ri - a, Pa - tris æ - tér - ni Verbum ca - ro fac - tum.

tus,o,9

Ve - ní - te ad - o - ré - mus, f Ve - ní - te ad - o - ré - mus,
mf

Ve - ní - te ad - o - ré - mus,
ff

Ve - ní - te ad - o - ré - mus, Dó - mi - num.

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

Translated by Frederick Oakley (1802–1880)
John Francis Wade (1711–1786)

1. O come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant, O come ye, O come ye to
2. God, of God, Light of Light, Lo, He abhors not the
3. Sing, choirs of angels, Sing with exultations, Sing, all ye citizens of
4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morning, Jesus, to Thee be

Bethlehem; Come and behold Him, Born the King of angels;
Virgin’s womb; Very God, Begotten, not created:
heaven above; Glory to God, Glory in the highest;
glory given; Word of the Father, Now in flesh appearing;

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

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

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
JOY TO THE WORLD!

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

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

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

3. No more let sin and sorrowrows grow, Nor thorns in na tion prove The glories of His righteous

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

from Hymns of the Kingdom of God, 1910, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
A Child this day is born, A Child of high renown;
These tidings shepherds heard Whilst watching o'er their fold,
Then was there with the Angel An host incontinent.

Most worthy of a sceptre, A sceptre and a crown.
'Twas by an Angel unto them That night revealed and told.
Of heavenly bright soldiers, All from the highest sent.

Glad tidings to all men, Glad tidings sing we may,
Because the King of kings Was born on Christmas Day.

They praised the Lord our God And our celestial King:
All glory be to God, That sitteth still on high,

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Traditional

The First Noël

18th Century French Melody

1. The first Noël the angel did say, Was to certain poor
shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay
keeping their sheep On a cold winter’s night that was so deep.
gave great light, And so it continued both day and night.
2. They looked up and saw a Star Shining in the
east beyond them far, And to the earth it
gave great light, And so it continued both day and night.
3. And by the light of that same Star Three wise men
came from country far; To seek for a King was
their intent, And to follow the star where e’er it went.
stop and stay Right over the place where Jesus lay.
4. This star drew nigh to the North West, O’er Bethle-
hem it took its rest, And there it did both
His presence, Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.
earth of naught, And with His Blood mankind hath bought.
5. Then entered in those Wise men three, Full reverence.
they and their stayed in fields; Their joy and praises.
to our Heavenly Lord, That hath made Heaven and
earth of naught, And with His Blood mankind hath bought.
6. Then let us all with one accord, Sing praises
shep-herds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay
shep-herds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay
shep-herds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN OF MARY FREE!

15th Century Middle English Harleian Manuscript
16th Century English Tune
Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

1. When Christ was born of Ma-ry free, In Beth-le-hem, that fair ci-ty,
2. Herdsmen be hold these An-gels bright, To them ap-pear-ing with great light,
3. The King is come to save man-kind, As in scrip-ture truths we find,
4. Then dear Lord, for Thy great grace, Grant us in bliss to see Thy face,

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. Hark! the herald angels sing,  “Glory to the new-born King!
2. Christ, by highest heav’n adored;  Christ, the ever-lasting 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 Bethlehem.”
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.
1. Hark! the Herald angels sing,  
 Jesus, the Light of the world;

2. Joyful all ye nations rise,  
 Jesus, the Light of the world;

3. Christ, by highest heav’n adored,  
 Jesus, the Light of the world;

4. Hail! the heav’n-born Prince of peace,  
 Jesus, the Light of the world;

Glorious in the highest is the King of majesty;  
Jesus, the Light of the world.

Join the triumph of the skies,  
Jesus, the Light of the world.

Christ, the Everlasting Lord,  
Jesus, the Light of the world.

Hail! the sun of righteousness,  
Jesus, the Light of the world.

We’ll walk in the light, beautiful light,  
Come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright,

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

from The Finest of the Wheat No. 2, 1894
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

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

1. It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:

2. Still through the solemn skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:

3. O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!

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:

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

SHEPHERDS! SHAKE OFF YOUR DROWSY SLEEP

Traditional

Besançon Carol

Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

Vivace

1. Shepherds! shake off your drowsy sleep, Rise and
2. Hark! even now the bells ring round, Listen
3. See how the flow’rs 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

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

Babe ere break of day; He is the hope of ev’ry

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
Angels We Have Heard on High

Les Anges dans nos Campagnes, 18th Century

18th Century French Carol

Translated by Bishop James Chadwick (1813–1882)

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

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

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

Andante

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

6-12. On the etc.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(last time rall.) Two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.
Carol for Christmas Eve

Rev. H. R. Bramley (1833–1917)  Sir Frederick A. G. Ouseley (1825–1889)

1. Listen, Lordings, unto me, a tale I will you tell; Which, as on this night of glee, in
   David's town befell.

2. In the Inn they found no room; a scanty bed they made: Soon a Babe from Mary's womb was
   Joseph came from Nazareth, with Mary that sweet

maid:

Weary were they, nigh to death; and for a lodging pray'd.

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 silly sheep, Hosts of Angels
4. Onward then the Angels sped, the shepherds onward went, God was in His

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

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

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

... Go tell it out with speed, Cry out and shout all round about, 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 down where He lay, The little Lord Jesus A - sleep in the hay.
2. The cattle are low-ing, The poor ba-by wakes, But little Lord Jesus No cry-ing He makes; I look’d down from the sky, And stay by my cra-dle till morning is nigh.
3. Be near me, Lord Je-sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-ev-er And love me, I pray: Bless all the dear chil-dren In Thy ten-der care, And take us to heav-en 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 low-ing, The poor ba-by wakes, But little Lord Jesus No cry-ing He makes; I love Thee, Lord Je-sus, Look down from the sky, And stay by my cra-dle Till morning is nigh.
3. Be near me, Lord Je-sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-ev-er And love me, I pray: Bless all the dear chil-dren In Thy ten-der care, And take us to heaven To live with Thee there.
1. Away in a manger, No crib for His bed, The little Lord Jesus Laid down His sweet head: The stars in the heavens Look’d down where He lay, The little Lord Jesus Laid down His sweet head. 
2. Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me forever And love me, I pray: Bless all the dear children In Thy tender care, And take us to heaven To sleep in the hay. The cattle are lowing, The poor baby wakes, But live with Thee there. Away in a manger, No crib for His bed, The lit-tle Lord Jesus Laid down His sweet head. 

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

17th Century English

Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

CHRISTMAS

A Virgin Unspotted

1. A__ Vir-go__n un–spot–ted, the pro­phet fore­told, Should bring forth a__
2. At__ Beth­le­hem ci­ty in Jew­ry it was That Jo­seph and
3. But when they had en­ter­ed the ci­ty so fair, A__ num­ber of__
4. Then were they con­strain’d in a__ sta­ble to lie, Where hors­es and

Sav­ior, which now we be­hold, To__ be our Re­deem­er from
Ma­ry to­geth­er did pass, All__ for to be tax­ed with
peo­ple so__ might­y was there, That Jo­seph and Ma­ry, whose
ass­es they used for to tie: Their lodg­ing so sim­ple they

death, hell__ and sin, Which Ad­am’s trans­gres­sion had wrap­ped us in.
ma­ny__ one moe. Great Cae­sar com­mand­ed the same should be so.
sub­stance was small, Could find in the inn there no lodg­ing at all.
took it__ no scorn, But a­gainst the next morn­ing our Sav­ior was born.

Ay and there­fore be mer­ry, set sor­row a­side,

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

Lyric:

This page contains lyrics from Christmas Carols, New and Old.
DING DONG MERRILY ON HIGH

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

16th century French melody

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

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

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

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
CHRISTMAS

Up! Good Christen folk and listen

O quam mundum, from Pie Cantiones, 1582

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

1. Up! good Christen folk, and listen How the merry church bells ring
2. Tell the story how from glory God came down at Christmas-tide

And from steeple bid good people Come adore the new born King.
Bringing gladness, chasing sadness, showing blessings far and wide.

Born of mother, blest o’er other, ex Maria Virgine

In a stable (tis no fable), Christus natus ho di e.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
STILLE NACHT

Joseph Mohr (1792–1848)
Franz Gruber (1787–1863)

Tranquillo ($\not= 90$)

1. Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht! Alle schlafen;
2. Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht! Hirten erst
3. Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht! Gottes Sohn,

Ein sam wacht. Nur das trau te hoch heilige Paar.
Kund gemacht, Durch der Engel Hal le lu ja!
O wie lacht Lieb aus deinem got tlichen Mund,

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

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

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

TRANQUILLO (\( \dot{\text{f}} = 90 \))

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm,
   all is bright. Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child,
   Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,
   peace, born! pp

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

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

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

1. Christ was born on Christmas Day, Wreath the holly, twine the bay;
2. He is born to set us free, He is born our Lord to be,
1. Resonet in laudibus cum ju-cun-dis plau-sibus
2. Chris-tus na-tus hó-di-e ex Ma-rí-a vir-gine

3. Let the bright red berries glow Everywhere in goodly show;
4. Christian men, rejoice and sing; 'Tis the birthday of a King,
3. Pú-erí con-ci-nite, na-to re-gi psál-li-te,
4. Si-on lau-da Dó-mi-num Sal-va-tó-rem hó-minum,

Chris-tus na-tus hó-di-e: The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
Ex Ma-rí-a Vir-gi-ne: The God, the Lord, by all ador'd for ever.

Vo-ce pi-a di-ci-te Ap-pá-ru-it quem gé-nu-it Ma-rí-a.

5. Sunt im-plé-ta que præ-dí-xit Gá-bri-el. E-ia, E-ia, vir-go De-um

troubles sore, Morn of gladness ev-ermore and ev-ermore. 6. Midnight scarcely pass'd and o-ver,

gé-nu-it, quem di-ví-na vó-lu-it clemén-ti-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-m no-men

Name is this: Em-man-u-el: As was foretold in days of old By Ga-bri-el. 8. Midnight scarce-ly

Dó-mi-ni Em-má-nu-el, quod an-nu-ti-á-tum est per Gá-bri-el. 8. Hó-di-e ap-

pass'd and o-ver, 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

1. Joseph, O dear Joseph mine, Help me rock the Child divine,
   God reward both thee and thine, In paradise, So prays the mother,
   Mary, Eiia, 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, Lullalaby.

2. I will gladly, lady mine, Help thee rock the Child divine,
   God’s pure light on thee will shine, In paradise, So prays the mother,
   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, Lullalaby.

Josef, Lieber Josef Mein, 16th Century
Resonet in laudibus, 14th Century
O Little Town of Bethlehem

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

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by;

While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wond’ring love.

So God imparts to human hearts The blessings of His Heav’n.

Where misery cries out to Thee, Son of the mother mild;

Cast out our sin, and enter in, Be born in us to-day.

Yet in thy dark streets shineth The everlasting Light;

O morning stars, together proclaim the holy birth!

No ear may hear His coming, But in this world of sin;

Where charity stands watching And faith holds wide the door,

We hear the Christmas angels The great glad tidings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee 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!
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 et - 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.
What Child is This?

16th Century English Air

Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

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

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

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

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

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

**GOOD KING WENCESLAS**

*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,
   for to purchase a slave. Winter’s giorno
2. “Hith-er, page, and stand by me, If thou know’st it, tell ing; Yon-der peasant, who is he? Where, and what his dwelling?” “Sire, he lives a good league hence, Underneath the mountain; Right against the
3. “Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine-logs hith-er; Thou and I will see him dine When we bear them thither.” Page and monarch
4. “Sire, the night is dark-er now, And the wind blows strong-er; Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no longer.” “Mark my footsteps,
5. In his mas-ter’s steps he trod, Where the snow lay dint-ed; Heat was in the ve-ry sod Which the saint had printed; Therefore, Chris-tian

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CHRISTMAS

Good King Wenceslas

Tempus adest floridum, from Pie Cantiones, 1582
Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

Moderato

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

round a-bout, Deep and crisp and e-ven; Bright-ly shone the
who is he? Where, and what his dwell-ing?” “Sire, he lives a
see him dine When we bear them thith-er.” Page and mon-arch
know not how, I can go no long-er.” “Mark my foot-steps,
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-uel.
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 natáli Dómini, Gaudent omnes Angelii
2. Nuntiavit Angelus Gádi um pastóribus,

Et can tant cum júbi lo: Glória uní Deo.
Christi nativitatem Magnam jucunditatem.

Virgo De um génuit, Virgo Christum péperit, Virgo semper intác ta.

Chorus

3. Natus est Emánu el, Quem prædixit Gá bri el,
4. Christus natus hódi e Ex María vírgine,

Additional verses

Tes tis est Ezéchiel: A Pa tres procés sit.
Non concep tus sémine Ap pá ru it hódi e:

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

In natali Domini, 14th Century
Translated by Rev. H. R. Bramley (1833–1917) from Latin

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)

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

1. Once in royal David’s city Stood a lowly cattle shed,
   Where a mother laid her Baby In a manger for His bed:
   Mary was that mother mild, Jesus Christ her little Child.
   With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Savior holy.
   Christian children all must be Mild, obedient, good as He.

2. He came down to earth from heaven, Who is God and Lord of all,
   And His shelter was a stable, And His cradle was a stall;
   With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Savior holy.
   Christian children all must be Mild, obedient, good as He.
   And He leads His children on To the place where He is gone.

3. And, through all His wondrous childhood, He would honor and obey,
   Love, and watch the lowly maiden In whose gentle arms He lay;
   And He leads His children on To the place where He is gone.

4. Jesus is our childhood’s pattern, Day by day like us He grew;
   He was little, weak, and helpless, Tears and smiles, like us, He knew:
   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:

5. And our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His own redeeming love;
   For that Child so dear and gentle Is our Lord in heav’n above:

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)
Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

**CHRISTMAS**

**PAST THREE A CLOCK**

*London Waits*

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

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

morrow, mas-ter-s all!

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

Son of the-ter-nal Fa-ther su-per-nal. 5. Cheese from the dai-ry

Hark how they rime it, Time it, and chime it. 6. Light out of star-land

Ne’er to-fore so well Ca-rol-ling No-el. 7. Myrrh from full cof-fer,

Seek the high Stran-ger Laid in the man-ger. 8. Thus they: I pray you,

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

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.

**Fine**

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

8.
Bring a Torch, Jeanette, Isabella!

Un flambeau, Jeannette, Isabelle, by Émile Blémont (1839–1927)

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

16th Century French Carol

Brightly

1. Bring a torch, Jeanette, Isabella! Bring a torch, to the cradle, run!
   Who goes there a knocking so loudly? Who goes there a knocking like that?
   It is wrong when the Child is sleeping, It is wrong to talk so loud;
   It is Jesus, good folk of the village; Ope your doors, I have here on a plate
   It is wrong when the Child is sleeping, It is wrong to talk so loud;
   It is Jesus, good folk of the village; Ope your doors, I have here on a plate
   It is wrong when the Child is sleeping, It is wrong to talk so loud;
   It is Jesus, good folk of the village; Ope your doors, I have here on a plate

2. Who goes there a knocking so loudly? Who goes there a knocking like that?
   It is Jesus, good folk of the village; Ope your doors, I have here on a plate
   Some moment come; Look and see how charming is Jesus,

3. It is wrong when the Child is sleeping, It is wrong to talk so loud;
   Some moment come; Look and see how charming is Jesus,

4. Softly to the little stable, Softly for a
   Some moment come; Look and see how charming is Jesus,

Christ is born and Mary’s calling: Ah! ah! beautiful
   Some moment come; Look and see how charming is Jesus,

Very good cakes which I am bringing: Toc! toc! quickly your
   Some moment come; Look and see how charming is Jesus,

Lest your noise should wake Jesus: Hush! hush! see how
   Some moment come; Look and see how charming is Jesus,

How He is white, His cheeks are rosy! Hush! hush! see how the
   Some moment come; Look and see how charming is Jesus,

Is the Mother; Ah! ah! beautiful is her Son!
   Some moment come; Look and see how charming is Jesus,

Doors now open; Toc! toc! Come let us make good cheer!
   Some moment come; Look and see how charming is Jesus,

Fast He slumbers! Hush! hush! see how fast He sleeps!
   Some moment come; Look and see how charming is Jesus,

Child is sleeping; Hush! hush! see how He smiles in dreams.
   Some moment come; Look and see how charming is Jesus,

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

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

Basque Carol

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,

2. “For know a blessed Mother thou shalt be,
   All generations laud and honor thee,
   Thy Son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold,
   Most highly favored lady,”

3. Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head,
   “To me be as it pleaseth God,” she said,
   “My soul shall laud and magnify His holy Name,”
   Most highly favored lady,”

4. Of her, Emmanuel, the Christ, was born
   In Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn,
   And Christian folk throughout the world will ever say,
   “Most highly favored lady,”

from CyberHymnal.org
1. Angelus ad virginem Sub-in-trans in con-clave. Vir-ginis for-mi-dinem De-
2. “Quo modo con-ci-perem, quae vi-rum non co-gno-vi? Qua-li-ter in-frin-gerem, que
Dó-mini-num Con-ci-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 cæ-li fac-ta Medél-la crí-minum.”
mó-ni-a Ma-né-bit in-te pu-ra De-i pot-éni-ti-a.”
4. An-ge-lus dis-pá-ru-it Et sta-tim pu-el-lâ-ris U-te-rus in-
5. E-ia Ma-ter Dö-mi-ni, Quæ pa-cem re-di-dís-ti An-ge-lis et

hú-mi-lis Om-ni-potèn-tis De-i. Ti-bi cæ-lé-s-ti núm-ti-
tú-mu-it Vi-par-tus sa-lu-tâ-ris. Qui, cir-cúm-da-tus ú-te-
hó-mi-ni, Cum Chris-tum ge-nu-is-ti; Tu-um ex-ó-ra fì-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-ménsi-um nú-me-ro, Hinc éx-i-it Et in-i-it Con-flic-
um Ut se nobis pro-pi-ti-um Ex-hî-be-at, Et dé-le-at Pec-cá-

re fac-tum quod áu-di-o, Pa-rát-a sum pa-ré-re De-i con-sí-li-o.”
ta; Præstans au-xí-li-um Vi-ta fru-i be-á-ta Post hoc ex-sí-li-um.

from cpdl.org
God rest you merry, gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay,

In Bethlehem in Jewry, This blessed Babe was born,

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 a stray;

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 deserve.

O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy, O tidings of comfort and joy.
from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. Come, all ye shepherds and be not dismayed,
   Seek where the lowly sweet baby is laid;
   Here in a manger, far from all danger, Sleep ing be hold Him,
   Warm arms enfold Him. "Good will to mor tals;" Christ mas is joy.

2. As we were watching our flocks where they lay,
   Shown a great glory as bright as the day.
   Glad bells were ring ing, sweet voices sing ing, Through heav'n's blue por tals,
   In glitt'ring shower, Christ mas is come.

3. Now we have found Him in Beth le hem stall,
   Sing the glad tidings, oh, sing them to all!
   Shepherds adore Him, wise men before Him Lay down their dow er,
   In Christ mas is come.
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-

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

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

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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-bled 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-p'd in swad-dling clothes, And in a man-ger laid,
Of an - gels prais-ing God, Who thus Ad - dressed their joy - ful song,
Good - will henceforth from heav'n to men, Be - gin and nev - er cease,

from Church Sunday School Hymn-Book, 1892, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
1. Good people all, this Christmas time, Consider well, and bear in mind,
   What our good God for us has done, In sending His beloved Son.
   With Mary holy, we should pray To God with love this Christmas day;
   In Bethlehem upon that morn, There was a blessed Messiah born.

2. The night before that happy tide, The noble Virgin and her guide
   Were long time seeking up and down To find a lodging in the town.
   But mark how all things came to pass: From every door repelled A-las!
   As long foretold their refuge all Was but a humble ox’s stall.

3. Let all your songs and praises be, Unto His Heavenly Majesty;
   And evermore amongst our mirth, Remember Christ our Savior’s birth;
   That night the Virgin Mary mild, Was safe delivered of a child;
   According unto Heaven’s decree, Man’s sweet salvation for to be.

The Wexford Carol

Traditional, 16th Century or earlier

Traditional
4. Near Beth-le-hem did shep-herds 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 ap-pear,
Which put the shep-herds 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-py morn
A princely babe sweet Je-sus born.”
At-ten-ding on the Lord of Life
Who came to earth to end all strife.
Sing prais-es 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
A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS EVE

1. The Lord at first had Adam made Out of the dust and clay,
   And thus within the garden he Was set, there in to stay;
   “For in the day thou shalt it touch Or dost to it come nigh,
   And in his nostrils breath ed life, E’en as the Scriptures say.
   And in command ment unto him These words the Lord did say:
   If so thou do but eat there of, Then thou shalt sure ly die.”

2. “The fruit which in the garden grows To thee shall be for meat,
   But Adam he did take no heed Un to that only thing,
   And then in Eden’s Paradise He placed him to dwell,
   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.

3. Now let good Chris tians all be gin 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 therefore to redeem our souls From death and hell and thrall,

He said His own dear Son should be The Savior of us all.

So if we truly do believe, And do the thing that's right,

And when we die, in heaven we Our sure reward shall have.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CHRISTMAS

CHRISTIANS, AWAKE, SALUTE THE HAPPY MORN

John Byrom (1692–1765)

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

19

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.
4. To Bethl’hem straight the hap-py shep-herds ran, To see the won-der God had
wrought for man: And found, with Jo-seph and the bless-ed maid,
4. To Bethl’hem straight the hap-py shep-herds ran, To see the won-der God had
wrought for man: And found, with Jo-seph and the bless-ed maid,

5. Let us, like these good shep-herds, then em-ploy Our grateful voi-ces to pro-
claim the joy; Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
5. Let us, like these good shep-herds, then em-ploy Our grateful voi-ces to pro-
claim the joy; Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,

6. Then may we hope, th’an-gel-ic thrones a-mong, To sing, re-deemed, a glad tri-
um-phal song; He, that was borne up-on this joy-ful day,
6. Then may we hope, th’an-gel-ic thrones a-mong, To sing, re-deemed, a glad tri-
um-phal song; He, that was borne up-on this joy-ful day,

Her Son, the Sav-i-or in a man-ger laid; A-mazed the won-drous
From His poor man-ger to His bit-ter Cross; Tread-ing His steps, as-
Her Son, the Sav-i-or in a man-ger laid; A-mazed the won-drous
From His poor man-ger to His bit-ter Cross; Tread-ing His steps, as-

sto-ry they pro-claim, The ear-liest her-alds of the Sav-i-or’s
sist-ed by His grace, Till man’s first heav’nly state a-gain takes
sto-ry they pro-claim, The ear-liest her-alds of the Sav-i-or’s
sist-ed by His grace, Till man’s first heav’nly state a-gain takes

From The English Hymnal, 1906
**The Coventry Carol**

Robert Croo, 1534

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. O sisters too, how may we do, For to prepare

2. Herod, the king, in his rags, Charged he

3. Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee! And ever

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.
All my heart this night rejoices

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

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

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

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

from CantateDomina.org
Traditional English (Derbyshire)

I Saw Three Ships

Traditional

Briskly.

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

5. O they sailed into Bethlehem, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
6. And all the bells on earth shall ring, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
7. And all the angels in Heaven shall sing, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
8. And all the souls on earth shall sing, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
9. Then let us all rejoice a main, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CHRISTMAS

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 heaven, Ascending into heaven,

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 gra
   God, may we willing feet 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
   Him whom heav’n and earth a dore; So may we with
   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,
   Pure and free from sin’s al loy, All our cost liest
   tre a su res bring, Christ, to Thee, our heav’n ly King.

4. Ho ly Je sus, ev’ry day Keep us in the
   narrow way; And, when earth ly things are past,
   Bring our ransomed souls at last Where they need no
   star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo ry hide.

5. In the heav’n ly coun try bright Need they no cre
   a ted light; Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
   Thou its Sun which goes not down; There for ev er
   may we sing Al le lu ias to our King.
Guilló, pran ton tamborin

CHRISTMAS

PAT-A-PAN

Burgundian carol, 1720

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

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

John Bowring (1792–1872)

Aberystwyth, Joseph Parry (1841–1903)

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

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

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

Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day, Prom ised day of Is ra el.
Trav'ler, a ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!

from ChristmasCarolMusic.org
Heinrich Seuse (1300–1366)

IN DULCI JUBILEO

Arranged by J.S. Bach (1685–1750)

1. In dul-ci jüb-i-lo, Nun sing-et und seid froh!
2. O fe-su, pär-vu-le, Nach Dir ist mir so weh.
3. O Pa-tris cá-ri-tas! O na-ti lé-ni-tas! Wir
4. U-bi sunt gä-di-a, Nir-gend mehr denn da,

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

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

7. Alpha es et
Quan-ta grá-ti-a.
E-ia, wär’n wir
**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
   pleasure Lies in pre-sé-pi-o. Like sunshine is our treasure Ma-

2. *O fe-su, pár-vu-le,* For thee I long al-way; Com-fort my heart’s
   blind-ness *O Pu-er óp-ti-me,* With all Thy loving kind-

3. *O Pa-tris cá-ri-tas!* O na-ti lé-ni-tas! Deep-ly were we
   stain-ed Per nos-tra cré-mi-na; But Thou for us hast gain-

4. *U-bí sunt gáu-di-a._* In an-y place but there? There are an-gels
   sing-ing No-va cán-ti-ca. And there the bells are ring-ing In

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from *ChristmasCarolMusic.org*
Heinrich Seuse (1300–1366)
14th century German melody

Translated by Robert Lucas de Pearsall (1795–1856)
Arranged by Robert Lucas de Pearsall (1795–1856)

**IN DULCI JUBILO**

1. *In dul-ci jú-bi-lo* Let us our homage show:
   - Ma-tris in gré-mi-o
   - O Prin-cesps gló-ri-a
   - Ce-ló-rum gáu-di-a
   - In Re-gis ci-ri-a
   - Al-pha es et O!
   - Tra-be me post Te!
   - Qua-lis gló-ri-a!
   - O that we were there!

2. *O Je-su, pár-vu-le,* I yearn for Thee al-way:
   - O Pa-tris cá-ri-tas!
   - Per nos-tra crí-mi-na;
   - No-va cán-ti-ca;
   - Al-pha es et O!
   - Tra-be me post Te!
   - Qua-lis gló-ri-a!
   - O that we were there!

   - Our heart's joy re-cil-eth
   - Hear me, I be-seech Thee, O Pu-er óp-ti-me,
   - Deep-ly were we stain-ed Per nos-tra crí-mi-na;
   - And there the bells are ring-ing

4. *U-bi sunt gáu-di-a* If they be not there?
   - In pre-sé-pi-o, And like a bright star shin-eth
   - My pray-ing let it reach Thee,
   - Per nos-tra crí-mi-na;
   - And there the bells are ring-ing

5. *Our heart's joy re-cil-eth In pre-sé-pi-o,* And like a bright star shin-eth
   - Our heart's joy re-cil-eth
   - Our heart's joy re-cil-eth
   - Our heart's joy re-cil-eth
   - Our heart's joy re-cil-eth
   - And like a bright star shin-eth

6. *Hear me, I be-seech Thee, O Pu-er óp-ti-me,* My pray-ing let it reach Thee,
   - My pray-ing let it reach Thee,
   - My pray-ing let it reach Thee,
   - My pray-ing let it reach Thee,
   - My pray-ing let it reach Thee,
   - My pray-ing let it reach Thee,

7. *Deep-ly were we stain-ed Per nos-tra crí-mi-na;* But Thou for us hast gain-ed
   - But Thou for us hast gain-ed
   - But Thou for us hast gain-ed
   - But Thou for us hast gain-ed
   - But Thou for us hast gain-ed
   - But Thou for us hast gain-ed

8. *There are an-gels sing-ing No-va cán-ti-ca;* And there the bells are ring-ing
   - And there the bells are ring-ing
   - And there the bells are ring-ing
   - And there the bells are ring-ing
   - And there the bells are ring-ing

9. *And like a bright star shin-eth And there the bells are ring-ing* from CantateDomina.org
**GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN, REJOICE**

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

14th Century German Melody

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1. Good Christian men, rejoice With heart, and soul and voice;  
   Good Christian men, rejoice With heart, and soul and voice;  
   Good Christian men, rejoice With heart, and soul and voice;  

2. Give ye heed to what we say: Jesus Christ is born to-day:  
   Now ye hear of endless bliss: Jesus Christ was born for this!  
   Now ye need not fear the grave: Jesus Christ was born to save!  

3. Ox and ass before Him bow, And He is in the manger now.  
   He hath ope’d the heav’nly door, And man is bless’d ever-more.  
   Calls you one and calls you all, To gain His ever-lasting hall.  

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Christ is born to-day! Christ is born to-day!  
Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!  
Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!  

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

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

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

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

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

1. Here we come a-was-sailing Among the leaves so green, Here we come a-

2. We are not dai-ly beg-gars That beg from door to door, But we are neighbors'

3. Good Mas-ter and good Mis-tress, As you sit by the fire, Pray think of us poor

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

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-teress 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)
Translated by Catherine Winkworth (1827–1878)

Old German Melody Attributed to Martin Luther
Adapted by J.S. Bach (1685–1750)

Very slow and dignified (\( \frac{\text{d}}{=46} \))

1. From heaven high I come to you, To bring you tidings, strange and true.
   Glory to God in highest Heaven, Who unto us His Son hath given!

2. To you this night is born a Child Of Mary, chosen Mother mild;
   This little Child, of lowly birth, Shall be the joy of all the earth.

3. Our Saviour, Son of God, is come With joy we welcome;生まれた
   While angels sing with pious mirth A glad New Year to all the earth.
ANGELS, FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY

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

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
THE FRIENDLY BEASTS

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

1. Jesus, our brother, kind and good, Was humbly born in a stable rude, And the
2. “I,” said the donkey, shaggy and brown, “I carried His Mother up hill and down; I
3. “I,” said the cow, all white and red, “I gave Him my manger for His bed, I
4. “I,” said the sheep with curly horn, “I gave Him my wool for His blanket warm,
5. “I,” said the dove from the rafters high, “Cooed Him to sleep, that He should not cry,
6. “I,” said the camel, yellow and black, “O ver the desert, upon my back
7. Thus every beast by some good spell, In the stable dark was glad to tell

He wore my coat on Christmas morn.” “I,” said the sheep with curly horn.
We cooed Him to sleep, my mate and I.” “I,” said the dove from the rafters high.
I brought Him a gift in the Wise Men’s pack,” “I,” said the camel, yellow and black.
Of the gift he gave Emmanu-el, The gift he gave Emmanu-el.

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
Although at Yule it Bloweth Cool

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. Although at Yule it bloweth cool, And frost doth grip the fingers,
   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.

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

3. No itching palms have we for alms, Content if Christ, the burden
   And nip the nose, and numb the toes, Of outdoor Carol singers,
   To wish you all, both great and small, The blessings of the season.
   Of these our lays, bestow His praise, And one day be our guerdon.
Andante maestoso (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 shall He

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

3. Truly He taught us to love one another,
   His law is love and peace;
   O holy child of tender years,
   Born in the manger on this day.
world in sin and error pin ing, Till He ap-
light of a star sweet ly gleam ing Here came the
break for the slave is our bro ther, And in His

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

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

night divine, O night when Christ was born! O
hold your King, be-fore Him low-ly bend! Be-
pow'r and glo-ry ev-er more proclaim! His

night O ho-ly night O night di-vine!
hold your King, be-fore Him low-ly bend!
pow'r and glo-ry ev-er more proclaim!
Fall on your knees,  
He knows our need,  
Christ is the Lord,  
Oh, hear the angel  
Our weakness is no  

voice! O night divine,  
stranger. Behold your King,  
ever! His pow'r and glory ever more pro-

bend! Be hold your King,  
claim! His pow'r and glory ever more proclaim!

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

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;

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

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

1. As lately we watch'd o'er our fields thro' the night,
   A star there was seen of such glorious light;
   All thro' the night, angels did sing,
   In carols, so sweet, of the birth of a King.

2. A King of such beauty was ne'er before seen,
   And Mary His mother so like to a queen.
   Bless the hour, welcome the morn,
   For Christ our dear Saviour on earth now is born.

3. His throne is a manger, His court is a loft,
   But troops of bright angels, in lays sweet and soft,
   Bless the hour, welcome the morn,
   And earth, sky and air straight are fill'd with His fame.

4. Then shepherds, be joyful, salute your liege King,
   Let hills and dales ring to the song that ye sing,
   Bless the hour, welcome the morn,
   For Christ our dear Saviour on earth now is born.
Adapted from *Thys endris nyth*, 15th Century

One night I saw a sight, A star as bright as day; And all along, I heard a song, lul-lay, lul-lay, lul-lay, lul-lay; A lovely lady sat and sang, And to her Child she spake: My heart to ache.

The Child then spake whilst she did sing, And to the maiden said: "Right Royal hall? Me-thinks 'tis right, That king or knight Should make my heart to ache, To see Thee there, so cold and bare, Acrib My bed: For angels bright, Down to Me light; Thou
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 love-ly lady sat and sang, And to her Child did say,_
2. “My sweet-est bird, ’tis thus re-quired, Though Thou be King ve-ray,___
3. The Child then spake in His talk-ing, And to His mo-ther said,__
4. "For an-gels bright down on me light; Thou know-est ‘tis no nay._

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

**O Du Fröhliche**

Johannes Daniel Falk (1768–1826)


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!
Himm-di-sche Hee-re Jauch-zen dir Eh-re, Freu-e, freue dich, o Christen-heit!

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

from The Warburg Hymnal, 1918, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
Traditional Bas-Quercey Carol

1. Whence comes this rush of wings afar, Following straight the No-él star?
2. “Tell us, ye birds, why come ye here, Into this stable, poor and drear?”
3. Hark how the Greenfinch bears his part, Philo-mel, too, with tender heart,
4. Angels and shep-herds, birds of the sky, Come where the Son of God doth lie;

Chants from her leafy dark retreat Re, mi, fa, sol, in accents 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 Christmas Day Their old familiar carols play,
2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bell-fries of all Christmas rang
3. And in despair 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, ringing, singing on its way, The world re-rolled from night to day,

And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good will to men.
Had rolled a long thin broken 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 prevail, With peace on earth, good will to men.
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime, Of peace on earth, good will to men.

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
CONGAUDEAT TURBA FIDELIUM

Old Melody in Hypo-Dorian Mode

Arranged by G. H. Palmer

Words from Pie Cantiones, 1582
FROM CHURCH TO CHurch

Congadecat turba fidelium, from an 11th Century Manuscript
Versified by John Mason Neale (1818-1866)

Arranged by G. H. Palmer

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

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

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

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

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

sung - en, von Jes - se kam - die Art. Und hat ein Blüm - lein
rei - ne die uns das Blüm - lein bracht. Aus Got - tes ew - 'gem
Schein - e ver - treibt's die Fin - ster - nis. Wahr Mensch und wah - er

war die Art Blüm - lein bracht.

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

halb - en Nacht.

rei - ne Magd.

Flos de radice Jesse

1. Flos de ra - di - ce Jes - se, est na - tus hó - di - e. Quem no - bis jam ad - és - se, læ - tá - mur
2. Hunc I - sa - i - as florem, præ-sá - giis cé - ci - nít. Ad e - jus nos a - mó - rem, Nascentís
4. Hic su - o flos o - dó - re, fi - dé - les át - tra - hit. Di - ví - no mox a - mó - re, at - tráctos

hó - di - e.
cé - ci - nít.
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 
   Jes- se’s lin- age com- ing As men of old have sung. It came, a flow’r-et 
   bright, A- mid the cold of win- ter When half - spent was the night.
2. Is- sa- iah ’twas fore-told it, The Rose I had in mind; With 
   Ma- ry we be- hold it, The Vir-gin Moth- er kind. To show God’s love a-
   right She bore to men a Sav- ior, When half-spent was the night. 
3. The shep- herds heard the sto- ry Pro- claimed by an- gels bright, How 
   Christ, the Lord of Glo- ry Was born on earth this night. To Beth- le- hem they 
   sped And in the man- ger found Him, As an- gel her- als said. 
4. O Flow’r, whose fragrance ten- der With sweet- ness fills the air, Dis-
   with glorious splen- dor The darkness ev- ry-where; True man, yet ve- ry 
   God, From Sin and death now save us, And share our ev- ry load. 

ú- ni-ce. ór-tus est.
á- li-cit. Flos virgam su- per-at ce-lí ter-rae-que ci-ves, Flos il-le ré- cre-at. 
á- li-cit. ré- cre-at.
li- li-um. O-dó-ris óp-ti-mi; vel so-li quodvis ce-dit a-ro-ma nó- mi-ni. 
im- bu-it. O flos o grá-ti-a: ad Te, ad Te su- spí-ro, de Te me sá- ti-a. 
im- bu-it. flos or-tus est.
O Come, Little Children

Ihr Kinderlein kommet, by Christoph von Schmid (1768–1854)

Johann A. P. Schulz (1747–1800)

1. O come, little children, O come one and all,
   To Bethlehem haste, to the manger so small,
   O come, little children, O come one and all,
   To Bethlehem haste, to the manger so small,

2. He’s born in a stable for you and for me,
   Draw near by the bright gleaming Star light to see,
   He’s born in a stable for you and for me,
   Draw near by the bright gleaming Star light to see,

3. See Mary and Joseph with love beaming eyes
   Are gazing upon the rude bed where He lies,
   See Mary and Joseph with love beaming eyes
   Are gazing upon the rude bed where He lies,

4. Kneel down and adore Him with shepherd’s today,
   Lift up little hands now and praise Him as they;
   Kneel down and adore Him with shepherd’s today,
   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,
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,
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.
To be your Redeemer, your joy and delight.
And purer than angels the heavenly Child.

And purer than angels the heavenly Child.
While angels sing loud alleluias above.
And join in the song of the heavenly host.

And purer than angels the heavenly Child.
While angels sing loud alleluias above.

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

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

And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
Ay! the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
Ev’ry hearth is a flame, and the beautiful sing
Ay! we shout to the love-ly e-van-gel they bring,

For the 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 fully grown,
   Of all the trees that are in the wood, The holly bears the crown:
   The rising of the sun And the running of the deer,
   The playing of the merry organ, Sweet singing in the choir.

2. The holly bears a blossom, As white as the lily flow'r,
   And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To be our sweet Saviour:
   And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, On Christmas day in the morn:
   And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, For to redeem us all:

3. The holly bears a berry, As red as the lily flower,
   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:

4. The holly bears a prickly, As sharp as any thorn,
   And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, For to redeem us all:
   And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, On Christmas day in the morn:
   And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, For to redeem us all:

5. The holly bears a branch, As bitter as any gall,
   And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, For to redeem us all:
   And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, On Christmas day in the morn:
   And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, For to redeem us all:

CHRISTMAS

The Holly and the Ivy

17th Century English
The Holly and the Ivy

1. The Holly and the Ivy, Now both are full well grown.
2. The Holly bears a blossom, As white as lil'ly flower;
3. The Holly bears a berry, As red as any blood,
4. The Holly bears a thistle, As sharp as any thorn,
5. The Holly bears a bark, As bitter as any gall,
6. The Holly bears a thorn, As hard as any nail.

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.

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)

**The Sussex Carol**

1. On Christmas night all Christians sing To hear the news the angels bring. angels bring:
2. Then why should men on earth be so sad, Since our Redeemer made us glad? made us glad?

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

3. When sin departs before His grace, Then life and health come in its place, in its place. 4. All out of darkness we have light, Which made the angels sing this night, sing this night:

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 ev - er - more, A - men.”
**Blessed be that Maid Marie**

15th Century Middle English Carol, modernized

Melody from William Ballet's *Lute Book*, c. 1600

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

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

Ve ry God ere time began, Born in time the Son of Man.
Born to die upon the Tree Pro pec cante bomine.
“Peace on earth,” Alle luya. In ex celsis glor i a.

Ey, Je sus bode, Natus est de Vir gi ne.

4. Fare three Kings from far off land, Incense, gold and myrrhin hand;
5. Make we mer ry on this fest, In quo Christus natus est;

In Bethle thm the Babe they see, Stel la duc ti lumine.
On this Child I pray you call, To as soil and save us all.

D.S. al Fine.

from *The Cowley Carol Book*, 1919
Rise Up, Shepherds, and Follow

1. There’s a star in the East on Christmas morn, Rise up, shepherds, and follow; It’ll lead to the place where the Savior’s born, Rise up, shepherds, and follow; Get your flocks, you’ll get your herds, Rise up, shepherds, and follow.

2. Leave your ewes and leave your lambs, Rise up, shepherds, and follow, Leave your sheep and leave your rams, Rise up, shepherds, and follow. Follow, follow, Rise up, shepherds, and follow; Follow the star of Bethlehem, Rise up, shepherds, and follow.
Edward Caswall (1814–1878)

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)

 CHRISTMAS

SLEEP, HOLY BABE!

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

2. Sleep, Holy Babe! Thine An-gels watch a-round, All bend-ing low with
   In joy up-on that
   Face a-while, Up-on the lov-ing in-fant smile Which there di-vine-ly
   slum-bers break, And Thou to length-en’d pains a-wake, That death a-lone shall

3. Sleep, Holy Babe! while I with Ma-ry gaze, In joy up-on that
   Face a-while, Up-on the lov-ing in-fant smile Which there di-vine-ly
   slum-bers break, And Thou to length-en’d pains a-wake, That death a-lone shall

4. Sleep, Holy Babe! ah! take Thy brief re-pose; Too quick-ly will Thy
   Face a-while, Up-on the lov-ing in-fant smile Which there di-vine-ly
   slum-bers break, And Thou to length-en’d pains a-wake, That death a-lone shall

rest, In such a place of rest. Accomp.
found, In rev’rent awe pro-found.
plays, Which there di-vine-ly plays.
close, That death a-lone shall close.
The Truth From Above
(Herefordshire Carol)

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

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

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

He here did live, and here did preach,
And many thousands He did teach.
And if you want to know the way,
Be pleased to hear what He did say:
And he that does believe in Me,
From all his sins I'll set him free.
And, if He's pleased to grant thee this,
Thou'rt sure to have eternal bliss.
Which to His people doth belong:
And thus I close my Christmas song.
1. Hush, my dear, lie still and slum-ber, Ho-ly an-gels guard thy bed, Heav-ily
2. How much bet-ter thou'rt at-tend-ed, Than the Son of God could be, When from
4. Soft, my child, I did not chide thee, Though my song may seem too hard; 'Tis thy
5. See the kind-er shep-hers 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
Heav-en He de-scend-ed, And be-ca-me 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-ners 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-ron-t 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 kingdom head spread 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 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 trembling
   The shepherds stood in wonder,
7. “And by this sign, the Babe Divine
   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. “Glory to Thee forever be,
    God in the highest, glory!

“Glad news I bring, the promised King
   Lies in a stable yonder.
A man-ger rude His dwell-ing is,
   There lies He, cra-dled poor-ly.
A moul-titude, 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
The Golden Carol

of
Melchior, Casper and Balthazar

Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

1. We saw a light shine out a-far, On Christmas in the morning,
2. Oh! ever thought be of His Name, On Christmas in the morning,

And straight we knew it was Christ’s star, Bright beam-ing in the morning.
Who bore for us both grief and shame, Affliction’s sharpest scorn-ing.

Then did we fall on bended knee, On Christmas in the morning,
And may we die (when death shall come,) On Christmas in the morning,

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

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

John H. Hopkins (1820–1891)

1. We three kings of Orient are; Bearing gifts we bring to Thee, born a King on Beth-lehem's plain, Gold I bring, to Thee.

2. Born a King on Beth-lehem's plain, Gold I bring, to Thee. Frank-in-cense to offer have I, Incense owns a crown Him again, King forever, ceasing never, Over us all to reign.

3. Frank-in-cense to offer have I, Incense owns a crown Him again, King forever, ceasing never, Over us all to reign. Deity, Pray'r and praising, all men raising Worship Him, God most High.

4. Frank-in-cense to offer have I, Incense owns a crown Him again, King forever, ceasing never, Over us all to reign. Gather-ing gloom; Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, Seal'd in the stone-cold tomb.

5. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume, Breathes a life of beauty bright, (All) Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume, Breathes a life of beauty bright, O'er the dark skies Star of wonder, earth to heav'n replies.

W. T. K. O. A. Star of wonder, Star of night, Star with royal beauty bright, Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to Thy perfect light.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
THE STRANGER STAR

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818–1895)

1. Saw ye nev-er in the twi-light, When the sun had left the skies,
2. Heard ye nev-er of the sto-ry, How they crossed the des-ert wild,
3. Know ye not that low-ly Ba-by Was the bright and Morn-ing Star,

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

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

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

from Favorite Songs and Hymns for School and Home, 1899, via books.google.com
Hark! how the bells, sweet silver bells, All seem to say, throw cares away.

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

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

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

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

One seems to hear words of good cheer, From everywhere filling the air.

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! Ding!

1. from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com

2. rall.
O Christmas Tree

Traditional German Folk Song

Moderately

1. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Thy leaves are so un-
   changing;
   Not only green when summer’s here, But
   much pleasure thou canst
   give me;
   How often has the Christmas tree at-

2. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Much pleasure thou canst
   give me;
   Not only green when summer’s here, But
   much pleasure thou canst
   give me;
   Much pleasure thou canst

3. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Thy candles shine so
   bright-
   ly!
   From base to summit gay and bright, There’s
   decked thee!
   Thou bidst us true and faith-ful be, And

4. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! How richly God has
decked thee.
   also when ’tis cold and drear. O Christmas Tree! O
   ford ed me the great-est glee! O Christmas Tree! O
   on ly splen-dor for the sight. O Christmas Tree! O
   trust in God un-chang-ing-ly. O Christmas Tree! O

5. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! How richly God has
decked thee.
   also when ’tis cold and drear. O Christmas Tree! O
   ford ed me the great-est glee! O Christmas Tree! O
   on ly splen-dor for the sight. O Christmas Tree! O
   trust in God un-chang-ing-ly. O Christmas Tree! O

6. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Thy leaves are so un-
   chan-
   ging.
   Also when ’tis cold and drear. O Christmas Tree! O
   trust in God un-chang-ing-ly. O Christmas Tree! O
   Thy leaves are so un-chan-
   ging.
   Also when ’tis cold and drear. O Christmas Tree! O
   trust in God un-chang-ing-ly. O Christmas Tree! O
Traditional

**O Tannenbaum**

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
lehrten: Die Hoffnung und Be-ständigkei 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

Kra dir Win zeig, nicht nur im Sommer. O Tannenbaum, o
Mut und Kraft zu jeder Zeit! O Tannenbaum, o

Gibt es nicht nur im Winter. O Tannenbaum, o
Mut und Kraft zu jeder Zeit! O Tannenbaum, o

Kra dir Win zeig, nicht nur im Sommer. O Tannenbaum, o
Mut und Kraft zu jeder Zeit! O Tannenbaum, o
Deck the Hall

Traditional

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

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

1. We wish you a Merry Christmas,
   And a happy New Year!
   We won’t go until we get some, so bring it right here.

2. Oh, bring us a figgy pudding,
   Oh, bring us a figgy pudding,
   We won’t go until we get some, so bring it right here.

3. We wish you a Merry Christmas,
   Bring us a figgy pudding, and a cup of good cheer.
   We won’t go until we get some, so bring it right here.

Christmas Bells

(Lovely Evening)

Somewhat quickly

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

ringing, sweetly ringing! Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.
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 bob tail ring, Making spirits bright; O what sport to ride and sing A sleighing song to-night.

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 hot.

3. Now the ground is white, Go it while you're young, Take the girls to- And sing this sleighing song; Just get a bobtailed bay, Two-for-ty as his speed, Hitch him to an open sleigh And crack, you'll take the lead.
CHORUS

Jin-gle bells, Jin-gle bells, Jin-gle all the way;
Oh! what joy it is to ride in a onehorse o-pen sleigh.
1. Jolly old Saint Nicholas, Lean your ear this way!
2. When the clock is striking twelve, When I'm fast asleep,
3. Johnny wants a pair of skates; 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 Hang-ing in a row;
Now I think I'll leave to you What to give the rest;

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

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

In a stable lies the Holy, In a manger rests the King:
He, the Lord of all salvation, Shares your want, is weak and poor:
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 reposing Christ by highest Heaven adored:
Oxen, round about behold them; Robes 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 power possessing, Smiles as through the ages past;

Come, your circle round Him closing, Pious 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
William Chatterson Dix (1837–1898)

The Manger Throne

1. Like silver lamps in a distant shrine, The stars are sparkling.
2. God is born to-night; The gloom is past, and the
3. bright; The bells of the city of God ring out, For the
4. God peals out, And the
5. 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 Heaven and earth, through the

morn at last is coming with orient light.

God-head burns, Hid in flesh from fleshy 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 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
Jesu hail! O God most holy

Ave Jesu Deus

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

Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

1. Jesu hail! O God most holy, Gentle Lamb, an Infant lowly;
2. To enrich my desolation, To redeem me from damnation,
3. Low based, where brutes are sleeping, God's beloved Son is weeping;
4. Jesu, Thine my heart is solely; Draw it, take it to Thee wholly;
5. Hence let idle fancies vanish, Hence all evil passions banish;

Born, great God, a human stranger, Laid within the narrow manger:
Wraught in swathing bands Thouickest, Thou in want and weakness sighing:
Judge supreme, true God-head sharing, Sinner's likeness for us wearing:
With Thy sacred Fire illumine, Let it inwardly consume me,
Make me like Thy self in meekness, Bind to Thee my human weakness,

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

end-ing, man befriending, God most High, God most High.
Ave Jesu Deus

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

Ave De-us ho-mo na-te, In Praz-sé-pi re-clí-ná-te!
Ja-ces pan-nis in-vo-lú-tus, Om-ní o-pe de-stí-tútus.
Ju-dex sum-me, ve-rus De-us, Prop-ter me fi-s ho-mo re-us!
I-gne tu-o sanc-to u-re, Ah, ah pé-ní-tus com-bú-re.
Tu-is me-os ap-tos fin-ge, AÉ-tér-no me ne-xu strin-ge,

O pot-és-tas, o e-gés-tas, O ma-jés-tas Dó-mi-ni!

O ma-jés-tas, quid non præstas fff hó-mi-ni? hó-mi-ni?

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Corde Natus

Marcus Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348–413?)

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

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

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

Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis 4. O be-á-tus or-tus il-le,
Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis 5. Psal-lat al-ti-tü-do cæ-li,

Vir-go cum pu-ér-pe-ra E-di-dit nos-tram sa-lú-tem,
Psal-lant om-nes án-ge-li, Quid-quad est vir-tuí-tis usquam
Con-ci-né-bant sæ-cu-lis, Quem pro-phe-tá-rum fi-dé-les
fe-ta Sancto Spi-ri-tu, Et pu-er redé-mptor or-bis os sa-crá-tum
ps-al-lat in lau-dem De - i, Nul-la lingú-a-rum si-lés-cat, vox et om-nis
pá-gi-næ spo-pón-de-rant, E-mi-cat pro-míssus o-lim; cun-c-ta con-láu-

cón-so-net. Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis._ 8. Te se-nes et te ju-vén-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-núm-que,
há-gi-o-que Pnéu-ma-te Hym-nus, de-cus, laus peré-n-nis,

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-cór-des pu-dí-cis
gra-ti-á-rum ác-ti-o, Ho-nor, vir-tus, vic-tó-ri-a,

just-us ul-tor cri-mi-num. Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis._
pér-stre-pant con-cén-ti-bus. Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis._
re-gnum æ-ter-ná-li-ter. Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis._

from Great Hymns of the Church Compiled by the Late Right Reverend John Freeman Young, 1887,
Of the Father’s Love Begotten

Translated by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

Divinum Mysterium, 13th Century Melody

1. Of the Father’s love be-got-ten, Ere the worlds be-gan to be, He is Al-pha
2. At His Word the worlds were fram-èd; He com-mand-ed; it was done: Heav’n and earth and
3. He is found in hu-man fash-ion, Death and sor-row here to know, That the race of

and O-me-ga, He the source, the end-ing He, Of the things that are, that have been,
depths of o-cean In their three-fold or-der one; All that grows be-nath the shin-ing
A-dam’s chil-dren Doomed by law to end-less woe, May not henceforth die and per-ish

And that fu-ture years shall see, Ev-er-more and ev-er-more!
Of the moon and burn-ing sun, Ev-er-more and ev-er-more!
In the dread-ful gulf be-low, Ev-er-more and ev-er-more!

4. O that birth for-ev-er bless-ed, When the Vir-gin, full of grace,
5. This is He Whom sees in old time Chant-ed of with one ac-cord;
6. O ye heights of heav’n a-dore Him; An-gel hosts, His prais-es sing;

By the Ho-ly Ghost con-ceiv-ing, Bare the Sav-ior of our race;
Whom the voi-ces of the pro-phets Prom-ised in their faith-ful word;
Pow’rs, do-minions, bow be-fore Him, And ex-tol our God and King!
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’rymore and ev’rymore!
Ev’rymore and ev’rymore!
Ev’rymore and ev’rymore!

Righteous King of them that live,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
On the Father’s throne exalted
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
Hymn and chant with high thanks-giving.

None in might with Thee may strive;
With glad voices answering:
And unwearied praises be:
Who at last in vengeance coming
Let their guileless songs resound,
Honour, glory, and dominion.

Sinners from Thy face shalt drive,
And the heart its music bring,
And eternal victory,
Ev’rymore and ev’rymore!
Ev’rymore and ev’rymore!
Ev’rymore and ev’rymore!

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

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

brate Mes - si - ah’s feast with prais - es, with prais - es;
world, and through His Son for - gave us, for - gave us;
Name, and day by day re - pent you, re - pent you;
Thee my hands shall clothe and cher - ish, and cher - ish;
those who here His Name e - 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
1. ’Twas in the win - ter cold, when earth Was de - so - late and wild,___
2. Then in the man - ger the poor beast Was pre - sent with his Lord;___
3. But I have not, it makes me sigh, One off - ’ring in my pow’r;___
4. Grant me Thy-self, O Sav - ior kind, The Spi - rit un - de - filed,___
5. Light of the ev - er - last - ing morn, Deep through my spi - rit shine;___

That An - gels wel - comed at His Birth The ev - er - last - ing Child.
Then swains and pil - grims from the East Saw, won - dered, and a - dored.
’Tis win - ter all with me, and I Have nei - ther fruit nor flow’r.
That I may be in heart and mind As gen - tle as a child;
There let Thy pre - sen - ce new - ly born Make all my be - ing Thine:

From realms of ev - er bright - ning day, And from His throne a - bove
And I this morn would come with them This bless - ed sight to see,
O God, O Bro - ther let me give, My worth-less self to Thee;
That I may tread life’s ar - duous ways As Thou Thy - self hast trod,
There try me as the sil - ver, try, And cleanse my soul with care,

He came, with hu - man kind to stay, All low - li - ness and love.
And to the Babe of Beth - le - hem Bend low the rev’rent knee.
And that the years which I may live May pure and spot - less be;
And in the might of prayer and praise Keep ev - er close to God.
Till Thou art a - ble to de - scry Thy fault-less im - age there.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Traditional

**The Waits' Song**

1. The moon shines bright and the stars give a light A little before the day: Our Lord might have seen it so fair.

2. Awake, awake, good people all, A - wake, and you shall hear, The mighty Lord He looked on us, And bade us a - wake and pray. Lord our God died on the Cross For us He loved so dear.

3. O fair, O fair Jerusalem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sorrows have an end, Thy joy that I may see? blessed Father watered us, With His Heav'n-ly dew so sweet.

4. The fields were green as green as could be, When from His glorious seat, Our fields were green as green as could be, His joy that I may see? bless - ed Father watered us, His Heav'n-ly dew so sweet.

5. And for the saving of our souls Christ died upon the Cross, And for the saving of our souls Christ died upon the Cross, And cut down in its flow'r,

6. The life of man is but a span, And cut down in its flow'r,

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**Tradition**

**Moderato.**

**mf**
The great God of Heaven is come down to earth, His mother a

Virgin, and sinless His Birth; The Father eternal His

Father alone: He sleeps in the manger; He reigns on the Throne.

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

To save us poor sinners He came from above.
4. The wonder-ful Coun-sel-lor, bound-less in might, The Fa-ther's own

5. Oh! won-der of won-ders, which none can un-fold; The An-cient of

6. The Word in the bliss of the God-head re-mains, Yet in flesh comes to

Image, the Beam of His Light; Be-hold Him now wear-ing the
days is an hour or two old; The Mak-er of all things is
suf-fer the keen-est of pains; He is that He was, and for-
lke-ness of man, Weak, help-less, and speech-less, in mea-
made of the earth, Man is wor-shipped by an-gels, and God comes to
ever shall be, But becom-es that He was not, for you and for me.

Then let us ad-ore Him, and praise His great love,

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. God’s dear Son, without beginning, Whom the wicked Jews did scorn;

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

3. 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 endued with pity, And the Savior of man-kind:

But sweet Mary’s meek behavior Patient-ly upon the ground

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

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

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

And shed His blood to do us good With many a purple bleeding 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 moth-er’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-i-or’s cra-dle side,

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

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

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

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.

ff Noël, noël, Now sing a Savior's Birth; All hail, all

hail His coming down to earth, Who raises us to Heav'n!

4. To preach the Word of Life Divine, And feed with living Bread,
5. He preached, He suffered, bled and died, Uplift 'twixt earth and skies;
6. Well may we sing a Savior's Birth, Who need the Grace so given,

To heal the sick with hand benign, 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 Heav'n.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
from the Trier Gesangbuch, 1871

\(\text{GOD LOVED THE WORLD}\\)
(Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt)

Arranged by B. Luard Selby (1853–1918)

1. God loved the world so that He gave His only Son the world to save.
2. Our Savior He, and chiefest good, Like to our own, took flesh and blood.
3. The same that siteth thron’d on high, A Babe in lowly crib doth lie.
4. See, the Almighty Lord of all Doth on the garb of common thrall.

Chorus

\(\text{mf} \quad \text{Then sing for joy, sing for joy. } f \quad \text{Near and far,} \)

Last verse.

\(\text{pp} \quad \text{O and A, } f \quad \text{Bless ye the Lord. } \text{Alleluia.} \text{-ia.} \)

Additional verses

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

from *The Cowley Carol Book*, 1919
How Great Our Joy!

German Carol
Translated by Theodore Baker (1851–1934)
Arranged by Hugo Jüngst (1853–1923)

1. While by the sheep we watched at night, Glad tidings brought an angel bright.
2. There shall be born, so he did say, In Bethlehem a Child 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.

Jesu in the Manger

Translated by Rev. H.R. Bramley (1833–1917) from Latin
Arranged by Henry Smart (1813–1879)

1. Why, Most High, art Thou lying, In a manger poor and
2. On a Mother’s breast Thou sleepest, Moth-er, yet a Vir- gin
3. Weak the Strong, of strength the Giver: Small, Whose arms cre-a tion

from CyberHymnal.org
low? Thou, the fires of heav’n sup- ply-ing, Come a sta- ble’s cold to know?
still; Sad, with eyes bedimmed Thou weep-est, Eyes, which Heav’n with glad- ness fill.
span; Bound, Who on-ly can de- liv- er; Born is He Who e’er be- gan.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
From far away we come to you,
To tell of great tidings strange and true,
Hap do you deem there should us be-tide?
There lay three shepherds tending their sheep,

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

Under a bent when the night was deep,

Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor,

Stand forth on the floor.

From far away we come to you, To

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

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

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

To tell of great tidings strange and true.
What hap do you deem there should us be-tide?
There lay three shepherds tending their sheep.
4. "O ye 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
In an ox-stall this night we saw, A
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,

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

And as we gazed this thing upon,
And a marvellous song we straight did hear, That
News of a fair and a marvellous thing, No-

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
In Bethlehem, that noble place

1. In Bethlehem, that noble place, As by the Prophet said it was,
   Of the Virgin Mary, filled with Grace, Salvator mundi natus est.

2. On Christmas night an Angel told The shepherds watching by their fold,
   "Dread ye naught," said the Angel bright, "Salvator mundi natus est."

3. The shepherds were encompassed right, About them shone a glorious light,
   "Be we merry in this Fest, In quo Salvator natus est."

4. "No cause have ye to be afraid, For why? this day is Jesus laid
   "On Mary's lap, that gentle maid: Salvator mundi natus est.

5. "And thus in faith find Him ye shall Laid poorly in an ox's stall."
   The shepherds then laud-ed God all, Quia Salvator natus est.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
William Austin (1587–1634)  
Sir Arthur S. Sullivan (1842–1900)

**CHRISTMAS**

**CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS DAY**

1. All this night bright angels sing, Never was such caroling, Hark! a voice which loudly cries, "Mortals, mortals, wake and rise. Lo! to gladness Turns your all this night, Heav'n and evening twinkling light, All amazing, Still stand sadness: From the earth is ris'n a Sun, Shines all night though day be done." gaz'ing; Angels, Pow'rs, and all that be, Wake, and joy this Sun to see.

2. Wake, O earth, wake every thing, Wake and hear the joy I bring: Wake and joy; for light, For most duly, Thou art truly God and man, we do confess: Hail, O Sun of Righteousness!

3. Hail! O Sun, O bless-ed Light, Sent into this world by night; Let Thy Rays and heav'nly Pow'rs, Shine in these dark souls of ours. For most duly, Thou art truly God and man, we do confess: Hail, O Sun of Righteousness!

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Traditional Cornish

1. Now the Hol-l-y bears a ber-ry As white as the milk, And
2. Now the Hol-l-y bears a ber-ry As green as the grass, And
3. Now the Hol-l-y bears a ber-ry As red as the blood, And
4. Now the Hol-l-y bears a ber-ry As black as a coal, And
5. Mary bore Je-sus Who was wrapt up in silk;
   Mary bore Je-sus Who died on the Cross.
   Mary bore Je-sus Who died on the Rood.
   Mary bore Je-sus Who died for us all.
   And Mary bore Je-sus Christ Our Sav-i or for to be; And the first tree of the
   greenwood It was the Hol-ly, Hol-ly, Hol-ly. And the first tree of the greenwood It was the Hol-ly.

from The Cornish Song Book, 1929, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
1. God rest you, Chryst-en gen-til men, Wherever you may be, Wherever
you may be, God rest you all in fielde or hall, Or
won-drous thing; Ye sky last night flamèd pass-ing bright Whiles
on ye storm-y sea; For on this morn, this morn, our Chryst is
that ye stars did sing, And an-gels came to bless, to bless ye
born, is born, That sav-eth you and me, That sav-eth you and me. For on this
name, ye name Of Je-sus Chryst, our Kyng, Of Je-sus Chryst, our Kyng. And an-gels
morn our Chryst is born That sav-eth you and me.
came to bless ye name Of Je-sus Chryst, our Kyng.
3. God rest you, Chry-sten gen-til men, Far-ing wher-e'er you may, Far-ing wher-
4. But thinking on ye gen-til Lord That died up-on ye tree, That died up-

e'er you may; In no-blesse court do thou no sport, In
on ye tree, Let troublings cease and deeds of peace A-
tour-na-ment no playe, In Pay-nim lands hold thou, hold thou thy
bound in Chryst-an-tie; For on this morn, this morn, our 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 our Chryst is born That sav-eth you and me.
**CHRISTMAS**

**AD CANTUS LÆTITIAE**

13th Century Manuscript at Stuttgart

As found in *Psa Cantiones, 1582*

English by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

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1. *Ad cantus læti-ti-a*æ *N*os in-ví-tat hó-
2. *N*a-tus est *E*má-nu-el, Quod præ-di-xit Gâ-
3. *E*rgo nos cum gáu-di-o, *N*os-tra si-mul cón-

---

1. *Ad cantus læti-ti-a*æ *N*os in-ví-tat
dí-e *Sp*es et a-mor pá-tri-aæ Cæ-lés-tis.
bri-el, *Ú*nde sanc-tus Dâ-ni-el *E*st tes-tis. 
ti-o *Be*-ne-di-cat *D*ó-mi-no Jú-bi-lo.

2. *N*a-tus est *E*má-nu-el, Quod præ-di-xit
hó-di-e *Sp*es et a-mor pá-tri-aæ Cæ-lés-tis.
cón-ti-o *Be*-ne-di-cat *D*ó-mi-no Jú-bi-lo.

---

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

1. *L*ove and hope of heav’n-ly rest, *A*nd the song of
2. *B*orn is our *E*-man-u-el, *A*S fore-told by Ga-
3. Where-fore let th’as-sem-bly all *B*less, in *C*ar-ol

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12. as fest *To-day bid us do our best* En-deav-or.
   bri-el, *E’en* as doth Saint Dan-i-el As-sev-er.

   such as fest *To-day bid us do our best* En-deav-or.
   Ga-bri-el, *E’en* as doth Saint Dan-i-el As-sev-er.

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, Joyous praises given, 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.

2. Angels sang; let men reply, And children join their voices; Raise the chorus anon, And Christmas songs be singing. Years ago, one starry night, Thus the story's loud and high, Earth and heav'n rejoices. When we reach that happy place, Joyous praises given, Angel bands o'er Bethlehem's plains, Sang the songs of heaven. Glory be to God on high! bringing, Then, before our Father's face, We shall still be singing.

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

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

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

Arranged by Dr. Charles Wood (1866–1926)

Old French

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

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

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

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

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

**EARTH TODAY REJOICES**

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

_Ave maris stella lucens, from *Pie Cantiones*, 1582_

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

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1. Earth to-day rejoices, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia,
2. Re-con-cilia-tion, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia,
3. Though the cold grows strong-er, 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, Gladness and sal-vation, 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
John Mason Neale (1818–1866)  
Ancient ecclesiastical pre-Reformation melody  
Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)  

**Ho! Steward, Bid My Servants**

1. 'Ho! steward, bid my servants Go forth, and hither call,
   For guests, my friends and neighbors, To sup with me in hall;
   That, at this blessed season, Which comes but once a year,
   We may, as folk in olden days, Rejoice, and make good cheer.'

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

3. 'Sire, shall I bid in Dives, For it is very plain,
   If ye give him a banquet, He'll banquet you again?'
   'Nay, bid not hither Dives, For it shall ne'er be thus,
   But go among the alleys, And fetch in Lazarus.'
4. 'Sire, shall I bid the merchant, That hath upon the seas

5. 'And wherefore must I turn me From noble and from rich?

6. 'For these be they, good steward, Whom God doth chiefly choose,

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

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

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

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

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. Hail! Holy Child, Lain in an ox-en 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 stran-ger,
Da-vid’s Son and Lord: If, harp in hand, I make but tuneless dit-ty,
Al-to of yon ass; What if my lute Be pluck’d with art-less fin-gers,
earth-ly things, I love: And, tho’ in-cept my lay, Thou wilt a-mend it,

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

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

**MAKE WE JOY NOW IN THIS FEST**

Old English Carol  
Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Chorus

Make we joy now in this fest  *In quo Christus natus est.*  *Eia.*

Verse

1. *A Pa - tre U - ni-gé - ni-tus* Is through a maid - en come to us;
2. *A-guós - cat om - ne se - cu - lum,* A bright star made three kings to come,
3. *A so - lis or - tus cár - di - ne* So might-y a Lord is none as He;

Sing we of Him and say Wel - come, *Ve - ni, Red - émp-tor gén-ti - um.*

Him for to seek with their pre - sen's, *Ver-bum su - pér-num pród - i - ens.*

And to our kind He hath Him knit, *A - dam pa - rens quod pól - lu - it.*

4. *Ma - ri - a ven - tre con - cé - pit,* The Ho - ly Ghost was ay her with,
5. *O lux be - á - ta Trí - ni - tas,* He lay be-tween an ox and ass,

Of her in Beth - lem born He is, *Con - sors pa - tér-ni lú - mi - nis.*

Bes - side His moth - er maid - en free, *Gló - ri - a Ti - bi, Dó - mi - ne.*

D.C.

from *The Cowley Carol Book, 1919*
(A Babe is Born in Bethlehem)

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.
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.

From Piae Cantiones*, 1582
*In *Piæ Cantiones* only a tenor and bass part were given, and in *The Cowley Carol Book* (and here), the bass line from *Piæ Cantiones* is found in the soprano, while the tenor is retained as the tenor.*
THE SON OF GOD IS BORN FOR ALL
(Geborn ist Gottes Sönelein)

Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

Variation of Puer nobis nascitur from Piæ Cantiones
Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

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

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

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

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 Ma-ry’s Child (the Lord He is)
6. Come rock His cra-dle cheer-ily, 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 be-fore Him sing; Go, wind the horn, and pluck the string,
8. Thus, Babe, I min-i-ster to Thee, E’en as Thine Angels wait on me:

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

9. Sleep, in my soul en-shrin-ed rest: Here find Thy cradle neatly 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-cá-mus Dó-mi-no.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
CHRISTMAS

PUER NOBIS NASCITUR

To be sung in Unison.

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

Arranged by G.H. Palmer

5. 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-rí-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 gá-di-a su-pé-rna, Ad gá-di-a su-pé-rna.
ór-ga-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus 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 descending low, Comes on earth a stran-ger: Ox and ass their
3. This did Her-od sore af-fray, And griev-ous ly be-wil-der; So he gave the
4. Of His love and mer-cy mild This the Christmas sto-ry: And O that Ma-ry’s
5. *O et A et A et O*, 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,
Own-er know Be- cra-dled in the man-ger, Be- cra-dled in the man-ger.
word to slay, 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!
or-ga-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no.

from *The Cowley Carol Book*, 1919
To us is born a little Child
(Parvulus nobis nascitur)

Ach! bleib bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ

15th Century
Translated by Wm. John Blew (1808–1894)
J. S. Bach (1685–1750)

1. To us is born a little Child Of Ma-ry, 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 ser-vants greet.
Light-ning the an-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.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
To Us This Morn a Child is Born

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. To us this morn a Child is born, His Father is none other
2. Her Babe is Lord by all adored Isaiah had fore-shown her:
3. When Joseph heard the Magi's word, He smote the babes a-sunder
4. Now, faith-ful quire, bless God the Sire, Bless God the Spirit Holy,

Than God the King of ev'-ry thing, Maid Mary is His Mother.
Now came't to pass that ox and ass Bow'd down afore their Owner.
In all that coast, a blame-less host, From two years old and under.
Bless God, the Son ere time be-gun, Now lain in man-ger low-ly.

When Angelick Host Entuned

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

1. When an Angel host entuned Anthem sweet and airy
2. When, with hon-ey, herd-men brought But-ter from the dairy
3. When three pilgrimage kings un-lockt Each his cas-ket, spa-ry
4. 'Glo-ry be to God on high, God, who can-not va-ry!'
'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, No - el, No - el,
   Je - sus, the Son of God was born, No - el, No - el, No - el.
2. See in a crib the heav'n - ly Child, Lul - lay, Lul - lay,
   Cradled by Ma - ry, Maid - en mild, Lul - lay, Lul - lay,
3. Thi - ther-ward kings and herd - men drew To Eph - ra - tha,
   For to a - dore the Babe Je - su, At Beth - lem Eph - ra - tha.

Additional Verses

4. Then was ful - fill'd the thing fore - told, E - ia, E - ia,
   In ho - ly writ by bards of old, E - ia, E - ia, E - ia.
5. Arm - ies An - gel - ic sang for mirth Cum Ma - ri - a,
   Mar - vel - ous glad o'er Je - su's birth Ex Ma - tre Ma - ri - a.
6. Gló - ri - a ti - bi, Dó - mi - ne, Al - le - lu - ia,
   Qui na - tus es pro bó - mi - ne, Al - le - lu - ia.

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
We are poor ozen-out gardeners
Robert Southwell (1560–1593)

Tune of We are poor frozen-out gardeners
Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

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

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

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

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
Quem Pastores

Arranged by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

4. Chris-to re-gi, De-o na-to, Per Ma-rí-am no-bis da-to, Mé-ri-tum re-so-net ve-re Dul-ci cum me-lo-di-a.

Music from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919, Words from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
William Bright (1824−1901)  
John Bacchus Dykes (1823−1876)  

**Christmas Song**

1. Once a-gain O bless-ed time, thank-ful hearts em-brace thee:
2. Once a-gain the Ho-ly Night Breathes its bless-ing ten-der;
3. Wel-come Thou to souls a-thirst, Fount of end-less plea-sure;
   
If we lost thy fes-tal chime, What could e'er re-place thee? What could
Once a-gain the Man-ger Light Sheds its gen-tle splen-dor, Sheds its
Gates of Hell may do their worst, While we clasp our Treas-ure, While we
   
e'er re-place thee? Change will dark-en ma-ny a day, Ma-ny a bond dis-
gen-tle splen-dor; O could tongues by An-gels taught Speak our ex-ul-
clasp our Treas-ure: Wel-come, though an age like this Puts Thy Name on
   
sev-er; Ma-ny a joy shall pass a-way, But the “Great Joy” nev-er!
ta-tion In the Vir-gin’s Child that brought All man-kind Sal-va-tion.
tri-al, And the Truth that makes our bliss Pleases a-gainst de-ni-al!
   
But the “Great Joy” nev-er, But the “Great Joy” nev-er!
All man-kind Sal-va-tion, All man-kind Sal-va-tion.
Pleads a-gainst de-ni-al, Pleads a-gainst de-ni-al!

**Structure:**
- **Melody:** The melody is presented in a musical notation format, with notes and lyrics. The lyrics are sung in the format of a Christmas carol, with references to the Holy Night, the Messiah, and divine intervention.
- **Text:** The text is a traditional Christmas carol, focusing on themes of salvation, the Messiah, and the joy of the season.

**Notes:**
- The music is in the key of B-flat major, with a tempo of 144 beats per minute.
- The carol is written in a traditional form, with verses and a refrain.
- The lyrics are in English, with references to biblical and theological concepts.
- The melody is characterized by a rise and fall in dynamics, from a soft, slow start to a powerful climax.

**Interpretation:**
- The carol celebrates the birth of Jesus Christ and the eternal promise of salvation.
- It is a call to remember the story of salvation and the joy it brings.
- The music reflects the emotional range from contemplation to exultation, fitting the themes of the text.

**Conclusion:**
- The carol is a powerful representation of the Christmas story, inviting listeners to reflect on the significance of the season and the eternal promise of salvation. The music and text together create a moving and memorable experience.
4. Yea, if oth- ers stand a-part, We will press the near- er; Yea, O best fra-

5. So we yield Thee all we can, Wor- ship, thanks, and bless - ing; Thee true God, and

6. Thou that once, mid sta- ble cold, Wast in babe-clothes ly- ing, Thou whose Al- tar-

ter-na- l Heart, We will hold Thee dear - er, We will hold Thee true Man On our knees con-fess - ing, On our knees con-

veils en-fold Pow’r and Life un-dy - ing, Pow’r and Life un-

dear - er; Faith - ful lips shall an - swer thus To all faith - less

fess - ing; While Thy Birth - day morn we greet With our best de -

dy - ing, Thou whose Love be - stows a worth On each poor en-

scorn - ing, “Je - sus Christ is God with us, Born on Christmas morn - ing.

vo - tion, Bathe us, O most true and sweet! In Thy Mer - cy’s o - cean.

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 sweet excelling,

And singing for His pleasure, Thus calls upon her Treasure,
O Flow'r 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!”

4. My Joy, my Exultation, My spirit's Consolation;
5. Say, wouldst Thou heav'nly sweetness, Or love of answering meekness?

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 Jacob with travel was weary one day, At night on a
2. This ladder is long, it is strong and well-made, Has stood hundreds of
3. Come let us ascend: all may climb it who will; For the Angels of
4. And when we arrive at the haven of rest We shall hear the glad

stone, for a pillow he lay, He saw in a vision a
years, and is not yet decayed; Many millions have climbed it and
Jacob are guarding it still: And remember each step, that by
words, “Come up hither, ye blest, Here are regions of light, here are

and if so high, That its foot was on earth, and its top in the sky.
reached Sion’s hill, And thousands by faith are climbing it still.
faith we pass o’er, Some Prophet or Martyr hath trod it before.
manisons of bliss:” O, who would not climb such a ladder as this?

Hal-le-lu-jah to Jesus, who died on the Tree, And hath raised up a

ladder of mercy for me, And hath raised up a ladder of mercy for me.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Translated by Archdeacon Churton

1. It was the very noon of night: the stars above the fold, More sure than clock or
2. O ne’er could nightingale at dawn salute the rising day With sweetness like that
3. I roused me at the piercing strain, but shrunk as from the ray Of summer lightning;

chiming bell, the hour of midnight told: When from the 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 divine;
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 Divine;

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,
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

D.S. al Fine

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
From William Ballet’s *Lute Book*, c. 1600

**CHRISTMAS**

**SWEET WAS THE SONG THE VIRGIN SUNG**

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

At a moderate pace.

\[
\text{mp} \quad \text{Sweet was the song the Virgin sung, When she, when she to Bethlem Juda came, And}
\]

\[
\text{rall.} \quad \text{was deliver’d of a Son, pp That blessed Jesus hath to name.}
\]

\[
\text{a tempo} \quad \text{Lul-la, lul-la, lu-la, lul-la-by, Lu-la, lu-la, lu-la, lul-la-by, sweet Babe, sung}
\]

\[
\text{mf} \quad \text{My Son, and eke a Savior born, Who hast vouch-safed from on high To}
\]

\[
\text{dim.} \quad \text{To visit us that were forlorn; La-lu-la, la-lu-la, la-lu-la,}
\]

\[
\text{To visit us}
\]
And rock'd Him sweet-ly on her knee.
by, sweet babe, sang she, And rock'd Him sweet-ly on her knee.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919

 Traditional Austrian

**STILL, STILL, STILL**

Salzburg Melody, c. 1819

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

Die Eng-lein tun schön ju-bi-lier-en, Bei dem Krip-plein
Mar-i-a tut es nie-ser-sing-en Ihre 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 Salzburgerische Volks-Lieder, 1865
Karl Enslin (1819–1875)

KLING GLOCKCHEN

Traditional German

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

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

Öffnet mir die Türen! Laßt mich nicht er-frieren!
Bring euch viele Gaben, Sollt euch daran er-lachen!
Will drin wohnen fröhlich, Frommes Kind, wie selig!

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

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,
Saw the glory, heard the story,
Tidings of a gospel true.

Swift are winging angels singing,
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
I. Depuis plus de quatre mille ans, Nous le promettaient les prophètes, Depuis plus de quatre mille ans.
2. Une é-tabl’ est son lo-ge-ment, Un peu de paille est sa cou-chet-te, Une é-tabl’ est son lo-ge-ment, pour un Dieu, quel-(e) dé-nue-ment!

Il est né le di-vin En-fant, Jouez hautbois, ré-son-nez mu-set-tes!
Il est né le di-vin En-fant. Chan-tons tous son a-vè-ne-ment.

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

Translated by P.S.B.

**NOËL NOUVELET**

1. “No-él nou-ve-let,” come let us sing “no-él;”

2. Prais-es to our Lord, our Sav-ior Je-sus Christ,

Let us faith-ful folk, cry out our thanks to God!

Come to earth as man, as man to live and die,

Sing we “no-él,” un-to the ti-ny King,

“For-él nou-ve-let,” come let us sing “no-él.”

No-él nou-ve-let, No-él chan-tions i-ci,
FUM, FUM, FUM

Catalanian

Arranged by Abel Di Marco, Pbro.

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

Twen ty-fifth day of De cem ber, Fum, fum, fum! For a
Praise we now the Lord a bove, Fum, fum, fum! Now we

blessed Babe was born Up - on this day at break of morn In a manger poor and low - ly Lay the
all our voi - ces raise And sing a song of grate-ful praise Cele-brate in song and sto - ry All the

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

Son of God most ho - ly Fum, fum, fum! For a
wonders of His glo - ry Fum, fum, fum! Now we

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

from cpdl.org and pucpedu
HACIA BÉLEN VA UNA BURRA

1. Hacia Bélen va una burra rin rin yo me remenda-ba yo me remen-dé, yo me eché un record. Miendo yo me lo qui-té, cara-ga da de cho-co-la-te. Lleva su cho-

2. En el portal de Bélen rin rin rin rin yo me remenda-ba yo me remen-dé, yo me eché un re- de San José rin rin rin rin yo me remenda-ba yo me remen-rin, yo me eché un re-

3. En el portal de Bélen rin rin rin rin yo me remenda-ba yo me remen-dé, yo me eché un re-

miento yo me lo qui-té, han entrado los ra-to-nes. Y al buen-o miento yo me lo qui-té, gita-nillos han en-tra-do Y al Niño

co-latera rin rin rin rin yo me remen-da-ba yo me remen-rin, yo me eché un re-

que está en la cu-na rin rin rin rin yo me remen-da-ba yo me remen-rin, yo me eché un re-

miento yo me lo qui-té, su mo-li-ni-llo y su ana-fre. Miendo yo me lo qui-té, Le han roido los calzo-

miento yo me lo qui-té, los paña-les la han ro-ba-do. Miendo yo me lo qui-té, han entrado los ra-


from cpdl.org and pucep.edu
Riu Riu Chiu
Mateo Flecha el Viejo (1481–1553)

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

dera. Dios guardó el lobo de nuestra cor-

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

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

dera.

1. El lobo rabioso la quiso morder, Mas Dios poderoso la supo defender,

D.S.

Quiso le hazer que no pudiese pecar: Ni aún original es-ta Virgen tu-vie-

ra.

2. Esté que es nas-cido es el gran monar-cba, Christo patri-ar-cba de car-

ne ves-ti-do.
CHRISTMAS

Hanos re-di-mi-do con se hazer chiqui-to, Aunqu'era in-fi-ni-to fini-to ses hizie-ra.

3. Muchas profe-ci-as lo han profe-ti-zado, Y aun en nuestros di-as, lo hemos alcanca-do;

A Dios humana-do vemos en el sue-lo, Y al hombre en el cie-lo por-que'l le quisi-e-ra.

4. Yo vi mil gar-co-nes que an-davan cantan-do, Por a-qui vo-lan-do ha-zien-do mil so-nes,

Diziendo gasco-nes: Gloria sea en el cie-lo Y paz en el sue-lo, pues Je-sus nascie-ra.

5. Es-te viene a dar a los muertos vi-da, Y viene a re-parar de todos la ca-y-da.

Es la luz del di-a a ques-te mocue-lo; Est'es el cor-de-ro que San Juan di-xe-ra.

6. Mira bien que os cuadre que an-si-na lo oye-ra: Que Dios no pudie-ra ha-zer-la mas que Ma-dre;

El qu'era su Pa-dre, hoy d'ella nascio Y el que la cri-o, su Hi-jo se di-xe-ra.

7. Pues que ya te-ne-mos lo que de-se-a-mos, Todos juntos va-mos, pre-sen-tes lle-ve-mos;

Todos le da-re-mos nuestra vo-luntad, Pues a se-igualar con el hom-bre vi-nie-ra.

**IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER**

*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**

*E Ter* 

*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**

*Earth stood hard as iron, Water like a stone.*

*Snow had fallen, snow on snow, enough for Him, whom angels,*

**Moderato e tranquillo**

*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**

*Snow on snow, In the bleak midwinter Long ago.*

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

**Moderato e tranquillo**

*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**

*2. Our God, Heav’n cannot hold Him, Nor earth sustain; Heav’n and earth shall*
flee a-way, When He comes to reign. In the bleak mid-winter, A stable place suf-

ficed the Lord God Al-might-y Jesus Christ.

4. What can I give Him, Poor as I am? If I were a shep-herd, I would bring a

lamb: If I were a wise man, I would do my part, Yet what I can, I give Him,

Give my heart, give my heart.
Christina Rosetti (1830–1894)  
Gustav Holst (1874–1934)

**IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER**

1. In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,  
2. Our God, Heav'n 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,  
Heav'n 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-a-phim Thronged the air  
If I were a shepherd I would bring a lamb;  

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

In the bleak midwinter, Long ago.  
The Lord God Almighty, 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 Caeli

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

Lætentur Caeli et ex-sul-tet ter-ra, et exsulf tet ter-ra ant-

ante faciem Domini. Lætentur caeli

- te faciem Domini. Lætentur caeli et ex-

Lætentur caeli.

Ante sul-tet ter-ra. Lætentur caeli et ex-

faciem Domini. Quon-iam ve-nit, quon-

faciem Domini. Quon-iam ve-nit, quon-iam ve-nit, quon-

- i-am ve-nit, quoni-iam ve-nit. ve-nit, ve-nit!

- i-am ve-nit, quoni-iam ve-nit. ve-nit, ve-nit!
Shiloh

from *The Suffolk Harmony* (1786)

William Billings (1746–1800)

1. Me thinks I see an heav’nly Host of Ang’ls on the Wing; Me

   *1st Shepherd*

2. Let all your Fears be ban’ish’d hence. Glad tid’ings I pro-claim,

   *1st Angel*

3. Lay down your Crooks, and quit your flocks, to Beth-le-hem re-pair;

   *1st Angel*

4. Seek not in Courts or Pal-a ces; Nor Roy-al cur-tains draw;

   *1st Angel*

5. Then learn from hence, ye ru’ral Swains, the meekness of your God, Who

   *Narrator*

6. God, God, the Wa-t’er gushes from the rock, hence.

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

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

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gen'rous Soul of savage mold, and destitute of Grace, and
ulting in the three-fold God, and thus address their song, and
first and last, the last and first, Eternal praise afford, E-

destitute of Grace. thus address their song. 1st Angel 7. Exult ye Oxen,
ter nal praise afford. 1st Angel 8. The Royal guest you

low for joy, ye Tenants of the Stall, Pay your obesance;
entertain is not of common Birth, but second in the

ye is

on your knees Unanimously fall, Unanimously fall.
Great I AM; the God of Heav’n and Earth, the God of Heav’n and Earth.

from www.cpdl.org
Myn Lyking

15th Century

Richard R. Terry (1865–1938)

Allegro moderato ($\frac{d}{=} 112$)

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. She lul-lèd a lyt-tel Childe, a sweeté Lording.

Saw a fair May-den syttin and sing.
2. That

same Lord is He that made all-thing, Of all-les lords He is Lord, of all-les kynges Kyng.

3. There was mickle melody at that Chyld's birth. All that were in hea'ny bliss, they made mickle mirth.

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

from Twelve Christmas Carols, 1912, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
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-gering 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,
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 returning. And Peace Eternal, Jesus, grant, we pray.
Pax, Pax, Pax,

Cæ Cæ Cæ

In Cæ lo Pax, Et in Ex cæ l sis,

Gló ri a, Et in Ex cæ l sis Gló ri a, Et in Ex-

sis, Et in Ex cæ l sis, Gló ri a, in Ex cæ l sis, Et in Ex-

sis, Gló ri a, in Ex cæ l sis, Gló ri a.

Et in Ex cæ l sis, Gló ri a.

Et in Ex cæ l sis, in Ex cæ l sis, Gló ri-

sis, In ce lo, Pax, Et in Ex cæ l sis, Gló ri -

a, Et in Ex cæ l sis, Gló ri a.

a, Et in Ex cæ l sis, Gló ri a.

a, Et in Ex cæ l sis, Gló ri a."

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
If angels sung a Savior's birth, If angels sung a
Savior's birth, On that auspicious morn,
Now He again is born, Now He again is born.
He again is born, Now He again is born.

from The American Vocalist: a selection of tunes, anthems, sentences, and hymns, old and new, 1849, via hymnary.org
A Christmas Round

Maestoso

Tollite Hostias

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835–1921)
15th Century

**Gaudete**

2. De-us ho-mo factus est na-tú-ra mirán-te, Mundus re-no-vátus est a Christo regnán-te.
3. E-zéchielis por-ta clau-sa per-trán-si-tur, Un-de lux es-or-ta, sa-lus in-ve-ni-tur.
4. Er-go nostra cón-ti-o psal-lat jam in lustro, Be-ne-di-cat Dómi-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

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**Glorious, Beauteous, Golden-Bright**

Anna M. E. Nichols

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 quickly as a

Maria Tiddeman (1837–1915)

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

4. Jew-ish shep-herds kept Watch be-side their flocks that slept.
lum-ined all the earth, When Christ’s An-gels sang His birth.
3. Soft and pure and holy glory, Kings and seers and prophets
4. But that light no more availed, All its splendor straightway
5. Now no more on Christmas night, Is the sky with Angels

hoary, Shed throughout the sacred story: While the
paled In His light whom Angels hailed; Even
bright, But for ever shines the Light; Even

priests, like shepherds true, Watch’d beside God’s chosen few.
as the stars of old, ’Mid the brightness lost their gold.
He Whose birth they told To the shepherds by the fold.

6. Since that Light then darkens never, Let us all, with glad endeavor, Sing the

song that echoes ever: Glory in the highest Heaven! Peace on earth to us forgiven.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c. 1525–1594)

Alma Redemptoris Mater

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

Al - ma Redemptóris Ma - ter, quæ pér-vi-a cæ-li porta

lo: Tu quæ genu-ís-ti, na-tú-ra mirán-te, tu - um sanc-tum Ge-ni-tó-re-m: Vit -

lo: Tu quæ genu-ís-ti, na-tú-ra mirán-te, tu - um sanc-tum Ge-ni-tó-re-m:  

_ Tu quæ genu-ís-ti, na-tú-ra mirán-te, tu - um sanc-tum Ge-ni-tó-re-m:  

manes, Et stella maris, suc-cúr-re ca-dén-ti, súr-gere qui cu - rat pó-pu-

manes, Et stella maris, suc-cúr-re ca-dén-ti, súr-gere qui cu - rat pó- 

manes, Et stella maris, suc-cúr-re ca-dén-ti, súr-gere qui cu - rat pó-pu-

manes, Et stella maris, suc-cúr-re ca-dén-ti, súr-gere qui cu - rat pó-pu-

manes, Et stella maris, suc-cúr-re ca-dén-ti, súr-gere qui cu - rat pó-pu-

manes, Et stella maris, suc-cúr-re ca-dén-ti, súr-gere qui cu - rat pó-pu-

manes, Et stella maris, suc-cúr-re ca-dén-ti, súr-gere qui cu - rat pó-pu-ló:
O Magnum Mysterium

Tomás Luis de Victoria (c. 1548–1611)
ut animáli-a vivérent Dómi-num natum, vivérent Dóminum

animáli-a, ut animáli-a vivérent Dómi-num natum, vivérent Dóminum

ut animáli-a vivérent Dómi-num natum, vivérent Dóminum

natum jacéntem in præsépio, jacéntem in præsépio, jacéntem in præsépio,
O beáta virgo cu-jus ví-sce-ra me-rué.

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

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

O beáta virgo cu-jus ví-sce-ra 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 Je-sum Chris-tum.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Qui no-bis est na-tus, sum-mo De-o da-tus, et de vir-, vir-, vir-
sta-bu-lo bru-tó-rum, rec-tor su-per-nó-rum, pé-r-di-dit, -dit, -dit,
stél-lu-lam se-quén-do, ip-sum ad o-rán-do, au-rum thus, thus, thus,
Ad-ve-nís-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
Words from *Piae Cantiones*, 1582

**PERSONENT HODIE**

Arranged by Gustav Holst (1874–1934)

1. Pér-sonent hó-di-e vo-cés pu-é-ru-læ, lau-dán-tes
2. In mun-do ná-sci-tur, pannis in-vól-vi-tur, præ-sé-pi
3. Ma-gi tres ve-nérunt, pár-vulum in-quí-ru nt, Béth-le-hem
4. Omnes clé-rí-cu-li, pár-i-ter pú-e-ri, can-tent ut

jucúnde Qui nóbis est na-tus, summo De-o dá-tus, et de vir-vir-vir-
pó-ní-tur sta-bu-lo bru-tó-rum, rector super-nó-rum, pér-di-dit-dit-dit-
ád-e-unt, stél-lu-lam se-quén-do, ip-sum ad-o-rán-do, aurum thus thus thus
án-ge-li: Ad-ve-ní-s-ti mun-do, lau-de-s Ti-bi fun-do. Id-e-o-o-o,
NEW YEAR

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)  Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847)

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 again; Ring cross the snow: The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true. The year is going, Ring out the false, ring in the true.

3. Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hand; Ring kindlier hand; Ring in the Christ that is to be. Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Ring in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring in the Christ that is to be.

from The Life Hymnal, 1904
Ring Out, Wild Bells

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)  
Adapted from Kyrie, 12th Mass  
W.A. Mozart (1756–1791)

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,
3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,

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:

6. 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,

7. Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring in redress to all man-kind.
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 narrowing lust of gold:
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;

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

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

from HymnWiki.org
First verse, traditional

Other verses, Robert Burns (1759–1796)

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind?
2. We twa ha' been sair frae home, But we're back again, dear friends.
3. We twa ha' been sair frae home, But we're back again, dear friends.
4. And here's a hand, my trusty friend; And gie's a hand o' thine;

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days of auld lang syne?
But we've wandered on a weary foot, Sin' auld lang syne.
But seas between us braid ba' 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