A Collection of Christmas Carols

SELECTED, TRANSCRIBED, AND EDITED by

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Benjamin Bloomfield*

*Cincinnati, 2012*
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O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

Translated by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

15th Century French

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

2. O come, Thou Wisdom from on high, Who ord’rest all things wisely;
To us the path of knowledge show, And teach us in her ways to go.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.

3. O come, O come, Thou Lord of might, Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai’s height,
From depths of hell Thy people save, And give them victory o’er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.

4. O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free Thine own from Satan’s tyranny;
That mourns in lonely exile here Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.

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

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

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, EMMANUEL

1. Ve - ni, ve - ni, Em - má - nu - el cap - tí - vum sol - ve Is - ra - el,
2. Ve - ni, O Sa - pi - én - ti - a, quæ hic dis - pó - nis óm - ni - a,
4. Ve - ni, O Jes - se vír - gu - la, ex hos - tis tu - os án - gu - la,

qui ge - mit in ex - si - li - o, pri - vá - tus De - i Fí - li - o.
le - gem de-dís - ti vèr - ti - ce in ma - jes - tâ - te gló - ri - ë.
de spec - tu tu - os tâ - ra - ri e -duc et an - tro bá - ra - thri.

Gau - de! Gau - de! Em - má - nu - el, na - scé - tur pro te Is - ra - el!

5. Ve - ni, Cla - vis Da - ví - di - ca, re - gna re - clú - de cæ - li - ca,
6. Ve - ni, ve - ni, O O - ri - ens, so - lá - re nos ad - vé - ni - ens,
7. Ve - ni, ve - ni, Rex Gén - ti - um, ve - ni, Re-dém-ptor óm - ni - um,

fac i - ter tu - tum sú - pe - rum, et clau - de vi - as in - fe - rum.
noc - tis de-pél-le né - bu - las, di - rás - que mor - tis té - ne - bras.
ut sal - vas tu - os fá - mu - los pec - cá - ti si - bi cón - sci - os.
Come Thou Long Expected Jesus

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

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

from The Church Hymnary, 1902, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com

Come Thou Long Expected Jesus

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

Adapted by Henry J. Gauntlett (1805–1876)

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

from 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 fore-told, Come
3. You come in peace and meek-ness, And low-ly will Your cra-dle be; All

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

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

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

By Charles Coffin

Translated by John Chandler

Adapted from Chorale in Musikalisches Hand-Buch, 1690

Hark! A Herald Voice is Calling

By William Henry Monk

Translated by Edward Caswall

from The English Hymnal, 1906
ADVENT

Wake, O Wake! with Tidings Thrilling

Wacht Auf! by P. Nicolai (1556–1608)
Translated by F.C.B.
Very slow and solemn \( \text{\( \frac{d}{d} \) = 64} \)

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

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

3. Ev - ry soul in Thee re - joi - ces;
   Now the gates of pearl re - ceive
   From men and from an -

\[ \text{Air are fill - ing, A - rise, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise!} \]
\[ \text{hear them say - ing. Where are ye all, ye vir - gins wise?} \]
\[ \text{joy un - doubt - ing, She stands and waits with ea - ger eyes;} \]
\[ \text{grace un - end - ing! Her light burns clear, her star doth rise.} \]
\[ \text{gel - ic voi - ces Be glo - ry giv’n to Thee a - lone!} \]
\[ \text{more shall leave us, We stand with An - gels round Thy throne.} \]

The Bride-groom comes in sight, Raise high your tor - ches bright! Al - le - lu - ia!
Now come, Thou pre - cious Crown, Lord Je - su, God’s own Son! Ho - san - na!
Earth can - not give be - low The bliss Thou dost be - stow. Al - le - lu - ia!

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

from The English Hymnal, 1906


1. Creator of the stars of night, Thy people's ever-lasting Light;
2. Thou, grieving that the ancient curse Should doom to death a universe,
3. Thou cam'st, the Bride-groom of the bride, As drew the world to evening-tide;

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

**CREATOR OF THE STARS OF NIGHT**

Translated by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

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**CREATOR ALME SIDERUM**

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

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

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

CONDITOR ALME SIDERUM

Anonymous, 7th Century
Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

1. Cón-di-tor al-me sí-de-rum, Æ-tér-na lux cre-dén-ti-um,
2. lux cre-dén-ti-um,
3. lux cre-dén-ti-um,
4. lux cre-dén-ti-um,
5. lux cre-dén-ti-um,
6. lux cre-dén-ti-um,
7. lux cre-dén-ti-um,

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

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Traditional
Edith Nesbitt (1858–1924)

Christ-mas is com-ing! The goose is get-ting fat; Please to put a pen-ny in the
old man’s hat, Please to put a pen-ny in the old man’s hat.
Christ-mas is coming, the geese are getting fat, Please to put a penny in the old man’s hat.

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

But a pen-ny’s bet-ter, A pen-ny or two are bet-ter, or three, four! Christ-mas is coming, the geese are getting fat, Please to put a penny in the

old man’s hat. If you have n’t got a pen-ny, a ha’-p’ny-ll do, If you have n’t got a ha’-p’ny, a
John Francis Wade (1711–1786)

**Adeste Fideles**

from *Cantus Diversi, 1751*

1. *Adèste fideles*, læti triumphantes, venite, ve-
   ni-te in Béthle-hem; Na-tum vi-dé-te, Re-gem an-
   ge-ló-rum; ni-te in Béth-le-hem; Na-tum vi-dé-
   te, Re-gem an-
   ge-ló-rum;

2. De-um de De-o, lu-men de lu-mi-ne, Ges-
   tant pu-
   nite in Béthle-hem; Na-tum vi-dé-te, Re-gem an-
   ge-ló-rum; ni-te in Béthle-hem; Na-tum vi-dé-
   te, Re-gem an-
   ge-ló-rum;

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

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

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
Isaac Watts (1674–1748)  
Lowell Mason (1792–1872)

**JOY TO THE WORLD!**

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,  
   Repeal the sounding joy,  
   And heav’n and nature sing,  
   Repeal the sounding joy,  
   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,  
   Repeal the sound-ing joy,  
   Repeal the sound-ing joy,  
   Repeal the sound-ing joy,  
   Repeal the sound-ing joy.

3. He rules the world with truth and grace  
   And makes the nations prove  
   The glories of His righteous ness,  
   And wonders of His love,  
   Repeal the sound-ing joy,  
   Repeal the sound-ing joy,  
   Repeal the sound-ing joy.

from *Hymns of the Kingdom of God*, 1910, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
A Child this day is born, A Child of high renown;
Most worthy of a sceptre, A sceptre and a crown.

'Twas by an Angel unto them That night revealed and told.

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 in Paradise, This heav'nly host do sing.

With praises and with triumph great, And joyful melody.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Traditional

1. The first Noël the angel did say, Was to certain poor
shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay.

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

3. And by the light of that same Star Three wise men
hern it took its rest, And there it did both

4. This star drew nigh to the North West, O'er Bethle-
ly on bended knee, And of fer'd there in

5. Then entered in those Wise men three, Full reverence
shep herd our Heavenly Lord, That hath made Heavn' and

6. Then let us all with one accord, Sing praises
keeping their sheep On a cold winter's night that was so deep,
gave great light, And so it continued both day and night.

their intent, And to follow the star where e'er it went.

7. Stop and stay Right over the place where Jesus lay.
His presence, Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

8. Earth of naught, And with His Blood mankind hath bought.

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. When Christ was born of Mary free, In Beth-le-hem, that fair ci-ty,

2. Herds-men be-held these An-gels bright, To them app ear-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-cél-sis Gló-ri-a."
Who said God’s Son is born to-night, "In ex-cél-sis Gló-ri-a."
There-fore this song we have in mind, "In ex-cél-sis Gló-ri-a."
That we may sing to Thy sol ace, "In ex-cél-sis Gló-ri-a."

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


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

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847)

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

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

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

With 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.

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

JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Arranged by George D. Elderkin

1. Hark! the Herald angels sing, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
2. Joy-ful all ye na-tions rise, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
3. Christ, by high-est heav’n a-dored, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
4. Hail! the heav’n-born Prince of peace, Je-sus, the Light of the world;

Glo-ry to the new-born King, Je-sus, the Light of the world.
Join the tri-umph of the skies, Je-sus, the Light of the world.
Christ, the ev-er-last-ing Lord, Je-sus, the Light of the world.
Hail! the sun of right-cous-ness, Je-sus, the Light of the world.

We’ll walk in the light, beau-ti-ful light, Come where the dew-drops of mer-cy are bright,

Shine all a-round us by day and by night, Je-sus, the Light of the world.

from The Finest of the Wheat No. 2, 1894
1. It came upon the mid-night clear, That glorious song of old._
   From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold:_
   Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heaven's all gracious King._
   The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the angels sing._

2. Still through the clouded skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled;__
   And still their heav’nly music floats O’er all the weary world:_
   Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on hov’ring wing;__
   And ever o’er its Ba’bel sounds The blessed angels sing.__

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

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

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

Traditional

Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

Vivace

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

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

3. See how the flow’rs all burst anew, Think how the stars a-fresh are glowing, All their brightest beams be bestowing.

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

5. Shepherds! then up and quick away, Seek the nation, All in Him shall find salvation. Shepherds! the chorus come and swell! Sing Noël, O sing Noël!

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

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

Translated by Bishop James Chadwick (1813–1882)

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!

Noël! Noël! Noël! Noël sing we clear, Holpen are all folk on
earth Born is God's Son so dear: Noël! Noël! Noël! Noël, sing we

loud! God today hath poor folk rais'd And cast a-down the proud.

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

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

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

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

5. On the fifth day of Christmas my true love sent to me

6. On the sixth day of Christmas my true love sent to me

7. On the seventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me

8. On the eighth day of Christmas my true love sent to me

9. On the ninth day of Christmas my true love sent to me

10. On the tenth day of Christmas my true love sent to me

11. On the eleventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me

12. On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love sent to me

   Twelve drummers drumming,
   Eleven pipers piping,
   Ten lords a-leaping,
   Nine ladies dancing,
   Eight maids a-milking,
   Seven swans a-swimming,
   Six geese a-laying,
   Five golden rings,
   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.

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

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

Four calling birds, Three French hens,

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

-Seventh Time Rall. *
1. Listen, Lordings, unto me, a tale I will you tell; Which, as on this night of glee, in David's town be-fell. Joseph came from Nazareth, with Mary's womb was in the manger laid. Forth He came as light through glass: He

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

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

Go tell it out with speed, Cry out and shout all round a-bout, That Christ is born in-deed.
3. Shep-herds lay a - field that night, to keep the sil - ly sheep, Hosts of An-gels
4. On - ward then the An - gels sped, the shep-herds on - ward went, God was in His
in their sight came down from heav'n's high steep. Ti-dings! Ti-dings! un - to you: to
man-ger bed, in wor - ship low they bent. In the morn - ing see ye mind, my
you a Child is born, Pur - er than the drops of dew, and bright - er than the morn.
mas-ters one and all, At the Al - tar Him to find, Who lay with - in the stall.
Sing high, sing high, sing low, sing low, sing high, sing low, sing to and fro,
Go tell it out with speed, Cry out and shout all round a - bout, That Christ is born in-deed.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
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 Asleep in the hay.

2. The cattle are lowing, The poor baby wakes, But little Lord Jesus No crying He makes; I love Thee, Lord Jesus, Look down from the sky, And stay by my cradle Till morning is nigh. Thy tender care, And take us to heaven To live with Thee there.

3. Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me forever And love me, I pray: Bless all the dear children In all the dear children In

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 Asleep in the hay.

2. The cattle are lowing, The poor baby wakes, But little Lord Jesus No crying He makes; I love Thee, Lord Jesus, Look down from the sky, And stay by my cradle Till morning is nigh. Thy tender care, And take us to heaven To live with Thee there.

3. Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me forever And love me, I pray: Bless all the dear children In all the dear children In

Away In A Manger

Anonymous
Anonymous
Jonathan E. Spilman (1812–1896)

**Away In A Manger**

1. Away in a manger, No crib for His bed, The little Lord Jesus Laid down His sweet head: The stars in the heav'ns Look'd down where He lay,
The love me, I pray: Bless all the dear children In Thy tender care, And

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

lit-tle Lord Je-sus Asleep in the hay. The cat-tle are low-ing, The poor ba-by wakes, But lit-tle Lord Je-sus No cry-ing He makes; I love Thee, Lord

bed, The lit-tle Lord Je-sus Laid down His sweet head: The stars in the

Je-sus, Look down from the sky, And stay by my cra-dle Till morn-ing is nigh.

heav'ns Look'd down where He lay, The lit-tle Lord Je-sus Asleep in the hay.
A Virgin Unspotted

1. A__ Virgin un__ spotted, the pro__phet fore__told, Should bring forth a__
2. At__ Beth__lehem ci__ty in Jew__ry it was That Jo__seph and
3. But when they had en__tered the ci__ty so fair, A__num__ber of__
4. Then were they con__strain'd in a__sta__ble to lie, Where hors__es and

Savior, which now we__ behold, To__be our Re__deem__er from
Ma__ry to__gether did pass, All__for to be tax__ed with
peo__ple so__ mighty was there, That Jo__seph and Ma__ry, whose
ass__es they used for to tie: Their lodg__ing so sim__ple they

death, hell__ and sin, Which Ad__am's trans__gress__ion had wrap__ped us in.
ma__ny__ one moe. Great Cae__sar com__mand__ed the same should be so.
sub__stance was small, Could find in the inn there no lodg__ing at all.
took it__ no scorn, But a__gainst the next morn__ing our Sav__ior was born.

Aye and there__fore be mer__ry, set sor__row a__side,

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

6. Then God sent an angel from heaven so high, To certain poor shep-herds in fields where they lie, And bade them no longer in sor-row to stay, Be-cause that our Sav-ior was born on this day.

7. Then pre-sent-ly after the shep-herds did spy Vast num-bers of an-gels to stand in the sky; They joy-ful-ly talk-ed and sweet-ly did sing: “To God be all glo-ry, our heav-en-ly King.”

8. To teach us hu-mil-i-ty all this was done, And learn we from thence haugh-ty pride for to shun; A man-ger His cra-dle Who came from a-bove, The great God of mer-cy, of peace, and of love.

ff Aye and there-fore be mer-ry, set sor-row a-side, Christ Je-sus, our Sav-ior, was born on this tide.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
DING DONG MERRILY ON HIGH

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

16th century French melody

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. Ding dong! mer-ri-ly on high in heav’n the bells are ring-ing:

2. E’en so here be-low, be-low, let ste-ple bells be swung-en.

3. Pray ye du-ti-ful-ly prime your ma-tin chime, ye ring-ers;

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

Gló Gló

- ri-a, bo-sán-na in ex-cél-sis!
- ri-a, bo-sán-na in ex-cél-sis!

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)

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

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

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

Born of mother, blest o’er oth-er, ex Ma-ri-a Vir-gi-ne

In a sta-ble (’tis no fa-ble), Chris-tus na-tus bó-di-e.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
Stille Nacht

Joseph Möhr (1792–1848)

Franz Gruber (1787–1863)

Tranquillo ($\frac{d}{d} = 90$)

1. Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht! Alles schläft;
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 Halleluja!
o wie lacht Lieb' aus deinem göttlichen Mund,

Hol der Knabe im lockigen Haar, Schlaf in himmlischer
Tönt es laut von fern und nah: mF Christ, der Ret ter ist
Da uns schlägt die ret ten de Stund! Christ, in deiner Ge

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

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

Tranquillo (♩ = 90)

1. Silent night! Holy night! All is calm,
   all is bright. Round yon Virgin Moth-er and Child,
   Holy Infant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace,

2. Silent night! Holy night! Shep-herds quake
   at the sight; Glo-ries stream from heav-en a-far,
   Heav’n-ly hosts sing Alle-lu-ia; Christ, the Sav-i-or is born!

3. Silent night! Holy night! Son of God,
   love’s pure light! Ra-diant beams from Thy ho-ly face,
   With the dawn of re-deem-ing grace, Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth!

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

Christ Was Born on Christmas Day

14th Century German melody, Resonet in laudibus

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

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

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

3. Let the bright red berries glow Ev’rywhere in goodly show;  
4. Christian men, rejoice and sing; ’Tis the birthday of a King,  

Chri-stus na-tus bo-die: The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.  
Ex Ma-ri-a Vir-gi-ne: The God, the Lord, by all a-dor’d for ev-er.

36

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

7. Sing out with bliss, His

8. Mid-night scarcely pass'd and o - ver, Drawing to this ho - ly morn, Ve - ry ear - ly, ve - ry ear - ly Christ was born.

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

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

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

**JOSEPH, O DEAR JOSEPH MINE**

_Josef, Lieber Josef Mein, 16th Century_  
_Resonet in laudibus, 14th Century_

1. Joseph, O dear Joseph mine, Help me rock the Child divine,
   God reward both thee and thine, In paradise, So prays the mother,
   Mary, Eia, Eia, Eia. He came down at Christmas time, In the town of Bethlehem, in Bethlehem. Bringing to men far and wide, Love's diadem, Eia, Eia, Lullaby.

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 Bethlehem, in Bethlehem. Bringing to men far and wide, Love's diadem, Eia, Eia, Lullaby.
O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Phillips Brooks (1835–1893)
Lewis H. Redner (1831–1908)

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

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
1. See amid the winter's snow, Born for us on earth below,
2. Lo, within 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,

See the ten-der Lamb ap-pears, Promised from e-ter nal years.
He, who throned in height sub-lime, Sits amid the Cher-ub-im!
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!

ff Hail! Thou ever bless-ed morn! Hail, Re-demp-tion's hap-py dawn!

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

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
**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,
2. “Hither, page, and stand by me, If thou know’st it, telling;
3. “Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine-logs hither;
4. “Sire, the night is darker now, And the wind blows stronger;
5. In his master’s steps he trod, Where the snow lay dinted;

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CHRISTMAS

Good King Wenceslas

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

Tempus adest floridum, from Pie Cantiones, 1582

Moderato

1. Good King Wenceslas look’d out On the Feast of Ste-phen,
2. “Hith-er, page, and stand by me, If thou know’st it, tell-ing;
3. “Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine-logs hith-er;
4. “Sire, the night is dark-er now, And the wind blows strong-er;
5. In his mas-ter’s steps he trod, Where the snow lay dint-ed;

When the snow lay round a-bout, Deep and crisp and e-ven;
Yon-der peas-ant, who is he? Where, and what his dwell-ing?
Thou and I will see him dine When we bear them thith-er.
Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no long-er.
Heat was in the ve-ry sod Which the saint had print-ed;

Bright-ly shone the moon that night, Tho’ the frost was cru-el,
“Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un-der-neath the moun-tain;
Page and mon-arch forth they went, Forth they went to-geth-er;
“Mark my foot-steps, my good page, Tread thou in them bold-ly:
There-fore, Chris-tian men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos-sess-ing,

When a poor man came in sight, Gath-’ring win-ter fu-el.
Right a-gainst the for-est fence, By Saint Ag-nes’ foun-tain.
Thro’ the rude wind’s wild la-ment And the bit-ter weath-er.
Thou shalt find the win-ter’s rage Freeze thy blood less cold-ly.”
Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall your-selves find bless-ing.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
CHRISTMAS

IN natali Domini

14th Century

Melody from Nürnberg Gesangbuch, 1544

Arranged by G.H. Palmer

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
In natali Domini, 14th Century

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)

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

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

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818–1895)  
Henry J. Gauntlett (1805–1876)

1. Once in royal David’s city  
   Stood a lowly cattle shed,

2. He came down to earth from heaven,  
   Who is God and Lord of all, 

3. And, through all His wondrous childhood,  
   He would honor and obey, 

4. Jesus is our childhood’s pattern,  
   Day by day like us He grew; 

5. And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
   Through His own redeeming love; 

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

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

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

PAST THREE A CLOCK

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. Born is a Baby, Gentle as may be,
   mor-row, mas-ters all!
   Son of the-ter-nal Fa-ther su-per-nal.
   Bring they for Ma-ry, And, not for mon-ey,
   D.C.

2. Ser-aph quire sing-eth, An-gel bell ring-eth;
   Fine
   Fine
   Hark how they rime it, Time it, and chime it.
   1. Born is a Baby, Gentle as may be,
   2. Ser-aph quire sing-eth, An-gel bell ring-eth;
   3. Mid earth re-joic-es Hear-ing such voi-ces
   4. Hinds o’er the pear-ly Dew-y lawn ear-ly
   5. Cheese from the dai-ry
   6. Light out of star-land
   7. Myrrh from full cof-fer,
   8. Thus they: I pray you,
   9. Cheese from the dai-ry
   10. Light out of star-land
   11. Myrrh from full cof-fer,
   12. Thus they: I pray you,
   13. Cheese from the dai-ry
   14. Light out of star-land
   15. Myrrh from full cof-fer,
   16. Thus they: I pray you,
   17. Cheese from the dai-ry
   18. Light out of star-land
   19. Myrrh from full cof-fer,
   20. Thus they: I pray you,

3. Mid earth re-joic-es Hear-ing such voi-ces
   Past three a clock, And a cold frost-y morn-ing, Past three a clock; Good
   Fine
   Good
   Good
   Good
   Good
   Good
   Good
   Good
   Good
   Good
   Good
   Good
   Good
   Good
   Good
   Good
   Good
   Good
   Good
   Good

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

5. Cheese from the dai-ry
   London Waits
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine

6. Light out of star-land
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine

7. Myrrh from full cof-fer,
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine

8. Thus they: I pray you,
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine
   Fine

D.C.

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
Bring a Torch, Jeanette, Isabella!

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

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

Brightly

1. Bring a torch, Jeanette, Isabelle! Bring a torch, to the
   cradle, run! It is Jesus, good folk of the village;
   Christ is born and Mary’s calling: Ah! ah! beautiful
   is the Mother; Ah! ah! beautiful is her Son!

2. Who goes there a knocking so loudly? Who goes there a-
   knock-ing like that? Ope your doors, I have here on a plate Some
   very good cakes which I am bringing: Toc! toc! quickly your
   doors now open; Toc! toc! Come let us make good cheer!

3. It is wrong when the Child is sleeping, It is wrong to
   mo-ment come; Look and see how charming is Jesus,
   How He is white, His cheeks are rosy! Hush! hush! see how the
   fast He slumbers! Hush! hush! see how fast He sleeps!

4. Softly to the little stable, Softly for a
   talk so loud; Silence, all, as you gather a round,
   How He is white, His cheeks are rosy! Hush! hush! see how the
   morn-ing: Ah! ah! beautiful is her Son!

from The Home and Community Song-Book, 1922
Christm<ref>

**The Angel Gabriel**

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

Basque Carol

1. The angel Gabriel from heaven came,

2. "For know a blessed Mother thou shalt be,

3. Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head,

4. Of her, Emmanuel, the Christ, was born

His wings as drifted snow, his eyes a flame;

All generations laud and honor thee,

"To me be as it pleaseth God," she said,

In Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn,

"All hail," said he, "thou lowly maiden Mary,

Thy Son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold,

"My soul shall laud and magnify His holy Name;"

And Christian folk throughout the world will ever say,

Most highly favored lady," Glória rí-a!

Most highly favored lady," Glória rí-a!

Most highly favored lady," Glória rí-a!

"Most highly favored lady," Glória rí-a!

(from CyberHymnal.org)
13th Century

ANDELMUS AD VIRGINEM

1. Angellus ad virginem Sub-intrans in conclave. Virginis formidinem De-
mulcens inquit "Ave." Ave regina virginum, Caeli teraque
firma mentevi? Spiritus Sancti gratia Perfi ci et haec

2. Quomodo concipemque, quae vi rum non cognovi? Quol ter infringarem, que

DOMINUM

Domicum Conciipes Et paries Intacta, Salutem
omnia; Netimeas, sed gaud eas, secura, quod casti-
hominum. Tuportaca lifacta Medela criminum.
monia Manebit in te pura Dei potenti

Anonymous, 13th Century
3. Ad hæc vir-go nó-bi-lis Re-spón-dens in-quit e-i; An-cíl-la sum

4. An-ge-lus dis-pá-ru-it Et sta-tim pu-el-lá-ris U-te-rus in-

5. E-ia Ma-ter Dó-mi-ni, Quæ pa-cem red-di-dí-sti An-ge-lis et

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

o, Tan-ta se-cré-ti cón-sci-o, Con-sén-ti-ens Et cú-pi-ens Vi-dé-

ro No-vem mén-si-um nú-me-ro, Hinc éx-i-it Et ín-i-it Con-flic-
um Ut se no-bis pro-pi-ti-um Ex-hí-be-at, Et dé-le-at Pec-cá-

re fac-tum quod áu-di-o, Pa-rá-ta sum pa-ré-re De-i con-sí-li-o.
tum, Af-fi-gens hú-mero Cru-cem, qua de-dit i-ctum Hos-ti mor-tí-
ta; Præstans au-xí-lium Vi-ta fru-i bé-á-ta Post hoc ex-sí-li-um.

from cpdl.org
1. God rest you merry, gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay,
   Re - mem - ber Christ our Sav - ior

2. In Beth - le - hem in Jew - ry, This bless - ed Babe was born,
   And laid with - in a man - ger, Up - on this bless - ed Morn;

3. From God our Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, A bless - ed An - gel came;
   And un - to cer - tain Shep - herds Brought ti - dings of the same:

To save us all from Sa - tan's pow'r When we were gone a - stray;
   The which His Moth - er Ma - rry, Did noth - ing take in scorn.

How that in Beth - le - hem was born The Son of God by Name.
   O_ ti - dings of comfort and joy, O_ ti - dings 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 a feeding, In tempest, storm, and wind:
They found Him in a manager, Where oxen feed on hay;
And with true love and brotherhood Each other now embrace;

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CHRISTMAS

CAROL OF THE SHEPHERDS

English by Eda Lou Walton (1894–1961)

17th Century Bohemian Carol

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

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

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

Warm arms enfold Him In Christmas joy.
“Good will to mortals,” Christmas is come.
In glitt'ring shower, Christmas is come.
While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

Nahum Tate (1652–1715)

Adapted from George F. Handel

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

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

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

Nahum Tate (1652–1715)

Winchester Old, by George Kirbye (c. 1565–1634)

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

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

from Church Sunday School Hymn-Book, 1892, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
1. Good people all, this Christmas time, Consider well, and bear in mind,
2. The night before that happy tide, The noble Virgin and her guide
3. Let all your songs and praises be, Unto His Heavenly Majesty;

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

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

In Bethlehem upon that morn, There was a blessed Messiah born.
As long foretold their refuge all Was but a humble ox's stall.
According unto Heaven's decree, Man's sweet salvation for to be.
4. Near Beth-le-hem did shep-herds keep Their flocks of lambs and feed-ing sheep;
5. With thank-ful heart and joy-ful mind, The shep-herds 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-ior Christ be-hold.
A sweet ex-ample for man-kind, 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 prince-ly 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

Traditional

1. The Lord at first had Adam made Out of the dust and clay,
   And thus within the garden he Was set, there-in to stay;
   “For in the day thou shalt it touch Or dost to it come nigh,
   And in his nostrils breathed life, E’en as the Scriptures say.
   If so thou do but eat there-of, Then thou shalt surely die.”

2. And in his nostrils breathed life, E’en as the Scriptures say.
   And in commandment un-to him These words the Lord did say:
   “The fruit which in the garden grows To thee shall be for meat,
   But Adam he did take no heed Un-to that only thing,
   That he with-in it should re-main, To dress and keep it well.
   Except the tree in midst there-of, Of which thou shalt not eat.”

3. “The fruit which in the garden grows To thee shall be for meat,
   But Adam he did take no heed Un-to that only thing,
   That he with-in it should re-main, To dress and keep it well.
   Except the tree in midst there-of, Of which thou shalt not eat.”

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

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

5. Which promise now is brought to pass: Christians, believe it well;

6. And now the tide is nigh at hand, In which our Savior came;

His mercy soon He did extend, Lost man for to restore:

And by the death of God’s dear Son, We are redeemed from Hell.

Let us rejoice and merry be In keeping of the same;

And therefore to redeem our souls From death and hell and thrall,

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

Let’s feed the poor and hungry souls. And such as do it crave;

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

Then by His merits we at last Shall live in heaven bright.

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

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

John Byrom (1692–1763)

Majestically

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

from The English Hymnal, 1906
1. Lul-lay, Thou little ti-ny Child,
   By, by, lul-ly, lul-lay;
   For to pre-serve this day;
   Charg-ed he hath this day;
   And ev-er mourn and say;

2. O sis-ters too, how may we do,
   Lul-lay, Thou lit-tle
   This poor Young-ling for
   His men of might, in
   For Thy part-ing nor

3. Her-od, the king, in his rag-ing,
   Young-ling for
   His men of might, in
   For Thy part-ing nor
   And ev-er mourn and say;

4. Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee,
   Lul-lay, Thou lit-tle
   This poor Young-ling for
   His men of might, in
   For Thy part-ing nor
   And ev-er mourn and say;

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
**The Coventry Carol**

Robert Croo, 1534

Arranged by Martin Fallas Shaw (1875–1958)

16th Century English Carol

Lul-ly, lul-lay, Thou lit-tle ti-ny Child, By, by, lul-ly, lul-lay;

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

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

By, by, lul-ly, lul-lay?

By, by, lul-ly, lul-lay.

from ChristmasCarolMusic.org
All My Heart This Night Rejoices

Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen, by Paul Gerhardt, 1653
Johann Georg Ebeling (1637–1676)
Translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1858

1. All my heart this night rejoices,
2. Hark! a voice from yonder manager,
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 CantateDomino.org
I SAW THREE SHIPS

1. I saw three ships come sailing in, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
2. And what was in those ships all three, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
3. The Virgin Mary and Christ were there, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
4. Pray, wither sailed those ships all three, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
5. They sailed into Bethlehem, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
6. And all the bells on earth shall ring, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
7. And all the Angels in Heav’n shall sing, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
8. And all the souls on earth shall sing, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
9. Then let us all rejoice a main, On Christmas day, on Christmas day,

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Traditional Old English

**THE SEVEN JOYS OF MARY**

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

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

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

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

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

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

2. As with joyful steps they sped To that lowly manager bed,
   There to bend the knee before
   So may we with holy joy, \[\text{will ing feet} \]
   Ev er seek Thy mer cy seat.

3. As they offered gifts most rare At that manager rude and bare;
   So may we with holy joy, \[\text{treasures bring,} \]
   Christ, to Thee, our heav’n ly King.

4. Holy Jesus, every day Keep us in the narrow way;
   And, when earth ly things are past,
   Bring our ransomed souls at last \[\text{star to guide,} \]
   Where no clouds Thy glo ry hide.

5. In the heav’nly country bright Need they no creature.
   Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
   Thou its Sun which goes not down; \[\text{may we sing} \]
   Alleluias to our King.

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

CHRISTMAS

Pat-a-Pan

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

Burgundian carol, 1720

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

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

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

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

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

Trav’ler, o’er yon mountain’s height, See that glory beam ing star.
Trav’ler, blessedness and light, Peace and truth its course portends.
Trav’ler, darkness takes its flight, Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Watchman, will its beams alone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease; Hie thee to thy quiet home.

Trav’ler, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Israel.
Trav’ler, ages are its own; See, it bursts o’er all the earth.
Trav’ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!

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

Alle un-ser
Tröst mir mein Ge-
wär- en all ver-
Wo die Eng-

Alle un-ser
Won-ne Liegt in
Tröst mir mein Ge-
wär- en all ver-
Wo die Eng-

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

Prin-ceps gló-
lé-rum gáu-
Re-gis cú-

tris in gré-
Prin-
lo-
Re-

Al-phä es et
Trä-he me post
Quan-ta grá-ti-
E-ia, wär'n wir


**IN DULCI JUBILEO**

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

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

2. **O Je-su, pár-vu-le** For thee I long al-way; Com-fort my heart’s blind-ness O Puer óp-ti-me,__ With all Thy lov-ing kind-ness, O

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

4. **U-bi 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

**Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)**

from *Christmas Carol Music.org*
CHRISTMAS

IN DULCI JUBILO

Heinrich Seuse (1300–1366)
Translated by Robert Lucas de Pearsall (1795–1856)

Arranged by Robert Lucas de Pearsall (1795–1856)

1. In dul-ci jü-bi-lo, Let us our hom-age show:
2. O Je-su, pär-vu-le, I yearn for Thee al-way;
3. O Par-tris cá-ri-tas! O na-ti lé-ni-tas!
4. U-bi sunt gáu-di-a, If they be not there?

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

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

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

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

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

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!  

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

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!  

from *Christmas Carols, New and Old*
Gloucestershire Wassail

1. Was-sail, was-sail all over the town,
   Our toast it is white and our

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.

   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.

   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-sailers in.
17th Century English

CHORUS

The Wassail Song

17th Century English

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

**FROM HEAVEN HIGH I COME TO YOU**

Martin Luther (1483–1546)  
Adapted by J.S. Bach (1685–1750)

Old German Melody Attributed to Martin Luther

Translated by Catherine Winkworth (1827–1878)

Very slow and dignified ($\frac{d}{4} = 46$)

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

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

from *The English Hymnal*, 1906

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**THE BOAR’S HEAD CAROL**

15th Century English  
Traditional English

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

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

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

d = 104

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

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

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

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

**THE FRIENDLY BEASTS**

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
   
5. “I,” said the Dove from the rafter’s high, “Cooed Him to sleep, that He should not
   
6. “I,” said the camel, yellow and black, “Over the desert, up on my
   
7. Thus ev’ry beast by some good spell, In the stable dark was glad to
   
8. warm, He wore my coat on Christmas morn.” “I,” said the sheep with curly horn.
   
9. cry, We cooed Him to sleep, my mate and I. “I,” said the dove from the rafter’s high.
   
10. back I brought Him a gift in the Wise Men’s pack,” “I,” said the camel, yellow and black.
   
11. told Of the gift he gave Em-man-uel, The gift he gave Em-man-uel.

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
Orientis Partibus

1. O-rí-en-tis pár-ti-bus Ad-ven-tá-vit á-si-nus, Pul-cher et for-tis-si-mus,
2. Sal-tu vin-cit hín-nu-los Da-mas et ca-pré-o-los Su-per dro-me-dá-ri-os
3. Híc in cól-li-bus Sy-chén, Jam nu-trí-tus su-b Ru-ben Tráns-í-it per Jór-da-nem

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

Although at Yule it Bloweth Cool

1. Al-though at Yule it blow-eth cool, And frost doth grip the fin-gers,
2. Through snow or sleet we pace the street, Fair sirs, with right good rea-son,
3. No itch-ing palms have we for alms, Con-tent if Christ, the bur-den

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

Words from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com, Music from CyberHymnal.org

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
O Holy Night

(Cantique de Noël)

Andante maestoso (d = 72)

1. O holy night, the stars are brightly shining,
   It is the light of faith serenely beaming,
   With glowing it taught us to love one another,
   His law is

2. Led by the heart by His cradle we stand;
   So led by love and His gospel is peace;

3. Truly He

Long lay the night of the dear Saviour's birth;
Chains shall He
world in sin and error pinning,
light of a star sweetly gleaming
break for the slave is our brother,
And in His world in sin and error pinning,
light of a star sweetly gleaming
break for the slave is our brother,
And in His world in sin and error pinning,
light of a star sweetly gleaming
break for the slave is our brother,
And in His

peared and the soul felt its worth
wise men from Orient land.
name all oppression shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in peared and the soul felt its worth
wise men from Orient land.
name all oppression shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in peared and the soul felt its worth
wise men from Orient land.
name all oppression shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in peared and the soul felt its worth
wise men from Orient land.
name all oppression shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in

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

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

night when Christ was born! O night
fore Him lowly bend! Be hold your
ever more proclaim! His pow'r and

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

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

Born! O night O holy night O night divine!
Bend! Behold your King, before Him lowly bend!
Claim! His pow'r and glory ever-more proclaim!

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

Allegro vivace.

1. Wake all music’s magic pow’rs,
   On this blissful morning,

2. Let this glorious holiday
   Find such holy spending,

3. Give we glory to this Feast,
   For man’s restoration,

4. O how bright is this day made,
   Day with radiance glowing,

5. Ris’n today in splendor bright,
   Shin’ing 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 showing;

Beams the Sun, whose distant light
Touch’d the Prophet’s pages;

Giant in the race He tow’rs,
Toil and danger scorning.
And sweet charity may stay,
With our concourse blending.

By the widow’s son deceased,
See Elisha’s station!
Chasing thus death’s gloomy shade,
Brightness o’er us throwing!

Now, to end the reign of night,
Christ His pow’r engages.

O that blessed going out,
Which salvation brought about,

O that blessed going out,
salvation brought about,

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Anonymous

As Lately We Watched

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

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

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

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

Adapted from *Thys endris nyzt*, 15th Century

Charles Steggall (1826–1905)

\[ \text{mf} \]

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

\[ \text{dim.} \]


\[ \text{f} \]

2. A love - ly la - dy sat and sang, And to her Child she

3. The Child then spake whilst she did sing, And to the maid - en

4. “Now, sweet - est Lord, since Thou art King, Why liest Thou in a

It makes my heart to

spake: My Son, my Bro - ther, Fa - ther dear, It makes my

said: “Right sure I am a might - y King, Though in a

stall? Why didst Thou not Thy cra - dle bring To some great

It makes my heart to

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

crib My bed: For an - gels bright, Down to Me light; Thou

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

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

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

**THIS ENDRIS NIGHT**

Adapted from *Thys endris nyzth*, 15th Century  
15th Century English

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

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

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

**O DU FRÖHLICHE**

Johannes Daniel Falk (1768–1826)  
Sicilian Hymn


*Welt ging ver-lo-er-en, Christ ist ge-bor-en, Freu-e, freue dich, o Christen-heit!  
Christ ist er-schien, Uns zu ver-soh- nen, Freu-e, freue dich, o Christen-heit!  
Himm-li-sche Hee-re, Jauch-zen dir Eh-re, Freu-e, freue dich, o Christen-heit!  

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

Carol of the Birds

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882)

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

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

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

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day

John Baptist Calkin (1827–1905)

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

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

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
CONGAUDENT TURBA FIDELIUM

from an 11th Century Manuscript

Old Melody in Hypo-Dorian Mode

Arranged by G. H. Palmer

Virgo mater perperit filium in Béthlehem.

Di-cens e-is: natus est Dóminus in Béthlehem.

Trans-ámus ad nolum háminem in Béthlehem.

Cogno-vé-runquit es-set Dóminus in Béthlehem.

In octava dumi circumcinditur.

Trini, trino, trina dant mune-rasimul cum nectare.

Nomenei Jesus impovinitur in Béthlehem.

Regiregum fugentiumbe-rasimul cum Béthlehem.

Benedicat Christus Rex glóriae in Béthlehem.

Words from Pie Cantiones, 1582
FROM CHURCH TO CHURCH

Congaudeat turba fidelium, from an 11th Century Manuscript

Versified by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

Arranged by G. H. Palmer

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

A Virgin hath conceiv'd and borne a Son. In Bethlehem.

Sang Glory be to God and peace on earth. In Bethlehem.

The shepherds said, “and seek the new-born King.” In Bethlehem.

Who rather should have come to kneel and pray. In Bethlehem.

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

The Wise Men followed, till they saw it rest In Bethlehem.

To hail the God, the Mortal, and the King In Bethlehem.

Who thus vouch-safed the songs of man to raise. In Bethlehem.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
Es ist ein Ros entsprungen
15th Century German
Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

1. Es ist ein Ros ent-sprung-en, aus ein-er Wur-zel zart, wie uns die Alt-en
2. Das Rössel, 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 sein-em hel-len
Wur-zel zart,
-sai-a sagt,

sung-en, von Jes-se kam die Art
rei-ne die uns das Blüm-lein bracht.
Schein-e ver-treibt’s die Fin-sternis.
war die Art
Blüm-lein bracht.

bracht mit-ten im kalt-ten Win-ter, wohl zu der hal-ben Nacht.
Rat hat sie ein Kind ge-bor-en und blieb ein rei-ne Magd.
Gott, hilft uns aus al-lem Leid-e, ret-tet von Sünd und Tod.
hal-ben Nacht.
rei-ne Magd.

Flos de radice Jesse
Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

1. Flos de ra-di-ce Jes-se, est na-tus hö-di-c. Quem no-bis jam ad-és-se, læ-ta-mur
2. Hunc I-sá-i-as flo-rem, præ-sá-giis cé-ci-nit. Ad e-jus nos a-mó-rem, Nascéntis
hö-di-c.
cé-ci-nit.
Lo, How a Rose E’er Blooming

15th Century German
Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

Translated by Theodore Baker (1851–1934)

1. Lo, how a Rose e’er blooming From tender stem has sprung! Of
2. Isaiah ’twas foretold it, The Rose I had in mind; With
3. Flowr’, whose fragrance tender With sweetness fills the air, Dis-

stem has sprung!

had in mind;

Jes-see’s lin-eage com-ing As men of old have sung. It came, a flow’r-et
Ma-ry we be-hold it, The Vir-gin Moth-er kind. To show God’s love a-

old have sung.

Moth-er kind.

bright, A-mid the cold of win-ter When half-spent was the night.
right She bore to men a Sav-ior, When half-spent was the night.
God, From Sin and death now save us, And share our ev’ry load.

written in Latin:
ú-ni-ce. Flos il-le Je-sus est. Ma-ri-a Vir-go ra-dix de qua flos or-tus est.
al-li-cit. Flos virgam su-per-at cae-li ter-ræ-que ci-ves, Flos il-le ré-cre-at.
ú-ni-ce. or-tus est.
al-li-cit. ré-cre-at.

[Music notation for the song]
1. O come, lit - tle chil - dren, O come one and all,
2. He’s born in a sta - ble for you and for me,
3. See Ma - ry and Jo - seph with love beam - ing eyes
4. Kneel down and a - dore Him with shep - herds to - day,

To Beth - le - hem haste, to the man - ger so small,
Draw near by the bright gleam - ing Star light to see,
Are gaz - ing up - on the rude bed where He lies,
Lift up lit - tle hands now and praise Him as they;

God’s Son for a gift has been sent you this night
In swad - dling clothes ly - ing so meek and so mild,
The shep - herds are kneel - ing, with hearts full of love,
Re - joice that a Sav - ior from sin you can boast,

To be your Re - deem - er, your joy and de - light.
And pur - er than an - gels the heav - en - ly Child.
While an - gels sing loud al - le - lu - ias a - bove.
And join in the song of the heav - en - ly host.

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
CHRISTMAS

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 heaven-ly throng.

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

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

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
**The Holly and the Ivy**

17th Century English

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

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

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

The playing of the merry organ, Sweet singing in the choir.
The Holly and the Ivy

17th Century English

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

“Glo - ry to God and peace to men, Now and for ev - er - more, A - men.”
Blessed be that Maid Marie

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

Very God ere time began, Born in time the Son of Man.

“Peace on earth,” Alleluia. In excelsis gloria.

Eya! Jesus bode Na - tus est de Vir - gine.

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

In Bethlem the Babe they see, Stella duc - ti lu - mi - ne.

On this Child I pray you call, To as - soil and save us all.

D.S. al Fine.

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

Traditional

Arranged by Allen L. Richardson

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;

2. If you take good heed to the Angels’ words, Rise up, shepherds, and follow; You’ll get your flocks, you’ll forget your herds, Rise up, shepherds, and follow.

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.
1. Sleep, Holy Babe! upon Thy mother's breast; Great Lord of earth, and

2. Sleep, Holy Babe! Thine Angels watch around, All bending low with

3. Sleep, Holy Babe! while I with Mary gaze, In joy upon that

4. Sleep, Holy Babe! ah! take Thy brief repose; Too quickly will Thy

sea, and sky, How sweet it is to see Thee lie In such a place of

fold-ed wings, Before th'Incarnate King of kings, In reverent awe pro-

Face a-while, Upon the loving infant smile Which there divine-ly

slumbers break, And Thou to length-en'd pains a-wake, That death a-lone shall

rest, In such a place of rest.

found, In reverent awe profound.

plays, Which divine-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 them-selves, both you and me, And all of their posterity.
And so a promise soon did run That He would redeem us by His Son.

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

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

Heavenly blessings without number, Gently falling on thy head.
When from Heaven He descended, And became a child like thee!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures? How could angels bear the sight?
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee, And her arms shall be thy guard.
Where they sought Him, there they found Him, With His Virgin mother by.
Peace, my darling; here's no danger, Here's no ox a near thy bed.
Then go dwell forever near him, See his face and sing his praise!

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment, House and home, thy friends provide;
Soft and easy is thy cradle, Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
Was there nothing but a manager Cursed sinners could afford
Yet to tell the shameful story, How His foes abused their King;
See the lovely Babe a dressing; Lovely infant, how He smiled!
'Twas to save thee, child, from dying, Save my dear from burning flame,
I could give thee thousand kisses, Hoping what I most desire;

All without thy care or payment: All thy wants are well supplied.
When His birthplace was a stable, And His softest bed was hay.
To receive the heav'nly Stranger? Did they thus confront their Lord?
How they killed the Lord of glory, Makes me angry while I sing.
When He wept, the mother's blessing Soothed and hush'd the holy Child.
Bit-ter groans and endless crying, That thy blest Re-deemer came.
Not a mother's fondest wishes Can to greater joys aspire.
Glad Christmas Bells

1. Glad Christmas bells, your music tells The sweet and pleasant story;
2. No palace hall its ceiling tall His kindly head spread over;
3. Nor raiment gay, as there He lay, A born’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 only stood a stable rude The heav’nly Babe to cover. Poor, humble Child of mother mild, She laid Him in a manger. The long night saw pure and bright, Above His birthplace burning. Down through the air angel fair On wing of flame came flying.

6. “Fear not,” said He, tremblingly The shepherds stood in wonder. “And by this sign, the Babe Divine You may discover surely.” Then swiftly came, in lines of flame Like countless meteors blazing. And all the choir, with tongues of fire Broke forth in joyful singing. “Glory to Thee forever be, God in the highest, glory!

“Glad news I bring, the promised King Lies in a stable yonder. A manger rude His dwelling is, There lies He, cradled poor.” A multitude, and with Him stood A spectacle amaz’ing. Till with their cry the very sky From end to end was ringing. Good will to men, and peace again O earth is beam’ing o’er Thee!”

from Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 1, 1881, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
1. We saw a light shine out a - far, On Christ - mas in the morn - ing,
2. Oh! ev - er thought be of His Name, On Christ - mas in the morn - ing,

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

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

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

John H. Hopkins (1820–1891)

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

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

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

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

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

1. Saw ye never in the twi-light, When the sun had left the skies, 
2. Heard ye never of the story, How they crossed the desert wild, 
3. Know ye not that lowly Baby Was the bright and Morning Star, 

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

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

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

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

CAROL OF THE BELLS
(Ukrainian Carol)

Peter J. Wilhousky (1902–1978)

Mikola Dmytrovitch Leontovych (1877–1921)

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

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

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

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

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Dong!

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

Traditional

Moderately

German Folk Song

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

changing; Not only green when summer's here, But

give me; How often has the Christmas tree Af-

bright - ly! From base to summit gay and bright, There's

decked thee! Thou bidst us true and faithful be, And

also when 'tis cold and drear. O Christmas Tree! O

ford ed me the greatest glee! O Christmas Tree! O

only splen - dor for the sight. O Christmas Tree! O

trust in God un - chang - ing - ly. O Christmas Tree! O

Christ - mas Tree! Thy leaves are so un - chang - ing.

Christ - mas Tree! Much plea - sure thou canst give me.

Christ - mas Tree! Thy can - des shine so bright - ly.

Christ - mas Tree! How rich - ly God has decked thee.

How
Traditional German Folk Song

Moderately

1. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Wie treu sind deine
2. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Du kannst mir sehr gee-
3. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Dein Kleid will mich was

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

Tannenbaum, Wie treu sind deine Blätter!
Tannenbaum, Du kannst mir sehr gefallen!
Tannenbaum, Dein Kleid will mich was lehren!
Traditional

Deck the Hall

16th Century Welsh Tune

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

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

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

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

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

Traditional

We Wish You a Merry Christmas

English Folk Song

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

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

Christmas Bells

(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.
14

Dash-ing thro’ the snow In’a one-horse o-pen sleigh, O’er the fields we
1. A day or two a-go I_thought I’d take a ride, And soon Miss Fan-nie
2. Now the ground is white, Go it while you’re young, Take the girls to-
3. go, Laughing all the way; Bells on bob tail ring, Making spi-rits
Bright Was seat-ed by my side; The horse was lean and lank, Mis-for-tune seem’d his
night, And sing this sleigh-ing song; Just get a bob-tailed bay, Two-for-ty as his
bright; O what sport to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to-night.
lot. He got in-to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up-sot.
speed, Hitch him to an o-pen sleigh And crack, you’ll take the lead.
CHORUS

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

The One Horse Open Sleigh, 1857
JOLLY OLD SAINT NICHOLAS

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

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

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

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

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
Come Ye Lofty

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

1. Come ye lofty, come ye lowly, Let your songs of gladness ring;
2. Come ye poor, no pomp of station Robes the Child your hearts adore:
3. Come ye children bleithe 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, For you all has ris’n the star.
Come glad hearts, and sprites pinning: Wel-come, wel-come, Christ-mas morn?

See in Mary’s arms rejoicing Christ by highest Heav’n adored:
Oxen, round about behold them; Rashers naked, cold, and bare,
Come ye gentle hearts and tender. Come ye sprites 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 hom-age rendering, Weak and mighty, young and old.
Come ye people, come ye nations, All in all draw nigh to gaze.
And the song of Christ-mas blessing Sweet-ly sinks to rest at last.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. Like silver lamps in a distant shrine, The stars are sparkling

4. The stars of heav'n still shine as at first They gleamed on this wonderful

5. Faith sees no longer the stable floor, The pavement of sapphire is

bright; The bells of the city of God ring out, For the

night; The bells of the city of God peal out, And the

there; The clear light of Heaven streams out to the world; And

Son of Mary was born to night; The gloom is past, and the

Angels' song still rings in the height; And love still turns where the

Angels of God are crowding the air; And Heaven and earth, through the

morn at last is coming with orient light.

God-head burns, Hid in flesh from fleshly sight.

spotless Birth, Are at peace on this night so fair.
2. Never fell melodies half so sweet As those which are filling the skies; And never a palace shone half so fair As the manager bed where our Savior lies; No night in the year is all the spirits of wickedness quell: For Mary's Son is the half so dear As this which has ended our sighs. Mighty One Whom the prophets of God foretell.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
JESU HAIL! O GOD MOST HOLY

Ave Jesu Deus

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

1. Jesu hail! O God most holy, Gentle Lamb, an Infant lowly;
   To enrich my desolation, To redeem me from damnation,

2. Low based, where brutes are sleeping, God's beloved Son is weeping;
   Hence let idle fancies vanish, Hence all evil passions banish;

Born, great God, a human stranger, Laid within the narrow manger:
   Judge supreme, true Godhead sharing, Sinner's likeness for us wearing!

With Thy sacred Fire illumine me, Let it inwardly consume me,
   Might transcending, Weakness blending, Greatness bending from the sky;

Last Verse

Love unending, man befriending, God most High, God most High.

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

**Ave Jesu Deus**

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 - tris o di - léc - tus!*
4. O *mi Je - su, cor de - vó - tum Post te tra - he, su - me to - tum,*
5. Pro - *cul va - nos hinc a - mó - res, Pro - cul ma - los ar - ce mo - res,*

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

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f O po - tes - tas, o e - gé - tas, O ma - jés - tas Dó - mi - ni!

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Versus Postremus

O ma - jés - tas, quid non præ - stas ff hó - mi - ni? hó - mi - ni?

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*from Christmas Carols, New and Old*
1. Cor-de natus ex pa-rén-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. Cór-po-ris for-mam ca-dú-ci, mem-bra mor-tí 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,
In-du-it, ne gens per-i-re-t pri-mo-plás-ti 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-tú-do cæ-li,
Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis, 6. Ec-ce, quem va-tes ve-tús-tis

vir-go cum pu-cér-pe-ra E-di-dit nos-tram sa-lú-tem,
psal-lant om-nes án-ge-li, Quid-qui-d est vir-tú-tis us-quam
con-ci-né-bant sæ-cu-lis, Quem pro-phe-tá-rum fi-di-les
Psallit, Sancto Spiritu, \(\text{psal-lat in laudem Dei,}\) Nul-la linguárum si-lés-cat, vox et om-nis pá-gi-næ spo-pón-de-rant, \(\text{E-micat pro-mís-sus o-lim; cun-csta con-lá-}\)

Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis.\(\text{pró-tu-lit.}\)

cón-so-net. \(\text{Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis.}\)
dent e-um. \(\text{Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis.}\)

Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis.\(\text{mac-te rex vi-vén- ti-um,}\)

car-vu-ló-rum te cho-rus, \(\text{Tur-ba ma-trum, vir-gi-núm-que,}\)

Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis.\(\text{qui clu-is vir-tú-ti-bus,}\)

sim-pli-ces pu-él-lu-læ, \(\text{Vo-ce con-cór-des pu-di-cis}\)

gra-ti-á-rum ác-ti-o, \(\text{Ho-nor, vir-tus, vi-c-tó ri-a,}\)

Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis.\(\text{jus-tus ul-tor cri-mi-num.}\)

pér-stre-pant con-cén-ti-bus. \(\text{Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis.}\)

re-gnum ë-ter-ná-li-ter. \(\text{Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis.}\)

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

1. Of the Father’s love begotten, Ere the worlds began to be,
   412 Ev 3. 2. 1. Heav’n

2. At His Word the worlds were framed; He commanded; it was done:
   He is Alpha and Omega, He the source, the ending He,
   He is Alpha and Omega, He the source, the ending He,
   May not henceforth die and perish In the dreadful gulf below,

3. He is found in human fashion, Death and sorrow here to know,
   Heav’n and earth and depths of ocean In their three-fold order one;
   That the race of Adam’s children Doomed by law to endless woe,
   Of all things that are, that have been, And that future years shall see,

4. O that birth for ever blessed, When the Virgin, evermore and evermore!
   O ye heights of heav’n adore Him; Angel hosts, His
   Evermore and evermore! 4. O that birth forever blessed, When the Virgin,

5. This is He Whom seers in old time Chanted of with
   Evermore and evermore! 5. This is He Whom seers in old time Chanted of with
   Evermore and evermore! 6. O ye heights of heav’n adore Him; Angel hosts, His

6. O ye heights of heav’n adore Him; Angel hosts, His
   Full of grace, By the Holy Ghost conceiving, Bare the Saviour of our race;
And the Babe, the world’s Redeemer, First revealed His sacred face,
Now He shines, the long expected, Let creation praise its Lord,
Let no tongue on earth be silent, Ev’ry voice in concert sing,

Ever-more and ever-more!

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

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

Sinners from Thy face shalt drive, Ever-more and ever-more!
And the heart its music bring, Ever-more and ever-more!
And eternal victory, Ever-more and ever-more!

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

Come! Tune Your Heart

Auf, schicke dich, by Christian Fürchtegott Gellert (1715–1769)

Sir Frederick A. G. Ouseley (1825–1889)

Translated by Frances E. Cox (1812–1897)

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

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
'Twas in the winter cold, when earth was desolate and wild,

Then in the manger the poor beast was presented with his Lord;

But I have not, it makes me sigh, one off 'ring in my pow'r;

Grant me Thy-self, O Savior kind, the Spirit unde-filed,

Light of the everlasting morn, deep through my spirit shine;

That angels welcomed at His Birth the everlasting Child.

Then swains and pilgrims from the East saw, wondered, and adored.

'Tis winter all with me, and I have neither fruit nor flow'r.

That I may be in heart and mind as gentle as a child;

There let Thy presence newly born make all my being Thine:

From realms of ever bright'ning day, and from His throne above.

And I this morn would come with them this blesséd sight to see,

O God, O Brother let me give, my worthless self to Thee;

That I may tread life's arduous ways as Thou Thyself hast trod,

There try me as the silver, try, and cleanse my soul with care,

He came, with human kind to stay, all loveliness and love.

And to the Babe of Beth-lehem bend low the reverent knee.

And that the years which I may live may pure and spotless be;

And in the might of prayer and praise keep ever close to God.

Till Thou art able to descry Thy faultless image there.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
The Waits' Song

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

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

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

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

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

7. In-struct and teach your children well, The while that you are here; It
mor-row dead and cold as clay, Your corpse laid un-der-ground.

8. To-day you may be a-live and well, Worth many a thou-sand pound; To-
will be bet-ter for your soul, When your corpse lies on the bier.

9. With one turf at thy head, O man, And anoth-er at thy feet;

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. The great God of Heav-en is come down to earth, His moth-er a

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

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

Vir-gin, and sin-less His Birth; The Fa-ther e-ter-nal His
Fa-ther on high in the skies; Be-fore Him their fa-ces the
prom-ised to Ma-ry so mild; Whose pow’r and do-min-ion shall

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

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

To save us poor sin-ners He came from a-bove.
4. The wonderful Counselor, boundless in might, The Father's own
   Im-age, the Beam of His Light; Behold Him now wearing the
mf
5. Oh! wonder of wonders, which none can unfold; The Ancient of
days is an hour or two old; The Maker of all things is
   suffer the keenest of pains; He is that He was, and for-

6. The Word in the bliss of the Godhead remains, Yet in flesh comes to
   likeness of man, Weak, helpless, and speechless, in measure a span.
   made of the earth, Man is worshipped by angels, and God comes to birth.
   ever shall be, But becomesto He was not, for you and for me.

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

To save us poor sinners He came from above.
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 Judea could be found,

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

God and Man endowed with pity, And the Savior of mankind:

But sweet Mary’s meek behavior Patiently upon the ground

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

Yet Jewish land, with cruel hand, Both first and last His power denied;

Her Babe did place, in vile disgrace, Where oxen 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 malice when He died.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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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 wonderful word;

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

By wondering Angels is survey'd, Thro' all His scenes of woe.
Let every bosom hail the sound, A Savior! Christ the Lord.
He came for sinners to atone, 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, Up lift 'twixt earth and skies;

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

To heal the sick with hand 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
GOD LOVED THE WORLD
(Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt)

from the Trier Gesangbuch, 1871

Arranged by B. Luard Selby (1853–1918)

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

Chorus

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

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

Additional verses

mf

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

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

**German Carol**

**Translated by Theodore Baker (1851–1934)**

**German Melody**

**Arranged by Hugo Jüngst (1853–1923)**

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

**JESUS IN THE MANGER**

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

**Henry Smart (1813–1879)**

**Con spirito.**

1. Why, Most High-est, art Thou lying, In a manager poor and
2. On a Mother's breast Thou sleep-est, Moth-er, yet a Vir-gin
3. Weak the Strong, of strength the Giver: Small, Whose armscreation
low? Thou, the fires of heav’n sup - ply - ing, Come a sta - ble’s cold to know?
still; Sad, with eyes bedimmed Thou weep - est, Eyes, which Heav’n with glad - ness fill.
span; Bound, Who on - ly can de - liv - er; Born is He Who ne’er be - gan.

O what works of love stu - pen - dous Were sal - va - tion’s
price! Burn - ing wert Thou to be - friend us, Ex - iles far from Pa - ra - disse.

O what works of love stu - pen - dous, Je - su, Were sal - va - tion’s
price! Burn - ing wert Thou to be - friend us, Ex - iles far from Pa - ra - disse.

O what works of love stu - pen - dous Were sal - va - tion’s
price! Burn - ing wert Thou to be - friend us, Ex - iles far from Pa - ra - disse.
From far away we come to you,
For as we wandered far and wide, The snow in the street, and the wind on the door;
Under a bent when the night was deep,

To tell of great tidings strange and true,
What hap do you deem there should us be-tide?
There lay three shepherds tending their sheep,

From far away we come to you, To forth on the floor, Stand forth on the floor.
For as we wandered far and wide, What Under a bent when the night was deep,

tell of great tidings strange and true, From far away we come to you, hap do you deem there should us be-tide? For as we wandered far and wide, There lay three shepherds tending their sheep, Under a bent when the night was deep,

To tell of great tidings strange and true, What hap do you deem there should us be-tide?
There lay three shepherds tending their sheep.
4.  “O_ ye shep-herds, what have ye seen,
5.  “In an ox-stall_ this night we saw, The snow in the street, and the wind on the door,
6.  There was_ an old_ man there be-side;

To slay_ your sor-row and heal your teen?”
A Babe and a Maid_ without a flaw, Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor,
His hair_ was white, and his hood was wide,

Stand forth on the floor.  “O_ ye shep-herds, what have ye seen, To
“In an ox-stall_ this night we saw, A
There was_ an old_ man there be-side; His

slay_ your sor-row and heal your teen?”  “O_ ye shep-herds, 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 be-side;

To slay_ your sor-row and heal your teen?”
A Babe and a Maid_ without a flaw.
His hair_ was white, and his hood_ was wide.
7. And as we gazed this thing up on,
8. And a marvellous song we straight did hear, *The snow in the street, and the wind on the door*,
9. News of a fair and a marvellous thing,

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

Stand forth on the floor. And as we gazed this thing up on,
And a marvellous song we straight did hear, *That news of a fair and a marvellous thing, Noël, Noël, Noël, we sing!*

Those twain knelt down to the little One,
And as we gazed this thing up on,
slew our sorrow and healed our care, *And a marvellous song we straight did hear, Noël, Noël, Noël, we sing!*
In Bethlehem, that noble place

1. In Bethlehem, that noble place, As by the Prophet said it was,
   In__ Bethlehem, full night the world, “Sal-vá-tor mun-di na-tus est.”
   Of the Virgin Mary, filled with Grace, Sal-vá-tor mun-di na-tus est.
   Be we merry in this Fest, In quo Sal-vá-tor na-tus est.
   "No cause have ye to be afraid, For why? this day is Jesus laid
   And thus in faith find Him ye shall Laid poorly in an ox’s stall.”

2. On Christmas night an Angel told The shepherds watching by their fold,
   “Dread ye naught,” said the Angel bright, “Sal-vá-tor mun-di na-tus est.”
   "Why? this day is Jesus laid
   The shepherds then laud-ed God all, Qui-a Sal-vá-tor na-tus est.

3. The shepherds were encompassed right, A-bout them shone a glorious light,
   “And thus in faith find Him ye shall Laid poorly in an ox’s stall.”
   "Dread ye naught,” said the Angel bright, “Sal-vá-tor mun-di na-tus est.”

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Carol for Christmas Day

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

2. Wake, O earth, wake ev’rything, Wake and hear the joy I bring: Wake and joy; for heav’n-ly Pow’rs, Shine in these dark souls of ours. For most du-ly, Thou art truly God and man, we do con-fess: Hail, O Sun of Right-eous-ness!

from Christmas Carols, New and Old

William Austin (1587–1634)  Sir Arthur S. Sullivan (1842–1900)
1. Now the Holly bears a berry As white as the milk, And
2. Now the Holly bears a berry As green as the grass, And
3. Now the Holly bears a berry As red as the blood, And
4. Now the Holly bears a berry As black as a coal, And

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

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

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

from The Cornish Song Book, 1929, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
CHRISTMAS

CHRYSTMASSE OF OLDE

Swiss Air

Eugene Field (1850–1895)

1. God rest you, Chryst-en gen-til men, Wher-ev-er you may be, Wher-ev-er you may be.

2. Last night ye shep-herds in ye east Saw ma-ny a won-drous thing, Saw ma-ny a won-drous thing.

You may be, God rest you all in fie-lde or hall, Or on ye storm-y sea; For on this morn, this morn, oure Chryst is that ye stars did sing, And an-gels came to bless, to bless ye born, is born, That sav-eth you and me, That sav-eth you and me. For on this name, ye name Of Je-sus Chryst, oure Kyng, Of Je-sus Chryst, oure Kyng. And an-gels came to bless ye name Of Je-sus Chryst, oure Kyng, oure Kyng.
3. God rest you, Chryst-en gen-til men, Far-ing wher-e'er you may, Far-ing wher-

4. But think-ing on ye gen-til Lord That died up-on ye tree, That died up-

...
Ad cantus lætitiae

13th Century Manuscript at Stuttgart

English by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Alto

The same, in English

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
1. Christmas time is come again, Christmas pleasures bringing; Let us join our voices now, And Christmas songs be singing. Years ago, one starry night, Earth and heav’n rejoice. When we reach that happy place, We shall still be joyous praises bringing.  

2. Angels sang; let men reply, And children join their voices; Raise the chorus. Thus the story’s given, Angel bands o’er Bethlehem’s plains, Sang the songs of glory to God on high! Peace, good-will to mortals!  

Chorus: heaven. 

Heav’n. 

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Tell that sin is o'er. Da-vid's sling destroys the foe:
ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Came on Christmas Day. Gide-on'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
**CHRISTMAS**

**Ho! Steward, Bid My Servants**

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)  
Ancient ecclesiastical pre-Reformation melody

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. 'Ho! steward, bid my servants Go forth, and hither call,
2. 'Sire, shall I bid the noble, That banquets in his state,
3. 'Sire, shall I bid in Divès, For it is very plain,

For guests, my friends and neighbors, To sup with me in hall;
With purple and fine linen, With gold and silver plate?
If ye give him a banquet, He'll banquet you again?

That, at this blessed season, Which comes but once a year,
'Nay, bid me not the noble, For he hath got e'en now;
'Nay, bid not hither Divès, For it shall ne'er be thus,

We may, as folk in olden days, Rejoice, and make good cheer.
But bring me in the country man, That liveth by the plow.
But go among the alley-lanes, And fetch in Lazarus.
4. 'Sire, shall I bid the merchant, That hath upon the seas
   His fleets of caravellas, And right great argosies?

5. 'And wherefore must I turn me From noble and from rich?
   And wherefore seek the poor man, That dwells in lane and ditch?

6. 'For these be they, good steward, Whom God doth chiefly choose,
   And these, His poorer brethren, No man may dare refuse.

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

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

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

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Flemish, Quittes, pasteurs, vos brebis et houlette

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. Hail! Holy Child, Lain in an ox-en man-ger, Of Je-se stem, Yet
   scorn’d at Beth-le-hem, In win-ter wild, As ne’er-to-fore was stran-ger,
   Con-strain’d, as I hear tell, Out-side, out-side a churl-ish
   inn to dwell, Out-side, out-side a churl-ish inn to dwell.

2. Me-thinks I stand To-day in Da-vid’s Ci-ty, And twang the chord For
   Da-vid’s Son and Lord: If, harp in hand, I make but tune-less dit-ty,
   Yet, Babe, Thou know’st that I As-say, as-say my best, a
   lul-la-by, As-say, as-say my best, a lul-la-by.

3. What if my flute Break time with An-gel sing-ers, Or not sur-pass The
   Al-to of yon ass; What if my lute Be pluck’d with art-less fin-gers,
   Or if my voice be Base, Now flat, now flat, now sharp, be-
   reft of grace, Now flat, now flat, now sharp, be-reft of grace.

4. Thou wilt ac-cept My song, nor rep-re-hend it: For Thee, a-bove All
   And, tho’ in-cept my lay, Thou wilt a-mend it,
   And where ’tis out of joint, Canst make, canst make my false true
   coun-ter-point, Canst make, canst make my false true coun-ter-point.

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

Old English Carol

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Chorus

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

Verse

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

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

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

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
PUER NATUS IN BETHLEHEM

(A Babe is Born in Bethlehem)

14th century or earlier

From Piae Cantiones*, 1582

1. Puer natus in Béthlehem, Al-le-lú-ia.
2. As-súum pisit car-nem hó-mi-nis, Al-le-lú-ia.
3. Per Ga-brié-lis núnti-um, 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.

De nos-tro ve-nit sán-gui-ne, Al-le-lú-ia.
Pec-cá-to sed dis-si-mi-lis, Al-le-lú-ia.
Pro-cés-sit ma-tris ú-te-ro, Al-le-lú-ia.
Qui re-gnat si-ne tér-mi-no. Al-le-lú-ia.
In *Plae Cantiones* only a tenor and bass part were given, and in *The Cowley Carol Book* (and here), the bass line from *Plae Cantiones* is found in the soprano, while the tenor is retained as the tenor.

*Dei carmen:* 11. Dei carmen: 11.

*Dei carmen:* 12. Dei carmen: 12.


*Dei carmen:* 11. Dei carmen: 11.

*Dei carmen:* 12. Dei carmen: 12.


THE SON OF GOD IS BORN FOR ALL
(Geborn ist Gottes Sönelein)

Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

Variation of Puer nubis nascitur from Piae 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 Jesus's sake, With-in your hearts His cradle 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, myrth 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-i-ly, As doth His moth-er, so do ye,
Up - on those love - ly lips of His: Je - sus, your hearts’ de - sire and bliss.
Who nurs’d Him sweet - ly on her knee, As told it was by pro - phi - cy.

7. By, by, lul - lay be - fore Him sing; Go, wind the horn, and pluck the string,
8. Thus, Babe, I min - i - ster to Thee, E’en as Thine An - gels wait on me:

Till all the place with mu - sic ring; And bid one prayer to Christ the King.
Thy rud - dy coun - te - nance I see, And ti - ny hands out-stretch’d to me.

9. Sleep, in my soul en - shrin - ed rest: Here find Thy cra - dle neat - ly drest:
10. Now chant we mer - ri - ly i - o With such as play in ór - ga - no;

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

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
**PUER NOBIS NASCITUR**

Words and tune (14th cent.) from *Pie Cantiones*, 1582  
*To be sung in Unison.*

2. In præ-se-pe póż-i-tum Sub fé-no a - si-nó - rum Co - gno vé-runt
3. Hunc He - ró - des ti-mu - it Ma-gno cum tre mó - re, In in - fán - tes
4. Qui na-tus ex Ma - ri - a Di - e ho-di - ér - na Duc nos tu - a
5. Te Sal - vá - tor A et O Can-té - mus in cho - ro, Can-té - mus in

(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!
ór-ga - no, Be - ne - di - cá - mus Dó-mi - no. Be - ne - di - cá - mus Dó-mi - no.

from *The Cowley Carol Book*, 1919
1. To us is born a little Child Of Mary, maiden-mother mild;
2. Our King of Glory, Him have we, The Lord of victory;
3. That dear, through Him, to God we be, From death deliver'd and set free:
4. Now, masters all, full sweetly sing Hosanna to our Baby-king;

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

Let us His own poor servants greet.
Light'ning the ages as they run.
That dark old Dragon's deadly bite.
And straw whereon to lay His head.

And therefore Father, Son, adore, With Holy Ghost, for evermore.
**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 Fa - ther is none o - ther
2. Her Babe is Lord by all a - dored I - sa - iah had fore - shown her:
3. When Her - od heard the Ma - ges’ word, He smote the babes a - sun - der
4. Now, faith - ful quire, bless God the Sire, Bless God the Spi - rit Ho - ly,

Jog on, jog on the footpath way

Than God the King of ev - ’ry thing, Maid Ma - ry is His Mo - ther.
Now came’t to pass that ox and ass Bow’d down a - fore their Own - er.
In all that coast, a blame - less host, From two years old and un - der.
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 An - gel host en - tuned An - them sweet and ai - ry
2. When, with hon - ey, herd - men brought But - ter from the dai - ry
3. When three pil - grim kings un - lockt Each his cas - ket, spa - ry
4. ‘Glo - ry be to God on high, God, who can - not va - ry!’

O’er the Child, meek and mild, Of the Vir - gin Ma - ry;
To the One Ho - ly Son Born of Maid - en Ma - ry;
Of no thing for this King, God, the Son of Ma - ry.
Was the lay on that day Sung by Bless - èd Ma - ry.

from *The Cambridge Carol Book*, 1924
CHRISTMAS

'TWAS IN A CAVE ON CHRISTMAS MORN

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

Additional Verses

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

In ho - ly writ by bards of old, E - ia, E - ia, E - ia.
Mar - vel - lous glad o’er Je - su’s birth Ex Ma - tre Ma - ri - a.
Qui na - tus es pro hó - mi - ne, Al - le - lu - ia.

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
1. Behoude a sely tender Babe In freesing winter nighte,
2. Despise not Him for lying there, First what He is enquire:
3. This stable is a Prince’s courte, The cribbe His chaire of state:
4. With joye approch, O Christ-en wighte, Do homage to thy Kinge:

In homely manager trembling lies: Alas, a pitious sighte:
An orient perle is oft found In depth of dirty mire.
The beastes are parcel of His pompe, The wod-den dishe His plate.
And highly prise this humble pompe, Which He from heav’n doth bring:

The inns are full, no man will yelde This little Pilgrime bedd:
Waye not His cribbe, His wod-den dishe, Nor beasts that by Him feede:
The parsons in that poor attire His roy-all live-ries weare:
With joye approch, O Christ-en wighte, Do homage to thy Kinge:

But forced He is with sely beastes In cribbe to shroude His headd.
Waye not His Mother’s poore attire, Nor Jo-seph’s sim-ple weede.
The Prince Him-self is come from heav’n, This pompe is pris-ed there.
And highly prise this humble pompe, Which He from heav’n doth bring.

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
Quem Pastores

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

2. Ad quem ma-gi am-bu-lá-bant, Au-rum, thus, myr-ham por-tá-bant, Im-mo-
3. Ex-ul-té-mus cum Ma-rí-a In cæ-lés-ti hie-rár-chi-a Na-tum
4. Chris-to re-gi, De-o na-to, Per Ma-rí-am no-bis da-to, Mé-ri-

vo-bis jam ti-mé-re, Na-tus est Rex gló-ri-æ, Rex gló-ri-æ.”
to ré-so-net ve-re Dul-ci cum me-ló-di-a, me-ló-di-a.

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

Quem Pastores

Arranged by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

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

“Ab-sit vo-bis jam ti-mé-re, Na-tus est rex gló-ri-æ”
Na-tum pro-mat vo-ce pi-a Laus, ho-nor et gló-ri-a.
Mé-ri-to ré-so-net ve-re Dul-ci cum me-ló-di-a.

from ChristmasCarolMusic.org
William Bright (1824–1901)

1. Once a-gain O bless-ed time, thank-ful hearts embrace thee:

2. Once a-gain the Ho-ly Night Breaths its bless-ing ten-der;

3. Wel-come Thou to souls a-thirst, Fount of end-less plea-sure;

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

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

sev-er; Man-ya 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 Pleads a-gainst de-ni-al!

But the “Great Joy” nev-er, But the “Great Joy” nev-er!
ff All man-kind Sal-va-tion, All man-kind Sal-va-tion.
Pleads a-gainst de-ni-al, Pleads a-gainst de-ni-al!

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)
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-

eral 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 undy-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-

corn-ing, “Je-sus Christ is God with us, Born on Christ-mas morn-ing.
vo-tion, Bathe us, O most true and sweet! In Thy Mer-cy’s o-cean.
deavor, Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth In our praise for ev-er.

Born on Christmas morn-ing, Born on Christ-mas morn-ing.”
ff In Thy Mer-cy’s o-cean, In Thy Mer-cy’s o-cean.
In our praise for ev-er, In our praise for ev-er.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. The Virgin stills the crying Of Jesus, sleep-less lying;
2. O Lamb, my love inviting, O Star, my soul delighting,
3. My Child, of Might in-dwelling, My Sweet, all sweets excelling,
4. My Joy, my Exultation, My spirit’s Consolation;
5. Say, wouldst Thou heav’nly sweetness, Or love of answering meetness?

And singing for His pleasure, Thus calls upon her Treasure,
O Fower of mine own bearing, O Jewel past comparing!

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

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

From Christmas Carols, New and Old

A CRADLE-SONG OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

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

Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)
**Jacob's Ladder**

1. As Jacob with travel was weary one day, At night on a
   stone for a pillow he lay, He saw in a vision a
   years and is not yet decayed; Many millions have climbed it and
   Jacob are guarding it still: And remember each step, that by
   words, “Come up hither, ye blest, Here are regions of light, here are

2. This ladder is long, it is strong and well-made, Has stood hundreds of
   ladder so high, That its foot was on earth, and its top in the sky.
   reached Zion's hill, And thousands by faith are climbing it still.
   faith we pass o'er, Some Prophet or Martyr hath trod it before.
   mansions of bliss;” Oh who would not climb such a ladder as this?

3. Come let us ascend: all may climb it who will; For the Angels of
   Hal-le-lu-jah to Jesus, who died on the Tree, And hath rais'd up a

4. And when we arrive at the haven of rest We shall hear the glad
   ladder of mercy for me, And hath rais'd up a ladder of mercy for me.

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From *Christmas Carols, New and Old*
The Story of the Shepherd

Góngora, a Spanish Carol

Translated by Archdeacon Churton

Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)

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

chiming bell, the hour of midnight told: When from the heav’ns there came a voice, and
bird of song in his immortal lay: O ne’er were wood-notes heard at eve by all around so bright the splendor lay. For oh, it mastered sight and sense, to
forms were seen to shine, Still bright’ning as the mus’ic rose with light and love did
banks with poplar shade, So thrilling as the concert sweet by heav’nly harpings see that glory shine, To hear that minstrel in the clouds, who sang of Love Di-
vine. With love divine the song began; there shone a light serene: made; For love divine was in each chord, and fill’d each pause between:
vine, To see that form with bird-like wings, of more than mortal mien:

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

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

I left my sheep to Him whose care breathed in the west-ern wind;

And bowed be - fore the low - ly rack where Love Di - vine was laid:

And ice dis-solved in star - ry rays at morn-ing’s gra-cious hour, Re -

For Li-on’s strength, im-mort-al might, was in that new-born Child; That

veal - ing where on earth the steps of Love Di - vine had been;

Love Di - vine in child-like form had God for - ev - er been:

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

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

**Sweet was the song the Virgin sung**

At a moderate pace.

\[
\text{mp} \quad \text{Sweet was the song the Vir-gin sung, When she, when she to Beth-lem Ju-da came, And} \\
\text{was de-liv-er’d of a Son, That bless-ed Je-sus hath to name.} \\
\text{Lul-la, lulu-la, lulu-la, lulu-la, lulu-la, lulu-la, lulu-la, lulu-la, lulu-la, lulu-la,} \\
\text{sweet Babe, sung} \\
\text{she, My Son, and eke a Sav-iour born, Who hast vouch-saf-ed from on high} \\
\text{To vis-it us that were for-tun; La-lu-la, la-lu-la, la-lu-la.} \\
\text{To vis-it us}
\]

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

Traditional Austrian 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
Maria tut es nie-der-sing-en Ihr-e keu-sche
Gott hat den Him-mels-thron ver-las-sen Und muss reis-en
Tu uns des Him-mels Reich auf-schließen, Wenn wir ein-mal

Brust dar-bring-en. Schlaf, schlaf, schlaf, Mein lieb-es Kind-lein schlaf!
auf der Straß-en. Groß, groß, groß Die Lieb' ist ü-ber-groß
ster-ben müs-sen. Wir, wir, wir, Wir ruf-en all zu dir.

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

Kling Glöckchen

Traditional German

1. Laßt mich ein, ihr Kinder!
2. Mädchen, hört, und Buben,
3. Hell erglühn die Kerzen,

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

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

from The Wartburg Hymnal, 1918
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, Christ the Babe, is Lord of all.
Saw the glory, heard the story, Tidings of a gospel true.

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

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

from CyberHymnal.org
Il est né le divin Enfant

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

from www.free-scores.com
1. “No-èl nou-ve-let,” come let us sing “no-èl;”
2. Prais-es to our Lord, our Sav-iors Jesus 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-èl,” un-to the ti-ny King,
Chans-ons No-èl pour le Roi nou-ve-let!

“No-èl nou-ve-let,” come let us sing “no-èl.”
No-èl nou-ve-let, No-èl chan-tions i-ci!
Praise ye the Lord, give thanks to the Lord, and call upon his name.

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

Blessed Babe was born Up-on this day at break of morn
All our voices raise And sing a song of grateful praise
In a manger poor and lowly Lay the
Celebrate in song and story All the

Son of God most holy Fum, fum, fum!
Wonders of His glory Fum, fum, fum!

For a
Now we

Fum, fum, fum, fum.
1. Hä-cia Be-lén va u-na bu-rra rin rin yo me re-men-da-ba yo me re-men-dé, yo me eché un re-
2. En el por-tal de Be-lén rin rin rin yo me re-men-da-ba yo me re-men-dé, yo me eché un re-
3. En el por-tal de Be-lén rin rin rin yo me re-men-da-ba yo me re-men-dé, yo me eché un re-

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

co-la-te-ra rin rin rin yo me re-men-da-ba yo me re-men-rin, yo me eché un re-
de San Jo-se rin rin rin yo me re-men-da-ba yo me re-men-rin, yo me eché un re-
que es-tá en la cu-na rin rin yo me re-men-da-ba yo me re-men-rin, yo me eché un re-

mien-do yo me lo qui-té, su mo-li-ni-llo y su a-na-fre.
mien-do yo me lo qui-té, Le han roi-do los cal-zo-nes.
mien-do yo me lo qui-té, los paña-les la han ro-ba-do.

Marí-a Marí-a ven-a-cá corre-ndo que el cho-co-la-ti-llo se lo es-tán comien-do.
Marí-a Marí-a ven-a-cá corre-ndo que los calzon-cí-llos los es-tán roy-en-do.
Marí-a Marí-a ven-a-cá vo-lan-do que los paña-li-tos los es-tán lle-van-do.

from cpdl.org and pucre.edu
Riu Riu Chiu

Mateo Flecha el Viejo (1481-1553)

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

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

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

Fine

1. El lobo rabioso la quiso morir; Mas Dios poderoso la supo defender;

Qui-azo-le hacer que no pudiese pecar, Ni aún o-riginal esta Virgen no tu-vie-ra.

D.S.
2. Este queso naci do es el gran monar cha; Cristo patriar cha de carne vestido;

3. Muchas profesias lo an profetizado Ya un en nuestra dias lo hemos al con dao

4. Yo vi mil granones que an duan cantando Por aqui bolando haziendo milsones

5. Este viene a dar a los muertos vida Y viene a reparar de todos la s y da

6. Mira bien que os cuadre que así na l'oyera Que Dios no pudiera hazerla mas que Madre

7. Pues que yate nous lo que desesamos Todos lunts vamos presenta levesmos

8. Todos le da remos Nuestra voluntad Pues asi gualar con el hombre viniera.
Christina Rosetti (1830–1894)  
Moderato e tranquillo

Harold Darke (1888–1976)

**IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER**

Soprano Solo 1. In the bleak mid-winter, frosty wind made moan.

Tenor Solo 3. Enough for Him, whom Cherubim, Worship night and day, A

Earth stood hard as iron, Water like a stone. Snow had fallen, snow on snow, breast full of milk, And a manger full of hay, Enough for Him, whom angels,

Snow on snow, In the bleak mid-winter Long ago.

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

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 - win - ter, A
stable place suf - ficed the Lord God Al - might-y_ Je - sus 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.
1. In the bleak mid-winter, frosty wind made moan,
2. Our God, Heavn can-not hold Him Nor earth sustain;
3. E-nough for Him, whom Cher-ubim Wor-ship night and day,
4. An-gels and arch-an-gels May have gathered there
5. What can I give Him, Poor as I am?

Earth stood hard as i-ron, wa-ter like a stone,
Heavn and earth shall flee a-way When He comes to reign,
A breast-ful of milk, And a man-ger-ful of hay:
Cher-ubim and Ser-a-phon Throng-ed the air
If I were a shep-herd I would bring a lamb;

Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter a sta-ble place suf-ficed
E-nough for Him, whom an-gels Fall down be-fore,
But only His mo-ther In her maid-en bliss
If I were a wise man I would do my part;

In the bleak mid-winter, Long a-go.
The Lord God Al-migh-ty, Je-sus Christ.
The ox and ass and ca-mel which a-dore.
Wor-shipped the Be-lov-ed with a kiss.
Yet what I can, I give Him, Give my heart.

from CantateDomino.org
CHRISTMAS

LÆTENTUR CAELI

Rev. Hubert Gruender, S.J.

Lætentur Cæli et exsультet terra, et exsультet terra

Lætentur Cæli et exsультet terra, et exsультet terra ante faciem Domini.

Lætentur Cæli et exsультet terra, et exsультet terra ante

faciem Domini. Quoniam venit, quoniam venit, faciem Domini. Quoniam venit, quoniam venit.
from The Suffolk Harmony (1786) William Billings (1746–1800)

**Shiloh**

1st Shepherd 1. Me-thinks I see an heav’n-ly Host of An-gels on the Wing; Me-

Narrator 5. Then learn from hence, ye ru-ral Swains, the meek-ness of your God, Who

thinks I hear their cheer-ful notes, so mer-ri-ly they sing, so

left the bound-less Realms of Joy, to ransom you with blood, to

mer-ri-ly they sing. 1st Angel 2. Let all your Fears be

ransom you with blood. 1st Angel 3. Lay down your crooks, and

1st Angel 4. Seek not in Courts or

Glad to

ban-ish’d hence. Glad tid-ings I pro-claim._ For there’s a Sav-i-or

quit your Flocks, to Beth-le-hem re-pair;_ And let your wan-d’ring

Pal-a-ces; Nor Roy-al cur-tains draw;_ But search the Sta-ble,

Glad to

born to-day, and Je-sus is His name, and Je-sus is His name.

steps be squared by yon-der shin-ing Star, by yon-der shin-ing Star.

see your God ex-tend-ed on the Straw, ex-tend-ed on the Straw.
Narrator 6. The master of the inn refused a more commodious place; Un-

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

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

Counterpoint 26. gen'rous Soul of savage mold, and destitute of Grace, and

Counterpoint 26. ul'ting in the three-fold God, and thus address their song, and

Counterpoint 26. first and last, the last and first, Eternal praise afford, E-

Counterpoint 30. destitute of Grace.

Counterpoint 30. thus address their song.

Counterpoint 30. eternal praise afford.

Counterpoint 33. ye is

Counterpoint 33. low for joy, ye Tenants of the Stall, Pay your obeisance;

Counterpoint 33. enter-tain is not of common Birth, but second to the

Counterpoint 36. ye is

Counterpoint 36. on your knees Unanimously fall, Unanimously fall.

Counterpoint 39. Great I Am; the God of heav'n and earth, the God of heav'n and earth.

from www.cpdl.org
1. I saw a fair May-den

syt-tin and sing. She lul-led a lyt-tel Childe, a swee-te Lord-ing.

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


2. That same Lord is He that made al-le thing, Of al-le lord-is He is Lord, of al-le kyng-es Kyng.

3. There was mickle melody at that Chyldé's birth. All that were in heav'ly bliss, they made mickle mirth.

4. Angels bright sang their song to that Chyld; Blyss-ïd be Thou, and so be She, so meek and so mild.
1. In-fant of days, yet Lord of Life, Sweet Prince of Peace, All hail!
   2. “Peace I leave with you,” was a-gain Thy dy-ing Gift to earth;
   3. O ol-ive Branch! O Dove of Peace! Brood-ing o’er storm-y wa-ters!

   Oh! we are wea-ry of the strife, The din with which earth’s fields are rife,
   Sweet ech-o of the lin-g’ring strain Of Christ-mas 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,
CHRISTMAS

4. O hear Thy Church, with one accord, Her long-lost Peace imploring:
   Be it according to Thy word:
   Thy Reign of Peace bring in, dear Lord; Heav'n's Peace to earth re-
   storing. And Peace Eternal, Jesus, grant, we pray.
"In Ce-lo Pax," "In Ce-lo Pax," Et in Ex-cel-sis,

Gló-ri-a, Et in Ex-cel-sis Gló-ri-a,


Et in Ex-cel-sis, a. Et in Ex-cel-sis, Gló-ri-a."

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CHRISTMAS

MILFORD

Jeremiah Clarke (1674–1707) Joseph Stephenson (1728–1810)

If angels sung a Savior's birth, If angels sung a
Savior's birth, On that auspicious morn,
Savior's birth, On that auspicious morn,
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Savior's birth, On that auspicious morn,
Savior's birth, On that auspicious morn,
Savior's birth, On that auspicious morn,
A Christmas Round

Maestoso

Glória in excelsis Deo, in excelsis Deo.

Tollite Hostias

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835–1921)

Læ-tén-tur cæ-li, et

**Gaudete**

15th Century

Gaudé-te, gaudé-te, Christus est na-tus ex Ma-rí-a Vir-gi-ne, Gau-dé-te!

2. De-us ho-mo factus est na-tú-ra mirán-te, Mundus re-no-vá-tus est a Christo regnán-te.
3. E-ze-chielis por-ta clau-sa pertrán-si-tur, Un-de lux est or-ta, sa-lus in-ve-ni-tur.
4. Er-go nostra cón-ti-o psal-lat jam in lu-stro, Be-ne-di-cat Dómi-no, sa-lus Re-gi nos-tró.

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

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**Glorious, Beauteous, Golden-Bright**

Anna M. E. Nichols

Maria Tiddeman (1837–1915)

Glor-i-ous, beau-teous, gol-den-bright, Shed-ding soft-est pur-est

1. But the stars’ sweet gold-en gleam Fad-ed quick-ly as a

2. light, Shone the stars that Christ-mas night, When the

dream ’Mid the won-derous glo-ry stream, That il-

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

lum-ined all the earth, When Christ’s An-gels sang His birth.
3. Soft and pure and holy glory, Kings and seers and prophets
4. But that light no more availed, All its splendor straight-way
5. Now no more on Christmas night, Is the sky with Angels

Hoary, Shed throughout the sacred story: While the 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.
Alma Redemptoris Mater

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c. 1525–1594)

Redemptóris Mater, quæ pérvia céli porta

Et stella maris, succúrre cadénti, surgére qui curat pópu-

lo: Tu quæ genuísti, natúra mirán-te, tuum sanctum Ge

ni-tórem: Vir-

_ Tu quæ genuísti, natúra mirán-te, tuum sanctum Ge

ni-tórem:
dé-rent Dó-mi-num na - tum, vi-dé-rent Dó-mi-num na - tum

dé-rent Dó-mi-num na - tum, vi-dé-rent Dó-mi-num na - tum ja-cén -

dé-rent Dó-mi-num na - tum, ja-cén - tem in

ja-cén - tem in præ - sé - pi - o,

ja-cén - tem in præ - sé - pi - o,

ja-cén - tem in præ - sé - pi - o, ja - cén - tem in

præ - sé - pi - o, ja-cén - tem in præ -

ja-cén - tem in præ - sé - pi - o.

o, ja - cén - tem in præ - sé - pi - o.

præ-se - pi - o, in præ - sé - pi - o.

sé - pi - o, in præ-se - pi - o.
Personent Hodie

from Pie Cantiones, 1582
from Pie Cantiones, 1582

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

1. Pér-so-nent hó-di-e vo-ces pu-é-ru-la, lau-dán-tes ju-cún-de
2. In mun-do ná-sci-tur, pan-nis in-vól-vi-tur, præ-sé-pi pó-ni-tur
3. Ma-gi tres ve-né-runt, pár-vu-lum in-qui-runt, Béth-le-hem ád-e-unt,
4. Om-nes ele-ri-cu-li, pár-i-ter pú-e-ri, can-tent ut án-ge-li:

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

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

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
Words from *Pie Cantiones*, 1582

**PERSONENT HODIE**

**CHRISTMAS**

Arranged by Gustav Holst (1874–1934)

1. Pérs-onent hó-di-e vo-ces pu-é-ru- læ, lau-dán-tes
2. In mun-do ná-sci-tur, pan-nis in-vólv-tur, præ-sé-pi
3. Ma-gi tres ve-né-runt, pár-vulum in-qui-runt, Béth-le-hem
4. Om.nes cler-ícu-li, pári-ter pú-e-ri, can-tent ut

5. Ju-cúnde Qui no-bis est na-tus, sum-mo De-o da-tus, et de vir-, vir-, vir-
pó-ní-tur stá-bu-lo bru-tó-rum, rec-tor su-per-nó-rum, pér-di-dit, -dit, -dit,
á-d-e-unt, stél-lu-lam se-quén-do, ip-sum ad-o-rán-do, au-rum thus, thus, thus,
án-ge-li: Ad-ve-nís-ti mun-do, lau-des Ti-bi fun-do. Id e-o, -o, -o,

6. et de vir-, vir-, vir-, et de vir-gi-ne-o ven-tre pro-cre-á-tus.
au-rum thus, thus, thus, au-rum thus, et myrr-ham E-i of-fe-rén-do.
id e-o, -o, -o, id e-o, gló-ri-a in ex-cél-sis De-o.
Ring Out, Wild Bells

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light: The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

2. Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells a-cross the snow: The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

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

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

from The Life Hymnal, 1904
Ring Out, Wild Bells

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

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

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

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring in re-dress to all mankind.
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
6. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease:
8. Ring in the valiant man and free,

The faithless coldness of the times:
The civic slander and the spite:
Ring out the narrow 'wing lust of gold:
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;

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

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

from HymnWiki.org
**NEW YEAR**

**AULD LANG SYNE**

First verse, traditional

Other verses, Robert Burns (1759–1796)

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1. Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind?
2. We twa ha’e run a-boot the braes, And pu’d the gow-ans fine;
3. We twa ha’ sport-ed i’ the burn, Frae morn-in’ sun till dine,
4. And here’s a hand, my trust-y frien’, And gie’s a hand o’ thine;

---

Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
But we’ve wan-der’d mon-y a wea-ry foot, Sin’ auld lang syne.
But seas be-tween us braid ba’e roared Sin’ auld lang syne.
We’ll tak’ a cup o’ kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

---

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne;

---

We’ll tak’ a cup o’ kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

---

from Favorite Songs and Hymns for School and Home, 1899