A Collection of Christmas Carols

SELECTED, TRANSCRIBED, AND EDITED by

BENJAMIN BLOOMFIELD

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

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

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

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

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

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

Benjamin Bloomfield  
Cincinnati, 2012
O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

Translated by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

1. O come, O come, Emmanuel, And ransom captive Israel.

2. O come, Thou Wisdom from on high, Who ordrest all things mildly.

3. O come, O come, Thou Lord of might, Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,

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.

To us the path of knowledge show, And teach us in her ways to go.

In ancient times didst give the Law, In cloud, and majesty and awe.

From depths of hell Thy people save, And give them victory o'er the grave.

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

5. O come, Thou Key of David, come, And open wide our heav'nly home;

6. O come, Thou DaySpring, come and cheer Our spirits by Thine advent here;

7. O come, Desire of nations, bind In one the hearts of all mankind;

Make safe the way that leads on high, And close the path to misery.

Disperse the gloomy clouds of night, And death's dark shadows put to flight.

Bid Thou our sad divisions cease, And be Thyself our King of Peace.
Veni, Veni, Emmanuel

1. Veni, Veni, Em-má-nu-el cap-tí-vum sol-ve Is-ra-el,
2. Veni, O Sa-pí-én-ti-a, que hic dis-pó-nis óm-ni-a,
3. Veni, Veni, A-do-ná-i, qui pó-pu-lo in Si-na-i,
4. Veni, O Jes-se vir-gu-la, ex hos-tis tu-os ún-gu-la,

qui ge-nit in ex-sí-li-o, pri-vá-tus De-i Fí-li-o.
ve-ni, vi-am pru-dên-ti-æ ut dó-ce-as et gló-ri-æ.
le-gem de-dí-s-ti vé-rí-ce in ma-jes-tá-te gló-ri-æ.
de spec-tu tu-os tár-ta-ri e-duc et an-tró bár-a-thri.

5. Veni, Cla-vis Da-ví-di-ca, re-gna re-clú-de cæ-li-ca,
6. Veni, Veni, O O-rí-ens, so-lá-re nos ad-vé-ni-ens,
7. Veni, Veni, Rex Gén-ti-um, ve-ni, Redémp-tor 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.
utt sal-vas tu-os fá-mu-los pec-cá-ti si-bi cón-sci-os.
Come Thou Long Expected Jesus

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

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

from The Church Hymnary, 1902, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com

Come Thou Long Expected Jesus

Stuttgart, Christian F. Witt (c. 1660–1716)
Adapted by Henry J. Gauntlett (1805–1876)

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

from CyberHymnal.org
O COME, DIVINE MESSIAH

1. O come, di-vine Mes-si-ah! The world in si-lence waits the day When hope shall sing its tri-umph, And sad-ness flee a-way.
2. O Christ, whom na-tions sigh for, Whom priest and pro-phet long fore-cold, Come break the cap-tive fet-ters; Re-deem the long-lost fold.
3. You come in peace and meek-ness, And low-ly will Your cra-dle be; All clothed in hu-man weak-ness Shall we Your God-head see.

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

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

16th Century French Carol
On Jordan's Bank

1. On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry Announces that the Lord is nigh;
   Come, then, and hearken, for he brings Glad tidings from the King of kings!

2. Then cleansed be ev'ry soul from sin; Make straight the way for God within;
   Prepare we in our hearts a home, Where such a mighty Guest may come.

3. For Thou art our salvation, Lord, Our Refuge and our great reward.
   Without Thy grace our souls must fade And with'er like a flow'r decayed.

4. Stretch forth Thine hand, to heal our sore, And make us rise and fall no more;
   Once more upon Thy people shine, And fill the world with love divine.

5. All praise, eternal Son, to Thee, Whose advent doth Thy people free,
   Whom with the Father, we adore, And Holy Ghost, for evermore.

Hark! a Herald Voice is Calling

1. Hark! a herald voice is calling; 'Christ is nigh,' it seems to say;
   'Cast away the dreams of darkness, O ye children of the day!'

2. Startled at the solemn warning, Let the earthbound soul arise;
   Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling, Shines upon the morn'ing skies.

3. Lo! the Lamb, so long expected, Comes with pardon down from heav'n;
   Let us haste, with tears of sorrow, One and all to be forgiv'n.

4. So when next He comes with glory, Wrapping all the earth in fear.
   May He then as our Defender On the clouds of heav'n appear.

5. Honour, glory, virtue, merit, To the Father and the Son.
   With the co-e-ter-nal Spirit, While unending ages run.

from The English Hymnal, 1906
Wachet Auf!

Translated by F.C.B. Adapted and arranged by J.S. Bach

Wachet Auf! with Tidings Thrilling

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

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

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-joici-es; From men and from an-
    Now the gates of pearl re-ceive us, Thy pre-sence nev-er

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

The Bride-groom comes in sight, Raise high your tor-ches bright! Al-le-
Now come, Thou pre-cious Crown, Lord Je-su, God's own Son! Ho-san-
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,
-na! Let us pre-pare To fol-low there, Where in Thy sup-per we may share.
lu-ia! Grant us to raise, To length of days, The tri-umph-cho-rus of Thy praise.

from The English Hymnal, 1906
**CREATOR ALME SIDERUM**

1. Creator alme siderum, Aeterna lux credenium, Jesu, Redemptor omnium,
2. Qui de-mo-nis ne frau-di-bus Peri-ret or-bis, impe-tu A-mo-ris ac-tus, lan-gui-di
3. Commu-ne qui mun-di ne-fas Ut ex-pi-a-res, ad cru-cem E Vir-gi-nis sa-crar-o

In-tende votis sup-licum. 4. Cu-jus pot-es-tas glo-ri-a, No-men-que cum primum so-nat,
Mundi me-de-la fac-tus es. 5. Te de-pre-ca-mur ul-ti-ma Mag-num di-é-i Ju-di-cem,
In-tæ-ta prodís vic-ti-ma. 6. Virtus, hon-or, laus, glo-ri-a De-o Pa-tri cum Fi-li-o,

Et cæ-li-tes et in-fe-ri Tre-mén-te cur-van-tur ge-nu.
Sanc-to si-mul Pa-rá-cli-to, In sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-la.

**CREATOR OF THE STARS OF NIGHT**

Translated by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

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

Je-su, Re-deem-er, save us all, And hear thy serv-ants when they call.
Hast found the medi-cine, full of grace, To save and heal a ru-in’d race.
Pro-ced-ing from a vir-gin shrine, The spot-less Vic-tim all di-vine.
4. At Whose dread Name, majestic now, All knees must bend, all hearts must bow;
5. O Thou, Whose coming is with dread To judge and doom the quick and dead,
6. To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, Three in One,

And things celestial Thee shall own, And things terrestrial, Lord a-lone.
Pre serve us, while we dwell below, From ev’ry insult of the foe. Amen.
Laud, honor, might, and glory be From age to age e ter nal ly.

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

CONDITOR ALME SIDERUM

Anonymous, 7th Century

1. Conditor alme siderum, Aeterna
Lux cre den ti um,
Preces sup plicum.
Christe, Redemptor omnium, Exaudire
Preces sup plicum.

Christmas is Coming

Traditional

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

old man's hat.  If you have-n't got a penny, a ha'pny'-ll do, a

ha'pny'-ll do, a ha'pny'-ll do,

two,

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

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

three! or four!

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

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

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

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

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

John Francis Wade (1711–1786)

from Cantus Diversi, 1751

1. Adés te fideles, Læti triumphantes, Vénite, ve-
2. Deum de Deo, lu men de lumi ne, Ges tant pu-
3. Can tet nunc ‘I-o,’ cho-rus an ge- ló-rum; Can-
4. Er go qui na-tus di-e ho-diér-na. Jé-su,

ni-te in Béth-le-hem; Na-rum vi-dé-te, Re-gem an-
él-læ vi-sce-ra. De-um ve-rum, gé-ni-tum non fac-
au-la cé-lés-ti-um, Gló-ri-a in ex-cél-sis De-o!
ti-bi sit gló-rí-a, Pa-tris xé-tér-ni Verbum ca-ro fac-

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

ff Ve-ní-te ad-o-ré-mus, Dó-mi-num.

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

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

2. God, of God, Light of Light, Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb; Very God, Begotten, not created: O come, let us adore Him.

3. Sing, choirs of angels, Sing with exultations, Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above; Glory to God, Glory in the highest; O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord!

4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morning, Jesus, to Thee be given; Word of the Father, Now in flesh appearing; O come, let us adore Him.

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Transcribed by Frederick Oakley (1802–1880)
Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

Joy to the World!

Lowell Mason (1792–1872)

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

2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeal the sounding joy, Repeal the sounding joy, and nature sing.

3. No more let sin and sorrowrows grow, Nor thorns injest the ground; He comes to make his blessings grow, As the curse is found, As the curse is found, and nature sing.

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

Let every thought misconduct cease, And ev’ry tongue that tells the story must,— Repeal the sounding joy, Repeal the sounding joy, and nature sing.

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

Repeal the sounding joy, Repeal the sounding joy, and nature sing.

from Hymns of the Kingdom of God, 1910, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
A CHILD THIS DAY IS BORN

1. A Child this day is born, A Child of high renown;

2. These tidings shepherds heard Whilst watching o'er their fold,

3. Then was there with the Angel An host incontinent

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

Glad tidings to all men, Glad tidings sing we may,

Because the King of kings Was born on Christmas Day.

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

5. All glory be to God, That siteth still on high,

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CHRISTMAS

THE FIRST NOËL

Traditional

8th Century French Melody

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

shep-herds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay_
sh of East beyond them far, And to the earth it_
herm it took its rest, And there it did both
ly on bent ed knee, And of fer'd there in_
to our Heavenly Lord, That hath made Heav'n and

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

Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël, Born is the King of Isra- el.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. When Christ was born of Mary free, In Beth-le-hem, that fair city,
2. Herdsmen held these Angels bright, To them appearing with great light,
3. The King is come to save man-kind, As in scripture truths we find,
4. Then dear Lord, for Thy great grace, Grant us in bliss to see Thy face,

Angels sang there with mirth and glee, "In ex-célsis Gló-ri-a."
Who said God's Son is born to-night, "In ex-célsis Gló-ri-a."
Therefore this song we have in mind, "In ex-célsis Gló-ri-a."
That we may sing to Thy sol-ace, "In ex-célsis Gló-ri-a."

ff In ex-célsis Gló-ri-a, In ex-célsis Gló-ri-a,

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

1. Hark! the herald angels sing, “Glo-ry to the new-born King!
2. Christ, by high est hea'n adored; Christ, the ever last-ing Lord;
3. Mild He lays His glo-ry by, Born that man no more may die,

Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild; God and sin-ners re-con-ciled.”
Late in time be-hold Him come, Off-spring of the Vir-gin’s womb.
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec-ond birth.

Joy-ful all ye na-tions, rise; Join the tri-umph of the skies;
Veil’d in flesh the God-head see; Hail th’In-car-nate De-i-ty,
Ris’n with heal-ing in His wings, Light and life to all He brings,

With th’an-gel ic hosts pro-claim, “Christ is born in Beth-lee-hem.”
Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Je-sus, our Em-man-u-el!
Hail, the Sun of Right-eous-ness! Hail, the heav’n born Prince of Peace!

Hark the her-ald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King.

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

JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Arranged by George D. Elderkin

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

Glory to the new-born King, Jesus, the Light of the world.
Join the triumph of the skies, Jesus, the Light of the world.
Christ, the everlasting Lord, Jesus, the Light of the world.
Hail! the sun of righteousness, Jesus, the Light of the world.

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

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

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

1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,

2. Still through the even skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled;

3. O ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low,

4. For lo! the days are hast'ning on, By prophet bards foretold,

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

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

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

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

1. Shepherds! shake off your drowsy sleep, Rise and sing, Tidings of great joy are bringing.

2. Hark! even now the bells ring round, Listen, mak-ing, As if winter's chains were break-ing.

3. See how the flow'rs all burst anew, Think-ing, glow-ing, All their bright-est beams be-stow-ing.

4. Com-eth at length the age of peace, Strife and sto-ry Of this Heav'n born Prince of Glo-ry.

5. Shepherds! then up and quick a-way, Seek the na-tion, All in Him shall find sal-va-tion.

Shepherds! the chorus come and swell! Sing No-él, O sing No-él!
ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

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

Translated by Bishop James Chadwick (1813–1882)

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

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

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

William Morris (1834–1896)

Marche pour les Matelots, by Marin Marais (1656–1728)

Arranged by Edmund Sedding (1816–1868)

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 adown the proud.

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

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

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

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

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

6-12. On the etc.

9. Twelve drummers drumming, Elev'n pipers piping, Ten lords leaping,

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

11. Slowly

12. Four calling birds, Three French hens,

(last time rall.)

two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.
Carol for Christmas Eve

Rev. H. R. Bramley (1833–1917)

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

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

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

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

Go tell it out with speed, Cry out and shout all round about, That Christ is born in deed.
3. Shepherds lay a field that night, to keep the silly sheep, Hosts of Angels

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

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

man-ger bed, in wor-ship low they bent. In the morning see ye mind, my

you a Child is born, Pur-er than the drops of dew, and bright-er than the morn.
masters one and all, At the Al-tar Him to find, Who lay with-in the stall.

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

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

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

**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.

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

---

**Away In A Manger**

William Kirkpatrick (1858–1921)

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

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

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

CHRISTMAS

17th Century English

Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

1. A Virgin unspotted, the prophet foretold, Should bring forth a
2. At Bethlehem city in Jewry it was That Joseph and
3. But when they entered the city so fair, A number of
4. Then were they constrained in a stable to lie, Where horses and

Savior, which now we behold, To be our Redeemer from
Mary gathered did pass, All for to be taxed with
people so mightily was there, That Joseph and Mary, whose
 asses they used for to tie: Their lodging so simple they

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

Aye and therefore be merrily, set sorrow aside,

Christ Jesus, our Savior, was born on this tide.
5. The King of all kings to this world being brought, Small store of fine
   lin - en to_ wrap Him was sought, But when she had swaddled her
shep - herds in_ fields where they lie, And bade them no long - er in
an - gels to_ stand in the sky; They joy - ful - ly talk - ed and
thence haugh - ty_ pride for to shun; A_ man - ger His cra - dle Who

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

7. Then pres - ent - ly_ af - ter the shep - herds did spying Vast num - bers of_
   ff Aye and there - fore be mer - ry, set sor - row a - side,
Christ Je - sus, our Sav - ior, was born on this tide.

8. To_ teach us hu - mil - i - ty_ all_ this was done, And learn we from

**DING DONG MERRILY ON HIGH**

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1914)  
16th century French melody

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

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

4. 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.

5. **Gló Gló**

6. **ri-a, bo-sán-na in ex-cél-sis!**

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

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1914)

*O quam mundum, from Pie Cantiones, 1582*

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1914)

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 mer-ry church bells ring

2. Tell the sto-ry how from glo-ry
   God came down at Christ-mas-tide

And from stee-ple bid good peo-ple
   Come a-dore the new born King.

Bring-ing glad-ness, chas-ing sad-ness, show’ring bless-ings
   far and wide.

Born of mo-ther, blest o’er o-ther,
   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 Mohr (1792–1848)

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

1. Stil-le Nacht! heil-i-ge Nacht! Al-les schlägt;
   2. Stil-le Nacht! heil-i-ge Nacht! Hir-ten erst
   3. Stil-le Nacht! heil-i-ge Nacht! Got-tes Sohn,

   kund-ge-macht, Durch der En-gel Hal-le-lu-ja!
   o wie lacht Lieb’ aus dein-em göt-tlich-en Mund,

   Hol-der Kna-be im lock-i-gen Haar, Schlaf in himm-li-scher
   Tönt es laut von fern und nah: mf Christ, der Ret-ter ist
   Da uns schlägt die ret-ten-de Stund: Christ, in dein-er Ge-

   Ruh! Schlaf in himm-li-scher Ruh!
   da! Christ, der Ret-ter ist da!
   burt! Christ, in dein-er Ge-burt!

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

Transcribed by John Freeman Young (1820–1885)

Franz Gruber (1787–1863)

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

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

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

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

CHRIST WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY
(Resonet in laudibus)

14th Century Latin carol, as found in *Pie Cantiones*, 1582
English words by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

14th Century German melody, *Resonet in laudibus*
Arranged chiefly by G. R. Woodward (1848–1934)

1. 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,
1. Résonet in láudi-bus cum ju-cún-dis pláu-si-bus
2. Chris-tus na-tus hó-di-e ex Ma-rí-a vir-gi-ne

3. Let the bright red berries glow Ev’rywhere in goodly show;
4. Christian men, rejoice and sing; ’Tis the birthday of a King,
3. Pú-er i cons-ci-ni-te, na-to re-gi psál-li-te,
4. Si-on lau-da Dó-mi-num Sal-va-tó-rem hó-mi-num,

5. Chris-tus na-tus hó-di-e: The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
Ex Ma-rí-a Vir-gi-ne: The God, the Lord, by all a-dor’d for ev-er.
Si-on cum fi-de-li-bus, Ap-pá-ru-it quem gé-nu-it Ma-rí-a.

10. Chris-tus na-tus hó-di-e: The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
Ex Ma-rí-a Vir-gi-ne: The God, the Lord, by all a-dor’d for ev-er.
vo-ce pi-a di-ci-te Ap-pá-ru-it quem gé-nu-it Ma-rí-a.
5. Night of sadness: Morn of gladness evermore: Ever, ever: After many

5. Sunt implet a que prædixit Gá bri-el. E ia, E ia, virgo De-um

troubles sore, Morn of gladness evermore and evermore. 6. Midnight scarcely pass’d and over, gé nut it, quem di vin a vô lu it elemen ti a. 6. Hó di c ap pá ru it, ap-

Drawing to this holy morn, Ve ry ear ly, ve ry ear ly Christ was born. 7. Sing out with bliss, His pá ru it in Is ra el, Ex Ma ría vir gi ne est na tus Rex. 7. Ma gum no men

Name is this: Emman u el: As was foretold in days of old By Ga bri el. 8. Midnight scarcely Dó mi ni Em má nu el, quod annun ti á tum est per Gá bri el. 8. Hó di c ap-

pass’d and over, Drawing to this ho ly morn, Ve ry ear ly, ve ry ear ly Christ was born. pá ru it, ap pá ru it in Is ra el, Ex Ma ría vir gi ne est na tus Rex.

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

1. Joseph, O dear Joseph mine, Help me rock the Child divine,
   God reward both thee and thine, In paradise, So prays the mother,
   Mary, 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.
1. O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie!
2. For Christ is born of Mary, And gathered all above,
3. How silent, how silent The wondrous gift is given!
4. Where children pure and happy pray to the blessed Child,
5. O holy Child of Bethlehem! Descend to us, we pray;

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by;
While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wondering love.
So God imparts to human hearts The blessings of His Heav'n.
Where misery cries out to Thee, Son of the mother mild;
Cast out our sin, and enter in, Be born in us 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 watch 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 glo - ry breaks, and Christmas comes once more.
O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel!

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

Edward Caswall (1814–1878)
Sir John Goss (1800–1880)

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

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
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

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

Tempus adest floridum, from *Piæ Cantiones*, 1582

Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

Moderato

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

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

3. “Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
   Bring me pine-logs hither;
   Thou and I will see him dine
   When we bear them thither.”
   “Mark my footsteps, my good page,
   Tread thou in them boldly:
   Thro’ the rude wind’s wild lament
   And the bitter weather.

4. “Sire, the night is darker now,
   And the wind blows stronger;
   Heat was in the very sod
   Which the saint had printed;
   Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
   Wealth or rank possessing,
   Thou shalt find the winter’s rage
   Freeze thy blood less coldly.”

5. In his master’s steps he trod,
   Where the snow lay dinted;
   Heat was in the very sod
   Which the saint had printed;
   Let us here forbear,
   To see thee sad and sore;
   Let us merrily carol
   Around the winter fire.

from *Christmas Carols, New and Old*
CHRISTMAS
GOOD KING WENCESLAS
John Mason Neale (1818–1866)
Tempus adest floridum, from Pie Cantiones, 1582
Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Moderato

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

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

3. “Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine logs hither;
   Thou and I will see him dine When we bear them thither.
   Page and monarch forth they went, Forth they went together;
   Thro’ the rude wind’s wild lament And the bitter weather.

4. “Sire, the night is darker now, And the wind blows stronger;
   Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no longer.”
   “Mark my footsteps, my good page, Tread thou in them boldly;
   Thou shalt find the winter’s rage Freeze thy blood less coldly.”

5. In his master’s steps he trod, Where the snow lay dinted;
   Heat was in the very sod Which the saint had printed.
   Therefore, Christian men, be sure, Wealth or rank possessing.
   Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall your-selves find blessing.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
1. In natáli Dómini, Gau dent omnes Angéli
2. Nuntiavit Angelus Gaudi um pastóribus,

Et cantant cum júbilo: Glória uní Deo.
Chris ti nativitatem Magnam jucunditatem.

Chorus


3. Natus est E mánu-el, Quem præ-dixit Gá-bri el,
4. Christus natus hó-die Ex Má-ri-a vírgi-ne,

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

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

In natali Domini, 14th Century

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

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)

God alone, Glory be to God alone.

Joy for earth, Told them of the joy for earth.

Father’s Breast, Cometh from His Father’s Breast.

God is born of maiden fair, Mary doth the Savior bear;

Mary ever pure, Mary ever pure.

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

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818–1895)

Henry J. Gauntlett (1805–1876)

\( \text{\textbf{CHRISTMAS}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY}} \)

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

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

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

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

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

\( \text{\textbf{from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910}} \)
CHRISTMAS

PAST THREE A CLOCK

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1914)

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

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

Fine

1. Born is a Baby, Gen-tle as may be,
2. Ser - aph quire sing - eth, An - gel bell ring-eth;
3. Mid earth re - joic - es Hear - ing such voi - ces
4. Hinds o'er the pear - ly Dew - y lawn ear - ly

Son of the ter - nal Fa - ther su - per - nal. 5. Cheese from the dai - ry
Hark how they rime it, Time it, and chime it. 6. Light out of star - land
Ne'er - to - fore so well Ca - rol - ling No - él. 7. Myrrh from full cof - fer,
Seek the high Stran - ger Laid in the man - ger. 8. Thus they: I pray you,

Bring they for Ma - ry, And, not for mon - ey, But - ter and hon - ey.
Lead - eth from far land Prin - ces, to meet Him, Worship and greet Him.
In - cense they of - fer; Nor is the gol - den Nug - get with - hol - den.
Up, sirs nor stay you Till ye con - fess Him Like - wise, and bless Him.

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

Un flambeau, Jeannette, Isabelle, by Émile Blémont (1839–1927)
English by Edward Cuthbert Nunn (1868–1914)
Arranged by Edward Cuthbert Nunn (1868–1914)

16th Century French Carol

Brightly

1. Bring a torch, Jeanette, Isabella! Bring a torch, to the
2. Who goes there a-knocking so loudly? Who goes there a-
3. It is wrong when the Child is sleeping, It is wrong to
4. Softly to the little stable, Softly for a

1. cradle, run! It is Jesus, good folk of the village;
2. knock-ing like that? Ope your doors, I have here on a plate Some
3. talk so loud; Silence, all, as you gather around,
4. moment come; Look and see how charming is Jesus,

Christ is born and Mary’s calling: Ah! ah! beautiful
very good cakes which I am bringing: Toc! toc! quickly your
Lest your noise should waken Jesus: Hush! hush! see how
How He is white, His cheeks are rosy! Hush! hush! see how the

is the Moth-er; Ah! ah! beautiful is her Son!
doors now open; Toc! toc! Come let us make good cheer!
fast He slumbers! Hush! hush! see how fast He sleeps!
Child is sleeping; Hush! hush! see how He smiles in dreams.
THE ANGEL GABRIEL

1. The angel Gabriel from heaven came,
2. “For thou art 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 ri-a!
Most highly favored lady,” Glória ri-a!
Most highly favored lady,” Glória ri-a!
“Most highly favored lady,” Glória ri-a!

from CyberHymnal.org
1. Angelus ad virginem Sub-in-trans in conclave. Virginiis formidinem De-
multo inquit "Ave," Ave regina virginnum, Caeli terreaque
mox modo consipere, quae virum non cognovi? Qua libem in fringere, quae

2. Dominum Concupiscis Et paries In-tac-ta, Salutem
omnia; Netimeas, sed gaudeas, secura, quod casti-

monia Manebit in te pura Dei potentia.
3. Ad hæc vir-go nó-bi-lis Re-spón-dens in-quit e-li; An-ci-la sum
4. An-ge-lus dis-pá-ru-it Et sta-tim pu-el-lá-ri-s U-te-rus in-
5. E-ia Ma-ter Dó-mi-ni, Quæ pa-cem re-di-dis-ti An-ge-lis et

hú-mi-lis Om-ni-pot-én-tis De-i. Ti-bi cæ-lés-ti nún-ti-

tú-mu-it Vi par-tus sa-lu-tá-ri-s. Qui, cir-cúm-da-tus ú-te-
hó-mi-ni, Cum Chris-tum ge-nu-is-ti; Tú-um ex-ó-ra fi-li-

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

ro No-ve-mén-si-um nû-me-ro, Hinc ex-i-it Et in-i-it Conflí-
um Ut se nobi-s pro-pí-ti-um Ex-hi-be-at, Et dé-le-at Pec-cá-

re fac-tum quod áu-di-o, Pa-rá-ta sum pa-ré-re De-i con-sí-li-o.
ta; Præstans au-xí-lium Vi-ta fru-i be-á-ta Post hoc ex-sí-li-um.
1. God rest you merry, gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay, Remember Christ our Savior Was born on Christmas Day,

2. In Bethlehem in Jersey, This blessed Babe was born, And laid within a manger, Up on this blessed Morn;

3. From God our Heavenly Father, A blessed Angel came; And unto certain Shepherds Brought tidings of the same: To save us all from Satan's pow'r When we were gone a stray;

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

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. Come, all ye shepherds and be not dismayed,
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 heaven's blue portals,
Shepherds adore Him, wise men before Him,
Lay down their dowr,
**WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS**

_Nahum Tate (1652–1731)_

Adapted from George F. Handel

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night; All seat-ed on the ground; The
   Good
   
2. To you, in Da-vid's town, this day Is born of Da-vid's line, A
   Sav-ior, Who is Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign:
   mean-ly wrapp'd in swad-dling bands, And in a man-ger laid, And in a man-ger laid.
   will henceforth from heav'n to men Be-gin, and nev-er cease! Be-gin, and nev-er cease!
   from Sunday School Hymns No. 1, 1903, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com

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**WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS**

_Winchester Old, by George Kirby (c. 1565–1634)_

1. While shep-herds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,
2. "Fear not," said he, for might-y dread Had seized their trou-bled mind;
3. "To you, in Da-vid's town, this day, Is born of Da-vid's line,
4. "The heav'n-ly Babe you there shall find To hu-man view dis-play'd,
5. Thus spake the ser-aph, and 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-iour Christ be-hold.
A sweet ex-am-ple for mankind,
   To learn to bear-a hum-ble mind.

"Pre-pare and go," the an-gels said,
   "To Beth-le-hem. Be not a-fraid.
With-in a man-ger He was laid,
   And by His side the vir-gin maid.
If quires of An-gels did re-joice,
   Well may man-kind with heart and voice
For there you'll find this hap-py morn
   A prince-ly babe sweet Je-sus born."

Attend-ing on the Lord of Life,
   Who came to earth to end all strife.
Sing prai-ses to the God of Heav'n,
   That un-to us His Son has giv'n.

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

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

2. And in commandment unto him These words the Lord did say:
   If so thou do but eat thereof, Then thou shalt surely die.”
   And then in Eden’s Paradise He placed him to dwell,
   “The fruit which in the garden grows To thee shall be for meat,
   But Adam he did take no heed unto that only thing,
   That he within it should remain, To dress and keep it well.
   Except the tree in midst thereof, Of which thou shalt not eat.”

3. But did transgress God’s holy Law, And so was wrapt in sin.
   Now let good Christians all begin A holier life to live,
And to re-joice and mer-ry be, For this is Chris-mas Eve.

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

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CHRISTMAS

Christians, Awake, Salute the Happy Morn

John Byrom (1692–1763)

Majestically

1. Christians, awake, salute the happy morn, Where on the Savior of man-
kind was born; Rise to adore the mystery of love,

2. Then to the watchful shepherds it was told, Who heard the angelic herald's
voice: “Behold, I bring good tidings of a Savior's birth

3. He spake; and straightway the celestial choir In hymns of joy, unknown be-
Which hosts of angels chant-ed from above; With them the joyful

John Wainwright (1723–1768)

To you and all the nations upon earth: This day hath God ful-
And heav'n's whole arch with alleluias rang: God's highest glory

tidings first begun Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.
fill'd His promised word, This day is born a Savior, Christ, the Lord.
was their anthem still, Peace upon earth, and unto men, good will.
4. To Bethl’hem straight the hap-py shep-herds ran,  
To see the won-der God had 

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

6. Then may we hope, th'an-gen-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-trived our loss,  
um-phil song; He, that was borne up-on this joy-ful day, 

Her Son, the Sav-iour in a man-ger laid;  
A-mazed the won-drous  
From His poor man-ger to His bit-ter Cross;  
Tread-ing His steps, as  
A-round us all His glo-ry shall dis-play;  
Saved by His love, in-

sto-ry they pro-claim, The ear-liest her-alds of the Sav-iour’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 lit-tle ti-ny Child,
2. O sis-ters too, how may we do,
3. Her-od, the king, in his rag-ing,
4. Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee,

By, by, lul-ly, lul-lay; Lul-lay, Thou lit-tle
For to pre-serv-e this day; This poor Young-ling for
Charg-ed he hath this day; His men of might, in
And ev-e-r mourn and say; For Thy part-ing nor

ti-ny child, By, by, lul-ly, lul-lay.
whom we sing, By, by, lul-ly, lul-lay?
his own sight, All chil-dren young to slay.
say nor sing, By, by, lul-ly, lul-lay.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
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

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

from ChristmasCarolMusic.org
ALL MY HEART THIS NIGHT REJOICES

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

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

   As I hear, Far and near, Sweetest angel voices;
   Soft and sweet, Doth en treat, "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.
Traditional English (Derbyshire)

**I SAW THREE SHIPS**

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

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

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

From Christmas Carols, New and Old
THE SEVEN JOYS OF MARY

Traditional

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

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

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
   man ger bed, There to bend the knee before Him whom heav'n and earth adore; So may we with willing feet Ev er more be led to Thee.
   rude and bare; So may we with holy joy, Pure and free from sin's alloy, All our costliest treasures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heav'n ly King.
   narrow way; And, when earth ly things are past, Bring our ransomed souls at last Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
   a - ted light; Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown, Thou its Sun which goes not down; There for ever may we sing Alle lu ias to our King.

2. As with joyful steps they sped To that lowly manager bed, There to bend the knee before Him whom heav'n and earth adore; So may we with willing feet Ev er seek Thy mercy seat.
3. As they of fer'd gifts most rare At that man ger rude and bare; So may we with holy joy, Pure and free from sin's alloy, All our costliest treasures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heav'n ly King.
4. Holy Jesus, ev'ry day Keep us in the narrow way; And, when earth ly things are past, Bring our ransomed souls at last Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
5. In the heav'n ly country bright Need they no cre - a - ted light; Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown, Thou its Sun which goes not down; There for ever may we sing Alle lu ias to our King.

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

When you play your fife and drum, How can anyone be glum?

Burgundian carol, 1720

When the men of olden days Gave the King of Kings their praise,

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

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are.
2. Watchman, tell us of the night; High yet that star 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, bless’dness and light, Peace and truth its course por’tends.
Trav’ler, dark’ness takes its flight, Doubt and terror are with’drawn.

Watchman, does its bea’rous ray Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Watchman, will its beams a’lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watchman, let thy wan’dings cease; Hic 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
In dulci jubiło

Heinrich Seuse (1500–1566)

1. In dul-ci jú-bi-lo  Nun sing-et und seid froh!
2. O Je-su, pár-va-le, Nach Dir ist mir so weh,
3. O Pa-tris cá-ri-tas! O na-ti le-ni-tas! Wir
4. U-bi sunt gá-di-a  Nir-gend mehr denn da,

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

o-me,  Sie leuch-tet wie die Son-ne Ma-
na;  Durch all Die-ne Gü-te, O
ca  So hat er uns er-wor-ben Ce-
Und die Har-fen kling-en  In

tris-in gré-mi-o  Al-pha es et
Prin-ceps gló-ri-a  Tra-he me post
ló-rium gá-dí-a  Quan-ta grá-ti-
Re-gis cá-ri-a  É-ia, wär’n wir
IN DULCI JUBILO

Heinrich Seuse (1300–1366)

14th century German melody

1. In dul-ci jú - bi-lo
   Now sing with hearts a-glow!
   Our de-light and

2. O Je-su, pár-vu-le,
   For thee I long al-way;
   Com-fort my heart's

3. O Pa-tris cá-ri-tas!
   O na-ti lé-ni-tas!
   Deep-ly were we

4. U-bi sunt gáu-di-a
   In an-y place but there?
   There are an-gels

...
**CHRISTMAS**

**IN DULCI JUBILO**

Heinrich Seuse (1500–1366)

Translated by Robert Lucas de Pearsall (1795–1856)

Arranged by Robert Lucas de Pearsall (1795–1856)

14th century German melody

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1. In dul-ci jó-bi-lo
   Let us our hom-age show:

2. O Je-su, párvu-te,
   I yearn for Thee al-way:

3. O Pa-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 Pu-er óp-ti-me,
My pray-ing let it reach Thee,
Deep-ly were we stain-ed
Per nos-tra crí-mi-na;
But Thou for us hast gain-ed
There are an-gels sing-ing
No-va cân-ti-ca;
And there the bells are ring-ing

---

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

---

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

---

from CantateDomino.org
Good Christian Men, Rejoice

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

14th Century German Melody

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

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 ever-lasting 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
\textbf{CHRISTMAS}

\textbf{GLOUCESTERSHIRE WASSAIL}

18th Century English

\textbf{Allegro}

1. Was sail\_ was sail\_ all o-ver the town, Our toast it is white and our

2. So here is to Cher-ry and to his right check, Pray God send our mas-ter a

3. And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye, Pray God send our mas-ter a

\textbf{Allegro}

ale it\_ is brown; Our bowl it\_ is made of the white ma-ple 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

\textbf{Allegro}

was-sailing bowl we'll drink un-to thee. 4. And here is to Fill-pail and to her left

was-sailing bowl we'll drink un-to thee. 5. Come but-ler, come fill us a bowl of the

was-sailing bowl we'll drink un-to thee. 6. Then here's to the maid in the li-ly white

\textbf{Allegro}

car, Pray God send our mas-ter a hap-py New Year, A hap-py New

best, Then we hope that your soul in heav-en may rest, But if you do

smock, Who tripp'd to the door and slipp'd back the lock, Who tripp'd to the

\textbf{Allegro}

Year as\_ e'er he did see, With the was-sailing bowl we'll drink un-to thee.

draw us a bowl of the small, Then down shall go but-ler, bowl\_ and all.
door and pulled back the pin, For to let these jol-ly was-sail-ers in.
1. Here we come a-was-sailing Among the leaves so green,
   Here we come a-
mf
2. We are not dai-ly beg-gars That beg from door to door, But we are neighbors'
3. Good Mas-ter and good Mis-tress, As you sit by the fire, Pray think of us poor

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

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

Additional Verses
4. We have a lit-tle purse Made of
5. Call up the but-ler of this house, Put
6. Bring us out a ta-ble And
7. God bless the mas-ter of this house, Like-
ratch-ing leath-er skin; We want some of your small change To line it well with-in.
on his gol-den ring; Let him bring us a glass of beer, The bet-ter we shall sing.
spread it with a cloth; Bring us out a cheese, And of your Christmas loaf.
wise the mistress too; And all the lit-tle chil-dren That round the ta-ble go.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
FROM HEAVEN HIGH I COME TO YOU

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

Very slow and dignified (♩ = 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!

from The English Hymnal, 1906

THE BOAR’S HEAD CAROL

15th Century English          Traditional English

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

And I pray you my masters merry be; Quot estis in convivio.
Which is thus be-decked with a gay garland, Let us servire cantico.
Which on this day to be served is, In Re-gi-nen si áтриo.
ANGELS, FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY

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

1. Angels, from the realms of glory, Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
   Ye, who sang creation's story, Now proclaim Messiah's birth;

2. Shepherds, in the field abiding, Watching o'er your flocks by night,
   God with man is now residing; Yonder shines the infant light;

3. Sages, leave your contemplations, Brighter visions beam afar;
   Seek the great Desire of nations, Ye have seen His natal star;

4. Saints before the altar bending, Watching long in hope and fear,
   Suddenly the Lord, descending, In His temple shall appear;

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

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
1. Jesus, our brother, kind and good, Was humbly born in a stable rude, And the
friendly beasts around Him stood; Jesus, our brother, kind and good.
carried Her safely to Bethlehem town. “I,” said the donkey, shaggy and brown.
gave Him my hay to pil-low His head.” “I,” said the donkey, shaggy and brown.

2. “I,” said the donkey, shaggy and brown, “I carried His Mother up hill and down; I
4. “I,” said the sheep with curly horn, “I gave Him my wool for His blanket
5. “I,” said the dove from the rafters high, “Cooed Him to sleep, that He should not
6. “I,” said the camel, yellow and black, “O-ver the desert, upon my
7. Thus ev’ry beast by some good spell, In the stable dark was glad to

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

ORENITIS PARTIBUS

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

12th Century French

Words from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com, Music from CyberHymnal.org

ALTHOUGH AT YULE IT BLOWETH COOL

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1914)

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

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

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

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
Placide Cappeau (1808–1877)
Translated by John Sullivan Dwight (1813–1893)

Adolphe Adam (1803–1866)

O HOLY NIGHT
(Cantique de Noël)

Andante maestoso \( \frac{d}{4} = 72 \)

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

night the stars are bright-ly shin-ing,

light of faith se-renely beam-ing,

taught us to love one an-oth-er,

His law is

night of the dear Sav-ior’s birth;

hearts by His cra-dle we stand;

love and His gos-pel is peace;

Long lay the

So led by

Chains shall He
world in sin and error pin ing, Till He ap-
light of a star sweet ly gleam ing Here came the
break for the slave is our bro ther, And in His

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

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

voices! O night divine, O
stranger. Be hold your King, be-
ev er! His pow'r and glory

night when Christ was born! O night
fore Him lowly bend! Be hold your
ev er more pro-claim! His pow'r and

holy night O night divine!
King before Him lowly bend!
glory ev er more pro-claim!
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 evermore pro-

born! O night O holy night O night divine!
bend! Behold your King before Him lowly bend!
claim! His pow'r and glory evermore proclaim!

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

**Christmas Day**

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

Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

**Allegro vivace.**

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

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

Giant in the race He tows’, Toil and danger scorning.
And sweet charity may stay, With our course blending.
By the widow’s son deceased, See Elisha’s station!
Chasing thus death’s gloomy shade, Bright-ness 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_
**CHRISTMAS**

**As Lately We Watched**

**Anonymous**

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

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

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

In carols, so sweet, of the birth of a King.
For Christ our dear 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.
mf 1. On yester night I saw a sight, A star as bright as day; And all along, I


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

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

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

It makes my heart to

It makes my heart to

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

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

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

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
**THIS ENDRIS NIGHT**

Adapted from *Thys endris nyzth*, 15th Century

This endris night I saw a sight,
A star as bright as day;

1. This lovely lady sat and sang,
   And to her Child did say,

2. “My sweetest bird, ’tis thus required,
   Though Thou be King very ray,

3. The Child then spake in His talking,
   And to His mother said,

4. “For angels bright down on me light;
   Thou knowest ’tis no nay.

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

**O DU FRÖHLICHE**

Johannes Daniel Falk (1768–1826)

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

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


Welt ging ver-lo-ren, Christ ist ge-bor-en, Freu-e, freue dich, o Christenheit!

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

CAROL OF THE BIRDS

Traditional

*Not slow.*

1. Whence comes this rush of wings afar, Follow straight the Noel star?
2. "Tell us, ye birds, why come ye here, into this stable, poor and drear?"
3. Hark how the Greenfinch bears his part, Philomel, too, with tender heart,
4. Angels and shepherds, birds of the sky, Come where the Son of God doth lie;

Birds from the woods in wondrous flight, Bethlehem seek this Holy Night.
"Hasting we seek the new-born King, And all our sweetest music bring."
Chants from her leafy dark retreat, Re, mi, fa, sol, in accents sweet.
Christ on the earth with man doth dwell, Join in the shout, "Noel, Noel!"

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

I HEARD THE BELLS ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882)

1. I heard the bells on Christmas Day Their old familiar carols play,
2. I thought how, as the day had come, The belfries of all Christendom
3. And in despair I bowed my head, "There is no peace on earth," I said,
4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
5. Till, ringing, singing on its way, The world revolved from night to day,

And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good will to men.
Had rolled a long th'unbroken 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 prevails, With peace on earth, good will to men.
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime, Of peace on earth, good will to men.

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
CONGAUDEAT TURBA FIDELIUM

Old Melody in Hypo-Dorian Mode

Arranged by G. H. Palmer

Virgo mater pèperit filium in Bélémhem.

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

Trans-e-ámus ad novum hóminem in Bélémhem.

Cognové-runt quis est Dóminus in Bélémhem.

In octáva dum címitur.

Trinitatis terno dant nunc.

Colýridas simul cum néc-tur.

Nomen e-i Iesus im-póni-tur in Bélémhem.

Regi regum fugent sé-res in Bélémhem.

Benedícatur Christus Rex gloriiæ in Bélémhem.

Words from Pie Cantiones, 1582
CONGAUDEAT TURBA FIDELIUM

FROM CHURCH TO CHURCH

Old Melody in Hypo-Dorian Mode

Arranged by G. H. Palmer

Versified by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

From an 11th Century Manuscript

1. From church to church the bells’ glad tidings run:
   A Virgin hath conceiv’d and borne a Son, In Bethlehem.

2. And angel hosts the midnight of His birth,
   Sang Glory be to God and peace on earth, In Bethlehem.

3. “Now go we forth, and see this wondrous thing,”
   The shepherds said, “and seek the new-born King” In Bethlehem.

4. Then Herod sought the Royal Son to slay,
   Who rather should have come to kneel and pray In Bethlehem.

5. The Star went leading from East unto the West:
   The Wise Men followed, till they saw it rest In Bethlehem.

6. Their frankincense, and myrrh, and gold they bring,
   To hail the God, the Mortal, and the King In Bethlehem.

7. With threefold gifts the Threefold God then praise,
   Who thus vouchsafed the songs of man to raise In Bethlehem.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
1. Es ist ein Ros entsprung-en, aus ein-er Wur -zel zart, wie uns die Alt-en
2. Das Röslein, das ich mein-e, da von Je-sai-a sagt, ist Ma-ri-a die
3. Das Blüm-lein, so klein-e, das duftet uns so süß, mit sein-em hel-len

Wur -zel zart,
sai-a sagt,

Die Art

war die Art

Blüm-lein bracht.

der halb-en Nacht.

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

FLOS DE RADICE JESSE

1. Flos de ra-dí-ce Jes-se, est na-tus hô-di-e. Quem no-bis jam ad-é-s-se, la-tá-mur
2. Hunc I-sa-i-as florem, præ-sá-gis cé-ci-nit. Ad e-jus nos a-mó-rem, Nascéntis
3. Est campi flos pu-di-ci, est flos con-vál-li-um. Pul-chrumque pot-est di-ci, in spin-is
4. Hic su-o flos o-dó-re, fi-de-les át-tra-hit. Di-vi-no mox a-mó-re, at-tráctos

hó-di-e.
cé-ci-nit.
1. Lo, how a Rose e’er blooming From tender stem has sprung! Of
   2. I saiah ’twas fore-told it, The Rose I had in mind; With
   3. The shep-herds heard the stor-y Pro-claimed by an-gels bright, How
   4. O Flow’r, whose fra-gram-cen ten-der With sweet-ness fills the air, Dis-

   Jes-se’s lin-eage com-ing As men of old have sung. It came, a flow’r-ct
   Ma-ry we be-hold it, The Vir-gin Moth-er kind. To show God’s love a-
   Christ, the Lord of Glo-ry Was born on earth this night. To Beth-le-hem they
   pel with glo-rious splen-dor The dark-ness ev ’ry-where; True man, yet ve-ry

   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.
   sped_ And in the man-ger found Him, As an-gel her-alds said.
   God, From Sin and death now save us, And share our ev ’ry load.
O Come, Little Children

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

Johann A. P. Schulz (1747–1800)

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

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

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

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

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

Josiah G. Holland (1819–1881)

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

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

And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
Ay! the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
Ev’ry hearth is a flame, and the beautiful sing
Ay! we shout to the love-ly e-vangel 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 full grown,
2. The holly bears a blossom, As white as the lily flow'r,
3. The holly bears a berry, As red as any blood,
4. The holly bears a prick-le, As sharp as any thorn,
5. The holly bears a bark, As bitter as any gall,

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

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To be our sweet Saviour:
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To do poor sinners good:
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, On Christmas day in the morn:
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, For to redeem us all:

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

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

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

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

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

4. The Holly bears a prickle, As sharp as any thorn,
5. The Holly bears a bark, As bitter as any gall,

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
The Sussex Carol

Traditional English (17th century or earlier)

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

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

in its place. Angels and men with joy may sing, All for to see the new-born King,
sing this night: “Glo-ry to God and peace to men, Now and for ev-er-more, A-men.”
**Blessed be that Maid Marie**

15th Century Middle English Carol, modernized

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

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

**CHRISTMAS**

**1.** Blessed be that Maid Marie; Born He was of her body;

**2.** In a manger of an ass Jesus lay and hullied 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* ex-celsis glória-

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

*Peace on earth,* Alleluia. *In* ex-celsis glória-

**4.** Fare three Kings from far-off land, Incense, gold and myrrh in hand;

**5.** Make we merry on this fest, *In quo* Christus natus est;

**In** Beth-lem the Babe they see, Stel-la duc-ti lu-mi-ne.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*E* - ya! Jesus bô-di-e Natus est de Vir-gi-ne.
Rise Up, Shepherds, and Follow

Traditional Spiritual

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 forget 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.
Edward Caswall (1814–1878)  
John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)

CHRISTMAS

SLEEP, HOLY BABE!

1. Sleep, Holy Babe! upon Thy mother's breast; Great Lord of earth, and
   sea, and sky, How sweet it is to see Thee lie In such a place of fold-ed wings, Be-fore th' In-car-nate King of kings, In rev'-rent awe pro-

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

3. Sleep, Holy Babe! while I with Ma-ry gaze, In joy up-on that
   rest, In such a place of rest. Accomp.

4. Sleep, Holy Babe! ah! take Thy brief re-pose; Too quick-ly will Thy
   found, In rev'-rent awe pro-found.
   plays, Which there di-vine-ly plays.
   close, That death a-lone shall close.
THE TRUTH FROM ABOVE

(Herefordshire Carol)

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

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

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

He here did live, and here did preach, and many thousands He did teach.
And if you want to know the way, Be pleased to hear what He did say:
And he that does believe in Me, From all his sins I'll set him free.
And, if He's pleased to grant thee this, Thou'rt sure to have eternal bliss.
Which to His people doth belong; And thus I close my Christmas song.
1. Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed,
2. How much better thou'rt attended, Than the Son of God could be,
3. Blessed babe! what glorious features—Spotless fair, divinely 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 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 adorning; Love in fant, 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 affront 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 kingly head spread over,
3. Nor raiment gay, as there He lay,
   Adorn'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 moth-er mild,
   She laid Him in a man-ger.
The live-long night saw pure and bright,
   Above His birth-place burn-ing.
Down through the air an angel fair
   On wing of flame came fly-ing.

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

"Glad news I bring, the prom-ised King
   Lies in a sta-ble yon-der.
A man-ger rude His dwell-ing is,
   There lies He, cradled poor-ly."
A mul-ti-tude, and with Him stood,
   A spec-tacle a-maz-ing.
Till with their cry the very sky
   From end to end was ring-ing.
Good will to men, and peace a-gain
   O earth is 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,
And straight we knew it was Christ’s star, Bright beam - ing in the morn - ing.
Then did we fall on bend - ed knee, On Christ - mas in the morn - ing,
And prais’d the Lord, who’d let us see, His glo - ry at its dawn - ing.

2. Oh! ev - er thought be of His Name, On Christ - mas in the morn - ing,
Who bore for us both grief and shame, Af - flic - tion’s sharp - est scorn - ing.
And may we die (when death shall come,) On Christ - mas in the morn - ing,
And see in heav’n, our glo - rious home, That Star of Christ - mas morn - ing.

CHRISTMAS

THE GOLDEN CAROL

of

Melchior, Casper and Balthazar

Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

Traditional

English

105

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

**All**
1. We three kings of *O*ri-*ent* are; Bear-ing gifts we bring to thee,
   Through *traverse* a-far, *Field* and fountain, *Moor* and mountain,
   *Crown* Him again, *King* forever, ceasing never.

**Melchior**
2. Born a King on Beth-*le-*hem's plain, *Gold* I bring, to *Govern* the kings,

**Casper**
3. Frank-in-*cense* to offer have I, *Incense* owns a power,*
   *Gather* ering gloom; *Sor*rowing, *Sigh* ing,*Bleed*ing, *Dye*ing, Seal'd in the stone-cold tomb.

**Balthazar**
4. *Myrrh* is mine, its *bit*er per-*fume*, *Breathes* a life of *Per*ils,
   *Sacrifice* *Ale*-*lu*-*ia* *Ale*-*lu*-*ia*, Earth to heav'n *replies*.

**All**
5. *Glorious* now behold *Him arise*, *King* and *God* and *Saviour* is the Son of man,
   *Worship* *Him* all you *worship* the name of the Lord.

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*from Christmas Carols, New and Old*
CHRISTMAS

THE STRANGER STAR

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818–1895)  J. A. Shultze, 1780

1. Saw ye never in the twi-light, When the sun had left the skies,
   Up in heav’n the clear stars shin-ing Thro’ the gloom like lov-ing eyes?
   So of old the wise men watch-ing, Saw a blaz-ing stran-ger-star,
   And they knew the King was giv-en, And they fol-lowed it from far.

2. Heard ye never of the sto-ry, How they crossed the des-ert wild,
   Jour-neyed on by plain and moun-tain, Till they found the Ho-ly Child?
   How they o-pend all their trea-sure, Kneel-ing to that In-fant King,
   Gave the gold and fra-grant in-cense, Gave the myrrh in-of-fer-ing?

3. Know ye not that low-ly Ba-by Was the bright and Morn-ing Star,
   He who came to light the Gen-tiles, And the dark-ened isles a-far?
   And we too may seek His cra-dle, There our hearts’ best trea-sures bring,
   Love and faith and true de-votion, For our Sav-ior, God, and King.

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

Christ-mas is here, bringing good cheer, To young and old, meek and the bold,

Ding! Dong! Ding! Ding! Dong!

Ding, dong, ding, dong, that is their song. With joyful ring, all car-ol-ing.

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Dong!

One seems to hear words of good cheer, From ev’rywhere 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.

Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas! Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, Ding, dong, ding, dong, Ding, dong, ding, dong, Ding, dong, ding, dong,

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

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

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

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

2. Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

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

O Christmas Tree

Moderately

1. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Thy leaves are so unchanging;
   Not only green when summer's here, But also when 'tis cold and drear.
   O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! O

2. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Much pleasure thou canst give me;
   How often has the Christmas tree the greatest glee! O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! O

3. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Thy candles shine so bright;
   From base to summit gay and bright, There's onl y splendor for the sight. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! O

4. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! How richly God has decked thee.
   Thou bidst us true and faithfull be, And trust in God unchangingly. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! O

German Folk Song
CHRISTMAS

O TANNENBAUM

Moderately

1. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Wie treu sind deine
2. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Du kannst mir sehr ge-
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
lehrten: Die Hoffnung und Be-ständigkeit 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 lernen!
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 la.
Follow me in merry measure, Fa la la, la la la, la la la la.
Sing we joyous all together, Fa la la, la la la, la la la la.

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

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

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

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

We Wish You a Merry Christmas

Traditional

English Folk Song

Christmas Bells

(Lovely Evening)

Somewhat quickly

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

ringing, sweetly ringing! Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.
JINGLE BELLS
(The One Horse Open Sleigh)

James Lord Pierpont (1822–1893)

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

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-fortune seem’d his
night, And sing this sleighing song; Just get a bobtailed 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
1. Jolly old Saint Nicholas, Lean your ear this way!
2. When the clock is striking twelve, When I'm fast asleep,
3. Johnny wants a pair of skates; Susy wants a sled;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
THE MANGER THRONE


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 Heav’n and earth, through the

morn at last is coming with orient light.
Godhead burns, Hid in flesh from fleshy sight.
spotless Birth, Are at peace on this night so fair.
2. Never fell melodies half so sweet As those which are filling the skies; And never a palace shone half so fair As the Hell: A child is born who shall conquer the foe, And_

3. Now a new Pow’r has come on the earth, A match for the armies of managers where our Savior lies; No night in the year is all the spirits of wickedness quell: For Mary’s Son is the half so dear As this which has ended our sighs. Mighty One Whom the prophets of God foretell.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Ave Jesu Deus

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

Born, great God, a man stranger, Laid within the narrow manager:

Wrapt in swathings-bands Thou liest, Thou in want and weakness sighest:

Judge supreme, true God-head sharing, Sin-ner’s like-ness for us wearing!

With Thy sacred Fire illumine me, Let it inwardly consume me,

Make me like Thy self in meekness, Bind to Thee my human weakness,

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Ave Jesu Deus

1. Ave Je - su De - us ma - gne, Ave Pu - er, mi - tis a - gne,
2. Ut me pau - pe - rem di - tâ - res, Ut me pêr - di - tum sal - vâ - 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 - võ - tum Post te tra - he, su - me to - tum,
5. Pro - cul va - nos hinc a - mó - res, Pro - cul ma - los ar - ce mo - res,

Ave De - us ho - mo na - te, In Prae - sé - pi re - cli - ná - te!
Ja - ces pan - nis in - vo - lú - tus, Om - ni o - pe de - sti - tû - tus.
Ju - dex sum - me, ve - rus De - us, Prop - ter me fis ho - mo re - us!
I - gle tu - o sanc - to u - re, Ah, ah pé - ni - tus com - bû - re.
Tu - is me - os ap - tos fin - ge, Æ - tér - no me ne - xu strin - ge,

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. Cor-de natus ex parén-tis An-te mundi ex ór-di-um
2. Ip-se jús-sit et cre-á-ta, di-xit ip-se et fac-ta sunt,
3. Cór-po-ris for-mam ca-dú-ci, mem-bra morti ob-nó-xi-a

A et O co-gno-mi-ná-tus, ip-se fons et cláu-su-la
Ter-ra, că-lum, fos-sa pon-ti, tri-na re-rum má-chi-na,
Ind-u-it, ne gens per-i-ret 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-fün-do no-xi-á-lis tár-ta-ro.

Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis,
Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis,
Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis,

4. O be-á-tus or-tus il-le,
5. Psal-lat al-ti-tú-do căe-li,
6. Ec-cc, 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-quid est vir-tú-tis us-quam
con-ci-né-bant sæ-cu-lis, Quem pro-phe-tá-rum fi-dé-les
fe\-ta Sanc\-to Spi\-ri\-tu, Et pu\-cr red\-émp\-tor or\-bis os sa\-crá\-rum
psal-lat in lau\-dem De\-i, Nul\-la lin\-guár\-um si\-lés\-cat, vox et om\-nis
pá\-gi\-ne spo\-pón\-de\-rant, E\-mi\-cat prom\-is\-sus o\-lim; cunc\-ta con\-láu-

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

mac\-te rex vi\-vén\-ti\-um, Dex\-ter in Pa\-rén\-tis ar\-ce
par\-vu\-ló\-rum te cho\-rus, Tur\-ba ma\-trum, vir\-gi\- núm\-que,
há\-gi\-o\-que Pnéu\-ma\-te Hym\-nus, de\-cus, laus pér\-én\-nis,

qui elu\-is vir\-tú\-ti\-bus, Om\-ni\-um ven\-tú\-rus in\-de
sim\-pli\-ces pu\-él\-lu\-le, Vo\-ce con\-cór\-des pu\-dí\-cis
gra\-ti\-á\-rum ác\-ti\-o, Ho\-nor, vir\-tus, vic\-tó\-ri\-a,

jus\-tus ul\-tor cri\-mi\-num. Sæ\-cu\-ló\-rum sæ\-cu\-lis.  7. Mac\-te ju\-dex mor\-tu\-ó\-rum,
pér\-stre\-pant con\-cén\-ti\-bus, Sæ\-cu\-ló\-rum sæ\-cu\-lis.  8. Te se\-nes et te ju\-vén\-tus,
re\-gn\-num æ\-ter\-ná\-li\-ter, Sæ\-cu\-ló\-rum sæ\-cu\-lis.  9. Tí\-bi, Christe, sit cum Pa\-tre

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

Translated by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

Divinum Mysterium, 13th Century Melody

1. Of the Father’s love begotten, 
   Ere the worlds began to be,
2. At His Word the worlds were framed; 
   He commandéd; it was done:
3. He is found in human fashion, 
   Death and sorrow here to know,

He is Alpha and Omega, 
He the source, the ending He,
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 the things that are, that have been, 
And that future years shall see,
All that grows beneath the shining 
Of the moon and burning sun,
May not henceforth die and perish 
In the dreadful gulf below,

Evermore and evermore! 
4. O that birth forever blessed, 
   When the Virgin,
Evermore and evermore! 
5. This is He Whom seers in old time chantéd of with 
   Evermore and evermore!
Evermore and evermore! 
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;
one accord; Whom the voices of the prophets 
Promised in their faith-ful word;
praise sing; Pow’rs, do-minions, bow before Him, 
And ex-tol our God and King!
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
Now He shines, the long expected,
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
First revealed His sacred face,
Let creation praise its Lord,
Every voice in concert sing,

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

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

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

Sinners from Thy face shalt drive,
And the heart its music bring,
And eternal victory,
Ev-er-more and ev-er-more!
Ev-er-more and ev-er-more!
Ev-er-more and ev-er-more!

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

Auf, schicke dich, by Christian Fürchtegott Gellert (1715–1769)
Sir Frederick A. G. Ouseley (1825–1889)
Transcribed by Frances E. Cox (1812–1897)

1. Come! tune your heart, To bear its part, And cele-

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

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

4. O Christ, to prove For Thee, my love, In breth - ren

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

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

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

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

That Angels welcomed at His Birth The everlasting Child.
Then swains and pilgrims from the East Saw, wond'ring, 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 bless'd sight to see,
O God, O Brother let me give, My worth-less self to Thee;
That I may tread life's arduous ways As Thou Thyself hast trod,
There try me as the silver, try, And cleanse my soul with care,

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. The moon shines bright and the stars give a light A little before the day: Our

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

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,

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 today, tomorrow gone, The creatures of an hour.

7. Instruct and teach your children well, The while that you are here; It
8. Today you may be alive and well, Worth many a thousand pound; To-

will be better for your soul, When your corpse lies on the bier.
morrow dead and cold as clay, Your corpse laid under ground.

9. With one turf at thy head, O man, And another at thy feet;
10. My song is done, I must be gone, I can stay no longer here;

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
**The Incarnation**

Rev. H. R. Bramley (1833–1917)

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

2. A Babe on the breast of a maiden He lies, Yet sits with the Virgin, and sinless His Birth; The Father eternal His Father on high in the skies; Before Him their faces the promised to Mary so mild; Whose pow'r and dominion shall

3. Lo! here is Emmanuel here is the Child, The Son that was Father alone: He sleeps in the manger; He reigns on the Throne. Seraphim hide, While Joseph stands waiting, unscared, by His side. ever increase, The Prince that shall rule o'er a kingdom of peace.

---

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

To save us poor sinners He came from above.

---

Traditional
4. The wonderful Counselor, boundless in might, The Father's own

mf

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

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

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

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

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

To save us poor sinners He came from above.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. God's dear Son, without beginning, Whom the wicked Jews did scorn;  
   The only wise, without all sinning, On this blessed day was born;  
   To save us all from sin and thrall, When we in Satan's chains were bound;  
   And shed His blood to do us good With many a purple bleeding wound.

2. Bethlehem, King David's city, Birthplace of that Babe we find,  
   God and Man endued with pity, And the Savior of man-kind;  
   Yet Jewry land, with cruel hand, Both first and last His pow'r denied;  
   When He was born they did Him scorn, And showed Him mal-ice when He died.

3. No princely palace for our Savior In Judea could be found,  
   But sweet Mary's meek behavior Patiently upon the ground  
   Her Babe did place, in vile disgrace, Where oxen in their stalls did feed;  
   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;
mf
5. Yet, as Ma-ry sat in sol-acce
   By our Sav-ior’s cra-dle side,
6. Now to Him that hath redee-med us
   By His death on ho-ly Rood,

No pom-pous train at all took plea-sure
To the King of kings to run;
p
Hosts of An-gels from God’s Pal-ace,
Sing-ing sweet through Hea-v’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;
ff
Yea, Hea-v’n and earth, at Je-sus’ birth,
With sweet mel-o-dious tunes a-bound;
Yield last-ing fame, that still the Name
Of Je-sus may be hon-ored here;

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. The Babe in Bethlehem's manger laid, 
   In humble form so low;

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

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

By wondering Angels is surveyed 
   Thro' all His scenes of woe.

Let every bosom hail the sound, 
   A Savior! Christ the Lord.

He came for sinners to 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, 
   Uplift 'twixt earth and skies;

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

To heal the sick with hand benign, 
   And raise to life the dead.

In sinners' stead was crucified, 
   For sin a sacrifice.

And hail His coming down to earth, 
   Who raises us to Heav'n.
CHRISTMAS

GOD LOVED THE WORLD
(Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt)

from the Trier Gesangbuch, 1871

Arranged by B. Luard Selby (1853–1918)

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

Chorus

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

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

Last verse.

Additional verses

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

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

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

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

Praise we the Lord in heav'n on high! Praise we the Lord in heav'n on high!

from CyberHymnal.org

Jesus in the Manger

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

Con spirito.
Low? Thou, the fires of heav'n supplying, Come a stable's cold to know?
still; Sad, with eyes dimmed Thou wepest, Eyes, which Heav'n with gladness fill.
span; Bound, Who only can deliver; Born is He Who ne'er began.

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

O what works of love stupendous, Je-su, Were salvation's price! Burning

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

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

Wert Thou to befriend us, Exiles far from Paradise.

Wert Thou to befriend us, Exiles far from Paradise.

Wert Thou to befriend us, Exiles far from Paradise.

Wert Thou to befriend us, Exiles far from Paradise.
1. From far away we come to you,
2. For as we wandered far and wide, The snow in the street, and the wind on the door,
3. Under a bent when the night was deep,

To tell of great tiding strange and true,
What hap do you deem there should us be-tide? Minstrels and maids stand
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
Under a bent when the

tell of great tiding strange and true, From far away we
hap do you deem there should us be-tide? For as we wandered
There lay three shepherds tending their sheep,

come to you, To tell of great tiding strange and true.
far and wide, What hap do you deem there should us be-tide?
night was deep, There lay three shepherds tending their sheep.
4. “O ye shepherds, what have ye seen,
5. “In an ox-stall this night we saw, The snow in the street, and the wind on the door,
6. There was an old man there beside;

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

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

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

To slay your sorrow and heal your teen?”
“A Babe and a Maid without a flaw,
His hair was white, and his hood was wide.

Note: The text is accompanied by musical notation.
7. And as we gazed this thing upon,
8. And a marvellous song we straight did hear, The snow in the street, and the
9. News of a fair and a marvellous thing,

Those twain knelt down to the little One,
wind on the door; That slew our sorrow and healed our care," Minstrels and maids stand
Noël, Noël, Noël, we sing!

And as we gazed this thing upon,
forth on the floor, Stand forth on the floor: And a marvellous song we straight did hear,
News of a fair and a marvellous thing,

Those twain knelt down to the little One, And as we gazed this
That slew our sorrow and healed our care," And a marvellous song we
Noël, Noël, Noël, we sing! News of a fair and a

thing upon, Those twain knelt down to the little
straight did hear, That slew our sorrow and healed our care," marvellous thing, Noël, Noël, Noël,
we sing!

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
**IN BETHLEHEM, THAT NOBLE PLACE**

1. In Beth-le-hem, that no-ble place, As by the Pro-phet said it was,

2. On Christ-mas night an An-gel told The shep-herds watch-ing by their fold,

3. The shep-herds were en-com-passed right, A-bout them shone a glo-rious light,

4. “No cause have ye to be a-fraid, For why? this day is Je-sus laid

5. “And thus in faith find Him ye shall Laid poor-ly in an ox’s stall.”

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

William Austin (1587–1634)          Sir Arthur S. Sullivan (1842–1900)

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

2. Wake, O earth, wake ev’ry-thing, Wake and hear the joy I bring: Wake and joy; for

   heavenly Pow’rs, Shine in these dark souls of ours. For most du-ly, Thou art
   tru-ly God and man, we do confess: Hail, O Sun of Right-eous-ness!

From Christmas Carols, New and Old
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, Holly, Holly, And the first tree of the greenwood It was the Holly.
Eugene Field (1850–1895)

**CHRISTMAS**

**CHRYSTMASSE OF OLDE**

*Swiss Air*

---

1. God rest you, Christ-en gen-til men, Wher-ev-er you may be, Wher-ev-er you may be, God rest you all in fielde or hall, Or

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

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

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

morn our Chryst is born That sav-eth you and me. came to bless ye name Of Je-sus Chryst, oure Kyng.
3. God rest you, Chrs - ten gen-til men, For-ing wher-c'er you may, For-ing wher-

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

c'er you may; In no-blesse court do thou no sport, In on ye tree, Let troublings cease and deeds of peace A -

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

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

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

from Favorite Songs and Hymns for School and Home, 1899, via books.google.com
AD CANTUS LÆTITIAE

15th Century Manuscript at Stuttgart

English by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

As found in Pia Cantiones, 1582

The same, in English

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
1. Christmas time is come again, Christmas pleasures bringing; Let us join our voices now, And Christmas songs be singing. Years ago, one starry night, When we reach that happy place, we'll raise our voices high.

2. Angels sang; let men reply, And children join their voices; Raise the chorus from now on, And the sky is filled with song. Years ago, one starry night, When we reach that happy place, we'll raise our voices high.

Thus the story's given, Angel bands o'er Bethlehem's plains, Sang the songs of joyous praises bringing, Then, before our Father's face, We shall still be singing. Glory be to God on high! Peace, goodwill to mortals! Christ the Lord is born tonight, Heav'n throws wide its portals.

Chorus

Heaven.
singing.

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

A DAY, A DAY OF GLORY

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

Arranged by Dr. Charles Wood (1866–1926)

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

5. A day that tells of tri-umph Against our van-quish'd foe!
With Kyri- e eleison Men an-swer up-on earth:
The ox and ass His cour-tiers, Who made and gov-erns all:
Because the Prince of Is-rael A-lone hath en-ter'd in:

10. Yield, sum-mer's bright-est sun-rise, To this Dec-em-ber morn:
And an-gels swell the tri-umph, And mor-tals raise the horn,
The "House of Bread" His birth-place, The Prince of wine and corn:
The earth, the sky, the o-cean His glo-rious way a-dorn:

15. Lift up your gates, ye Prin-ces, And let the Child be born!

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
CHRISTMAS

Earth Today Rejoices

Ave maris stella lucens, from Pie Cantiones, 1582

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

1. Earth today rejoices, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
2. Reconciliation, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
3. Though the cold grows stronger, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,

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

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

Sam-son lays the temple low: War and strife are done, God and man are one.
Sol-o-mon is crown'd a new: War and strife are done, God and man are one.
Burns the Bush that is not burnt: War and strife are done, God and man are one.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
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,
   For guests, my friends and neighbours, To sup with me in hall;
   That, at this blessed season, Which comes but once a year,
   We may, as folk in olden days, rejoice, and make good cheer.'

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

3. 'Sire, shall I bid in Dives, For it is very plain,
   If ye give him a banquet, He'll banquet you again?'
   'Nay, bid not hither Dives, For it shall ne'er be thus,
   But go among the alley lanes, And fetch in Lazarus.'
4. ‘Sire, shall I bid the merchant, That hath upon the seas
5. And wherefore must I turn me From noble and from rich?
6. ‘For these be they, good steward, Whom God doth chiefly choose,

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

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

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

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

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1914)  
Flemish, *Quittec, 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 winter 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

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-

3. What if my flute Break time with An-ge-l 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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Of her in Beth - lem born He is, Cons - ors pa - tér - ni lu - mi - nis.
Be - side His moth - er maid - en free, Glór - ri - a Ti - bi, Dó - mi - ne.
1. Puer natus in Bethle­hem, Al­le­lú­ia.
2. As­sump­sit car­nem hó­mi­nis, Al­le­lú­ia.
3. Per Ga­brí­lis nú­ni­um, Al­le­lú­ia.
4. De ma­tre na­tus vir­gi­ne, Al­le­lú­ia.
5. Si­ne ser­pén­tis vúl­ne­re, Al­le­lú­ia.
6. In car­ne no­bis sí­mi­lis, Al­le­lú­ia.
7. Tam­quam spon­sus de thá­la­mo, Al­le­lú­ia.
8. Hic ja­cet in pre­sé­pi­o, Al­le­lú­ia.
9. Unde gau­det Je­ru­sa­lem, Al­le­lú­ia.
10. Ver­bum Pa­tris al­tís­si­mi, Al­le­lú­ia.
11. Vir­go con­cé­pit Fí­li­um, Al­le­lú­ia.
12. Si­ne vi­ri­li sé­mi­ne, Al­le­lú­ia.

From Piæ Cantiones*, 1582

Piæ Cantiones*
11. Ma-gi de lon-ge vé-ni-unt, Alle-lú-ia.

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

In-trán-tes do-num in-vi-cem, Alle-lú-ia.
In hoc na-tá-li gáu-di-o, Alle-lú-ia.
Lau-dé-tur sanc-ta Trí-ni-tas, Alle-lú-ia.

Na-tum sa-lú-tant Hó-mi-nem, Alle-lú-ia.
Be-re-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no, Alle-lú-ia.
De-o di-cá-mus grá-ti-as, Alle-lú-ia.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919

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

(Geborn ist Gottes Sönelein)

Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

Variation of *Puer nobis nascitur* from *Piae Cantiones*

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

1. The Son of God is born for all
   At Beth-lem in a cattle-stall:

2. Re-joice to-day for Jesus's sake,
   Within your hearts His cradle make:

3. Beneath Him set His crib, of tree;
   Let Hope the little mat-tress be,

4. In bodies pure and un-de-fil'd
   Prepare a cham-ber for the Child:

5. Draw nigh, the Son of God to kiss,
   Greet Mary's Child (the Lord He is)

6. Come rock His cradle cheer-ily,
   As doth His moth-er, so do ye,

---

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

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

---
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 - phe - cy.

7. By, by, lul - lay be - fore Him sing; Go, wind the horn, and pluck the string,
8. Thus, Babe, I min - i - ster to Thee, Een 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 outstretch’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 Piae Cantiones, 1582

To be sung in Unison.

1. Puer nobis nascitur Rec-tor An-ge-lorum, In hoc mun-do
   Un-to us is born a Son, King of Quires su-per-nal: See on earth His
   life be-gun, Of lords the Lord e-ter-nal, Of lords the Lord e-ter-nal,
   ör-ga-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no.

2. In pra-sé-pe pósí-tum Sub fá-no a-si-nór-um Co-gno véré-nt
   Christ, from hea’n de-scending low, Comes on earth a stran-ger: Ox and ass their
   Own-er know Be-crà-dled in the man-ger, Be-crà-dled in the man-ger. gen-tle Child Might lead us up to glo-ry, Might lead us up to glo-ry!
   Dó-mi-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no. Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no.

3. Hunc He-ró-des ti-mu-it Ma-gno cum tre-mó-re, In in-fán-tes
   This did Her-od sore af-fray, And griev-ous-ly be-wil-der; So he gave the
   word to slay, And slew the lit-tle chil-der, And slew the lit-tle chil-der.
   Dó-mi-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no.

4. Qui na-tus ex Má-ri-a Di-e ho-di-ér-na Duc nos tu-a
   grá-ti-a Ad gá-udi-a su-pér-na, Ad gá-udi-a su-pér-na. Öl-ga-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no.
   This the Christmas sto-ry: And O that Má-ry’s
   Dó-mi-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no. Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no.

5. Te Sal-vá-tor A et O Can-té-mus in cho-ro, Can-té-mus in
   ór-ga-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no.
   O et A et A et O, Cam cán-ti-bus in cho-ro, Cam cán-ti-cis et
   In life be gun, Of lords the Lord e ter nal, Of lords the Lord e ter nal, grá-ti-a Ad gá-udi-a su-pér-na, Ad gá-udi-a su-pér-na.
   Dó-mi-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no. Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no.

(The same, in English)

CHRISTMAS

Arranged by G.H. Palmer

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
15th Century

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

Translated by Wm. John Blew (1808–1894)

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

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

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

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

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
**TO US THIS MORN A CHILD IS BORN**

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1914)

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

Jog on, jog on the footpath way

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

Than God the King of every thing, Maid Mary is His Mother.
Now came't to pass that ox and ass Bow'd down afore their Own'er.
In all that coast, a blameless host, From two years old and under.
Bless God, the Son ere time begun, Now lain in manger lowly.

**WHEN ANGELICK HOST ENTUNED**

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1914)

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1914)

Heinz, wiltro Christa han, 1582

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

O'er the Child, meek and mild, Of the Vir-gin Mary:
To the One Holy Son Born of Maid-en Mary:
Of no thing for this King, God, the Son of Mary:
Was the lay on that day Sung by Bless-ed Mary.

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

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1914)

Dich grüssen wir, O Jesulein, 1623
Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

1. 'Twas in a cave on Christmas morn, Noel, Noel,
2. See in a crib the heav'nly Child, Lullay, Lullay,
3. Thither-ward kings and herd-men drew To Ephra-tha,

Je-sus, the Son of God was born, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Cradled by Mary, Maid-en mild, Lullay, Lullay, Lullay.
For to adore the Babe Je-su, At Beth-lem Eph-ra-tha.

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

In ho-ly writ by bards of old, Eia, Eia, Eia.
Mar-vel-ous glad o'er Jesus's birth Ex Ma-tre Mar-i-a.
Qui na-tus es pro bó-mi-ne, Al-le-lu-ia.

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
Robert Southwell (1560–1593)

Tune of *We are poor frozen-out gardeners*

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

**NEW PRINCE, NEW POMPE**

1. Behoulde a sely tender Babe In freesing winter nightes:
   In homely manner, trembling lies; Alas, a pitious sight:
   The inns are full, no man will yelde This little Pilgrime bedd:
   But forced He is with sely beastes In cribbe to shroude His head:

2. Despise not Him for lying there, First what He is enquire:
   An orient perle is of ten found In depth of dirty mire.
   Waye not His cribbe, His wodden dishe, Nor beastes that by Him feede:
   Waye not His Mothers poore attire, Nor Jo-sephe's simple weede:

3. This stable is a Prin-ce's courte, The cribbe His chaire of state:
   The beastes are parcell of His pompe, The wodden dishe His plate.
   The parsons in that poor attire His royall liveries weare:
   The Prince Himself is come from heav'n, This pompe is priséd there.

4. With joye approch, O Christ-en wighte, Do homage to thy Kinge:
   And highely praise this humb pompe, Which He from heav'n doth bring:
   With joye approch, O Christ-en wighte, Do homage to thy Kinge:
   And highely praise this humb pompe, Which He from heav'n doth bring:

from *The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924*
Quem Pastores

1. Quem pastōres laudavere, Qui-bus ángeli di-xére, "Ab-sit
2. Ad quem magi am-bulabant, Aurum, thus, myr-rham por-tábant, Im-mo-
3. Ex-sulté-mus cum Ma-ri-a In cé-lés-ti hie-rár-chi-a Na-tum
4. Chris-to re-gi, De-o na-to, Per Ma-ri-am no-bis da-to, Mé-

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

Quem Pastores

1. Quem pastōres laudavere, Qui-bus ángeli di-xére,
2. Ad quem ma-gi am-bulabant, Aurum, thus, myr-rham por-tábant,
3. Ex-sulté-mus cum Ma-ri-a In cé-lés-ti hie-rár-chi-a
4. Chris-to re-gi, De-o na-to, Per Ma-ri-am no-bis da-to,

"Ab-sit vo-bis jam ti-mé-re, Na-tus est rex gló-ri-æ."
Im-mo-lab-tant hae-cin-cé-re Le-óni vic-tó-ri-æ.
Na-tum pro-mat vo-ce pi-a Laus, ho-nor et gló-ri-a.
Mé-rí-to ré-so-net ve-re Dul-ci cum me-ló-di-a.

from ChristmasCarolMusic.org
William Bright (1824–1901)

Christmas Song

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)

1. Once a - gain O bless-ed time, thank-ful hearts em-brace thee:
2. Once a - gain the Ho-ly Night 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-as-ure, While we

But the “Great Joy” nev-er. But the “Great Joy” nev-er!
All man-kind Sal-va-tion, All man-kind Sal-va-tion.
Pleads a-gainst de-ni-al, Pleads a-gainst de-ni-al!
4. Yea, if others stand apart, We will press the nearer;
5. So we yield Thee all we can, Worship, thanks, and blessing;
6. Thou that once, 'mid stable cold, Wast in babe-clothes lying,

Yea, O best fraternal Heart, We will hold Thee dearer, We will
Thee true God, and Thee true Man On our knees confessing, On our
Thou whose Altar-veils enfold Pow'r and Life undying, Pow'r and

hold Thee dearer; Faithful lips shall answer thus To all faithless
knees confessing; While Thy Birthday morn we greet With our best de-
Life undying, Thou whose Love bestows a worth On each poor en-

scorning, “Jesus Christ is God with us, Born on Christmas morning,
voation, Bathe us, O most true and sweet! In Thy Mercy's ocean.
deavor, Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth In our praise for ever.

Born on Christmas morning, Born on Christmas morning.
In Thy Mercy's ocean, In Thy Mercy's ocean.
In our praise for ever, In our praise for ever.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
A CRADLE-SONG OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

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

Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)

Allegretto non troppo.

1. The Virgin stills the crying Of Jesus, sleepless lying;
2. O Lamb, my love inviting, O Star, my soul delighting,
3. My Child, of Might indwelling, My Sweet, all sweets excelling,

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

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CHRISTMAS

JACOB'S LADDER

1. As Ja - cob with tra - vel was wea - ry one day, At night on a
   stone for a pil - low he lay, He saw in a vi - sion a
   lad - der so high, That its foot was on earth, and its top in the sky.

2. This lad - der is long, it is strong and well - made, Has stood hun - dreds of
   years and is not yet de - cayed; Ma - ny mil - lions have climbed it and
   reached Si - on's hill, And thou - sand by faith are climbing it still.

3. Come let us a - scend: all may climb it who will; For the An - gels of
   faith we pass o'er, Some Pro - phet or Mar - tyr hath trod it be - fore.

4. And when we ar - rive at the ha - ven of rest We shall hear the glad
   man - sions of bliss;" O, who would not climb such a lad - der as this?
   Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus, who died on the Tree, And hath rais'd up a
   lad - der of mer - cy for me, And hath rais'd up a lad - der of mer - cy for me.
It was the very noon of night: the stars above the fold, More
sure than clock or chiming bell, the hour of midnight told: When from the heav'n's there
sweet-ness like that bird of song in his immortal lay: O ne'er were wood-notes
sum-mer lightning; all a-round so bright the splen-dor lay. For oh, it mas-tered
came a voice, and forms were seen to shine. Still bright'ning as the mu-sic rose with
heard at eve by banks with pop-lar shade So thrill-ing as the con-cert sweet by
sight and sense, to see that glo-ry shine. To hear that minstrel in the clouds, who
light and love di-vine. With love di-vine the song be-gan; there shone a light se-
heav'n-ly harp-ings made: For love di-vine was in each chord, and fill'd each pause be-
sang of Love Di-vine, To see that form with bird-like wings, of more than mor-tal
rene: O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?
4. When once the rapturous trance was past, that so my sense could bind,
I left my sheep to Him whose care breathed in the western wind;
And bowed before the lowly rack where Love Divine was laid:

5. I hast-end to a low-roofed shed, for so the Angel bade;
I left them, for instead of snow, I trod on blade and flow'r;
A new-born Babe, like tender Lamb, with Lion's strength there smiled;

And ice dissolved in starry rays at morning's gracious hour, Re-
For Lion's strength, immortal might, was in that new-born Child; That

D.S. al Fine

vealing where on earth the steps of Love Divine had been;
Love Divine in child-like form had God ever been:

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Sweet was the song the Virgin sung, When she, when she to Bethlehem Juda came, And was deliver'd of a Son, That blessed Jesus hath to name. 

Lul-la, lul-la-by, Lula, lula, lul-la, lul-la-by, sweet Babe, sung she, My Son, and eke a Savior born, Who hath vouchsafed from on high To

To visit us that were forlorn; Lala, la-lula, la-lula-

To visit us
CHRISTMAS

27
And rock'd Him sweet - ly on her knee. 
dim. e rall.
by, p sweet babe, sang she, And rock'd Him sweet - ly on her knee.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919

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 schon ju -bi -lier-en, Bei dem Krip -plein
Ma - ri -a tut es nie -der - sing -en Ihr -e keu -sche
Gott hat den Him -mels thron ver -las -sen Und muss reis -en
Tu uns des Him -mels Reich auf -schließ-en, Wenn wir ein -mal

Brust dar -bring -en. Schlaf, schlaf, schlaf, Mein lieb -es Kind -lein schlaf!
ster -ben müs -sen. Wir, wir, wir, Wir ruf -en all zu dir.

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

KLING GLÖCKCHEN

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

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

Öffnet mir die Türen! Laßt mich nicht erfreiren!
Bring euch viele Gaben, Sollt euch dran erlaben!
Will drin wohnen fröhlich, Frommes Kind, wie selig!

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

from The Wartburg Hymnal, 1918
CHRISTMAS

INFANT HOLY, INFANT LOWLY
(W Żłobie Leży)

Traditional Polish Carol

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

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

1. Infant holy, infant lowly
   For His bed a cattle stall;

2. Flocks were sleeping, shepherds keeping
   Vigil till the morning new

   Ox-en low-ing, lit-tle know-ing, Christ the Babe, is Lord of all.
   Saw the glo-ry, heard the sto-ry, Tid-ings of a gos-pel true.

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

   tid-ings bring-ing: Christ the Babe is Lord of all.
   greet the mor-row: Christ the Babe was born for all.

   From CyberHymnal.org
IL EST NÉ LE DIVIN ENFANT

Anonymous

17th century French melody
Arranged by Bernard Dewagtere

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

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

1. Depuis plus de quatre mille ans, Nous le promettaient les prophètes, Depuis plus de quatre mille ans, Nous attendions cet heureux temps.
2. Une établ est son gelement, Un peu de paille est sa couchette, Une établ est son gelement, Pour un Dieu, quel(e) dénuement! Chantons tous son avenement.
3. O Jésus, ô roi tout puisant, Tout petit enfant que vous êtes, O Jésus, ô roi tout puisant, Régnez sur nous entierement.
1. “No-ël nou-ve-let,” come let us sing “no-ël;”

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

No-ël nou-ve-let, No-ël chan-tons i-ci,

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

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

Dé-vos-tes gens, cri-ons à Dieu mer-ci!

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

Chan-tons No-ël pour le Roi nou-ve-let!

“No-ël nou-ve-let,” come let us sing “no-ël."

No-ël nou-ve-let, No-ël chan-tons i-ci!”
Catalanian

FUM, FUM, FUM

Arranged by Abel Di Marco, Pbro.

1. Twen - ty-fifth day of De - cem - ber, Fum, fum, fum!
2. Praise we now the Lord above, Fum, fum, fum!

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

4. bless - ed Babe was born Up - on this day at break of morn
   all our voi - ces raise And sing a song of grate - ful praise

5. In a Cel - e.

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

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

8. man - ger poor and low - ly Lay the Son of God most
   brate in song and stor - y All the won - ders of His

9. Fum, fum, fum, fum!

10. For a fum!

11. Now we fum!

12. Fum, fum, fum, fum!

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

from cpdl.org and pucpr.edu
CHRISTMAS

HACIA BELÉN VA UNA BURRA

1. Hacia Belén va una burra riñó me remendo-ba yo me remendo-dé, yo me eché un re-
   mp

2. En el portal de Belén riñó me remendo-ba yo me remendo-dé, yo me eché un re-

3. En el portal de Belén riñó me remendo-ba yo me remendo-dé, yo me eché un re-

miento yo me lo quité, carga-de cho-co-la-te. Lleva su cho-
miento yo me lo quité, han entra-do los ra-to-nes. Y al bueno-
miento yo me lo quité, gi-ta-ni-llos han entra-do Y al Niño

co-la-te-ra riñó me remendo-ba yo me remendo-dín, yo me eché un re-
de San José riñó me remendo-ba yo me remendo-dín, yo me eché un re-
que es-tá en la cu-na riñó me remendo-ba yo me remendo-dín, yo me eché un re-

miento yo me lo quité, su mo-li-nillo y su a-na-fre.
miento yo me lo quité, Le han roido los calzo-nes.
miento yo me lo quité, los paña-les la han ro-ba-do.

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

from cpdl.org and pucperu
RIU RIU CHIU

Mateo Flecha el Viejo (1481–1553)

1. El lobo rabioso laquiso morder, Mas Dios podero so la supo defender,
   Quiso le hazer que no pudiesse pecar: Ni aún original esta Virgen no tuviera.

2. Es-te qu'es nas-ci do el gran monar-cha, Christo pa-triar-cha de car ne ves-ti do.
Hanos re-di-mi-do con se ha-zer chiqui-to, Aunqu'e-ra in-fi-ni-to fi-ni-to ses hi-zie-ra.

3. Muchas profe-ci-as lo han profe-ti-za-do, Y aúin en nuestros di-as, lo hemos al-can ça-do;

A Dios hu-ma-na-do vemos en el sue-lo, Y al hombre en el cie-lo por-que'l le quisie-ra.

4. Yo vi mil gar ço-nes que an-da-van can-tan-do, Por a-quí vo-lan-do ha-zien-do mil so-nes,

Diziendo a gasco-nes: Gloria sea en el cie-lo Y paz en el sue-lo, pues Je-sús nas-cie-ra.

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

Es la luz del di-a a-ques-te moçue-lo; Es-tes el cor-de-ro que San Juan di-xe-ra.

6. Míra bien que os cuad-re que ansi-na lo oye-ra: Que Dios no pudie-ra ha-zer-la más que Ma-dre;

El qu'era su Pa-dre, hoy d'e-lle nas-ció Y el que la cri-ó, su Hi-jo se di-xe-ra.

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

To-dos le da-re-mos nuestra vo-lun-tad, Pues a se-igua-lar con el hom-bre vi-nie-ra.

from cpdl.org
Christina Rosetti (1830–1894)  
Harold Darke (1888–1976)

**IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER**

Moderato e tranquillo

*Soprano Solo* 1. In the bleak mid-winter, frosty wind made moan,  

*Tenor Solo* 3. Enough for Him, whom Cher-ubim, Worship night and day,  

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 away, When He comes to reign. In the bleak mid-winter, A stable place suf-

ficed the Lord God Almighty Jesus Christ.

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

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

Give my heart, give my heart.

from cpdl.org
In the Bleak Midwinter

Christina Rossetti (1830–1894)
Gustav Holst (1874–1934)

1. In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,
   Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone,

2. Our God, Heav’n cannot hold Him
   Heav’n and earth shall flee away
   A breastful of milk, and a manful of hay:

3. Enough for Him, whom Cherubim
   Enough for Him, whom angels
   But only His mother

4. Angels and archangels
   Angels and archangels
   If I were a wise man

5. What can I give Him,
   May have gathered there
   I would do my part;

   In the bleak midwinter, a stable place sufficed
   In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed
   In the bleak midwinter, Long ago.

   The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.
   The ox and ass and camel which adore.
   The ox and ass and camel which adore.

   Worshiped the Beloved with a kiss.
   Worshipped the Beloved with a kiss.
   Yet what I can, I give Him.

   Give my heart.

   from CantateDomino.org
Lætentur Cæli et exsul-tet ter-ra, et exsul-tet ter-ra

Lætentur Cæli et exsul-tet ter-ra, et exsul-tet ter-ra ante faciem Domini. Lætentur cum li
te faciem Domini. Lætentur cum li et ex-

Lætentur cum li. An-te

faciem Domini. Quon-i-am ven-it, quon-
faciem Domini. Quon-i-am ven-it, quon-i-am ven-it, quon-

- i-am ven-it, quón-i-am ven-it. ven-it, ven-it!
CHRISTMAS

Shiloh

from The Suffolk Harmony (1786)

William Billings (1746–1800)

1st Shepherd: Me thinks I see an heav’nly Host of Angels on the Wing; Me-

Narrator: Then learn from hence, ye rural Swains, the meekness of your God, Who

thinks I hear their cheer-ful notes, so mer-rily they sing, so

left the bound-less Realms of Joy, to ran-som you with blood, to

mer-rily they sing. 1st Angel: Let all your Fears be

ran-som you with blood. 1st Angel: Lay down your crooks, and

1st Angel: Seek not in Courts or

Glad to

ban-ish’d hence. Glad tid-ings I pro-claim, For there’s a Sav-ior

quit your Flocks, to Beth-le-hem re-pair; And let your wan-d’ring

Pal-aces; 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-ten-ded on the Straw, ex-ten-ded 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

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

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

ye is low for joy, ye Tenants of the Stall, Pay your obeisance;
en ter tain is not of common Birth, but second to the

ye is on your knees Unanimously fall, Unanimously fall.

Great I Am; the God of heav'n and earth, the God of heav'n and earth.

from www.spdl.org
Myn Lyking

15th Century

Allegro moderato (d = 112)

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

Lullay myn lyking, my dere sonne, my sweet-ing. Lullay my dere herte, myn own dere der-ling.
2. That same Lord is He that made al-le thing, Of al-le lordis He is Lord, of al-le kynes Kyng.

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

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

from Twelve Christmas Carols, 1912, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
Mrs. Alderson

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)

**CHRISTMAS**

**IN TERRA PAX**

---

1. In-fant of days, yet Lord of Life, Sweet Prince of Peace, All hail!

2. “Peace I leave with you,” was a-gain Thy dy-ing Gift to earth;

3. O ol-ive Branch! O Dove of Peace! Brood-ing o’er storm-y wa-ters!

---

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

---

9. 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,

---

15. In ter-ra Pax, In ter-ra Pax, Pax, Pax, Pax, Pax,
4. O hear Thy Church, with one accord, Her long-lost Peace imploring: Be it according to Thy word: Thy Reign of Peace bring in, dear Lord; Heav’n’s Peace to earth returning. And Peace Eternal, Jesu, grant, we pray.
If angels sung a Savior's birth, If angels sung a Savior's birth, On that auspicious morn,

If angels sung a Savior's birth, If angels sung a Savior's birth, On that auspicious morn,

We well may imitate their mirth, We well may imitate their mirth, Now He again is born,

We well may imitate their mirth, Now He again is born, born,

born, born. born.

He again is born, born.

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

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835–1921)

Maestoso


Læ - tén-tur cae - li, et  

ex - últet ter - ra a fá-ci-e Dómi - ni, quáni-am ve - nit. Al - le-lú - ia. From cpdl.org
Gau-dé-te, gaudé-te, Christus est na-tus ex Ma-rí-a Vir-gi-ne, Gaudé-te!

1. Tempus ad-est grá-ti-æ hoc quod op-ta-bámus, Cárm-i-na læ-tí-ti-æ de-vó-te red-dámus.
2. De-us homo factus est na-tú-ra mi-rán-te, Mundus re-no-vá-tus est a Christo regnán-te.
3. E-ze-chílís por-ta clau-sa per-trán-si-tur, Un-de lux est or-ta, sa-lus in-ve-ni-tur.
4. Er-go nostra cónti-o psal-lat jam in lustro, Be-ne-dí-cat Dómi-no, sa-lus Re-gi nostro.

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

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**GLORIOUS, BEAUTEOUS, GOLDEN-BRIGHT**

Anna M. E. Nichols  

Maria Tiddeman (1817–1915)

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

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

Jew-ish shep-herds kept Watch be-side their flocks that slept, lum-ined all the earth, When Christ’s An-gels sang His birth.
3. Soft and pure and holy glory, Kings and seers and prophets
4. But that light no more avail ed, 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.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
ALMA REDMPTORIS MATER

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c. 1525–1594)

Redemp-tóris Ma-ter, que pérv-ia cé-li porta ma-nes, Et stella ma-ris, succúr-re ca-dén-ti, súr-ge-re qui cur-rat pó-pu-

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

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

lo: Tu quà genu-is-ti, natú-ra mirán-te, tu-um sanc-tum Ge-ni-tó-rem: Vir-

lo: Tu quà genu-is-ti, natú-ra mirán-te, tu-um sanc-tum Ge-ni-tó-rem: Vir-

lo: Tu quà genu-is-ti, natú-ra mirán-te, tu-um sanc-tum Ge-ni-tó-rem: Vir-

lo: Tu quà genu-is-ti, natú-ra mirán-te, tu-um sanc-tum Ge-ni-tó-rem:
Virgo prius ac postérior, Gabriélis ab o-
re suemens il-lud Ave, pec-catórum mis-
re suemens il-lud Ave, pec-catórum mi-
mi-se-ré-re, pec-catórum mi-
se-ré-re, pec-catórum mi-
se-ré-re, pec-catórum mi-

O magnum mysterium et admirabile sacramen-

tum. O magnum mysterium et admirabile sacramen-

tum. O magnum mysterium et admirabile sacramen-

ra-bile, et admirabile sacramentum, ut anima-li-a vi-

ra-bile, et admirabile sacramentum, ut anima-li-a vi-

ra-bile, et admirabile sacramentum, ut anima-li-a vi-

ra-bile, et admirabile sacramentum, ut anima-li-a vi-

ra-bile, et admirabile sacramentum, ut anima-li-a vi-
dé-vent Dómi-num na - tum, vi-dé-vent Dó-minum na - tum

dé-vent Dómi-num na - tum, vi-dé-vent Dó-minum na - tum ja-cén -

dé-vent Dómi-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 -
Personent Hodie

from Piae Cantiones, 1582

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

1. Personent hó-di-e vo-ces pu-é-ru-læ, lau-dán-tes ju-cún-de
2. In mun-do ná-sci-tur, pan-nis in-vól-vi-tur, præ-sé-pi pó-ni-tur
3. Ma-gi tres ve-né-runt, pár-vu-lum in-qui-runt, Béth-le-hem ád-e-unt,
4. Om-nes clé-ri-cu-li, pár-i-ter pú-e-ri, can-ten-t 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, rec-tor su-per-nó-rum, pér-di-dit, -dit, -dit,
stél-lu-lam se-quén-do, ip-sum ad-o-rán-do, au-rum thus, thus, thus,
Ad-ve-nis-ti mun-do, lau-des Ti-bi fun-do. Id-e-o, -o, -o,

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

Words from *Piæ Cantiones*, 1582  
Arranged by Gustav Holst (1874–1934)

1. Pér-so-nent hó-di-e vo-cis pu-é-ru-læ, lau-dán-tes
2. In mun-do ná-sci-tur, pannis in-vól-vi-tur, præ-sé-pi
3. Ma-gi tres ve-nérunt, pár-vu-lum in-quí-runt, Béth-le-hem
4. Om-nes cle-ri-cu-li, pár-i-ter pú-e-ri, can-tent ut

Qui nobis est na-tus, summo De-o da-tus, et de vir-, vir-, vir-
pó-ni-tur stá-bulo bru-tó-rum, rec-tor super-nó-rum, pérdi-dit, -dit, -dit,
ád-e-unt, stél-lulam se-quén-do, ip-sum ad-o-rán-do, aurum thus, thus, thus,
án-ge-li: Ad-venís-ti mun-do, lau-des Ti-bi fun-do. Id-e-o, -o, -o,

et de vir-, vir-, vir-, et de vir- gi-ne-o ven-tre procre-á-tus.
aurum thus, thus, thus, aurum thus, et myrrham E-i of-fe-rén-do.
íd-e-o, -o, -o, id-e-o, gló-rí-a in ex-cél-sis De-o.
1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light: The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

2. Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells a-cross the snow: The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

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

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die. The year is dying, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true. The year is going, ring in the true.

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

from The Life Hymnal, 1904
Ring Out, Wild Bells

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)

Adapted from Kyrie, 12th Mass

W.A. Mozart (1756–1791)

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,
3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,
5. The flying cloud, the frosty light:
   Ring, happy bells across the snow:
   For those that here we see no more:
   And ancient forms of party strife:
6. The year is dying in the night;
   The year is going, let him go;
   Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
   Ring in the nobler modes of life,
7. Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
   Ring out the false, ring in the true.
   Ring in re-dress to all mankind.
   With sweeter manners, purr'r'r'r'r' laws.

New Year
5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
6. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease:
8. Ring in the valiant man and free,

The faithless coldness of the times:
The civic slander and the spite:
Ring out the 'wing lust of gold:
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;

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

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

Other verses, Robert Burns (1759–1796)

Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind?
But we’ve wan-der’d mon-ya wea-ry foot, Sin’ auld lang syne.

But seas be-tween us braid ba’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