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) 15th Century French

1. O come, O come, Em-man-u-el, And ran-som cap-tive Is-ra-el,
   That mourns in lone-ly ex-ile here Un-til the Son of God ap-pear.

2. O come, Thou Wis-dom from on high, Who ord-‘rest all things might-i-ly;
   To us the path of know-ledge show, And teach us in her ways to go.

3. O come, O come, Thou Lord of might, Who to Thy tribes, on Si-nai’s height,
   In an-cient times didst give the Law, In cloud, and maj-es-ty and awe.

4. O come, Thou Rod of Jes-se, free Thine own from Sa-tan’s ty-ran-ny;
   From depths of hell Thy peo-ple save, And give them vic-‘ry o’er the grave.

5. O come, Thou Key of Da-vid, come, And o-pen wide our heav’n-ly home;
   Re-joice! Re-joice! Em-man-u-el Shall come to thee, O Is-ra-el.

6. O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer Our spi-rits by Thine ad-vent here;

7. O come, De-sire of na-tions, bind In one the hearts of all man-kind;
   Make safe the way that leads on high, And close the path to mis-er-y.

Dis-perse the gloom-y clouds of night, And death’s dark shad-ows put to flight.
Bid Thou our sad di-vis-ions cease, And be Thy-self our King of Peace.
VENI, VENI, EMMANUEL

1. Veni, veni, Emmanuel captivum sol-ve Isra-el,
   qui ge-mit in ex-si-li-o, pri-vat-us De-i Fili-o.
   quae hic dis-po-nis om-ni-a,

2. Veni, O Sap-i-e-ni-a, qui pò-pu-lo in Si-nai
   de spec-tu tu-os tár-ta-ri e-duc et an-tro bæ-ra-thri.

3. Veni, ve-ni, A-do-nai, qui pò-pu-lo in Si-nai
   Gau-de! Gau-de! Em-ma-nu-el, na-scetur pro te Is-ra-el!

4. Veni, O Jes-se vir-gu-la, ex hos-tis tu-os un-gu-la,
   Gau-de! Gau-de! Em-ma-nu-el, na-scetur pro te Is-ra-el!

5. Veni, Clav-is Da-vi-di-ca, re-gna re-clú-de cae-li-ca,
   fac i-ter tu-tum su-per-um, et clau-de vi-as in fe-ru-m.
   Clau-de vir-gu-la, de pèl-le né-bu-las, fac i-ter tu-tum su-per-um.

6. Veni, ve-ni, O Ori-e-nis, so-la-re nos ad ve-ni-ens,
   noc-tis de pèl-le né-bu-las, di-ras-que mor-tis té-ne-bras.
   ut sal-vas tu-os fa-mu-los pec-ca-ti si bi con-sci-os.

7. Veni, ve-ni, Rex Gé-ni-ti-um, ve-ni, Red-em-p-tor om-ni-um,
   fac i-ter tu-tum su-per-um, et clau-de vi-as in fe-ru-m.
   fac i-ter tu-tum su-per-um, et clau-de vi-as in fe-ru-m.
Come Thou Long Expected Jesus

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

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

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

from The Church Hymnary, 1902, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com

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from CyberHymnal.org

ADVENT

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

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

Adapted by Henry J. Gauntlett (1805–1876)
O COME, DIVINE MESSIAH

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

1. O come, di-vine Mes-si-ah! The world in si-lence waits the day When

2. O Christ, whom na-tions sigh for, Whom priest and pro-phet long fore-told, Come

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

hope shall sing its tri-umph, And sad-ness flee a-way.

break the cap-tive fet-ters; Re-deem the long-lost fold.

clothed in hu-man weak-ness Shall we Your God-head see.

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

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

waits the day When hope shall sing its tri-umph, And sad-ness flee a-way.
ON JORDAN’S BANK

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

1. On Jordan’s bank the Baptist’s cry Announces that the Lord is nigh;
   Come, then, and hearken, for he brings Glad tidings from the King of kings!
2. Then cleansed be every 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 wither 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

Vox clara ecce intonat, 6th Century
Translated by Edward Caswall (1814–1878)

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. Star-tled at the sol-emn warning, Let the earth-bound soul arise;
   Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispersing, Shines upon the morning skies.
3. Lo! the Lamb, so long expec-ted, Comes with pardon down from heav’n;
   Let us haste, with tears of sorrow, One and all to be for-giv’n;
4. So when next He comes with glory, Wrapping all the earth in fear,
   May He then as our de-fender On the clouds of heav’n appear.
5. Hon-or, glory, virtue, merit, To the Father and the Son,
   With the Co-er nal Spirit, While un-ending ages run.

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

Wacht auf! by P. Nicolai (1556–1608)
Translated by F.C.B.

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

1. Wake, o wake! with tid - ings thrill - ing
   The watch - men all the air are fill - ing,
   Arise, Je - ru - sa - lem, ar - rise!

   Mid - night strikes! no more de - lay - ing,
   The hour has come! we 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.

   Joy un - doubt - ing, grace un - end - ing,
   She stands and waits with ea - ger eyes;
   Grace un - end - ing,
   Her light burns clear, her star doth rise.

   More shall leave
   us, We stand with An - gels round Thy throne.

   Now the gates of pearl re - ceive us, Thy pre - sence nev - er

   Now the gates of pearl re - ceive us, Thy pre - sence nev - er

   The Bride - groom comes in sight, Raise
   high your tor - ches bright! Al - le - lu - ia!

   Now come, Thou pre - cious Crown, Lord
   Je - su, God's own Son! Ho - san - na!

   Earth can - not give be - low
   The bliss Thou dost be - stow. Al - le - lu - ia!

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   Je - su, God's own Son! Ho - san - na!

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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 universe,
3. Thou cam'st, the Bride-groom of the bride, As drew the world to evening-tide;

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

And things celestial Thee shall own, And things terrestrial, Lord alone.
Preserve us, while we dwell below, From every insult of the foe. Amen.
Laud, honor, might, and glory be From age to age eternally.

**Conditor Alme Siderum**

Anonymous, 7th Century

Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

**Christmas is Coming**

Traditional

Edith Nesbitt (1858–1924)

Christ-mas is com-ing! The goose is get-ting fat; Please to put a pen-ny in the

old man’s hat, Please to put a pen-ny in the old man’s hat.
Christmas is Coming

H. Walford Davies (1869–1941)

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

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

But a pen-ny’s bet-ter, A pen-ny or two are bet-ter, or

three, four! Christmas is coming, the geese are get-ting fat,

three! or four!

old man’s hat. If you have n’t got a pen-ny, a ha’-p’ny-ll do, If you have n’t got a ha’-p’ny, a
far-thing'll do, If you haven't got a far-thing, God bless you! God

bless the mas-ter of this house, like-wise the mis-teress too, And

all the lit-tle chil-dren that round the ta-ble 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
CHRISTMAS

ADESTE FIDELES

from Cantus Diversi, 1751

John Francis Wade (1711–1786)

1. Adés-te fi-dé-les, Læ-ti tri-um-phán-tes, Ve-ni-te, ve-

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

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

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

Ve-ni-te in Béth-le-hem; Na-tum vi-dé-te, Re-gem an-
eg-ló-rum;
él-la ví-sce-ra. De-um ve-rum, gé-ni-tum non fac-
tum.
au-la cae-lés-ti-um, Gló-ri-a in ex-cél-sis De-o!
ti-bi sit glo-ri-a, Pa-tris æ-tér-ni Ver-bum ca-ro fac-
tum.

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

ff Ve-ni-te ad-o-ré-mus, Dó-mi-num.

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

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

Translated by Frederick Oakley (1802–1886)  John Francis Wade (1711–1786)

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

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

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

3. No more let sin and sorrow’s rows grow, Nor thorns in-ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And heav’n and nature sing, And heav’n and nature sing.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace And makes the nations prove The glories of His right-eous-ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And heav’n and nature sing, And heav’n and nature sing.

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

Traditional

1. A Child this day is born, A Child of high renown;
   Most worthy of a sceptre, A sceptre and a crown.
   Because the King of kings Was born on Christmas Day.

2. These tidings shepherds heard Whilst watching o'er their fold,
   Twas by an Angel unto them That night revealed and told.
   All glory be to God, That sitteth still on high,

3. Then was there with the Angel An host incontinent
   Of heavenly bright soldiers, All from the highest sent.
   With praises and with triumph great, And joyful melody.

4. They praised the Lord our God And our celestial King:
   Because the King of kings Was born on Christmas Day.
   All glory be in Paradise, This heav'nly host do sing.

5. All glory be to God, That sitteth still on high,
   All glory be in Paradise, This heav'nly host do sing.
   With praises and with triumph great, And joyful melody.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Traditional

The First Noël

18th Century French Melody

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

2. They looked up and saw a Star shining in the
   East beyond them far, And to the earth it came from country far;
   shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay.

3. And by the light of that same Star three wise men
   shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay.

4. This star drew nigh to the North West, O'er Bethle-
   East beyond them far, And to the earth it came from country far;
   shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay.

5. Then entered in those Wise men three, Full rent rent-
   East beyond them far, And to the earth it came from country far;
   shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay.

6. Then let us all with one accord, Sing praises
   East beyond them far, And to the earth it came from country far;
   shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay.

Verse

keep-ing their sheep On a cold win-ter's night that was so deep.
   shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay.

gave great light, And so it con-tinued both day and night.
   shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay.

their in-tent, And to fol-low the star where e'er it went.
   shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay.

stop and stay Right o-ver the place where Je-sus lay.
   shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay.

His pres-ence, Their gold and myrrh and frank-in-cense.
   shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay.

earth of naught, And with His Blood man-kind hath bought.
   shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay.

Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël, Born is the King of Is-ra-el.
CHRISTMAS

When Christ was born of Mary free!

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

16th Century English Tune

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hark the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King.

from Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir, 1910
1. Hark! the Herald angels sing, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
2. Joy-ful all ye na-tions rise, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
3. Christ, by high-est heav’n ad-ored, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
4. Hail! the heav’n-born Prince of peace, Je-sus, the Light of the world;

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

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

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

from The Finest of the Wheat No. 2, 1894
1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,_

2. Still through the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurl'd;

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 Ba'bel 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
**CHRISTMAS**

**Shepherds! Shake Off Your Drowsy Sleep**

Traditional

Besançon Carol

Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

Vivace

1. Shepherds! shake off your drowsy sleep, Rise and
2. Hark! even now the bells ring round, Listen
3. See how the flow’rs all burst anew, Think ing
4. Com eth at length the age of peace, Strife and
5. Shepherds! then up and quick away, Seek the

**leaves your**

**joy are brin**

**ly sound; Hark! how the**

**new songs are**

**now shall cease; Pro phets fore told the won**

**sing, Tid**

**ing, As if win ter’s**

**greatest beams be stow ing.**

**ery**

**great joy are bring ing.**

**ing, All their bright est**

**Him shall find salvation.**

**Shep herds! the chor us come and swell! Sing No el, O sing No el!**

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

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

Translated by Bishop James Chadwick (1813–1882)

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

Andante

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

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

Noël! Noël! Noël! Noël sing we clear! Holp-en are all folk on
earth Born is God’s Son so dear: Noël! Noël! Noël! Noël, sing we
loud! God today hath poor folk rais’d And cast a-down the proud.

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

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

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

6–12. On the etc.


11. Twelve drum -mers drum -ming, Elev’n pip -ers pip -ing, Ten lords a-leap -ing,

12. Nine ladies dancing, Eight maids a-milk -ing, Sev’n swans a-swim -ming, Six geese a-lay -ing,

19. Five gold rings, Four call -ing birds, Three French hens,

20. (last time rall.)

21.
1. Listen, Lord-ings, unto me, a tale I will you tell; Which, as on this night of glee, in David's town be-fell. Joseph came from Nazareth, with Mary's womb was in the manger laid. Forth He came as light through glass: He

2. In the Inn they found no room; a scanty bed they made: Soon a Babe from came to save us all. In the stable ox and ass before their Maker fall.

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

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

Carol for Christmas Eve

Rev. H. R. Bramley (1833–1917) Sir Frederick A. G. Ouseley (1825–1889)
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. Ti-dings! Ti-dings! unto you:
man-ger bed, in wor-ship low they bent. In the morn-ing see ye mind, my

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CHRISTMAS

Away In A Manger

Anonymous

James Ramsey Murray (1841–1905)

1. Away in a manger, No crib for His bed, The little Lord Jesus Laid down His sweet head: The stars in the heavens Look’d down where He lay, The little Lord Jesus A-sleep in the hay.
2. The cattle are low-ing, The poor ba-by wakes, But lit-tle Lord Jesus No cry-ing He makes; I love Thee, Lord Jesus, Look down from the sky, And stay by my cradle Till morn-ing is nigh.
3. Be near me, Lord Je-sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-ev-er And love me, I pray: Bless all the dear chil-dren In Thy ten-der care, And take us to heav-en To live with Thee there.

Away In A Manger

Anonymous

William Kirkpatrick (1838–1921)

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

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

3. Lit- tle Lord Jesus Asleep in the hay. The cattle are low-ing, The poor baby wakes, But little Lord Jesus No crying He makes; I love Thee, Lord bed, The little Lord Jesus Laid down His sweet head: The stars in the look up.

4. Look down from the sky, And stay by my cradle Till morning is nigh. heavens Look’d down where He lay, The little Lord Jesus Asleep in the hay.

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

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 had entered the city so fair, A number of
4. Then were they constrain’d in a stable to lie, Where horses and

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

dead, 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 merry, set sorrow aside,

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

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

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

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

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

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

16th century French melody

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

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

Gló Gló

ri a, bo sán na in ex cér sis!
ri a, bo sán na in ex cér sis!

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
CHRISTMAS

Up! Good Christen folk and listen

O quam mundum, from Pie Cantiones, 1582

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

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

1. Up! good Chris-ten folk, and list-en 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 Möhr (1792–1848)

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

1. Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht! Alles schläft;
2. Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht! Hirten erst
3. Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht! Gottes Sohn,

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

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

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

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

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

1. Silent night! Holy night! All is calm,
   all is bright. Round yon Virgin
   Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
   peace, born! pp

2. Silent night! Holy night! Shepherds quake
   at the sight; Glories stream from heaven afar,
   Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia; mf
   born! pp

3. Silent night! Holy night! Son of God,
   love's pure light! Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
   With the dawn of redeeming grace, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth!
   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 Piae Cantiones, 1582

14th Century German melody, Resonet in laudibus

English words by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

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

1. Christ was born on Christmas Day, Wreathe the holy, twine the bay;
2. He is born to set us free, He is born our Lord to be,
1. Réso-net in látu-di-bus cum ju-cún-dis pláu-si-bus
2. Chris-tus na-tus hó-di-e ex Ma-rí-a vir-gí-ne

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

Chri-stus na-tus hó-di-e: The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
Ex Ma-rí-a Vir-gí-ne: The God, the Lord, by all a-dor’d for ever.


Dó-cí-ne debe-be, Dé-cí-ne be-ve-be ne.

Cum bi-bi-bi, Dé-cí-ne de-be-be ne.

One oldstyle
Four oldstyle
Nine oldstyle
Three oldstyle
Six oldstyle

One oldstyle
Four oldstyle
Th Century Latin carol, as found in
5. Night of sadness: Morn of gladness ever-more: Ev-er, ev-er: Af-ter many
Sunt im-plé-ta quae præ-di-xit Gá-bri-el. E-ia, E-ia, vir-go De-um

troubles sore, Morn of gladness ev-er-more and ev-er-more. 6. Midnight scarcely pass'd and o-ver,
Gé-nu-it, quem di-ví-na vó-lú-it clemén-ti-a. 6. Hó-di-e ap-pá-ru-it, ap-

Drawing to this ho-ly morn, Ve-ry ear-ly, ve-ry ear-ly Christ was born. 7. Sing out with bliss, His
pá-ru-it in Is-ra-él, Ex Ma-rí-a vir-gi-ne est na-tus Rex. 7. Mag-núm no-men

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

pass'd and o-ver, Drawing to this ho-ly morn, Ve-ry ear-ly, ve-ry ear-ly Christ was born.
pá-ru-it, ap-pá-ru-it in Is-ra-él, Ex Ma-rí-a vir-gi-ne est na-tus Rex.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
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

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,
Marry, Eia, Eia, Eia. He came down at Christmas time, In the town of Bethlehem, in Bethlehem. Bringing to men

far and wide, Love’s diadem, Eia, Eia, Lullaby.
O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

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

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

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

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

Edward Caswall (1814–1878)

Sir John Goss (1800–1880)

1. See amid the winter's snow, Born for us on earth below,
2. Lo, with in a manger lies He who built the starry skies;
3. Say, ye holy Shepherds, say, What your joyful news today;
4. "As we watched at dead of night, Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
5. Sacred Infant, all Divine, What a tender love was Thine;
6. Teach, O teach us, Holy Child, By Thy Face so meek and mild,
7. Virgin Mother, Mary blest By the joys that fill thy breast,

See the tender Lamb appears, Promised from eternal years.
He, who throned in height sublime, Sits amid the Cherus-bim!
Wherefore have ye left your sheep On the lonely mountain steep?
Angels singing peace on earth, Told us of the Savior's Birth.
Thus to come from highest bliss Down to such a world as this!
Teach us to resemble Thee, In Thy sweet humility!
Pray for us, that we may prove Worthy of the Savior's love.

fff Hail! Thou ever blessed morn! Hail, Redemption's happy dawn!

Sing through all Jerusalem, Christ is born in Bethlehem.

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

1. What Child is this, Who, laid to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping?

2. Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?

3. So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh,
Come peasant, king, to own Him;

Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch are keeping?

Good Christian, fear: for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading:

The King of kings, salvation brings;
Let loving hearts enthrone 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)

Arranged by Sir John Stainer (1840–1901)

Tempus adest floridum, from Pax Cantiones, 1582

Moderato

1. Good King Wenceslas look'd out On the Feast of Stephen,
2. "Hither, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, telling;
3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine logs hither;
4. "Sire, the night is darker now, And the wind blows stronger;
5. In his master's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dinted;

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Good King Wenceslas

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

When the snow lay round about, Deep and crisp and even;
Yonder peasant, who is he? Where, and what his dwelling?
Thou and I will see him dine When we bear them thither.
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Thou shalt find the winter’s rage Freeze thy blood less coldly.
Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall yourselves find blessing.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
1. In nata - li Dó - mi - ni, Gau - dent om - nes An - ge - li
2. Nun - ti - á - vit An - ge - lus Gáu - di - um pas - tó - ri - bus,

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


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

In natali Domini, 14th Century

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)

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

1. On the Birthday of the Lord, Angels joy in
2. These good news an Angel told To the shepherds
3. Born is now Emmanuel, He, announced by
4. Born today is Christ the Child, Born of Mary

Glad accord, And they sing in sweetest tone Glory
by their fold, Told them of the Savior’s Birth, Told them
Gabriel, He, Whom Prophets old attest, Cometh
unfiled, Born the King and Lord we own; Glory

be to God alone, Glory be to God alone.
of the joy for earth, Told them of the joy for earth.
from His Father’s Breast, Cometh from His Father’s Breast.
be to God alone, Glory be to God alone.

God is born of maid-en 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)

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 shareth 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.
George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

**Past Three a Clock**

*London Waits*

**Verse 1:**

1. Born is a Baby, Gentle as may be,
   Hark how they rime it, Time it, and chime it.
   Son of the eternal Father supernal.

2. Seraph quire sing-eth, Angel bell ring-eth;
   Ne’er-fore so well Caroling No-él.
   Cheese from the dairy.

**Verse 2:**

3. Mid earth rejoices Hearing such voices
   Seek the high Stranger Laid in the man-ger.
   Light out of star-land.

4. Hinds o’er the pearly Dew-y lawn early
   Thus they: I pray you,
   Myrrh from full coffer,

**Verse 3:**

5. Bring they for Mary, And, not for money, But-ter and honey.
   In-cense they of-fer; Nor is the gold-en Nug-get with-hol-den.
   Bring they for Mary, And, not for money, But-ter and honey.

6. Lead-eth from far land Prin-ces, to meet Him, Wor-ship and greet Him.
   Up, sirs nor stay you Till ye con-fess Him Like-wise, and bless Him.
Bring a Torch, Jeanette, Isabella!

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

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

Brightly

1. Bring a torch, Jeanette, Isabelle! Bring a torch, to the
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

Cradle, run! It is Jesus, good folk of the village;
Knocking like that? Open your doors, I have here on a plate Some
Talk so loud; Silence, all, as you gather around,
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 wake Jesus: Hush! hush! see how
How He is white, His cheeks are rosy! Hush! hush! see how the

Is the Mother; Ah! ah! beautiful is her Son!
Doors now open; Toc! toc! Come let us make good cheer!
Fast He slumbers! Hush! hush! see how fast He sleeps!
Child is sleeping; Hush! hush! see how He smiles in dreams.
CHRISTMAS

THE ANGEL GABRIEL

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

1. The angel Gabriel from heaven came,
2. "For know a blessed Mother thou shalt be,
3. Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head,
4. Of her, Emmanuel, the Christ, was born

His wings as drifted snow, his eyes a-flame;
All generations laud and honor thee,
"To me be as it pleaseth God," she said,
In Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn,

"All hail," said he, "thou lowly maiden Mary,
Thy Son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold,
"My soul shall laud and magnify His holy Name."
And Christian folk throughout the world will ever say,

Most highly favored lady," Gló - - ri - a!
Most highly favored lady," Gló - - ri - a!
Most highly favored lady," Gló - - ri - a!
"Most highly favored lady," Gló - - ri - a!

from CyberHymnal.org
Angelus ad virginem

1. An-gel-us ad vir-ginem Sub-in-trans in con-cláve. Vir-ginis for-mi-dinem De-

2. Quó-modo con-ci-perem, qua ví-rum non co-gnó-vi? Quá-li-ter in-frín-gerem, qua


fir-ma men-te vo-vi? ’Spí-ri-tus Sanc-ti gra-ti-a Per-fi-ci-et hae

Dó-mi-num Con-ci-pi-es Et pá-ri-es In-tác-ta, Sa-lú-tem

óm-ni-a; Ne tí-me-as, sed gáu-de-as, se-cú-ra, quod cas-ti-

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

hú-mi-lis Om-ni-pót-éni-tis De-i. Ti-bi caé-lés-ti nú-ni-ti-
tú-mu-it Vi-par-tus sa-lu-tá-ris. Qui, cir-cúm-da-tus ú-te-
hó-mi-ni, Cum Chris-tum ge-nu-is-ti; Tu-um ex-ó-ra fi-li-

o, Tan-ta se-cré-ti cón-sci-o, Con-sén-ti-ens Et cú-pi-ens Vi-dé-
ro No-vem mó-ni-si-um nú-mé-ro, Hinc éx-i-it Et ín-i-it Con-flic-
um Ut se no-bis pro-pí-ti-um Ex-hí-be-at, Et dé-le-at Pec-cá-

re fac-tum quod áu-di-o, Pa-rá-ta sum pa-re-re De-i con-sí-li-o.
ta; Præ-stans au-xí-li-um Vi-ta fru-i be-á-ta Post hoc ex-sí-li-um.
**GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN**

1. God rest you merry, gentlemen, Let nothing you displease,
   Remember Christmas Day, When we were gone a-merrily,
   To save us all from Satan's pow'r, When we were gone a-stray;

2. In Bethlehem in Jewry, This blessed Babe was born,
   And laid within a manger, Up on this blessed Morn;
   The which His Mother Mary, Did nothing take in scorn.

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

**ARRANGED BY SIR JOHN STAINER (1840–1901)**

Traditional
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 with-in this place,

This day is born a Savior Of a pure Virgin bright,

And left their flocks feeding, In tempest, storm, and wind:

They found Him in a manager, Where oxen feed on hay;

And with true love and brotherhood Each other now embrace;

To free all those who trust in Him From Satan’s pow’r and might.”

And went to Bethlehem straight way, The Son of God to find.

His Mother Mary kneeling down, Unto the Lord did pray.

This holy tide of Christmas All other doth de-face.

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CAROL OF THE SHEPHERDS

English by Eda Lou Walton (1894–1961)

17th Century Bohemian Carol

1. Come, all ye shepherds and be not dismayed,
   Seek where the lowly sweet baby is laid;
   Here in a manger, far from all danger,
   Warm arms enfold Him. In Christmas joy.

2. As we were watching our flocks where they lay,
   Shown a great glory as bright as the day.
   Glad bells were ringing, sweet voices singing,
   “Good will to mortals;” Christmas is come.

3. Now we have found Him in Bethlehem stall,
   Sing the glad tidings, oh, sing them to all!
   Shepherds adore Him, wise men before Him
   In glittering shower, Christmas is come.
**WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS**

Nahum Tate (1652–1715)  
Adapted from George F. Handel

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

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\textit{\textbf{WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS}}
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Nahum Tate (1652–1715)  
Winchester Old, by George Kirbye (c. 1565–1634)

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

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\textit{\textbf{WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS}}
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from Sunday School Hymns No. 1, 1903, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com

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

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

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

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**The Wexford Carol**

Traditional, 16th Century or earlier
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 man-kind, To learn to bear a hum-ble mind.

“Pre-pare and go,” the an-gels said, “To Beth-le-hem. Be not a-fraid
With-in a man-ger He was laid, And by His side the vir-gin maid
If quires of An-gels did re-joice, Well may man-kind with heart and voice

For there you’ll find this hap-py morn A prince-ly babe sweet Je-sus born.”
At-ten-ding on the Lord of Life Who came to earth to end all strife.
Sing 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,
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.
   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 there-of, Of which thou shalt not eat.”
   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 rejoice and merry be, For this is Christmas Eve.

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

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

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

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
CHRISTMAS

CHRISTIANS, AWAKE, SALUTE THE HAPPY MORN

John Wainwright (1723–1768)

Majestically

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

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

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

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

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

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

wrought for man:  And found, with Jo-seph and the bless-ed maid,
claim the joy;  Trace we the Babe, Who hath re-treived our loss,
um-phil song:  He, that was borne up-on this joy-ful day,

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

sto-ry they pro-claim,  The ear-liest her-alds of the Sav-ior's name.
sist-ed by His grace,  Till man's first heav'n-ly state a-gain takes place.
ces-sant we shall sing Of an-gels and of an-gel-men, the King.

from The English Hymnal, 1906
1. Lul-lay, Thou little tiny Child,
   By, by, lul-ly, lul-lay;
   By, by, lul-ly, lul-lay.

   For to preserve this day;
   Charged he hath this day;
   Whom we sing,

2. O sisters too, how may we do,
   Lul-lay, Thou little
   Lul-lay, Thou little
   For Thy parting nor

   This poor Young-ling for
   His men of might, in
   Young-ling for

3. Her-od, the king, in his rag-ing,
   And ev-er mourn and say;
   His own sight,
   All children young to slay.

   For Thy parting nor
   His men of might, in
   All children young to slay.

4. Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee,
   For Thy parting nor
   For Thy parting nor
   His men of might, in

   Thou little
   Tiney Child,
   Tiney Child,
   Tiney Child,
Lull-y, lull-y, Thou lit-tle ti-ny Child, By, by, lull-y, lull-y;

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 By, by, lul-l-y, lul-l-y;
sight, All chil-dren young to
sing, By, by, lul-l-y, lul-l-y;

from ChristmasCarolMusic.org
All My Heart This Night Rejoices

Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen, by Paul Gerhardt, 1653

Johann Georg Ebeling (1637–1676)

Translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1858

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

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

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

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

from CantateDomino.org
I SAW THREE SHIPS

Traditional

Briskly.

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

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

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

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

Traditional

1. The first good joy that Mary had, It was the joy of 1. one; To see the blessed Jesus Christ,

2. The next good joy that Mary had, It was the joy of 2. two; To see her own Son Jesus Christ,

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

3. three; To see her own Son Jesus Christ,

4–7. four, five, etc.; To see her own Son Jesus Christ,

5. When He was first her Son When He was first her Son,

6. Up on the Crucifix Up on the Crucifix

7. Ascending into heaven Ascending into heaven,

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

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

1. As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold; As with joy they hail'd its light,
2. As with joyful steps they sped To that lowly manager bed, There to bend the knee before
3. As they offered gifts most rare At that manager rude and bare; So may we with holy joy,
4. Holy Jesus, every day Keep us in the narrow way; And, when earthly things are past,
5. In the heav'nly country bright Need they no creation

Lead ing on ward, beam ing bright; So, most gracious Him whom heav'n and earth adore; So may we with Pure and free from sin's alloy, All our costliest Bring our ransomed souls at last Where they need no Thou its Sun which goes not down; There forever

God, may we ever more be led to Thee. will ing feet Ever seek Thy mercy seat.
treasures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heav'nly King.
star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
may we sing Alleluias to our King.

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

When you play your fife and drum, How can anyone be glum?
And also the drums they’d play, Full of joy, on Christmas Day.
As the instruments you play, We will sing, this Christmas Day.

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

John Bowring (1792–1872)

Aberystwyth, Joseph Parry (1841–1903)

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

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

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

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

from ChristmasCarolMusic.org
Heinrich Seuse (1300–1366)

IN DULCI JUBILO

Arranged by J.S. Bach (1685–1750)

1. In dul-ci ju-bi-lo, Nun sing-et und seid froh!
2. O je-su, pár-vu-le, Nach Dir ist mir so weh.
3. O Pa-tris cá-ri-tas! O na-ti lé-ni-tas! Wir
4. U-bi sunt gáu-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 cré-mi-
Wo die Eng-el sing-en No-vá cán-ti-

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

tris in gré-mi-o
Prin-ceps gló-ri-a
Re-gis ci-rí-a

Al-pha es et
Tra-be me post
Quan-ta grá-ti-
E-ia, wär’n wir

Aló me,
Ca-

Nach Dir

En-te,
Nun
IN DULCI JUBILO

Heinrich Seuse (1300–1366)

14th century German melody

1. In dul-ci jub-i-lo
   Now sing with hearts a - glow!
   Our de-light and pleasure
2. O Je-su, pâr-vu-le,
   For thee I long al - way;
   Lies in pre - sé - pi - o,
   With all Thy lov - ing kind - ness,
3. O Pa-tris cá - ri - tas!
   O na - ti lé - ni - tas!
   O Pu - er óp - ti - me,
   But Thou for us hast gain - ed
4. U - bi sunt gâ - di - a
   In an - y place but there?
   Per nos - tra cri - mi - na;
   And there the bells are ring - ing

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919

from ChristmasCarolMusic.org
1. *In dulci jubilo*  
Let us our hom-age show:

2. *O Jesu, parvule,*  
I yearn for Thee al-way:

3. *O Parvis caritas!*  
O na-ti lé-ni-tas!

4. *Ubi sunt gaudia?*  
If they be not there?

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Our heart's joy re-clin- eth  
*In pra-e pi-o,* And like a bright star shin- eth
Hear me, I be-seech Thee, *O Par-er op-tri-me,* My pray-ing let it reach Thee,
Deep-ly were we stain- ed *Per nos-tra cri-mi-na,* But Thou for us hast gain- ed
There are an-gels sing- ing *No-va cän-ti-ca,* And there the bells are ring- ing

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*Matris in gré-mi-o*  
Al-pha es et O!  
Al-pha es et O!

*O Prin-ceps gló-ri-a.*  
Tra-be me post Te!  
Tra-be me post Te!

*Ce-lór um gáu-di-a.*  
Qua-lis gló-ri-a!  
Qua-lis gló-ri-a!

*In Re-gis cú-rí-a*  
O that we were there!  
O that we were there!

---

*Matris in gré-mi-o*  
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---

*O Patria mea,*  
Or--State, the joy of our soul!

*O Patria mea,*  
Or--State, the joy of our soul!

*O Patria mea,*  
Or-State, the joy of our soul!

*O Patria mea,*  
Or-State, the joy of our soul!

---

from CantateDomino.org
1. Good Christian men, rejoice With heart, and soul and voice; Give ye heed to what we say: Jesus Christ is born to-day:

2. Good Christian men, rejoice With heart, and soul and voice; Now ye hear of endless bliss: Jesus Christ was born for this!

3. Good Christian men, rejoice With heart, and soul and voice; 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’n-ly door, And man is bless-ed ev-er-more. Calls you one and calls you all, To gain His ev-er-last-ing hall.

Christ is born to-day! Jesus Christ is born to-day! Christ was born for this! Jesus Christ was born for this! Christ was born to save! Jesus Christ was born to save!
1. Was-sail, was-sail all over the town, Our toast it is white and our
mf 2. So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek, Pray God send our mas-ter a
3. And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye, Pray God send our mas-ter a
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 Christ-mas pie, A good Christ-mas pie that may we all see, With the
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
ear, 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
Year as e'er he did see, With the was-sail-ing 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-

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

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

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 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  

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1. From heaven high I come to you,  
   To bring you tidings, strange and true.

2. To you this night is born a Child  
   Of Mary, chosen Mother mild;

3. Glory to God in highest Heaven,  
   Who unto us His Son hath given!

---

**The Boar’s Head Carol**

15th Century English  
Traditional English

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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 es-tis in con-vi-vi-o.

Which is thus be-decked with a gay garland,  
Let us ser-vi-re cân-ti-co.

Which on this day to be serv-ed is,  
In Re-gi-nén-si à-trí-o.
ANGELS, FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY

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

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

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

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

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

Robert Davis (1881–1950)

Adapted from *Orientis Partibus*, 12th Century French

1. Jesus, our brother, kind and good, Was humbly born in a stable rude, And the friendly beasts around Him stood; Jesus, our brother, kind and good.

2. "I," said the donkey, shaggy and brown, "I carried His Mother up hill and down; I gave Him my hay to pillow His head." "I," said the donkey, shaggy and brown.

3. "I," said the cow, all white and red, "I gave Him my manger for His bed, I gave Him my hay to pillow His head." "I," said the cow, all white and red.

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 cry, We cooed Him to sleep, my mate and I." "I," said the dove from the rafters high.

6. "I," said the camel, yellow and black, "Over the desert, up on my back I brought Him a gift in the Wise Men's pack," "I," said the camel, yellow and black.

7. Thus every beast by some good spell, In the stable dark was glad to tell Of the gift he gave Emmanu- el, The gift he gave Emmanu- el.

from *Hymns And Carols Of Christmas.com*
**CHRISTMAS**

**Orientis Partibus**

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

12th Century French

1. O - ri - én-tis pár-ti-bus Ad-ven-tá-vit á - si-nus, Pul-cher et for-tis-si-mus,
2. Sal-tu vin-cit hin-nu-loes Da-mas et ca-pré-o - los Su-per dro-me-dá-ri - os
3. Hic in có-li-bus Sy - chen, Jam nu-tri-tus sub Rub-en Trán-si - it per Jórdan-em

---

**Although at Yule It Bloweth Cool**

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

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

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

*from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924*
Andante maestoso (\( \text{\textbackslash d} = 72 \))

1. O holy night, the stars are brightly shining, It is the life of faith serenely beaming, With glowing light,

2. Led by the taught us to love one another, His law is

3. Truly He shall be king, Long may He reign.

4. Go home, retreat, With the faith our mother teaching, And her will is

5. Peace in the heavens, Glory to God, Joy to all the earth, The angels declare:


7. We bow the knee, In humble adoration, To the incarnate Deity, Our greatest God.

8. Let us adore, Him, and crown Him with glory, Let us bless His holy name.

world in sin and error pinning, Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth
light of a star sweetly gleaming Here came the wise men from Orient land. A thrill of hope the
break for the slave is our brother, And in His name all oppression shall cease. The King of kings lay
world in sin and error pinning, Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth
light of a star sweetly gleaming Here came the wise men from Orient land. A thrill of hope the
break for the slave is our brother, And in His name all oppression shall cease. The King of kings lay

weary soul rejoices, For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn;
thus in lowly manager, In all our trials born to be our friend;
grateful chorus raise we, Let all within us praise His holy name;

sweet singing, For He breaks a new and glorious morn;
happy day is born to be our friend;
grateful voices raise we, Let all within us praise His holy name;
Fall on your knees, Oh, hear the angel
don't know our need, Our weakness is no
Christ is the Lord, Oh, praise His name for-

voices! O night divine, O
stranger. Behold your King, be-
ev - er! His pow'r and glo - ry

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

holy night O night di - vine!
King, before Him low - ly bend!
glo - ry 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! Oh night divine, Oh night when Christ was
Stranger. Behold your King, before Him lowly
Ever! His pow'r and glory evermore pro-

Born! Oh holy night Oh night divine!
Bend! Behold your King, before Him lowly bend!
Claim! His pow'r and glory evermore pro-claim!

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

Transcribed 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 morn-ing,
   Born to-day, the Child is ours,
   Theme of Pro-phet’s warn-ing;
   Giant in the race He tow’rs,
   Toil and dan-ger scorn-ing.

2. Let this glo-rious hol-i-day
   Find such ho-ly spend-ing,
   That the sim-ple-heart-ed may
   Joy with-out of fend-ing,
   And sweet char-i-ty may stay,
   With our con-course blend-ing.

3. Give we glo-ry to this Feast,
   For man’s re-s-to-ra-tion,
   Now the guil-ty is re-leased,
   Freed from con-dem-na-tion:
   By the wid-ow’s son de-ceased,
   See E-li-sha’s sta-tion!

4. O how bright is this day made,
   Day with ra-di-ance glow-ing,
   Which the Light of Light dis-played,
   Light in dark-ness show-ing;
   Chas-ing thus death’s gloom-y shade,
   Bright-ness o’er us throw-ing.

5. Ris’n to-day in splen-dor bright,
   Shin-ing to all ages,
   Beams the Sun, whose dis-tant light
   Touch’d the Pro-phet’s pa-ges;
   Now, to end the reign of night,
   Christ His pow’r en-ga-ges.

6. O that bless-ed go-ing out,
   Which sal-va-tion brought a-bout,
   O that bless-ed go-ing out,
   sal-va-tion brought a-bout,
   O that bless-ed go-ing out,
   Which sal-va-tion brought a-bout.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Anonymous

**As Lately We Watched**

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

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

3. The Child then spake whilst she did sing, And to the maiden

4. "Now, sweetest Lord, since Thou art King, Why liest Thou in a

It makes my heart to

spake: My Son, my Brother, Father dear, It makes my

said: "Right sure I am a might-y King, Though in a stall? Why didst Thou not Thy cradle bring To some great

It makes my heart to

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

crib My bed: For angels bright, Down to Me light; Thou royal hall? Me thinks 'tis right, That king or knight Should

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

6. "Now tell me, sweetest Lord, I pray, Thou art my love and dear, How shall I nurse Thee to Thy mind, And make Thee glad of cheer? For all Thy will I would 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

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

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

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

O Du Fröhliche

Johannes Daniel Falk (1768--1826)
Sicilian Hymn


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

from The Wartburg Hymnal, 1918, via HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
Carol of the Birds

Traditional

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

Birds from the woods in wondrous flight, Bethlehem seek this Holy Night.
“Hast ’ning 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, “No el, No el!”

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 Christ-ten-dom
3. And in de-spair I bowed my head, “There is no peace on earth,” I said,
4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: “God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
5. Till, ring ing, sing ing on its way, The world re-rolled from night to day,

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

from HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com
CONGAUDEAT TURBA FIDELIUM

Old Melody in Hypo-Dorian Mode

Arranged by G. H. Palmer

Words from Pie Cantiones, 1582

1. Con-gau-de-at tur-ba fi-di-li-um,
2. Ad pas-tó-res de-scén-dit án-ge-lus,
3. Lo-que-bán-tur pas-tó-res in-vi-cem,
4. Ad præ-sé-pe stant bos et á-si-nus,

Vir-go ma-ter pé-pe-rit fi-li-um in Béth-le-hem,
Di-cens e-is: na-tus est Dó-mini-nus in Béth-le-hem,
Trans-e-á-mus ad no-vum hó-mi-nem in Béth-le-hem,
Co-gno-vé-runt quis es-set Dó-mini-nus in Béth-le-hem,

5. In oc-tá-va dum cir-cum-ci-di-tur,
6. Tri-ni, tri-no, tri-na dant mú-ne-ra,
7. Col-ly-ri-das si-mul cum néc-ta-re,

No-men e-i Je-sus im-pó-ni-tur in Béth-le-hem,
Re-gi re-gum fu-génti ú-be-ra in Béth-le-hem,
Be-ne-di-cat Chris-tus Rex gló-ri-a in Béth-le-hem,
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 frank incense, 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 vouch-safed the songs of man to raise In Bethlehem.

---

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

15th Century German

Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

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

---

**Flos de radice Jesse**

Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

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

---
Lo, How a Rose E’er Blooming

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

1. Lo, how a Rose e’er blooming From tender stem has sprung! Of
2. Is sa - iah ’twas fore - told it, The Rose I had in mind; With
3. The shep - herds heard the sto - ry Pro - claimed by an - gels bright, How
4. O Flow’r, whose fra - grance ten - der With sweet - ness fills the air, Dis -

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

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 - als said.
God, From Sin and death now save us, And share our ev - ’ry load.

was the night.
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! There's a star in the sky!
There's a tumult of joy O'er the wonderful birth,
In the light of that star Lie the ages impearled,
We rejoice in the light, And we echo the song

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

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

For the 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
17th Century English

**The Holly and the Ivy**

1. The holy and the ivy, When they are both full grown,
2. The holy bears a blossom, As white as the lily flow're,
3. The holy bears a berry, As red as any blood,
4. The holy bears a prick'le, As sharp as any thorn,
5. The holy bears a bark, As bitter as any gall,

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

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

The playing of the merry organ, Sweet singing in the choir.
1. The Holly and the Ivy, Now both are fully well grown;
2. The Holly bears a blossom, As white as lily flow'r;
3. The Holly bears a berry, As red as any blood,
Of all the trees that are in the wood, The Holly bears the crown:
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To be our sweet Savior;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To do poor sinners good.

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.

O 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
CHRISTMAS

THE SUSSEX CAROL

Traditional English (17th century or earlier)

1. On Christmas night all Christians sing To hear the news the angels bring. Angels bring:

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

3. When sin departs before His grace, Then life and health come in its place, in its place.

4. All out of darkness we have light, Which made the angels sing this night, sing this night:

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

An - gels and men with joy may sing, All for to see the new-born King.

“Glo - ry to God and peace to men, Now and for ever-more, A - men.”
15th Century Middle English Carol, modernized

Blessed be that Maid Marie

1. Blessed be that Maid Marie; Born He was of her body;
2. In a manger of an ass Jesus lay and lurred 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.
Born to die upon the Tree Pro pec-cante homo-me.

E-ya Jesus budi-e Nat-us est de Vir-gi-ne.

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

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

1. There's a star in the East on Christmas morn, Rise up, shepherds, and follow; It'll lead to the place where the Savior's born, Rise up, shepherds, and follow;

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

Leave your ewes and leave your lambs, Rise up, shepherds, and follow, Leave your sheep and sheep's;

Leave your rams, Rise up, shepherds, and follow. Follow, follow, Rise up, shepherds, and follow;

Follow the star of Bethlehem, Rise up, shepherds, and follow.
1. Sleep, Holy Babe! upon Thy mother's breast; Great Lord of earth, and
2. Sleep, Holy Babe! Thine Angels watch around, All bending low with
3. Sleep, Holy Babe! while I with Mary gaze, In joy upon that
4. Sleep, Holy Babe! ah! take Thy brief repose; Too quickly will Thy

sea, and sky, How sweet it is to see Thee lie In such a place of
fold-ed wings, Before th'Incarnate King of kings, In rever'tent awe pro-
Face a-while, Upon the living infant smile Which there divine-ly
slumbers break, And Thou to length'en'd pains a-wake, That death a-lone shall

rest, In such a place of rest. Accompl.
found, In rever'tent awe pro-found.
plays, Which there divine-ly plays.
close, That death a-lone shall close.
THE TRUTH FROM ABOVE
(Herefordshire Carol)

Traditional

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;

Traditional

Therefore don't turn me from your door, But hearken all both rich and poor.
The next thing which to you I'll tell Woman was made with man to dwell.
There to remain, from evil free, Except they ate of such a tree.
Ruin'd 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.

Traditional

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

Traditional

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, 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,
   Heavenly blessings without number, Gently falling on thy head.
   Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment, House and home, thy friends provide;
   All without thy care or payment: All thy wants are well supplied.

2. How much better thou'rt attended, Than the Son of God could be,
   When from Heaven He descended, And became a child like thee!
   Soft and easy is thy cradle, Coarse and hard thy Savior lay;
   When His birthplace was a stable, And His softest bed was hay.

3. Bless-ed babe! what glorious features—Spot-less fair, divine-ly bright!
   Must He dwell with brutal creatures? How could angels bear the sight?
   See the love-ly Babe a dressing; Love-ly in-fant, how He smiled!
   To receive the heav'n-ly Stranger? Did they thus af-front their Lord?

4. Soft, my child, I did not chide thee, Though my song may seem too hard;
   'Tis thy mother sits beside thee, And her arms shall be thy guard.
   'Twas to save thee, child, from dying, Save my dear from burning flame,
   How they killed the Lord of glory, Makes me an-gry while I sing.

5. See the kinder shepherds round Him, Tell-ing won-ders from the sky!
   Where they sought Him, there they found Him, With His Vir-gin mo-ther by.
   Peace, my darling; here's no danger, Here's no ox a-near thy bed.
   When He wept, the mother's blessing Soothe and hush'd the ho-ly Child.

6. Lo, He slumbers in His manager, Where the horn-ed ox-en fed:
   Then go dwell for ev-er near him, See his face and sing his praise!
   I could give thee thou-sand kiss-es, Hop-ing what I most de-sire;
   Bit-ter groans and end-less cry-ing, That thy best Re-deem-er came.

7. Mayst thou live to know and fear him, Trust and love him all thy days;
   Than could thy God and Father be, Would He have thine infant eyes!
   Not a mo-ther's fond-est wish-es Can to great-er joys a-spire.
   Not a mother's fond-est wishes Can to greater joys a-spire.
Glad Christmas Bells

1. Glad Christmas bells, your music tells
   The sweet and pleasant story;

2. No palace hall its ceiling tall
   His kindly head spread over,

3. Nor raiment gay, as there He lay,
   A-dorn’d the in-fant Stranger;

4. But from a far, a splendid star
   The wise men west-ward turn-ing;

5. Where on the hill, all safe and still,
   The fold-ed flocks were ly-ing,

How came to earth, in lowly birth,
   The Lord of life and glory.

There on-ly stood a stable rude
   The heav’n-ly Babe to cov-er.

Poor, hum-ble Child of moth-er mild,
   She laid Him in a man-ger.

The live-long night saw pure and bright,
   A-bove His birth-place burn-ing.

Down through the air an an-gel fair
   On wing of flame came fly-ing.

6. “Fear not,” said he, for-trem-bl-ing-ly
   The shep-herds stood in won-der,

7. “And by this sign, the Babe Di-vine
   You may dis-cov-er sure-ly,

8. Then swift-ly came, in lines of flame
   Like count-less me-teors 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, cra-dled poor-ly.”

A mul-ti-tude, and with Him stood,
   A spec-ta-cle 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 sharpest 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.

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
Melchior 2. Born a King on Beth - le-hem’s plain, Gold I bring, to
Casper 3. Frank-in - cense to of - fer have I, In - cense owns a
Balthazar 4. Myrrh is mine, its bit - ter per - fume, Breathes a life of

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

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

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

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

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

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

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

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

To ev’ry home! Hark! how the bells, sweet silver bells All seems to say throw cares a-way.

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

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

Dong!
Traditional German Folk Song

Moderately

O Christmas Tree

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

Christ - mas Tree! O Christ - mas Tree! O Christ - mas Tree! O Christ - mas Tree!

O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree!

Thy leaves are so unchanging.
Much pleasure thou canst give me.
Thy candles shine so brightly.
How richly God has decked thee.

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

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

**O TANNENBAUM**

Traditional

**Moderately**

1. O Tannen-baum, o Tannen-baum, Wie treu sind deinen
   Blätter! Du grünst nicht nur zur Sommer-zeit, Nein,
   auch im Winter, wenn es schneit. O Tannen-baum, o
   Tannen-baum, Wie treu sind deine Blätter!

2. O Tannen-baum, o Tannen-baum, Du kannst mir sehr ge-
   fallen! Wie oft hat schon zur Winter-zeit Ein
   Baum von dir mich hoch er freut! O Tannen-baum, o
   Tannen-baum, Du kannst mir sehr gefallen!

3. O Tannen-baum, o Tannen-baum, Dein Kleid will mich was
   lehren: Die Hoffnung und Beständigkeit Gibt
   Mut und Kraft zu jeder Zeit! O Tannen-baum, o
   Tannen-baum, Dein Kleid will mich was lehren!
**Deck the Hall**

1. Deck the hall with boughs of holly, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

2. See the blazing Yule before us, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

3. Fast a-way the old year passes, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

4. 'Tis the season to be jolly, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

5. Strike the harp and join the chorus, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

6. Hail the new, ye lads and lasses, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

7. Don we now our gay apparel; Fa la la, la la la, la la la.

8. Follow me in merry measure, Fa la la, la la la, la la la.

9. Sing we joyous all together, Fa la la, la la la, la la la.

10. Troll the ancient Yule-tide Carol, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

11. While I tell of Yule-tide treasure, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

12. Heedless of the wind and weather, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

(from Favorite Songs and Hymns for School and Home, 1899, via books.google.com)
Traditional

**We Wish You a Merry Christmas**

Traditional English Folk Song

1. **We wish you a Merry Christmas,** We wish you a Merry Christmas, We wish you a Merry Christmas, We wish you a Merry Christmas.

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

3. **We won’t go until we get some,** We won’t go until we get some, We won’t go until we get some, We won’t go until we get some.

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

**Christmas Bells**

(Lovely Evening)

Somewhat quickly

1. **Oh, how lovely is the evening,** Oh, how lovely is the evening, Oh, how lovely is the evening, When the Christmas

2. **bells are ringing,** bells are ringing, bells are ringing! Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

3. **bells are ringing,** bells are ringing, bells are ringing! Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.
1. Dash-ing thro’ the snow In a one-horse open sleigh, O’er the fields we go, Laughing all the way; Bells on bob tail ring, Making spirits bright; O what sport to ride and sing A sleighing song tonight.

2. A day or two ago I thought I’d take a ride, And soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was seated by my side; The horse was lean and lank, Mis-for-tune seem’d his lot. He got into a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up-sot.

3. Now the ground is white, Go it while you’re young, Take the girls to- speed, Hitch him to an open sleigh And crack, you’ll take the lead.
Jingle bells, Jingle bells, Jingle all the way; Oh! what joy it is to ride in a onehorse open sleigh.

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
CHRISTMAS

Come Ye Lofty

Rev. Archer Gurney (1820–1887)

G.J. Elvey (1816–1893)

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

In a stable lies the Holy, In a manger rests the King;
He, the Lord of all salvation, Shares your want, is weak and poor:
Christmas holy, leaf, and berry, For you all has ris’n the star.
Are not all our hearts too singing, Welcome, welcome, Christ-mas morn?

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. Like sil-ver lamps in a dis-tant shrine, The stars are sparkling
4. The stars of heav’n still shine as at first They gleamed on this won-der-ful
5. Faith sees no long-er the sta-ble floor, The pave-ment of sap-phrase is

bright; The bells of the ci-ty of God ring out, For the
night; The bells of the ci-ty of God peal out, And the
there; The clear light of Heav-en streams out to the world; And_

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

morn at last Is com-ing with or-ient light.
God-head burns, Hid in flesh from flesh-ly sight.
spot-less Birth, Are at peace on this night so fair.
2. Never fell melodies half so sweet As those which are filling the skies; And never 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 man - ger bed where our Savi - or lies; No night in the year is all the spi - rits of wicked - ness quell: For Ma - ry's Son is the half so dear As this which has ended our sighs. Mighty One Whom the prophets of God foretell.
Ave Jesu Deus

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

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

2. Born, great God, a human stranger, Laid within the narrow manger:
   Wraipt in swath-bands Thouickest, Thou in want and weakness sighest:

3. Low based, where brutes are sleeping, God's beloved Son is weeping;
   Judge supreme, true Godhead sharpest, Sin''er's likeness for us wearring!

4. Jesu, Thine my heart is solely; Draw it, take it to Thee wholly:
   With Thy sacred Fire illumine me, Let it inwardly consume me,

5. Hence let idle fancies vanish, Hence all civil passions banish;
   Make me like Thyself in meekness, Bind to Thee my humanity weakness,
Ancient

Ave Jesu Deus

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

Ave De - us ho - mo na - te, In Præ - sé - pi re - cli - ná - te!
Ja - ces pan - nis in - vo - lú - tus, Om - ni o - pe de - sti - tú - tus.
Ju - dex sum - me, ve - rus De - us, Prop - ter me fis ho - mo re - us!
I - gne tu - o san - 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!

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

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

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

Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis. 4. O be-á-tus or-tus il-le,
Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis. 5. Psal-lat al-ti-tú-do cæ-li,
Sæ-cu-ló-rum sæ-cu-lis. 6. Ec-ce, quem va-tes ve-tús-tis

vir-go cum pu-ér-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-phé-tá-rum fi-dé-les
fe·ta Sanc·to Spi·ri·tu, Et pu·er redémptor or·bis os sa·crá·tum
psal·lat in lau·dem De·i, Nul·la linguíraüm si·lés·cat, vox et om·nis
pá·gi·næ spo·pón·de·rant, E·mi·cat pro·mis·sus o·lim; cunc·ta con·láu

pró·tu·lit, Sæ·cu·ló·rum sa·cu·lis. 7. Mac·te ju·dex mor·tu·ó·rum,
cón·so·net. Sæ·cu·ló·rum sa·cu·lis. 8. Te se·nes et te ju·vén·tus,
dent e·um. Sæ·cu·ló·rum sa·cu·lis. 9. Ti·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·nüm·que,
há·gi·o·que Pn ét·ma·te Hym·nus, de·cus, laus per·én·nís,

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

jus·tus ul·tor crí·mi·num. Sæ·cu·ló·rum sa·cu·lis.
pér·stræ·pant con·cén·ti·bus. Sæ·cu·ló·rum sa·cu·lis.
re·gnunm æ·ter·ná·li·ter. Sæ·cu·ló·rum sa·cu·lis.

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

Ever-more and ever-more! 4. O that birth for ever blessed, When the Virgin,
Ever-more and ever-more! 5. This is He Whom seers in old time Chanted of with
Ever-more and ever-more! 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 faithful word;
praises sing; Pow’rs, dominions, bow before Him, And exalt our God and King!
And the Babe, the world’s Redeemer, First revealed His sacred face,  
Now He shines, the long expected, Let creation praise its Lord,  
Let no tongue on earth be silent, Every voice in concert sing,  

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

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

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

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

Come! Tune Your Heart

Auf, schicke dich, by Christian Fürchtegott Gellert (1715–1769)  
Sir Frederick A. G. Ouseley (1825–1889)

Translated by Frances E. Cox (1812–1897)

1. Come! tune your heart, To bear its part, And ce - le - brate Mes - si - ah’s feast with prai - ses, with prai - ses;
2. Ex - alt His Name; With joy pro - claim, God loved the world, and through His Son for - gave us, for - gave us;
3. Your re - fuge place In His free grace, Trust in His Name, and day by day re - pent you, re - pent you;
4. O Christ, to prove For Thee, my love, In breth - ren Thee my hands shall clothe and cher - ish, and cher - ish;
5. Come! praise the Lord; In Heav’n are stored Rich gifts for those who here His Name e - steem - ed, e - steem - ed;

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

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

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

A Christmas Morning Hymn

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

That Angels welcomed at His Birth The everlasting Child.
Then swains and pilgrims from the East Saw, wondered, and adored.
f 'Tis winter all with me, and I Have neither fruit nor flow'r.
There let Thy presence newly born Make all my being Thine:

cresc. From realms of everbright'ning day, And from His throne above
And I this morn would come with them This blesséd sight to see,
O God, O Brother let me give, My worthless self to Thee;
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 reverence knee.
And that the years which I may live May pure and spotless be:
And in the might of prayer and praise Keep ever close to God.
Till Thou art able to descry Thy faultless image there.

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Traditional

**The Waits’ Song**

Traditional

1. The moon shines bright and the stars give a light A little before the day:
   
2. Awake, awake, good people all, Awake, and you shall hear,
   
   Our mighty Lord He looked on us, And bade us awake and pray.
   The Lord our God died on the Cross For us He loved so dear.

3. O fair, O fair Jerusalem, When shall I come to thee?
   
4. The fields were green as green as could be, When from His glorious seat,
   
   When shall my sorrows have an end, Thy joy that I may see?
   Our blessed Father watered us, With His Heav’nly dew so sweet.

5. And for the saving of our souls Christ died upon the Cross,

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

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

8. To-day 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.

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

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

6. The Word in the bliss of the God-head 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
God's dear Son

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

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

3. No princely palace for our Savior In Judaea could be found,

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

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

But sweet Mary's meek behavior Patiently upon the ground

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

Yet Jewry land, with cruel hand, Both first and last His pow'r denied;

Her Babe did place, in vile disgrace, Where oxen in their stalls did feed;

And shed His blood to do us good With many apurple bleeding wound.

When He was born they did Him scorn, And showed Him malice when He died.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Traditional

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM

1. The Babe in Bethlehem’s manger laid, In humble form so low;
   By wondering Angels is surveyed, Thro’ all His scenes of woe.

2. A Savior! sinners all around Sing, shout the wondrous word;
   Let ev’ry bosom hail the sound, A Savior! Christ the Lord.

3. For not to sit on David’s throne With worldly pomp and joy,
   He came for sinners to atone, And Satan to destroy.

4. To preach the Word of Life Divine, And feed with living Bread,
   To heal the sick with hand benign, And raise to life the dead.

5. He preached, He suffered, bled and died, Uplift twixt earth and skies;
   In sinners’ stead was crucified, For sin a sacrifice.

6. Well may we sing a Savior’s Birth, Who need the Grace so given,
   And hail His coming down to earth, Who raises us to Heav’n.

Traditional

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
God Loved the World
(Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt)

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

Chorus

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

O and A, Bless ye the Lord. Alleluia.

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 Baby’s 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 to-day.
3. There shall the Child lie in a stall, This Child who shall redeem us all.
4. This gift of God we'll cherish well, That ever joy our hearts shall fill.

Jesu in the Manger

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. From far a-way 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 tidings strange and true,
What hap do you deem there should us be-tide?
There lay three shepherds tending their sheep,

mf  pp

fp

f

pp

dim.

stand forth on the floor, Stand forth on the floor.
For as we wandered far and wide, What
Under a bent when the night was deep,

mf

mf

pp

mf

mf
4. “O_ ye shep-herds, what have ye seen,
5. “In an ox-stall_ this night we saw, The snow in the street, and the wind on the door,
6. There was an old_ man there be-side;

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

stand forth on the floor.

“O_ ye shep-herds, what have ye seen, To
In an ox-stall_ this night we saw, A
There was an old_ man there be-side; His

slay your sor-row and heal your teen?”
Babe and a Maid without a flaw, “In an ox-stall_ this night we saw,
hair was white, and his hood was wide, There was an old_ man there be-side;

To slay your sor-row and heal your teen?”
A Babe and a Maid without a flaw.
His hair was white, and his hood was wide.
And as we gazed this thing upon,
And a marvellous song we straight did hear,
News of a fair and a marvellous thing,

Those twain knelt down to the little One,
That slew our sorrow and healed our care,
Noël, Noël, we sing!

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
1. In Bethlehem, that noble place, As by the Prophet said it was, 

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

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

Of the Virgin Mary, filled with Grace, Salvator mundi natus est. 

f In Bethlehem, full night the world, "Salvator mundi natus est." 

"Dread ye naught," said the Angel bright, "Salvator mundi natus est." 

ff Be merry in this Fest, In quo Salvator natus est. 

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

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

f On Mary's lap, that gentle maid: Salvator mundi natus est. 

The shepherds then lauded God all, Qui a Salvator natus est. 

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
William Austin (1587–1654)  Sir Arthur S. Sullivan (1842–1900)

CHRISTMAS

CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

1. All this night bright angels sing, Never was such caroling, Hark! a voice which loudly cries, “Mortals, mortals, wake and rise. Lo! to gladness Turns your all this night, Heav’n and ev’ry twinkling light, All a-mazing, Still stand sadness: From the earth is ris’n a Sun, Shines all night though day be done.”

2. Wake, O earth, wake ev’rything, Wake and hear the joy I bring: Wake and joy; for 3. Hail! O Sun, O bless-ed Light, Sent into this world by night; Let Thy Rays and heav’n-ly Pow’rs, Shine in these dark souls of ours. For most duly, Thou art truly God and man, we do confess: Hail, O Sun of Right-eous-ness!

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
Traditional Cornish

**The Christmas Carol**

**The SANS Day Carol**

1. Now the Holly bears a berry As white as the milk, And
2. Now the Holly bears a berry As green as the grass, And
3. Now the Holly bears a berry As red as the blood, And
4. Now the Holly bears a berry As black as a coal, And

Mary bore Jesus Who was wrapped up in milk; Mary bore Jesus Who died on the Cross. Mary bore Jesus Who died for us all. And Mary bore Jesus Christ Our Saviour for to be; And the first tree of the greenwood It

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

from *The Cornish Song Book, 1929*, via [HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com](http://HymnsAndCarolsOfChristmas.com)
1. God rest you, Cryst-en gen-til men, Wher-ev-er you may be, Wher-ev-er
2. Last night ye shep-herds in ye east Saw ma-ny-a won-drous thing, Saw ma-ny-a

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

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

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

morn oure Chryst is born That sav-eth you and me. came to bless ye name Of Je-
sus Chryst, oure Kyng,
3. God rest you, Chryst-en gen-til men, Far-ing wher-e’er you may, Far-ing wher-

e’er you may; In no-blesse court do thou no sport, In
don ye tree, Let troub-lings cease and deeds of peace A-
tour-na-ment no playe, In Pay-nim lands hold thou, hold thou thy
bound in Chryst-an-tie; For on this morn, this morn, oure Chryst is

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

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

from Favorite Songs and Hymns for School and Home, 1899, via books.google.com
The Cowley Carol Book, 1919

**AD CANTUS LÆTITIÆ**

2. Na-tus est Em-a-nu-el, Quod præ-di-xit Gá-bri-el, Un-de sanc-tus Dá-ni-el Est tes-tis.

*The same, in English*

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

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

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

bri-el, E’en as doth Saint Dan-i-el As-sev-er.

cho-ral, Je-sus on this fes-tiv-al, And ev-er.

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

Ga-bri-el, E’en as doth Saint Dan-i-el As-sev-er.

and cho-ral, Je-sus on this fes-tiv-al, And ev-er.

from *The Cowley Carol Book, 1919*
1. Christmas time is come again, Christmas pleasures bringing; Let us join our voices now, And Christmas songs be singing. Years ago, one starry night, That happy place,

2. Angels sang; let men reply, And children join their voices; Raise the chorus! Loud and high, Earth and heav'n rejoices. When we reach that happy place,

Thus the story's given, Angel bands o'er Beth-lem's plains, Sang the songs of joyful praises bringing, Then, before our Father's face, We shall still be singing:

Chorus

Glorify be to God on high! Peace, goodwill to mortals!

Christ the Lord is born to-night, Heav'n throws wide its portals.
1. A day, a day of glory! A day that ends our woe!
2. With Gloria in excelsis Archangels tell their mirth:
3. He comes, His throne the manger; He comes, His shrine the stall;
4. Then bar the gates, that henceforth None thus may passage win,

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

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

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

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
1. Earth to-day rejoices, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
2. Re-con-cil-a-tion, 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,

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

Samson 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 neighbors, To sup with me in hall;
   That, at this blessed season, Which comes but once a year,
   We may, as folk in olden days, Rejoice, and make good cheer.'

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

3. 'Sire, shall I bid in Divès, For it is very plain,
   If ye give him a banquet, He'll banquet you again?
   'Nay, bid not hither Divès, 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
His fleets of caravellas, And right great argosies?

5. 'And wherefore must I turn me From noble and from rich?
And why seek the poor man, That dwells in lane and ditch?
And these, His poorer brethren, No man may dare refuse.

6. 'For these be they, good steward, Whom God doth chiefly choose,
That with the bandog goes to rest, And riseth with the lark.
Though rich, grew poor, for mortal sake. And born was in a stall.
When, for the sake of Babe Jesus, The poor we welcome here.'

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
Hail! Holy Child, Lain in an Oxen Manger

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

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

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

3. What if my flute Break time with An-gel sing-ers, Or not sur-pass The
Al-to of yon ass; What if my lute Be pluck’d with art-less fin-gers, reft of grace, Now flat, now flat, now sharp, be-rect of grace.
And where ’tis out of joint, Canst make, canst make my false true
coun-ter-point, Canst make, canst make my false true coun-ter-point.

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,
now less mend, fin-stran, ne-er, point.

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

**MAKE WE JOY NOW IN THIS FEST**

Old English Carol

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

**Chorus**

Make we joy now in this fest  *In quo Christus natus est. E – ia._

**Verse**

1. *A Pa – 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 – lis or – tus cár-dí-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 prón-di – 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, *Con-sors pa – tér-ni lí – mi – nis.*

from *The Cowley Carol Book, 1919*
CHRISTMAS

PUER NATUS IN BETHLEHEM
(A Babe is Born in Bethlehem)

14th century or earlier

From *Piae Cantiones*, 1582

1. Puer natus in Béthlehem, Al-le-lú-ia.
2. As-súmpsit car-nem hó-mi-nis, Al-le-lú-ia.

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

De nos-tro ve-nit sán-gui-ne, Al-le-lú-ia.
Pec-cá-to sed dis-sí-mi-lis, Al-le-lú-ia.
Pro-cés-sit ma-tris ú-te-ro, Al-le-lú-ia.
Qui re-gnat si-ne tér-mi-no, Al-le-lú-ia.
11. Ma-gi de lon-ge vé-ni-unt, Al-le-lú-ia.

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


Nat-um sa-lú-tant Hó-mi-nem, Al-le-lú-ia.
Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no, Al-le-lú-ia.
De-o di-cá-mus grá-ti-as, Al-le-lú-ia.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919

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

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

Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

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

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

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

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

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

5. Draw nigh, the Son of God to kiss, Greet Ma-ry’s Child (the Lord He is)
6. Come rock His cra-dle cheer-i-ly, As doth His moth-er, so do ye,
Up on those lovely lips of His: Jesus, your hearts’ desire and bliss.
Who nurs’d Him sweetly on her knee, As told it was by prophecy.

Till all the place with music ring; And bid one prayer to Christ the King.
Thy ruddy countenance I see, And tiny hands out-stretch’d to me.

9. Sleep, in my soul enshrined rest: Here find Thy cradle neatly drest:
10. Now chant we merrily into With such as play in organo;

For sake me not, when sore distress, Emmanu-el, my Brother blest.
And with the singers in choro Benedicamus Domino.

from The Cowley Carol Book, 1919
PUER NOBIS NASCITUR

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

To be sung in Unison.

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

Dó-mi-num Christum Regem cæ-ló-rum, Christum Regem cæ-ló-rum.
ir-ru-it Hos cæ-dens in fu-ró-re, Hos cæ-dens in fu-ró-re.
grá-ti-a Ad gáu-di-a su-pér-na, Ad gáu-di-a su-pér-na.
ór-ga-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no.

(The same, in English)

1. Un-to-us is born a Son, King of Quires su-per-nal: See on earth His
2. Christ, from heav’n des-cend-ing low, Comes on earth a stran-ger: Ox and ass their
3. This did Her-od sore af-fray, And griev-ous-ly be-wil-der; So he gave the
4. Of His love and mer-cy mild This the Christmas sto-ry: And O that Ma-ry’s
5. O et A et A et O, Cum cán-ti-bus in cho-ro, Cum cán-ti-cis et

life be-gun, Of lords the Lord e-ter-nal, Of lords the Lord e-ter-nal,
Own-er know Be-cradled in the man-ger, Be-cradled in the man-ger.
word to slay, And slew the lit-tle chil-der, And slew the lit-tle chil-der.
gen-tle Child Might lead us up to glo-ry, Might lead us up to glo-ry!
ór-ga-no, Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no. Be-ne-di-cá-mus Dó-mi-no.

from *The Cowley Carol Book, 1919*
CHRISTMAS

TO US IS BORN A LITTLE CHILD
(Parvulus nobis nascitur)

15th Century

Translated by Wm. John Blew (1808–1894)

Ach! bleib bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ
J.S. Bach (1685–1750)

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

Whom

The Father's sole be got-ten Son
Our death wounds heal'd by His, des-pite
That hath but man-ager for His bed,

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

And therefore Father, Son, adore, With Holy Ghost, for ev-er-more.

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

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

CHRISTMAS

Jog on, jog on the footpath way

1. To us this morn a Child is born, His Fa - ther is none o - ther
2. Her Babe is Lord by all a - dored I - sa - iah had fore - shown her:
3. When Her - od heard the Ma - ges’ word, He smote the babes a - sun - der
4. Now, faith - ful quire, bless God the Sire, Bless God the Spi - rit Ho - ly,

When Angelick Host Entuned

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Heinz, wiltu Christa han, 1582

1. When an An - gel host en - tuned An - them sweet and ai - ry
2. When, with hon - ey, herd - men brought But - ter from the dai - ry
3. When three pil - grim kings un - lockt Each his cas - ket, spa - ry
4. ‘Glo - ry be to God on high, God, who can - not va - ry!'
'Twas in a cave on Christmas morn, Noel, Noel,

2. See in a crib the heav'ly Child, Lullay, Lullay,

3. Thither-ward kings and herd-men drew To Ephra-tha,

Jesus, the Son of God was born, Noel, Noel, Noel.

Cradled by Mary, Maiden mild, Lullay, Lullay, Lullay.

For to adore the Babe Jesus, At Bethlehem Ephra-tha.

4. Then was fulfill'd the thing foretold, Eia, Eia,

5. Armies Angelic sang for mirth Cum Mari-a,

6. Gloriatibi, Dominne, Alleluia,

Additional Verses

In holy writ by bards of old, Eia, Eia, Eia.

Marvelous glad o'er Jesus's birth Ex Mari-a.

Qui natus es pro homine, Alleluia.

from The Cambridge Carol Book, 1924
New Prince, New Pompe  

Robert Southwell (1560–1593)  

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

1. Behoulde a seely tender Babe In free-ing win-ter nighte,  
2. De-spine not Him for ly-ing there, First what He is en-quire:  
3. This sta-ble is a Prin-ce’s courte, The cribbe His chaire of state;  
4. With joye ap-proch, O Christ-en wighte, Do hom-age to thy Kinge:  

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

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

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

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from *The Cambridge Carol Book*, 1924
QUEM PASTORES

Anonymous, 14th Century

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

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

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

QUEM PASTORES

Arranged by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

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

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

from ChristmasCarolMusic.org
1. Once again O blessed time, thankful hearts embrace thee:  
2. Once again the Holy Night Breathes its bles-sing ten-der;  
3. Welcome Thou to souls a-thirst, Fount of endless plea-sure;

If we lost thy festal 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 Trea-sure, While we

e’er re-place thee? Change will dark-en many a day, Many a bond dis-  
gen-tle splen-dor; O could tongues by An-gels taught Speak our ex-ul-  
clap our Trea-sure: Welcome, though an age like this Puts Thy Name on

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

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

a - ternal Heart, We will hold Thee dear - er, We will hold Thee true Man On our knees con-fess - ing, On our knees con-
veils en-fold Pow’r and Life un - dy - ing, Pow’r and Life un-

dear - er; Faith - ful lips shall an - swer thus To all faith - less fess - ing; While Thy Birth - day morn we greet With our best de-
dy - ing, Thou whose Love be - stows a worth On each poor en-

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

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

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

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

Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)

Allegretto non troppo.

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

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

piu lento.

“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 meetness?

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
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 - sands by faith are__ climbing it still. faith we pass o’er, Some Pro - phet or Mar - tyr hath trod it be - fore.

3. Come let_ us a - scend: all may climb it who will; For the An - gels of 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.

4. And when we ar - rive at the ha - ven of rest We shall hear the glad
1. It was the very noon of night: the stars above the fold, More sure than clock or 
2. O ne’er could night in-gale at dawn salute the rising day With sweetness like that 
3. I roused me at the piercing strain, but shrunk as from the ray Of summer lightning; 

chiming bell, the hour of midnight told: When from the heav’ns there came a voice, and 
bird of song in his immortal lay: O ne’er were wood-notes heard at eve by all around so bright the splendor lay. For oh, it mastered sight and sense, to 

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

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

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

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

5. I hast-en’d to a low-roofed shed, for so the An-gel bade;

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

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

I left them, for in-stead of snow, I trod on blade and flow’r,

A new-born Babe, like ten-der Lamb, with Li-on’s strength there smiled:

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

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

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

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

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

From William Ballet's Lute Book, c. 1600

Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)

At a moderate pace.

mp Sweet was the song the Vir-gin sung, When she, when she to Beth-le-um Ju-da came, And

was de-liv-er’d of a Son, pp That bless-ed Je-sus hath to name.

a tempo

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

she, mf My Son, and eke a Sav-ior born, Who hast vouch-saf-ed from on high To

vis-ited us that were for-lorn; La-lu-la, la-lu-la, la-lu-la-

vis-ited us

To vis-ited us
Traditional Austrian Salzburg Melody, c. 1819

Die Englein tun schön jubilieren, 
Bei dem Krippplein Maria tut es nicht singen 
Ihre keusche Gott hat den Himmels-thron verlassen 
Und muss reisen Tu uns des Himmels Reich aufschließen, 
Wenn wir einmal musizieren. 
Still, still, still, Weil’s Kindlein schlafen will. 
Brust darbring-en. Schlaf, schlaf, schlaf, 
Mein liebes Kindlein schlaf! 
auf der Straß-en. Groß, groß, groß 
Die Lieb’ ist ü ber groß. 
stern-muss-en. Wir, wir, wir, 
Wir rufen all zu dir.

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

**Kling Glöckchen**

Traditional German

---

1. Laßt mich ein, ihr Kinder! Ist so kalt der Winter!
2. Mädchent, hört, und Bubchen, Macht mir auf das Stübben!
3. Hell erglühn die Kerzen, Öffnet mir die Herzen,

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

---

from The Wartburg Hymnal, 1918
**CHRI**

**STAS**

**INFANT HOL**

**Y, INFANT LOWLY**

*(W Żlobie Leży)*

Traditional Polish Carol

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

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

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

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

Oxen lowing, little knowing,
Christ the Babe, is Lord of all.

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

Swift are winging angels singing,
Thus rejoicing, free from sorrow,

Noëls ringing,
Tidings bringing: Christ the Babe is Lord of all.

Greet the morrow: Christ the Babe was born for all.

*from CyberHymnal.org*
Anonymous
17th century French melody

Arranged by Bernard Dewagtere

Il est né le divin Enfant

Il est né le di-vin En-fant, Jou-ez haut-bois, ré-son-nez mu-set-tes!

Il est né le di-vin En-fant. Chan-tons tous son a-vè-ne-ment.

1. Depuis plus de qua-tre mille ans, Nous le pro-mettaient les pro-phè-tes, Depuis plus de qua-
2. Une é-tabl'est son lo-ge-ment, Un peu de paille est sa cou-chet-te, Une é-tabl'est son
3. O Jé-sus, ô roi tout puis-sant, Tout pe-tit en-fant que vous é-tes, O Jé-sus, ô roi

tre mille ans, Nous at-ten-dions cet heureux temps.
lo-ge-ment, pour un Dieu, quel-(e) dé-nue-ment! Chantons tous son a-vè-ne-ment.
tout puissant, Ré-gnez sur nous en-tiè-re-ment.

from www.free-scores.com
CHRISTMAS

NOËL NOUVELET

15th Century French Carol from *Le Grande Bible des Noels*

Translated by P.S.B.

1. “Noël nouvelet,” come let us sing “noël;”

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

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

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

Sing we “noël,” un-to the ti-ny King,

“Noël nouvelet,” come let us sing “noël.”

Noël nouvelet, Noël chansons ici!
CHRISTMAS

FUM, FUM, FUM

Arranged by Abel Di Marco, Pbro.

Catalonian

\[ \text{\textcopyright{}} \]

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

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

Celebrate in song and story
All the

rall. before 2nd ending

Son of God most wondrous of His glory
Fum, fum, fum!

Fum, fum, fum.

from cpdl.org and pucpr.edu
HACIA BÉLEN VA UNA BURRA

1. Hacia Belén va una burra rin rin yo me remenda-ba yo me remen-dé, yo me eché un re-
2. En el portal de Belén rin rin rin rin yo me remenda-ba yo me remen-dé, yo me eché un re-
3. En el portal de Belén rin rin rin rin yo me remenda-ba yo me remen-dé, yo me eché un re-
mien-do yo me lo qui-té, carga da de cho-co-la-te. Lleva tu cho-
mien-do yo me lo qui-té, han en-trado los ra-to-nes. Y al bueno-
mien-do yo me lo qui-té, gi-ta-nillos han en-trado Y al Niño

Mien-do yo me lo qui-té, su mo-li-nillo y su ana-fre.
Mien-do yo me lo qui-té, Le han roido los calzo-nes.
Mien-do yo me lo qui-té, los pañales la han roba-do.

Mari-a Mari-a ven-a-cá corriendo que el cho-co-la-ti-llo se lo están comien-do.
Mari-a Mari-a ven-a-cá corriendo que los calzoncillos los están roy-en-do.
Mari-a Mari-a ve-a-cá vo-lan-do que los paña-litos los están lle-van-do.

from cpdl.org and pucpr.edu
Riu Riu Chiu

Mateo Flecha el Viejo (1481-1553)

1. El lobo rabioso la quiero morir, Mas Dios no lo quiere defender,
   Quijote le hazer que no pudiesse pecar: Ni aún original esta Virgen no tuviera.
2. Este qu'es naci-do es el gran mon-ar-cha, Chris-to pa-tri-ar-cha de car-ne vesti-do.

Ha-nos re-di-mi-do con se ha-zer chi-qui-to, Aun-que-ra in-fi-ni-to fi-ni-to ses hi-zie-ra.

3. Muchas pro-fe-ci-as lo han pro-fe-ti-zado, Y aún en nuestrós dis-as, lo hemos alcança-do;

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

4. Yo vi mil gar-co-nes que an-da-van can-tan-do, Por a-qui vol-an-do ha-zien-do mil so-nes,


5. Este vie-ne a dar a los muertos vi-da, Y vie-ne a re-pa-rar de to-dos la ca-y-da.

Es la luz del di-a a-ques-te mo-qué-lo; Es-t'es el cor-de-ro que San Juan di-xe-ra.

6. Mira bien que os cua-dre que an-si-na lo ye-ra: Que Dios no pudie-ra ha-zerla más que Ma-dre;

El qu'e-ra su Pa-dre, hoy d'e-lla nasi-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, To-dos jun-tos va-mos, pre-sen-tes lle-ve-mos;

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

from cpdl.org
IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER

Christina Rossetti (1830–1894)

Harold Darke (1888–1976)

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, A

Earth stood hard as iron, Wa-ter like a stone.

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

Snow had fallen, snow on snow,

Enough for Him, whom an-gels,

Snow on snow, In the bleak mid-winter Long ago.

Fall down be-fore, The ox and ass and cam-el, Which a-dore.

2. Our God, Heav’n can-not hold Him, Nor earth sus-tain; Heav’n and earth shall
flee a-way, When He comes to reign. In the bleak mid-winter, A

stable place suf-ficed the Lord God Al-might-y Jesus Christ.

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

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

Give my heart, give my heart.

from cpdl.org
In the Bleak Midwinter

Christina Rossetti (1830–1894)

1. In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,
   Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone,
   Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
   In the bleak midwinter, long ago.

2. Our God, Heav'n cannot hold Him
   Nor earth sustain;
   Enough for Him, whom angels fall down before,
   The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

3. Enough for Him, whom cherubim worshipping night and day,
   A breastful of milk, and a mangerful of hay:
   But only His mother in her maiden bliss,
   The ox and ass and camel which adore.

4. Angels and archangels May have gathered there
   Thronged the air
   If I were a wise man I would do my part;
   Yet what I can, I give Him, give my heart.

5. What can I give Him, poor as I am?
   If I were a shepherd I would bring a lamb;
   Snow on snow,
   Long ago.
CHRI STMAS

LÆTENTUR CAELI

Rev. Hubert Gruender, S.J.

Lætentur Cæli et exsúltet terra, et exsúltet terra

Lætentur Cæli et exsúltet terra, et exsúltet terra ante faciem Domini.

Lætentur Cæli et exsúltet terra, et exsúltet terra ante faciem Domini.

Lætentur Cæli et exsúltet terra, et exsúltet terra ante faciem Domini.

Quoniam venit, quoniam venit, quoniam venit!
The Suffolk Harmony

Shiloh

from *The Suffolk Harmony* (1786)

William Billings (1746–1800)

1st Shepherd 1. Me-thinks I see an heav’n-ly Host of An-gels on the Wing; Me-

Narrator 5. Then learn from hence, ye ru-ral Swains, the meek-ness of your God, Who

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

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

mer-r-ily they sing. 1st Angel 2. Let all your Fears be

ransom you with blood. 1st Angel 3. Lay down your crooks, and

1st Angel 4. Seek not in Courts or

Glad
to

ban-ish’d hence. Glad tid-ings I pro-clain._ For there’s a Sav-iour

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

Pal-a-ces; Nor Roy-al cur-tains draw;_ But search the Sta-ble,

Glad
to

born to-day, and Je-sus is His name, and Je-sus is His name.

steps be squared by yon-der shin-ing Star, by yon-der shin-ing Star.

see your God ex-tend-ed on the Straw, ex-tend-ed on the Straw.
Narrator 6. The master of the inn refused a more commodious place; Un-

Narrator 9. Then suddenly a Heav'nly 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, Eternal praise afford, E-

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

low for joy, ye Tenants of the Stall, Pay your obeisance;
entertain 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.
Lullay myn lyking, my dere sonne, my sweet-ing. Lullay my dere herte, myn own dere der-ling.


15th Century

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

Myn Lyking

Richard R. Terry (1865–1938)
2. That same Lord is He that made al-le thing, Of al-le lord-is He is Lord, of al-le kyng-es Kyng.

3. There was mickle melody at that Chylde’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.
When and Peace

O o'er stormy waters!

Pax, Pax, Pax, Pax

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

stoRing. And Peace Eternal, Jesu, grant, we pray.
In Cælo Pax, Et in Ex-cél-sis,

Gló-ri-a, Et in Ex-cél-sis Gló-ri-a,


In Cælo Pax, Et in Ex-cél-sis,
If angels sung a Savior's birth, If angels sung a Savior's birth, If angels sung a Savior's birth, If angels sung a Savior's birth,

Savior's birth, On that auspicious morn,

Savior's birth, On that auspicious morn,

Savior's birth, On that auspicious morn,

Savior's birth, On that auspicious morn,

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

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

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

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

Hó-di-e__Chris-tus na-tus est, hó-di-e sal-vá-tor ap-pá-ru-it.


Tollite Hostias

Maestoso

Tól-li-te hós-ti-as. et ad-o-rá-te Dóminum in á-tri-o sancto e-jus.


CHRISTMAS


Gaudete

2. De-us homo factus est na-tú-ra mirán-te, Mundus re-no-vátus est a Christo regnánte.
3. E-zéchielis por-ta clau-sa per-trán-sí-tur, Un-de lux est or-ta, sa-lus in-ve-ní-tur.
4. Er-go nostra cón-ti-o psal-lat jam in lus-tro, Be-ne-di-cat Dómi-no, sa-lus Re-gi nostro.

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

Glorious, Beauteous, Golden-Bright

Anna M. E. Nichols

1. Glori-ous, beau-teous, gol-den-bright, Shed-ding soft-est pur-est
2. But the stars’ sweet gold-en gleam Fad-ed quick-ly as a
3. light, Shone the stars that Christ-mas night, When the
dream ’Mid the won-drous glo-ry stream, That il-
4. Jew-ish shep-herds kept Watch be-side their flocks that slept.
lum-ined all the earth, When Christ’s An-gels sang His birth.

Maria Tiddeman (1837–1915)
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

pal ed In His light whom Angels hailed; Even bright, But for ever shines the Light; Even

priests, like shepherds true, Watch'd beside God's chosen few.

as the stars of old, 'Mid the brightness lost their gold. He Whose birth they told To the shepherds by the fold.

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

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

from Christmas Carols, New and Old
ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER

Redemp-tóris Ma-ter, quæ pér-vi-a cæ-li por-ta

Al-ma Redemp-tóris Ma-ter, quæ pér-vi-a cæ-li por-ta ma-

ma-nes, Et stella ma-ris, suc-cûr-re ca-dên-ti, súr-ge-re qui cu-rat pó-pu-

ma-nes, Et stella ma-ris, suc-cûr-re ca-dên-ti, súr-ge-re qui cu-rat pó-pu-

ma-nes, Et stella ma-ris, suc-cûr-re ca-dên-ti, súr-ge-re qui cu-rat pó-pu-

lo: Tu quæ genu-is-ti, na-tú-ra mirán-te, tu-um sanc-tum Ge-ni-tó-rem: Vir-

lo: Tu quæ genu-is-ti, na-tú-ra mirán-te, tu-um sanc-tum Ge-ni-tó-rem: Vir-

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

_ Tu quæ genu-is-ti, na-tú-ra mirán-te, tu-um sanc-tum Ge-ni-tó-rem:
Virgo prius ac postérius, Gabrielis ab o-

- go prius ac postérius, Gabrielis ab o-

- go prius ac postérius, Gabrielis ab o-

Virgo prius ac postérius, Gabrielis ab
O magnum mysté-ri-um et admi-rá-bile sacra-mén-

tum. O magnum mys - té - rium et ad-

mi - rá - bile sacra-

mén - tum, et admi-rá-bile sacra-mén - tum, ut a - ni-má-li-

a vi - tum, et admi-rá-bile sacra-mén - tum, ut a - ni-má-li-

a vi-

mén - tum, et admi-rá-bile sacra-mén - tum, ut a - ni-má-li-

a vi-
dé-rent Dó-mi-num na-tum, vi-dé-rent Dó-mi-num na-tum
dé-rent Dó-mi-num na-tum, vi-dé-rent Dó-mi-num na-tum ja-cé-nem

ja-cé-nem in præ-sé-pio,
ja-cé-nem in præ-sé-pio, ja-cé-nem in præ-sé-pio,
ja-cé-nem in præ-sé-pio.

præ-sé-pio, in præ-sé-pio.
præ-sé-pio, in præ-sé-pio.
O beáta vir - go cu-jus ví-scera me - rué-

O beáta vir - go cu-jus ví-scera me - rué-

O beáta vir - go cu-jus ví-scera me - rué-

O beáta vir - go cu-jus ví-scera me - rué-

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

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

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

runt Je - sum Chris - tum.
Personent Hodie

from *Piae Cantiones, 1582*

Arranged by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

1. Pér-so-nent hó-di-e vo-ces pu-é-ru-la, lau-dán-tes ju-cún-de
2. In mun-do ná-sci-tur, pan-nis in-vól-vi-tur, pré-sé-pi pó-ni-tur
3. Ma-gi tres ve-ne-runt, pár-vu-lum in-qui-runt, Béth-le-hem ád-e-unt,
4. Om-nes cle-ri-cu-li, pár-i-ter pú-e-ri, can-tent ut án-ge-li:

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

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

from *The Cowley Carol Book, 1919*
1. Pér-so-nent hó-di-e vo-ces pu-é-ru-læ, lau-dán-tes
2. In mun-do ná-sci-tur, pan-nís in-vól-vi-tur, præ-sé-pi
3. Ma-gí tres ve-né-runt, pár-vulum in-qui-runt, Béth-le-hem
4. Om-nes cle-ri-cu-li, pár-í-ter pà-e-ri, can-tent ut


et de vir-, vir-, vir-, et de vir-gi-ne-o ven-tre pro-cre-á-tus.
au-rum thus, thus, thus, au-rum thus, et myr-ham E-i of-fe-rén-do.
íd-e-o, -o, -o, id-e-o, gló-ri-a in ex-cél-sis De-o.
Ring Out, Wild Bells

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light: The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

2. Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells a-kindlier hand; Ring 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 night; The year is dying, let him go; Ring in the Christ that is to be.

from The Life Hymnal, 1904

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)
NEW YEAR

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)

Adapted from Kyrie, 12th Mass

W.A. Mozart (1756–1791)

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

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

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

13. Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring in re
dress to all mankind.
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
6. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease:
8. Ring in the valiant man and free,

9. The faithless coldness of the times:
The civic slander and the spite:
Ring out the narrow wing lust of gold:
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;

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

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

from HymnWiki.org
Other verses, Robert Burns (1759–1796)

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind?
2. We twa ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gow'ans fine;
3. We twa ha'e sport ed i' the burn, Frae morn' in' sun till dine,
4. And here's a hand, my trust'y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine;

But we've wan der'd mon'y a wea'ry foot, Sin' auld lang syne.
But seas between us braid ba'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
We'll tak' a cup o' kind ness yet, For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kind ness yet For auld lang syne.

from Favorite Songs and Hymns for School and Home, 1899