

CHRISTMAS CAROLS





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JOY TO THE WORLD!

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

$\text{♩} = 70$

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re -
 2. Joy to the world! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
 3. No more let sin and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in -
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace And makes the

ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him
 songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
 fest the ground; He comes to make his bless - ings
 na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous -

room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture
 plains Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
 flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
 ness, And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His

And heav'n and na - ture sing,
 Re - peat the sounding joy,
 And Re -

sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 found, Far as, far as, the curse is found.
 love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
 peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing joy.

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

translated by Frederick Oakley (1802–1880)

John Francis Wade (1711–1786)

$\text{♩} = 100$

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

Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him, Born the King of an - gels;
Vir - gin's womb; Ve - ry God, Be - got - ten, not cre - at - ed:
heav'n a - bove; Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry in the high - est;
glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;

mf O come, let us a - dore Him, **f** O come, let us a - dore Him,

ff O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord!

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Phillips Brooks (1835-1893)

Lewis H. Redner (1831-1908)

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - er'd all a - bove,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n!
4. Where chil - dren pure and hap - py pray to the bless - ed Child,
5. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His Heav'n.
Where mis - e - ry cries out to Thee, Son of the mo - ther mild;
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!
No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin;
Where cha - ri - ty stands watch - ing and faith holds wide the door,
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad tid - ings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!
Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
The dark night wakes, the glo - ry breaks, and Christ - mas comes once more
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el!

AWAY IN A MANGER

James Ramsey Murray (1841-1905)



1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for His bed,
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, The poor ba - by wakes,
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay



The lit - tle Lord Je - sus Laid down His sweet head:
But lit - tle Lord Je - sus No cry - ing He makes;
Close by me for - ev - er And love me, I pray:



The stars in the heav - ens Look'd down where He lay,
I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look down from the sky,
Bless all the dear chil - dren In Thy ten - der care,



The lit - tle Lord Je - sus A - sleep in the hay.
And stay by my cra - dle Till mor - ning is nigh.
And take us to heav - en To live with Thee there.



IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

Edmund H. Sears (1810-1876)

Richard S. Willis (1819-1900)



1. It came up-on— the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,—
2. Still through the clo-ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un-furl'd;—
3. O ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,—
4. For lo! the days are hast-'ning on, By pro-phet bards fore-told,—



From an-gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:—
And still their heav'n-ly mu-sic floats O'er all the wea-ry world:—
Who toil a-long the climb-ing way With pain-ful steps and slow!—
When with the ev-er-cir-cling years Comes round the age of gold;—



“Peace on the earth, goodwill to men From heav'n's all gra-cious King.”—
A-bove its sad—and low-ly plains They bend on hov-'ring wing,—
Look now, for glad—and gold-en hours Come swift-ly on the wing;—
When Peace shall o-ver all the earth Its an-cient splen-dors fling,—



The world in sol-lemn still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing.—
And ev-er o'er its Ba-belsounds The bless-ed an-gels sing.—
O rest be-side the wea-ry road And hear the an-gels sing.—
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an-gels sing.—



THE FIRST NOËL

ditional

18th Century French Melody

mf

1. The first No - ël the an - gel did say, Was to cer - tain poor
 2. They look - ed up and saw a Star Shining in the
 3. And by the light of that same Star Three wise men
 4. This star drew nigh to the North West, O'er Beth - le -
 5. Then en - ter'd in those Wise - men three, Full rev - 'rent -
 6. Then let us all with one ac - cord, Sing prais - es

shep - herds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay
 East be - yond them far, And to the earth it
 came from coun - try far; To seek for a King was
 hem it took its rest, And there it did both
 ly on bend - ed knee, And of - fer'd there in
 to our Heav - en - ly Lord, That hath made Heav'n and

keep - ing their sheep On a cold win - ter's night that was so deep.
 gave great light, And so it con - tin - ued both day and night.
 their in - tent, And to fol - low the star where e'er it went.
 stop and stay Right o - ver the place where Je - sus lay.
 His pres - ence, Their gold and myrrh and frank - in - cense.
 earth of naught, And with His Blood man - kind hath bought.

ff No - ël, No - ël, No - ël, No - ël, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE

John H. Hopkins (1820-1891)

John H. Hopkins (1820-1891)

mf

All
Melchior
Casper
Balthazar
All

1. We three kings of O - ri - ent
 2. Born a King on Beth - le - hem's
 3. Frank - in - cense to of - fer have
 4. Myrrh is mine, its bit - ter per
 5. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a -

are; Bear - ing gifts we tra - verse a - far, Field and
 plain, Gold I bring, to crown Him a - gain, King for -
 I, In - cense owns a De - i - ty nigh, Pray'r and
 fume, Breathes a life of gath - er - ing gloom; Sor - rowing,
 rise, King and God and Sac - ri - fice, Al - le -

foun - tain, moor and moun - tain, Fol - low - ing yon - der star.
 ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, O - ver us all to reign.
 prais - ing, all men rais - ing Wor - ship Him, God most High.
 sigh - ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, Seal'd in the stone - cold tomb.
 lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Earth to heav'n re - plies.

a tempo

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.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

$\text{♩} = 112$

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, — “Glo - ry to the new-born King!
2. Christ, by high - est heav’n a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord;
3. Mild He lays His glo - ry by, — Born that man no more may die,

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

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

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

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

SILENT NIGHT

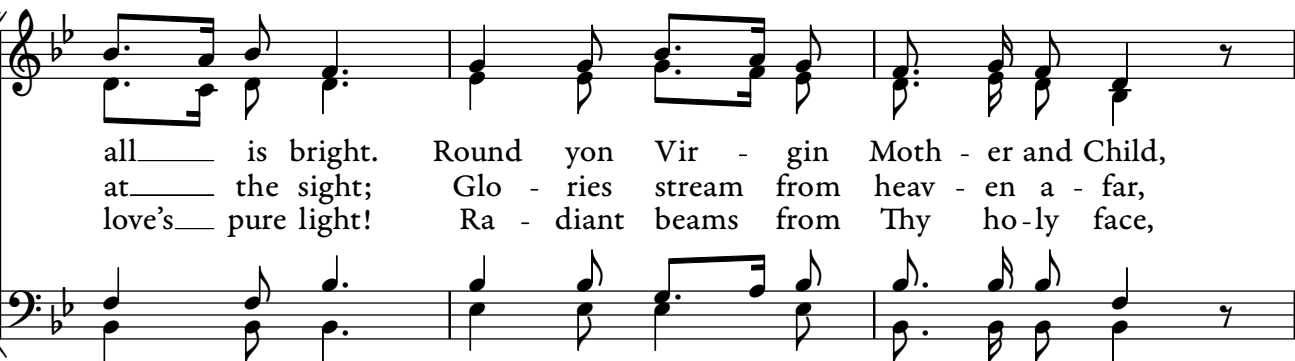
Translated by John Freeman Young (1820–1885)

Franz Gruber (1787–1863)

Tranquillo (♩ = 90)



p 1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All — is calm,
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep - herds quake
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son — of God,



all — is bright. Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child,
at — the sight; Glo - ries stream from heav - en a - far,
love's — pure light! Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face,



Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly
Heav'n - ly hosts — sing Al - le - lu - ia; *mf* Christ, the Sav - ior is
With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy



peace, — *pp* Sleep in heav - en - ly peace. —
born! — Christ, the Sav - ior is born! —
birth! — Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth! —

ES IST EIN ROS ENTSPRUNGEN

Century German

Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571-1621)



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



Wur - zel zart,
 -sai - a sagt,



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



war die Art
 Blüm - lein bracht.



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



halb - en Nacht.
 rei - ne Magd.

FLOS DE RADICE JESSE

Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571-1621)



1. Flos de ra-dí-ce Jes-se, est na-tus hó - di-e. Quem no - bis jam ad-és - se, læ - tá-mur
 2. Hunc I - sa - í - as florem, præ-sá-giis cé - ci-nit. Ad e - jus nos a-mórem, Nascéntis
 3. Est campi flos pu-dí-ci, est flos con-vál - li-um. Pulchrúmque pot-est di - ci, in spi-nis
 4. Hic su-o flos o-dó-re, fi-dé-les át - trahit. Di - ví - no mox a-mó-re, at-tráctos



hó - di - e.
 cé - ci - nit.

flos or - tus est.

ú - ni-ce. Flos il - le Je-sus est. Ma-rí - a Vir-go ra-dix de qua flos ortus est.
 ál - li-cit. Flos virgam sú-per-at cæ-li ter-ræ-que ci-ves, Flos il-le ré - cre-at.
 lí - li-um. O - dó-ris óp-ti - mi; vel so - li quod vis ce-dit a - ró-ma nó - mi-ni.
 ím - bu-it. O flos o grá-ti - a: ad Te, ad Te su-spí-ro, de Te me sá - ti - a.

ú - ni - ce. or - tus est.
 ál - li - cit. ré - cre - at.

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 bloom-ing From ten - der stem has sprung! Of
 2. I - sa - iah 'twas fore - told it, The Rose I had in mind; With
 3. The shep - herds heard the sto - ry Proclaimed by an - gels bright, How
 4. O Flow'r, whose fragrance ten - der With sweet-ness fills the air, Dis -

stem has sprung!

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

old have sung.

-spent was the night.
 bright, A - mid the cold of win - ter When half - spent was the night.
 right She bore to men a Sav - ior, When half-spent was the night.
 sped And in the man - ger found Him, As an - gel her - alds said.
 God, From Sin and death now save us, And share our ev - 'ry load.

was the night.

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Traditional

English Folk Song

1, 4. We wish you a Mer-ry Christ-mas, We wish you a Mer-ry Christ-mas, We
mf 2. Oh, bring us a fig-gy pud-ding, Oh, bring us a fig-gy pud-ding, Oh,
3. We won't go un-til we get some, We won't go un-til we get some, We

Fine

wish you a Mer-ry Christ-mas, And a hap-py New Year!
bring us a fig-gy pud-ding, and a cup of good cheer.
won't go un-til we get some, so— bring it right here.

Fine

mp Good tidings to you wher-ev-er you are; Good tidings for Christmas and a happy New Year!

