

Keele SCR Christmas Song Book

A Collection of Carols and Wassails

Compiled by Dr Kelcey Swain, Master of the Ramble

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Fairytale of New York

Piano

Shane MacGowan & Jem Finer

Medium Slow

1. It was Christmas Eve, babe, in the
luck - y one, came in eigh-

drunk tank, when an old man said to me "Won't see a-noth-er one". And then he
teen to one I've got a feeling this year's for me and you. So hap - py

sang a song, "The rare old mountain dew". I turned my face a-way, and dreamed a -
Christ-mas; I love you, ba - by. I can see a better time, when all our

bout you. 2. Got on a dreams come true,

3. They got cars big as bars, they got ri-vers of gold; but the

wind goes right through you, it's no place for the old. When you first took my hand on a cold

22

Christmas Eve, you promised me Broadway was wait - ing for me. 4. You were

25

hand-some. You were pretty, Queen of New York Ci-ty. When the band finished playing, they
bum, you're a punk! You old slut on junk Ly - ing there al-most dead on a

28

howled out for more. Sin - at - ra was swinging; all the drunks, they were sing-ing. We
drip in that bed! You scum - bag! You mag-got! You taped ov - er Taggart! Happy

31

kissed on the cor - ner, then danced through the night. The boys of the N Y P D choir were
Christmas you arse! I pray God it's our last

35

singing "Gal-way Bay". And the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day.

40

45

5. You're a

51

6. I could have been some-one Well, so could

57

a - ny - one. You took my dreams from me when I first found you.

62

I kept them with me babe; I put them with my own. Can't make it

67

all a - lone; I've built my dreams a - round you. The boys of the N Y

73

P D choir were singing "Galway Bay". And the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day.

Fairytale of New York

Lyrics

Shane MacGowan & Jem Finer

1. It was Christmas Eve, babe in the drunk tank
An old man said to me "Won't see another one"
And then he sang a song *The Rare Old Mountain Dew*
I turned my face away and dreamed about you.

2. Got on a lucky one came in eighteen to one
I've got a feeling this year's for me and you
So, Happy Christmas, I love you, baby
I can see a better time when all our dreams come true.

3. They've got cars big as bars, they've got rivers of gold
But the wind goes right through you, it's no place for the old
When you first took my hand on a cold Christmas Eve
You promised me Broadway was waiting for me

4. You were handsome, you were pretty, Queen of New York City
When the band finished playing they howled out for more
Sinatra was swinging all the drunks, they were singing
We kissed on a corner then danced through the night.

The boys of the NYPD choir were singing "Galway Bay"
And the bells were ringing out for Christmas day.

5. You're a bum, you're a punk, you're an old slut on junk
Lying there almost dead on a drip in that bed
You scumbag, you maggot, you taped over Taggart!
Happy Christmas, your arse, I pray God it's our last.

The boys of the NYPD choir were singing "Galway Bay"
And the bells were ringing out for Christmas day.

6. "I could have been someone", well, so could anyone,
You took my dreams from me when I first found you.
I kept them with me, babe, I put them with my own
Can't make it all alone, I've built my dreams around you.

The boys of the NYPD choir were singing "Galway Bay"
And the bells were ringing out for Christmas day.

Gaudete

Piæ Cantiones



Gau - de - te, gaudete, Christus est na - tus ex Ma - ri - a Vir - gin - e, Gaude - te!



Tempus ad - est gra - ti - æ hoc quod op - ta - ba - mus, Car - mi - na læ - ti - ti - æ de - vo - te red - da - mus.
 De - us ho - mo factus est na - tu - ra miran - te, Mundus re - no - va - tus est a Christo regnan - te.
 E - ze - chielis por - ta clau - sa per transi - tur, Un - de lux est or - ta, sa - lus in - ve - ni - tur.
 Er - go nostra con - ti - o psal - lat iam in lusstro, Be - ne - di - cat Do - mi - no, sal - us Re - gi nos - tro.

1. Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus ex Maria Virgine, Gaudete!

Tempus adest gratiæ hoc quod optabamus, Carmina lætitiæ devote reddamus

2. Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus ex Maria Virgine, Gaudete!

Deus homo factus est natura mirante, Mundus renovatus est a Christo regnante.

3. Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus ex Maria Virgine, Gaudete!

Ezechielis porta clausa pertransitur, Unde lux ext orta, salus invenitur.

4. Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus ex Maria Virgine, Gaudete!

Ergo nostra contio psallat iam lustrum, Denedicat Domino, salus Regi nostro.

God Rest You Merry Gentlemen

Piano

Traditional

With lively motion

1. God rest you mer - ry gen - tlemen, let no - thing you dis - may, Re - mem - ber Christ our
 2. From God our heaven - ly Fa - ther a bles - sed an - gel came; And un - to cer - tain
 3. Now to the Lord sing prai - ses, all you with - in this place, And with true love and

Sav - iour was born on Christmas day, To save us all from Sa - tan's pow'r when we were gone a -
 shep - herds brought ti - dings of the same; How that in Beth - le - hem was born the Son of God by
 brotherhood each oth - er now em - brace. This ho - ly tide of Christ - mas all oth - ers do de -

stray;
 name; O tid - ings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy, O tid - ings of comfort and joy.
 face;

God Rest You Merry Gentlemen

Chords

Traditional

With lively motion

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Chords are indicated above the notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1. God rest you mer-ry gen - tle-men, let nothing you dis - may, Re - member Christ our
Sav - iour was born on Christmas day, To save us all from Sa-tan's pow'r when we were gone a -
stray;

1. God rest you merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Savior was born on Christmas Day,
To save us all from Satan's power when we were gone astray.
*O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.*

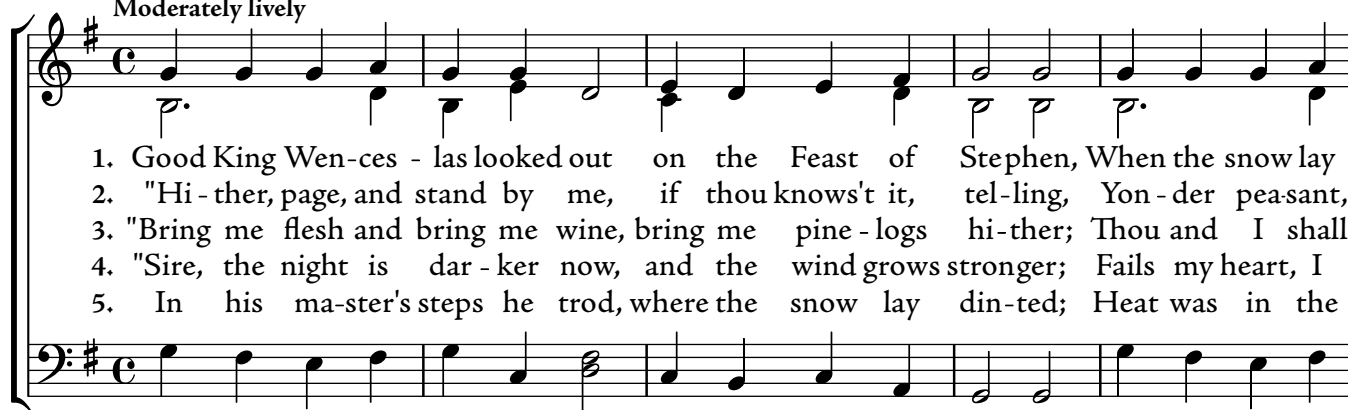
2. From God our heavenly Father a blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born the Son of God by name.
*O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.*

3. Now to the Lord sing praises, all you within this place
And with true love and brotherhood each other now embrace.
This holy tide of Christmas all others do deface,
*O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.*

Good King Wenceslas

Piano

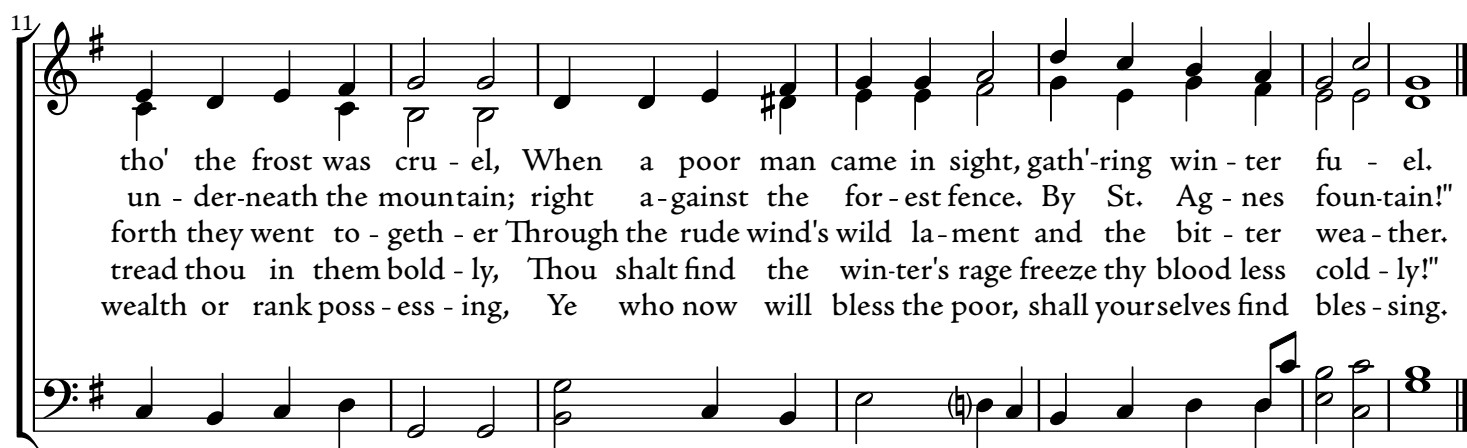
Moderately lively



1. Good King Wen-ces - las looked out on the Feast of Stephen, When the snow lay
 2. "Hi - ther, page, and stand by me, if thou knows't it, tel-ling, Yon - der peasant,
 3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine - logs hi - ther; Thou and I shall
 4. "Sire, the night is dar - ker now, and the wind grows stronger; Fails my heart, I
 5. In his ma - ster's steps he trod, where the snow lay din - ted; Heat was in the



round a - bout, deep and crisp and e - ven, Bright - ly shone the moon that night,
 who is he? Where and what his dwel - ling?" "Sire, he lives a good league hence,
 see him dine when we bear him hi - ther." Page and mon - arch forth they went,
 know now how, I can go no lon - ger." "Mark my footsteps, my good page,
 ve - ry sod which the saint had prin - ted; Therefore, Christian men, be sure,



tho' the frost was cru - el, When a poor man came in sight, gath'-ring win - ter fu - el.
 un - der-neath the mountain; right a - gainst the for - est fence. By St. Ag - nes foun - tain!"
 forth they went to - geth - er Through the rude wind's wild la - ment and the bit - ter wea - ther.
 tread thou in them bold - ly, Thou shalt find the win - ter's rage freeze thy blood less cold - ly!"
 wealth or rank poss - ess - ing, Ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find bles - sing.

Good King Wenceslas

Chords

Moderately lively

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The tempo is 'Moderately lively'. Chords are indicated above the notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1. Good King Wen-ces - las looked out on the Feast of Ste - phen, When the snow lay
 round a-bout, deep and crisp and e - ven, Brightly shone the moon that night, tho' the frost was
 cru - el, When a poor man came in sight, gath'ring win - ter fu - el.

1. Good King Wenceslas look out on the Feast of Stephen,
 When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even,
 Brightly shone the moon that night, tho' the frost was cruel,
 When a poor man came in sight, gathr'ing winter fuel.

2. "Hither, page and stand by me, if thou knows't it, telling,
 Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what is dwelling?"
 "Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain;
 right against the forrest fence. By St. Agnes fountain!"

3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pinelogs highter;
 Thou and I shall see him dine when we bear him hither."
 Page and monarch forth they went, forth they went together
 Through the rude wind's wild lament and the bitter weather.

4. "Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind grows stronger;
 Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no longer."
 "Mark my footsteps, my good page, tread though in them boldly,
 Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy blood less coldly!"

5. In his master's steps he trod, where the snow lay dinted;
 Heat was in the very sod, which the saint had printed;
 Therefore, Christian men, be sure, wealth or rank possessing,
 Ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing.

Gower Wassail

Traditional

Am Em Am Em Am

1. A was-sail a was-sail, through out all the town. Our cup it is
 2. We know by the moon that we're not too soon. We know by the

6 F C Em Am Em Am

white and our ale it is brown. Our was-sail is made of the good ale and
 sky that we are not too high. We know by the stars that we are not too

12 Em Am Am F C Em

true. Some nut-meg and gin - ger, it's the best we can do. Fol-de-dol fol the dol-de-
 far. We know by the ground that we are with-in sound.

18

dol. Fol the dol-de-dol fol the dol-de-dee. Fol the der - o, fol the dar-dee. Sing tu re - lye do.

Here We Come A-wassailing

Piano

Traditional

Brightly

D

A

D

A

G

D

1. Here we come a - was-sail - ing a - mong the leaves so green; Here we come a -
 2. Our was-sail cup is made of the rose - ma - ry tree, And so is your
 3. Call up the but - ler of this house, Put on his gol - den ring. Bring us up a
 4. Bring us out a ta - ble And spread it with a cloth; Bring us out a
 5. Good master and good mist - ress, sit - ting by the fire, Pray think of us poor

Bm⁷Em⁷

D

A

Bm

A

D

A⁷

D

A⁷

D

G

D

Em

wand - 'ring so fair to be seen. Love and joy come to you, And to
 beer of the best bar - ley.
 glass of beer, And bet - ter we shall sing.
 mouldy cheese, And some of your Christmas loaf.
 child - ren Who are wand - ering in the mire.

D

G

D

Em

D

B⁷

Em

A⁷

you your was - sail too; And God bless you and send you a

D

G

D

G

D

B⁷

Em

A⁷

D

Hap - py New Year And God send you a Hap - py New Year.

Here We Come A-wassailing

Chords

Traditional

Brightly

1. Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green; Here we come a-wand-'ring so
fair to be seen. Love and joy come to you, And to you your wassail too; And God
bless you and send you a Hap - py New Year And God send you a Hap - py New Year.

1. Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green;

Here we come a-wandr'ing so fair to be seen.

Love and joy come to you, and to you your wassail too;

And God bless you and send you a Happy New Year,

And God send you a Happy New Year,

2. Our wassail cup is made of the rosemary tree,

And so is your beer of the best barley.

Love and joy come to you, and to you your wassail too;

And God bless you and send you a Happy New Year,

And God send you a Happy New Year,

3. Call up the butler of this house, put on his golden ring.

Bring us up a glass of beer, and better we shall sing.

Love and joy come to you, and to you your wassail too;

And God bless you and send you a Happy New Year,

And God send you a Happy New Year,

4. Bring us out a table and spread it with cloth;

Bring us out a mouldy cheese, and some of your Christmas loaf

Love and joy come to you, and to you your wassail too;

And God bless you and send you a Happy New Year,

And God send you a Happy New Year,

5. Good master and good mistress, sitting by the fire,

Pray think of us poor children who are wandering in the mire.

Love and joy come to you, and to you your wassail too;

And God bless you and send you a Happy New Year,

And God send you a Happy New Year,