

# White Christmas

Irving Berlin  
arr. Maia McCormick

**Schmaltzissimo**

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas just like the ones I used to know, where the

tree-tops glist-en, and child-ren list-en to hear sleigh bells in the snow.

I'm dream-ing of a white Christ-mas with ev-'ry Christ-mas card I

write. May your days be mer-ry and bright, and may

all your Christ-mases be white; and may all your Christ-mases be white.

Christmas Carols  
compiled by Maia McCormick  
November 21, 2021



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## What Child is This?

William Chatterton Dix (1837 - 1898)

Trad. English Melody

Greensleeves 8.7.8.7 with Refrain

1. What Child is this, Who, laid to rest, On  
2. Why lies He in, such mean e - state Where  
3. So bring Him in - cense, gold, and myrrh, Come

Ma - ry's lap is sleep - ing? Whom an - gels greet with  
ox and ass are feed - ing? Good Chris - tians, fear: for  
pea - sant, king, to own Him; The King of kings sal -

an - thems sweet, While shep - herds watch are keep - ing?  
sin - ners here The si - lent Word is plead - ing.  
va - tion brings, Let lov - ing hearts en - throne Him.

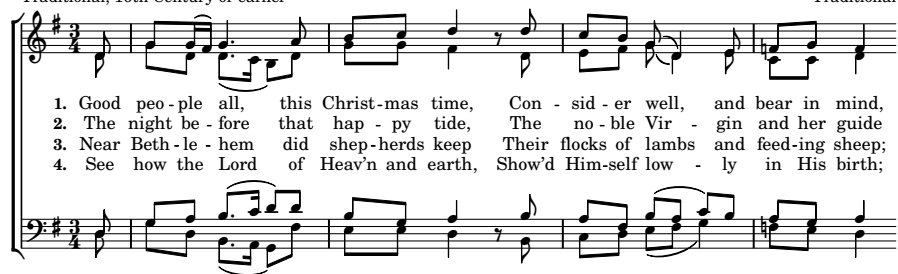
This, this is Christ the King, Whom shep-herds guard and an - gels sing;

Haste, haste to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry.

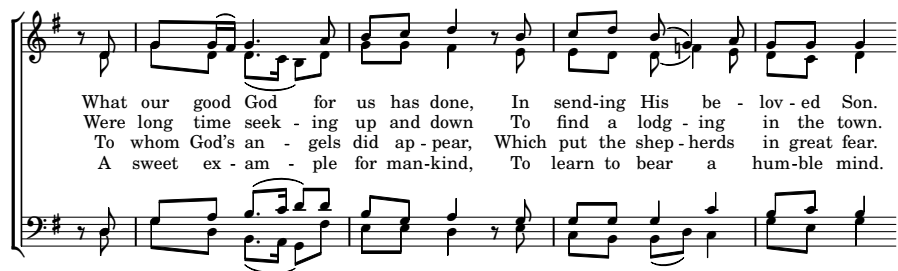
## The Wexford Carol

Traditional, 16th Century or earlier

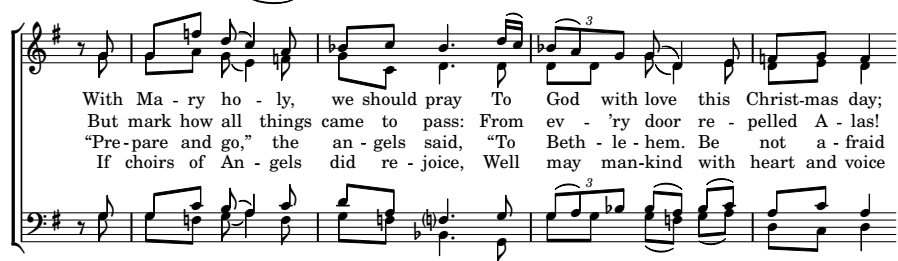
Traditional



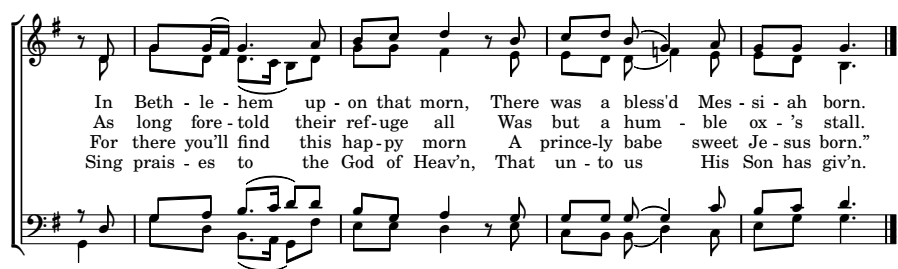
1. Good peo - ple all, this Christ-mas time, Con - sid - er well, and bear in mind,  
 2. The night be - fore that hap - py tide, The no - ble Vir - gin and her guide  
 3. Near Beth - le - hem did shep-herds keep Their flocks of lambs and feed-ing sheep;  
 4. See how the Lord of Heav'n and earth, Show'd Him-self low - ly in His birth;



What our good God for us has done, In send-ing His be - lov - ed Son.  
 Were long time seek - ing up and down To find a lodg - ing in the town.  
 To whom God's an - gels did ap - pear, Which put the shep - herds in great fear.  
 A sweet ex - am - ple for man-kind, To learn to bear a hum-ble mind.



With Ma - ry ho - ly, we should pray To God with love this Christ-mas day;  
 But mark how all things came to pass: From ev - 'ry door re - pelled A - las!  
 "Pre-pare and go," the an - gels said, "To Beth - le - hem. Be not a - fraid  
 If choirs of An - gels did re - joice, Well may man-kind with heart and voice



In Beth - le - hem up - on that morn, There was a bless'd Mes - si - ah born.  
 As long fore - told their ref-uge all Was but a hum - ble ox - 's stall.  
 For there you'll find this hap-py morn A prince-ly babe sweet Je - sus born."  
 Sing prais - es to the God of Heav'n, That un - to us His Son has giv'n.

## Adam Lay Ybounden

Anon. 15th cen.

Boris Ord

A - dam lay y-boun - den, Bound - en in a bond; Four thou - sand

All for an ap - ple, An

win - ter Thought he not too long. And all was for an ap - ple, An

ap - ple that he took, As clerk - es find - en Writ - ten in their book.

Ne had the ap - ple tak - en been, The ap - ple tak - en been,

Ne had nev - er our la - dy A - been hea - ven - é queen.

## 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  
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

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*

Good ti - dings we bring to you and your kin; Good

ti - dings for Christ - mas and a hap - py New Year!

# We Three Kings of Orient Are

John H. Hopkins (1820–1891)

John H. Hopkins (1820–1891)

1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are; Bear - ing gifts we tra - verse a -  
 2. Born a King on Beth - le - hem's plain, Gold I bring, to crown Him a -  
 3. Frank - in - cense to of - fer have I, In - cense owns a De - i - ty  
 4. Myrrh is mine, its bit - ter per - fume, Breathes a life of gath - er - ing  
 5. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise, King and God and Sac - ri -

far, Field and foun-tain, moor and moun-tain, Fol-low - ing yon - der star.  
 gain, King for - ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, O - ver us all to reign.  
 nigh, Pray'r and prais-ing, all men rais - ing Worship Him, God most High.  
 gloom; Sor-rowing, sigh-ing, bleed-ing, dy - ing, Seal'd in the stone-cold tomb.  
 fice, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Earth to heav'n re - plies.

*a tempo*  
 O — Star of won - der, star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,

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

Bless - ed be the time That ap - ple tak - en was,

There - fore we moun sing - en, De - o gra - ci - as, De - o  
 De - o gra - ci - as

as, De - o gra - ci - as!  
 gra - ci - as, De - o gra - ci - as!  
 as, De - o gra - ci - as!

## The Angel Gabriel

trans. Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-1924)

Basque Carol

Gabriel's Message 10.10.12.10

harm. Edgar Pettman

1. The an - gel Ga - bri - el from heav - en came, His wings as drif - ted snow, his  
 2. "For known a blessed Mo - ther thou shalt be, All ge - ne - ra - tions laud and  
 3. Then gen - tle Ma - ry meek - ly bowed her head, "To me be as it plea - seth  
 4. Of her, Em - man - u - el, the Christ, was born In Beth - le - hem, all on a

eyes as flame; "All hail," said he, "thou low - ly maid - en Ma - ry,  
 hon - or thee, Thy Son shall be Em - man - u - el, by seers fore - told,  
 God," she said, "My soul shall laud and mag - ni - fy His ho - ly Name."  
 Christ - mas morn, And Chris - tian folk through - out the world will ev - er say

Most high - ly fa - vored la - dy," Glo - - ri - a!  
 Most high - ly fa - vored la - dy," Glo - - ri - a!  
 Most high - ly fa - vored la - dy, Glo - - ri - a!  
 "Most high - ly fa - vored la - dy," Glo - - ri - a!

## The Wassail Song

Traditional

Traditional (Yorkshire)

1. Here we come a - was - sail - ing A - mong the leaves so green,  
 2. We are not dai - ly beg - gars That beg from door to door, But  
 3. Good Mas - ter and good Mis - tress, As you sit by the fire, Pray

Here we come a - wan - d'ring, So fair — to be seen.  
 we are neigh - bors' chil - dren Whom you have seen be - fore. Love and  
 think of us poor chil - dren Who wan - der in the mire.

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.

## Veni, Veni Emmanuel (O Come O Come Emmanuel)

trans. John M. Neale and Henry Sloane Coffin  
8.8.8.8.8. with Refrain

Ancient plainsong  
arr. Thomas Helmore

1. Ve-ni, ve-ni Em-man - u - el! Cap-ti-vum sol-ve Is - ra - el! Qui  
 2. Ve-ni, O Sap-i - en - ti - a, quae hic dis-po-nis om - ni - a, ve -  
 3. Ve-ni, ve-ni, A - do - na - i, qui pop-u - lo in Si - na - i le -  
 4. Ve-ni, O Jess-e vir - gu - la, ex host-is tu-os un - gu - la, de

ge-mit in ex - i - li - o, Pri-va-tus De-i Fi - li - o,  
 ni, vi-am pru-den - ti - ae ut do-ce-as et glo - ri - ae.  
 gem de-dis - ti ver - ti - ce in ma-jes-ta-te glo - ri - ae.  
 spec-u tu - os tar - tar - i e - duc et an-tro bar - a - thri.

Gau-de, gau-de, Em-man - u - el Na-sce-tur pro te, Is - ra - el.

5.  
Veni, Clavis Davidica,  
regna reclude caelica,  
fac iter tutum superum,  
et claude vias inferum.

6.  
Veni, veni O Oriens,  
solare nos adveniens,  
noctis depelle nebulas,  
dirasque mortis tenebras.

7.  
Veni, veni, Rex Gentium,  
veni, Redemptor omnium,  
ut salvas tuos famulos  
peccati sibi conscios.

## Angels We Have Heard on High

trans. Bishop James Chadwick (1813-1882)

18th Century French Carol

Gloria 7.7.7.7. with refrain

1. An - gels we have heard on high, Sweet - ly sing - ing o'er the plains;  
 2. Shep-herds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why your joy - ous songs pro-long?  
 3. Come to Beth - le - hem and see Him whose birth the an - gels sing;

And the moun-tains in re - ply Ech - o - ing their joy - ous strains.  
 What the glad - some ti-dings be Which in - spire your heav'n - ly song?  
 Come a - dore on bend-ed knee Christ, the Lord, our new - born King.

Glo - ri - a

in ex - cel - sis De - o, De - o!

## Away in a Manger

### Cradle Song

19th cen. American

W.J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

arr. David Wilcocks

1. A - way in a man-ger, no crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord  
 2. The cat - tle are low-ing, the ba - by a-wakes, But lit - tle Lord  
 3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus; I ask thee to stay Close by me for

Je - sus laid down his sweet head; The stars in the bright sky looked  
 Je - sus no cry - ing he makes. I love thee, Lord Je - sus! Look  
 ev - er, and love me, I pray. Bless all the dear child - ren in

down where he lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.  
 down from the sky, and stay by my side un - til morn-ing is nigh.  
 thy ten - der care, and fit us for hea-ven, to live with thee there.

## The Truth From Above

### (Herefordshire Carol)

Traditional English

harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams

1. This is the truth sent from a - bove, The  
 2. The first thing which I do re - late  
 3. Then, af - ter this, 'twas God's own choice To  
 4. But they did eat, which was a sin, And  
 5. Thus we were heirs to end - less woes, Till

truth of God, the God of love. There -  
 Is that God did man cre - ate; The  
 place them both in Pa - ra - dise, There  
 thus their ru - in did be - gin. Ru -  
 God the Lord did in - ter - pose; And

fore don't turn me from your door, But -  
 next thing which to you I'll tell Wo -  
 to re - main, from e - vil free, Ex -  
 ined them - selves, both you and me, And  
 so a prom - ise soon did run That He

heark - en all both rich and poor.  
 man was made with man to dwell.  
 cept they ate of such a tree.  
 all of their pos - ter - i - ty.  
 would re - deem us by His Son.



## Stille Nacht (Silent Night)

Rev. Joseph Mohr, 1818

Franz Gruber, 1818



1. Stil - le Nacht! hei - li - ge Nacht! Al - les schläft; ein - sam wacht.  
 2. Stil - le Nacht! hei - li - ge Nacht! Hir - ten erst kund - ge - macht,  
 3. Stil - le Nacht! hei - li - ge Nacht! Got - tes Sohn, o wie lacht



Nur das trau - te hoch - hei - li - ge Paar. Hol - der Kna - be im lock - i - gen Haar,  
 Durch der En - gel Hal - le - lu - ja! Tönt es laut von fern und nah:  
 Lieb' aus dein - em göt - tlichen Mund, Da uns schlägt die ret - tende Stund'.



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

### English - Verse 1:

Silent night! Holy night!  
 All is calm, all is bright,  
 Round yon Virgin Mother & Child!  
 Holy Infant, so tender and mild,  
 Sleep in heavenly peace! (2x)

### Verse 2:

Silent night! Holy night!  
 Shepherds quake at the sight!  
 Glories stream from Heaven afar,  
 Heavenly Hosts sing Alleluia!  
 Christ, the Saviour, is born! (2x)

### Verse 3:

Silent night! Holy night!  
 Son of God, love's pure light  
 Radiant beams from Thy Holy Face  
 With the dawn of redeeming grace,  
 Jesus, Lord, at Thy Birth! (2x)

## Away in a Manger (Normandy)

19th cen. American

Trad. Normandy Melody

arr. Reginald Jacques



1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord  
 2. The cat - tle are low - ing, the ba - by a - wakes, But lit - tle Lord  
 3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus; I ask thee to stay Close by me for



Je - sus laid down his sweet head; The stars in the bright sky looked  
 Je - sus no cry - ing he makes. I love thee, Lord Je - sus! Look  
 ev - er, and love me, I pray. Bless all the dear child - ren in



down where he lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.  
 down from the sky, and stay by my side un - til morn - ing is nigh.  
 thy ten - der care, and fit us for hea - ven, to live with thee there.

## Bring a Torch, Jeanette, Isabella!

Émile Blémont (1839–1927)

16th Century French Carol

trans. Edward Cuthbert Nunn

arr. Edward Cuthbert Nunn

1. Bring a torch, Jean-nette, Is-a - bel - la! Bring a torch, to the  
 2. It is wrong when the Child is sleep - ing, It is wrong to  
 3. Soft - ly to the lit - tle sta - ble, Soft - ly for a

cra - dle, run! It is Je-sus, good folk of the vil-lage; Christ is  
 talk so loud; Si - lence, all, as you gath - er a - round, Lest your  
 mo-ment come; Look and see how charm-ing is Je - sus, How He is

born and Ma - ry's call - ing: Ah! ah! beau - ti - ful is the  
 noise should wak - en Je - sus: Hush! hush! see how fast He  
 white, His cheeks are ros - y! Hush! hush! see how the Child is

Moth - er; Ah! ah! beau - ti - ful is her Son!  
 slum - bers! Hush! hush! see how fast He sleeps!  
 sleep - ing; Hush! hush! see how He smiles in dreams.

## Still, Still Still

Georg Gotsch

Austrian trad.

trans. George K. Evans

Rod Mather

1. Still, still, still, weil's Kind-lein schlaf - en will. Ma -  
 2. Schlaf, schlaf, schlaf, mein lie - bes Kind-lein, schlaf! Die  
 3. Groß, groß, groß, die Lieb ist ü - ber - groß! Gott

ri - a tut es nie - der sing-en, ih - re groß - e Lieb dar-bring-en.  
 En - gel tun schön mu - si - zie-ren, bei dem Kind-lein ju - bi - lie - ren.  
 hat den Him-mels-thron ver - las-sen Und muss rei - sen auf der Straß-en.

Still, still, still, weil's Kind-lein schlaf - en will.  
 Schlaf, schlaf, schlaf, mein lie - bes Kind-lein, schlaf!  
 Groß, groß, groß, die Lieb ist ü - ber - groß!

### English - Verse 1:

Still, still, still,  
 He sleeps this night so chill.  
 The Virgin's tender  
 arms enfolding,  
 Warm and safe  
 the Child are holding.  
 Still, still, still,  
 He sleeps this night so chill.

### Verse 2:

Sleep, sleep, sleep,  
 He lies in slumber deep.  
 While angel hosts  
 from heav'n come winging,  
 Sweetest songs  
 of joy are singing.  
 Sleep, sleep, sleep,  
 He lies in slumber deep.

## Ríu Ríu Chíu

16th Century Villancico (ed. Nancho Alvarez)

Ri-u, ri-u, chi-u, la guar-da ri-be-ra: Dios guar-dó del lo-bo de nues-

tra cor-de-ra Dios guar-dó del lo-bo a nues-tra cor-de-ra.

Ri-u, ri-u, chi-u, la guar-da ri-be-ra: Dios guar-dó del lo-bo, lo-bo, lo-bo a nues-tra cor-de-ra.

Ri-u, ri-u, chi-u, la guar-da ri-be-ra: Dios guar-dó del lo-bo, del lo-bo, del lo-bo a nues-tra cor-de-ra.

bo de nues-tra cor-de-ra Dios guar-dó del lo-bo a nues-tra cor-de-ra.

bo, de nues-tra cor-de-ra Dios guar-dó del lo-bo, lo-bo a nues-tra cor-de-ra.

bo, de nues-tra cor-de-ra Dios guar-dó del lo-bo, del-lo-bo a nues-tra cor-de-ra.

bo, de nues-tra cor-de-ra Dios guar-dó del lo-bo, del lo-bo a nues-tra cor-de-ra.

**Coplas**

El lo-bo ra-bio-so la qui-so mor-der, mas Dios po-de-ro-so la su-po de-fen-der;  
Es-te que na-ci-do es el gran mo-nar-ca, Cris-to pa-tri-ar-ca de car-ne ves-ti-do;

**D.S.**

qui-so-la ha-cer que no pu-die-se pe-car, ni-aun o-ri-gi-nal es-ta Vir-gen no tu-vie-ra.  
ha-nos re-di-mi-do con se ha-cer chi-qui-to aun-que e-ra in-fi-ni-to, fi-ni-to se hi-cie-ra.

## The Cherry Tree Carol

Joseph was an old man

Trad. (15th cen.?)

English Trad.

1. Jo-seph was an old man, an  
2. Jo-seph and Ma-ry walked  
3. O then be-spoke Ma-ry with  
4. O then be-spoke Jo-seph with  
5. O then be-spoke the ba-by with  
6. Then bowed down the high-est tree un-  
7. Then Ma-ry plucked her cher-ry as

old man was he when he wed-ded  
through an-or-chard good where was cher-ries and  
words so-meek and mild: "Pluck me one cher-ry,  
an-swer most un-kind: "Let him pluck thee a  
in his mo-ther's womb: "Bow down then the  
to his mo-ther's hand. Then she cried, "See,  
red as-a-ny blood; then Ma-ry she went

Ma-ry in the land of Ga-li-lee.  
ber-ries so-red as a-ny blood.  
Jo-seph, for-I am with child."  
cher-ry that-brought thee now with child."  
tallest tree for my mo-ther to have some."  
Jo-seph, I have cher-ries at com-mand!"  
home-wards all-with her heav-y load.

## The Coventry Carol

(Lully, Lullay)

Robert Croo, 1534

16th Centry English Carol

arr. Martin Fallas Shaw (1875-1958)

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

8

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

15

poor Young-ling for whom we sing By, by, lul - ly, lul - lay?  
 men of might, in his own sight, All chil-dren young to slay.  
 Thy part - ing nor say nor sing, By, by, lul - ly, lul - lay.

## Rock of Ages

(Ma'oz Tzur)

trans. Marcus Jastrow and Gustav Gottheil

arr. Sarah Riskind (ed. McCormick)

Rock of a - ges, let our song praise Your sav - ing pow - er:

5

You, a - midst the rag - ing foes, were our shel - t'ring tow - er.

9

Fur - ious they as - sailed us, but Your arm a - vailed us,

13

and your word broke their sword when our own strength failed us,

17

and your word broke their sword when our own strength failed us.

## Once in Royal David's City

C.F. Alexander (1818-95)

H.J. Gauntlett (1805-76)

arr. A.H. Mann (1850-1929)

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,  
 2. He came down to earth from heav-en, Who is God and Lord of all,  
 3. For he is our child-hood's pat-tern, Day by day like us He grew;  
 4. And our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His own re - deem-ing love;

Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed:  
 And His shel - ter was a sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a stall;  
 He was lit - tle, weak, and help-less, Tears and smiles, like us, He knew:  
 For that Child so dear and gen - tle Is our Lord in heav'n a - bove:

Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.  
 With the poor, and mean, and low - ly, Lived on earth our Sav - ior ho - ly.  
 And He feel - eth for our sad-ness, And He shar - eth in our glad-ness.  
 And He leads His chil - dren on To the place where He is gone.

## Deck the Hall

Traditional

16th Century Welsh Tune

1. Deck the hall with boughs of hol - ly, Fa la la la la, la la la la.  
 2. See the blaz - ing Yule be - fore us, Fa la la la la, la la la la.  
 3. Fast a - way the old year pass-es, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

'Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly, Fa la la la la, la la la la.  
 Strike the harp and join the cho - rus, Fa la la la la, la la la la.  
 Hail the new, ye lads and lass-es, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Don we now our gay ap - par - el; Fa la la, la la la, la la la.  
 Fol - low me in mer - ry meas - ure, Fa la la, la la la, la la la.  
 Sing we joy - ous all to - geth - er, Fa la la, la la la, la la la.

Troll the an - cient Yule - tide car - ol, Fa la la la la, la la la la.  
 While I tell of Yule - tide treas - ure, Fa la la la la, la la la la.  
 Heed - less of the wind and weath - er, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

## Ding Dong Merrily on High


George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

16th century French melody

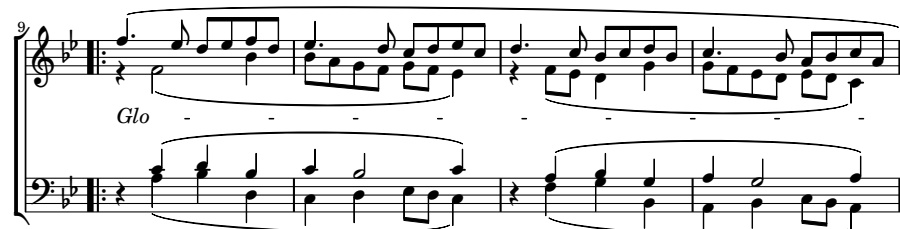
Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)



1. Ding dong! mer-ri-ly on high in heav'n the bells are ring-ing;  
2. E'en so here be-low, be-low, let 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, i-o by priest and peo-ple sung-en.  
may ye beau-ti-ful-ly rime your eve-time song, ye sing-ers.



Glo - - - - -



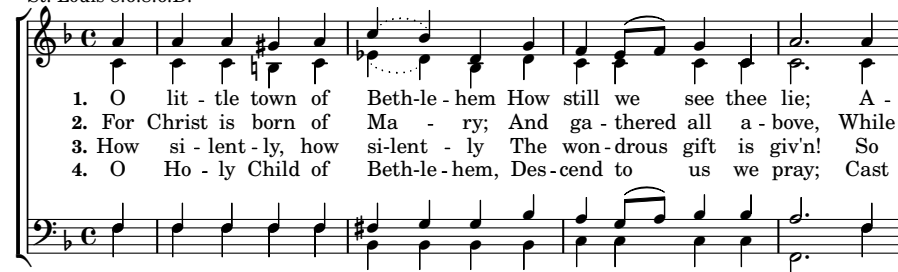
- - - - - ri-a, ho-san-na in ex-cel-sis!

## O Little Town of Bethlehem (Redner)

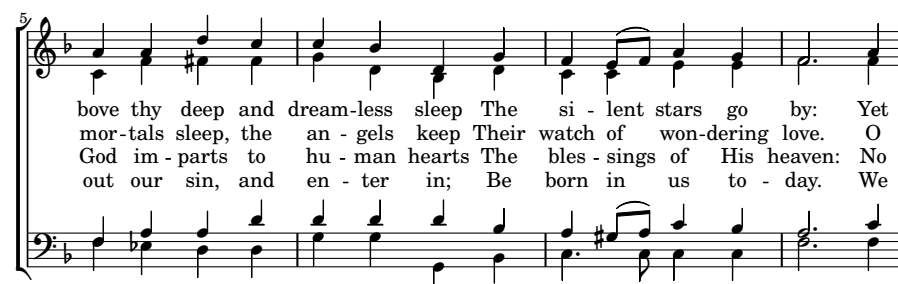
Bishop Phillips Brooks, 1868

Lewis H. Redner, 1868

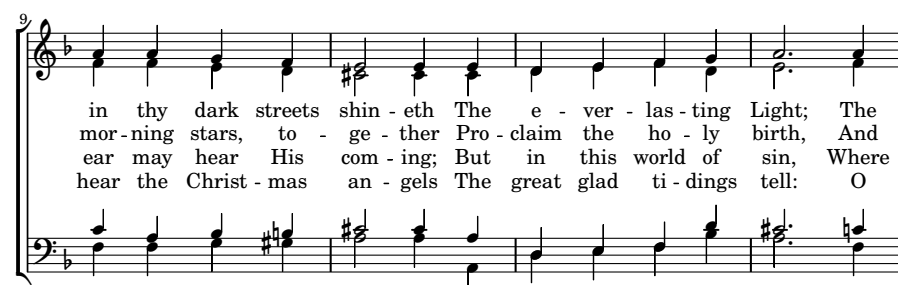
St. Louis 8.6.8.6.D.



1. O lit-tle town of Beth-le-hem How still we see thee lie; A -  
2. For Christ is born of Ma-ry; And ga-thered all a-bove, While  
3. How si-lent-ly, how si-lent-ly The won-drous gift is giv'n! So  
4. O Ho-ly Child of Beth-le-hem, Des-cend to us we pray; Cast



bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si-lent stars go by: Yet  
mor-tals sleep, the an-gels keep Their watch of won-dering love. O  
God im-parts to hu-man hearts The bles-sings of His heaven: No  
out our sin, and en-ter in; Be born in us to-day. We



in thy dark streets shin-eth The e-ver-las-ting Light; The  
mor-ning stars, to-ge-ther Pro-claim the ho-ly birth, And  
ear may hear His com-ing; But in this world of sin, Where  
hear the Christ-mas an-gels The great glad ti-dings tell: O



hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.  
prai-ses sing to God the King, And peace to all the earth!  
meek souls will re-ceive Him, still The dear Christ en-ters in.  
come to us, a-bide with us, Our Lord Em-man-u-el.

## O Little Town of Bethlehem (Trad. English)

Bishop Phillips Brooks, 1868

Trad. English Melody

Forest Green 8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams

1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le - hem How still we see thee lie; A -  
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And ga - thered all a - bove, While  
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n! So  
 4. O Ho - ly Child of Beth-le - hem, Des - cend to us we pray; Cast

bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by: Yet  
 mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - dering love. O  
 God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bles - sings of His heaven: No  
 out our sin, and en - ter in; Be born in us to - day. We

in thy dark streets shin - eth The e - ver - las - ting Light; The  
 mor - ning stars, to - ge - ther Pro - claim the ho - ly birth, An  
 ear may hear His com - ing; But in this world of sin, Where  
 hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell: O

13. hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.  
 prai - ses sing to God the King, And peace to all the earth!  
 meek souls will re - ceive Him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.  
 come to us, a - bid with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el.

## Es Ist Ein Ros' Entsprungen

(Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming)

St. Germanus, 634-734

14th cent. German Melody

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

Michael Praetorius, 1571-1621

1. Es ist ein Ros entsprungen, 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 - e - lein, so klein - e, das duf - tet uns so süß, mit sein - em hel - len

sung - en, von Jes - se kam die Art Und hat ein Blüm - lein  
 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

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

### English - Verse 1:

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming  
 from tender stem hath sprung!  
 Of Jesse's lineage coming,  
 as men of old have sung.  
 It came, a floweret bright,  
 Amid the cold of winter,  
 when half spent was the night.

### Verse 2:

Isaiah 'twas foretold it,  
 the Rose I have in mind;  
 With Mary we behold it,  
 the virgin mother kind.  
 To show God's love aright,  
 She bore to men a Saviour,  
 when half spent was the night.

## The First Noël

Traditional

18th Century French Melody  
harm. by John Stainer

*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 Shin - ing 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 -

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

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.

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

## O Come All Ye Faithful

(Adeste Fideles)

John Francis Wade

John Francis Wade

trans. Frederick Oakley

**Latin.** A - des - te fi - de - les lae - ti tri - um - phan - tes, Ve -  
 1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O  
 2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,  
 3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py mor - ning,

ni - te, ve - ni - te in Beth - le - hem. Na - tum vi - de - te  
 come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him  
 Sing, all ye ci - ti - zens of heav'n a - bove, Glo - ry to God, all  
 Je - su, to Thee be - glo - ry given; Word of the Fa - ther,

*Refrain*

Re - gem an - ge - lo - rum: Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus, Ve - ni - te a - do -  
 Born the King of An - gels: O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -  
 glo - ry in the high - est;  
 Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;

re - mus, Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus. Do - mi - num.  
 dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord!



## Joy To The World

Rev Isaac Watts, 1719

attributed to G. F. Handel

Antioch C.M. with Refrain

Lowell Mason, 1830

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come: Let earth re -  
 2. Joy to the world! The Sav - iour reigns: Let men their  
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the

ceive her King, Let ev - ery heart pre - pare Him  
 songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks hills and  
 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  
 ness And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And  
 Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re -  
 And won - ders of His love, And

sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.  
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.  
 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.  
 won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His love.

## Gloucestershire Wassail

18th Century English

18th Century English

**Allegro**

1. Was - sail, was - sail all o - ver the town, Our toast it is  
 2. So here is to Cher - ry and to his right cheek, Pray God send our  
 3. And here is to Dob - bin and to his right eye, Pray God send our  
 4. Then here's to the maid in the li - ly white smock, Who tripp'd to the

white and our ale it is brown; Our bowl it is made of the  
 mas - ter a good piece of beef, A good piece of beef that  
 mas - ter a good Christ - mas pie, A good Christ - mas pie that  
 door and slipp'd back the lock, Who tripp'd to the door and

white ma - ple tree, With the was - sail-ing bowl we'll drink un - to thee.  
 may we all see, With the was - sail-ing bowl we'll drink un - to thee.  
 may we all see, With the was - sail-ing bowl we'll drink un - to thee.  
 pulled back the pin, For to let these jol - ly was - sail-ers in.

# God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen

London Carol

London Melody, 18th Cent.

God Rest Ye Merry 7 6. 7 6. 7 6. with Refrain

Sir John Stainer

1. God rest ye mer-ry, gen-tle-men, Let no-thing you dis-may, Re-  
 2. In Beth-le-hem, in Is-ra-el, This bless-ed Babe was born, And  
 3. From God our heav'n-ly Fa-ther A bles-sed an-gel came; And  
 4. The shep-herds at those ti-dings, Re-joic-ed much in mind, And

mem-ber Christ our Sav-iour Was born on Christ-mas Day; To  
 laid with-in a man-ger Up-on this bless-ed morn; The  
 un-to cer-tain shep-herds Brought ti-dings of the same; How  
 left their flocks a-feed-ing, In tem-pest, storm, and wind, And

save us all from Sa-tan's pow'r When we were gone a-stray. O ti-dings of  
 which his moth-er Ma-ry Did noth-ing take in scorn.  
 that in Beth-le-hem was born The Son of God by name.  
 went to Beth-le-hem strait-way, The Son of God to find.

com-fort and joy, Com-fort and joy; O ti-dings of com-fort and joy!

*SATB*  
 3. For hap-pi-ness I long have sought, And pleas-ure dear-ly I have bought: For  
 4. I'm wear-y with my for-mer toil, Here I will sit and rest a-while: I'm

hap-pi-ness I long have sought, And pleas-ure dear-ly I have bought: I  
 wear-y with my for-mer toil, Here I will sit and rest a-while: Und-

missed of all; but now I see 'Tis found in Christ the ap-ple tree.  
 er the sha-dow I will be of Je-sus Christ the ap-ple tree.

## Jesus Christ the Apple Tree

Words from "Divine Hymns or Spiritual Songs"

Elizabeth Poston (1905–87)

*v1: solo or unis.*

*v5: unis. or canon (enter at \*)*



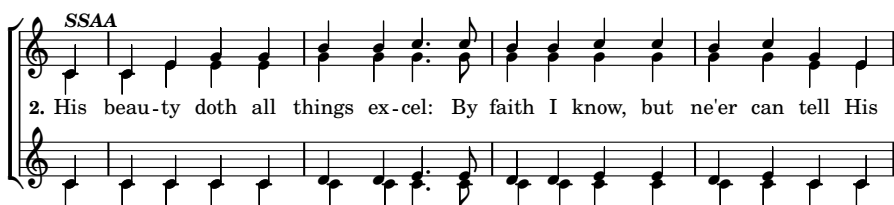
1. The tree of life my soul hath seen, La-den with fruit and al-ways green: The  
5. This fruit doth make my soul to thrive, It keeps my dy-ing faith a - live; This



tree of life my soul hath seen, La-den with fruit and al-ways green: The  
fruit doth make my soul to thrive, It keeps my dy-ing faith a - live; Which



trees of na-ture fruit-less be Com-pared with Christ the ap-ple tree.  
makes my soul in haste to be With Je - sus Christ the ap-ple tree.



2. His beau-ty doth all things ex-cel: By faith I know, but ne'er can tell His



beau-ty doth all things ex-cel: By faith I know, but ne'er can tell The



glo-ry which I now can see In Je - sus Christ the ap-ple tree.

## Hark the Herald Angels Sing

Rev. Charles Wesley

Felix Mendelssohn, 1840

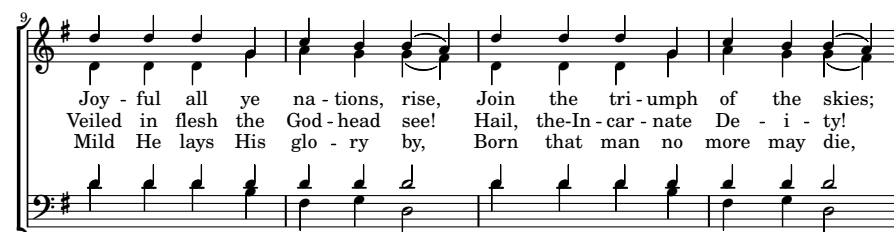
Mendelssohn 7.7.7.7.D. with refrain



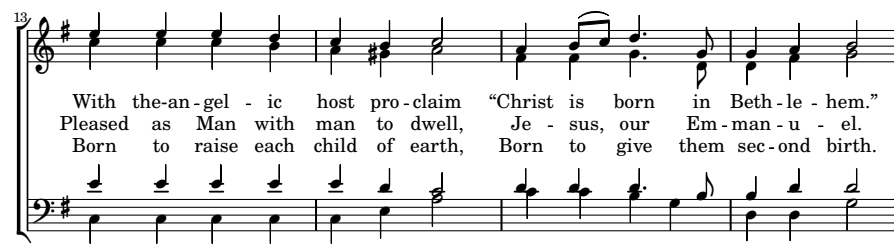
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new born King,  
2. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored, Christ, the e - ver-last - ing Lord  
3. Hail the heaven born Prince of peace! Hail, the Sun of right-eous-ness!



Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled.  
Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a Vir - gin's womb.  
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings.



Joy - ful all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;  
Veiled in flesh the God-head see! Hail, the-In-car-nate De - i - ty!  
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,



With the-an-gel - ic host pro-claim "Christ is born in Beth-le - hem."  
Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Je - sus, our Em-man-u - el.  
Born to raise each child of earth, Born to give them sec-ond birth.



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

## In dulci jubilo

Heinrich Seuse (1300–1366)

14th Century German Melody

trans. Robert Lucas Pearsall

arr. Robert Lucas Pearsall

1. *In dul-ci ju - bi - lo* — Let us our hom-age show — Our heart's joy re -  
 2. *O Je-su, par - vu - le,* — For thee I long al - way; — Com - fort my heart's  
 3. *O Pa-tris ca - ri - tas!* — *O na - ti lem - i - tas!* — Deep - ly were we  
 4. *U - bi sunt gau - di - a* — If that they be not there? There are an - gels

clin - eth *In præ-se - pi - o,* — And like a bright star shin - eth Ma -  
 blind-ness, *O Pu - er op - ti - me,* — With all Thy lov - ing kind-ness, *O*  
 stain - ed *Per nos - tra cri - mi - na;* — But Thou for us hast gain - ed *Cœ -*  
 sing - ing *No - va can - ti - ca* — And there the bells are ring - ing *In*

*tris in gre - mi - o.* — *Al - pha es et O!* — *Al - pha es et O!*  
*Princeps glo - ri - æ.* — *Tra - he me post Te!* — *Tra - he me post Te!*  
*lo - rum gau - di - a.* — *O that we were there!* — *O that we were there!*  
*Re - gis cu - ri - a* — *O that we were there!* — *O that we were there!*

## It Came Upon the Midnight Clear (Willis)

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1810-1876

Edward Storrs Willis, 1819-1900

Carol 8.6.8.6.D.

1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glor - ious song of  
 2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come With peace - ful wings un -  
 3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing  
 4. For lo! the days are has - t'ning on, By pro - phet bards fore -

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

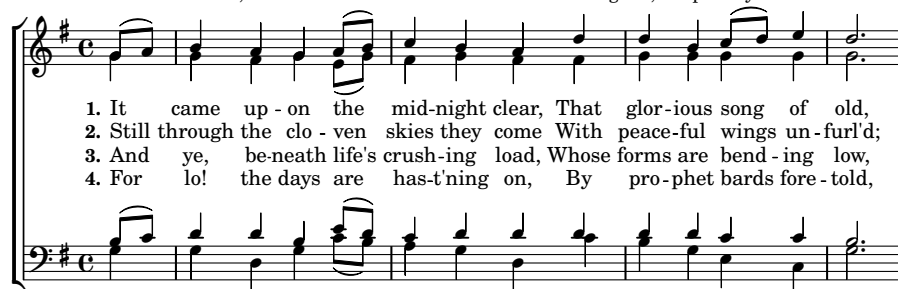
gold: Peace on the earth, good-will to men From Heav'n's all - grac - ious  
 world; A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov'r - ing  
 slow, Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the  
 gold; When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen-dors

King! The world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing!  
 wing, And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing!  
 wing; O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!  
 fling, And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing!

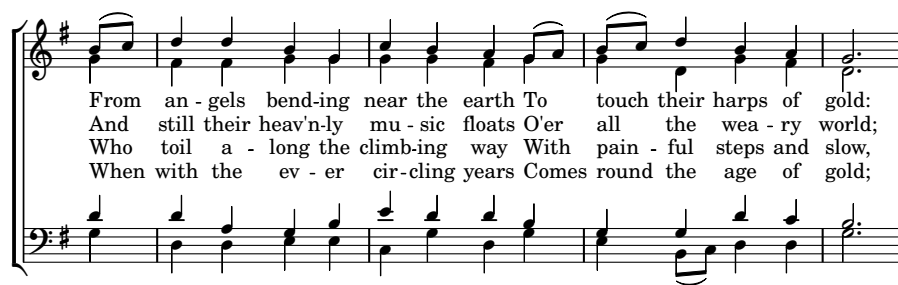
## It Came Upon the Midnight Clear (Sullivan)

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1810-1876

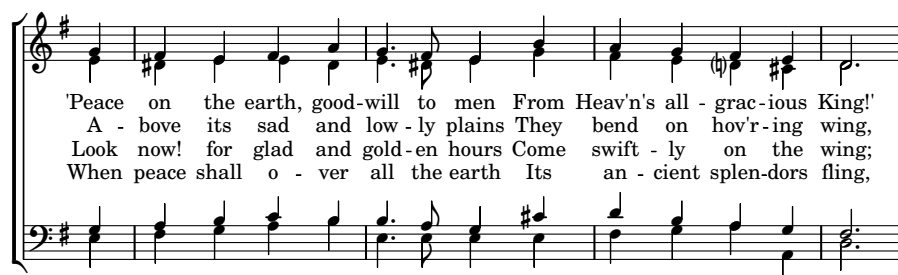
Trad. English, adapted by Arthur Sullivan



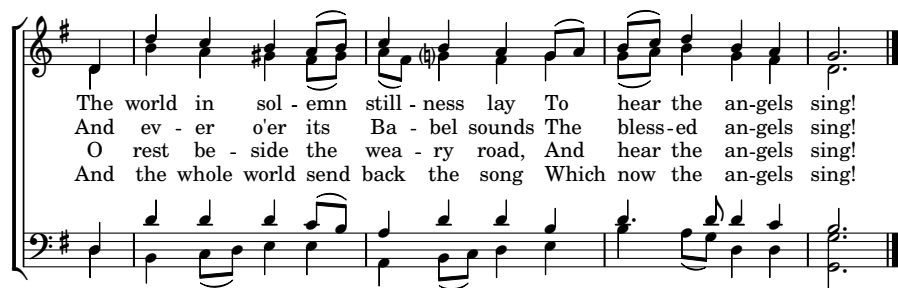
1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glor - ious song of old,  
 2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come With peace - ful wings un - furl'd;  
 3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,  
 4. For lo! the days are has - t'ning on, By pro - phet bards 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, good - will to men From Heav'n's all - grac - ious King!  
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov'r - ing 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 - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing!  
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds 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!

## In the Bleak Midwinter

Christina Rossetti

Gustav Holst


Cranham 6.5.6.5.D.



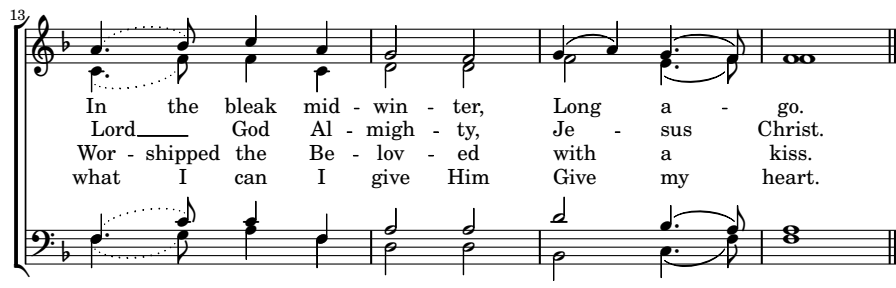
1. In the bleak mid - win - ter, fros - ty wind made moan,  
 2. Hea - ven can - not hold Him Nor earth sus - tain;  
 3. An - gels and arch - an - gels May have ga - thered there  
 4. What can I give Him, Poor as I am?



Earth stood hard as i - ron, wa - ter like a stone,  
 Heav'n and earth shall flee a - way When He comes to reign;  
 Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim Throng - ed the air But  
 If I were a shep - herd I would bring a lamb;



Snow had fal - len, snow on snow, snow on snow,  
 In the bleak mid - win - ter a sta - ble place suf - ficed The  
 on - ly His mo - ther In her maid - en bliss  
 If I were a wise man I would do my part; Yet

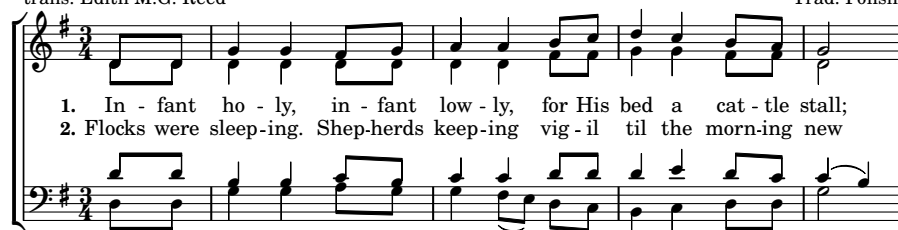


In the bleak mid - win - ter, Long a - go.  
 Lord God Al - migh - ty, Je - sus Christ.  
 Wor - shipped the Be - lov - ed with a kiss.  
 what I can I give Him Give my heart.

## Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

trans. Edith M.G. Reed

Trad. Polish



1. In - fant ho - ly, in - fant low - ly, for His bed a cat - tle stall;  
2. Flocks were sleep-ing. Shep-herds keep-ing vig-il til the morn-ing new



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



Swift are wing-ing an - gels sing-ing, no - els ring-ing, tid - ings bring-ing:  
Thus re - joic-ing, free from sor - row, prais-es voic-ing, greet the mor - row:



Christ the Babe is Lord of all, Christ the Babe is Lord of all.  
Christ the Babe was born for you, Christ the Babe was born for you.

## The Infant King

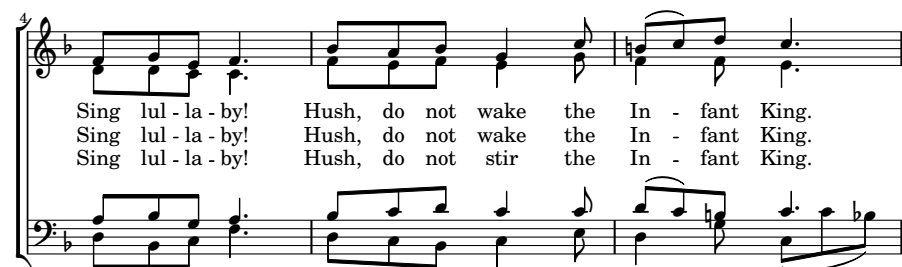
trans. Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-1924)

Trad. Basque

arr. Edgar Pettman



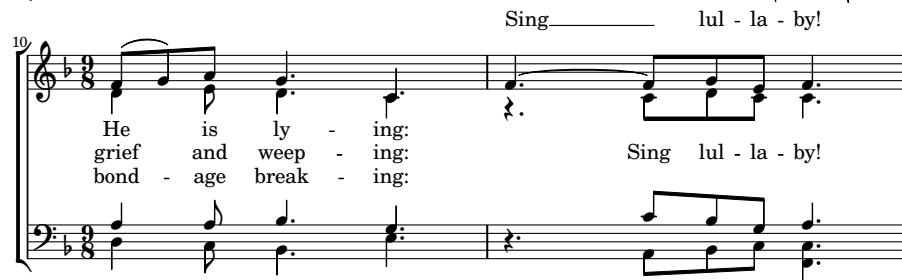
Sing lul - la - by!  
1. Lul - la - by ba - by, now re - clin - ing,  
2. Lul - la - by ba - by, now a - sleep - ing,  
3. Lul - la - by! is the babe a - wak - ing?



Sing lul - la - by! Hush, do not wake the In - fant King.  
Sing lul - la - by! Hush, do not wake the In - fant King.  
Sing lul - la - by! Hush, do not stir the In - fant King.



An - gels are watch-ing, stars are shin - ing O - ver the place where  
Soon will come sor - row with the morn-ing, Soon will come bit - ter  
Dream-ing of East - er, glad - some morn-ing; Con-quer-ing Death, its



Sing \_\_\_\_\_ lul - la - by!  
He is ly - ing:  
grief and weep - ing: Sing lul - la - by!  
bond - age break - ing: