

Christmas Carols
compiled by Maia McCormick
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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.

alto div.

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 - en 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.

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.

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

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

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!

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.

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 Wor - ship 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.

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

25
 West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to Thy per - fect light.

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.

9
Glo - ri - a

13
 1 in ex - cel - sis De - o,
 2 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 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

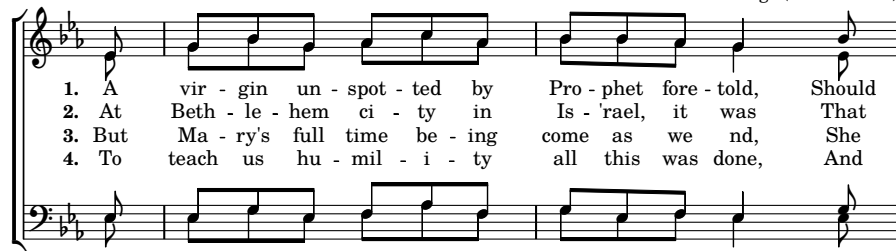
Here we come a - wan - d'ring, So fair to be seen.
 we are neigh - bors' chil - dren Whom you have seen be - fore. Love and
 think of us poor chil - dren Who wan - der in the mire.

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

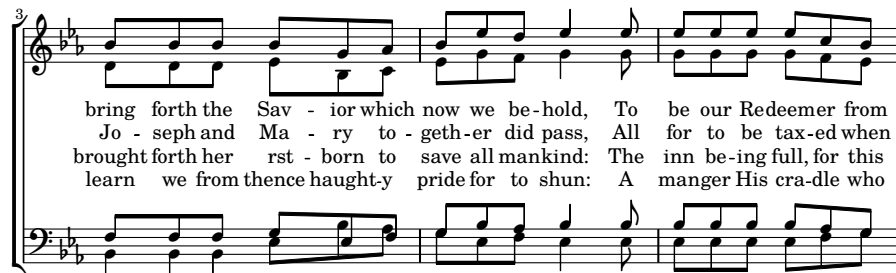
send you a hap - py new year, And God send you a hap-py new year.

Judea (A Virgin Unspotted)

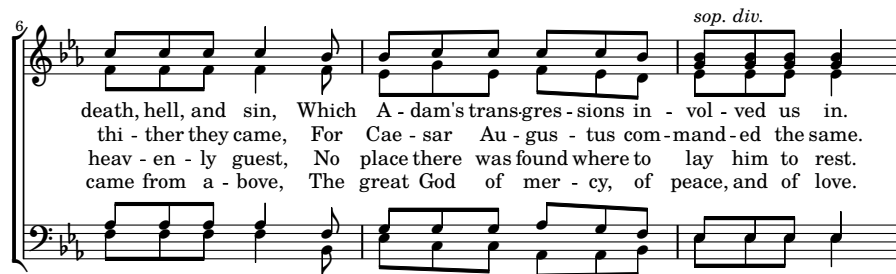
William Billings (1746 – 1800)



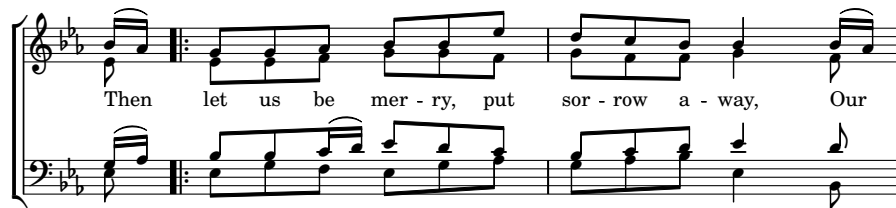
1. A vir - gin un - spot - ted by Pro - phet fore - told, Should
 2. At Beth - le - hem ci - ty in Is - 'rael, it was That
 3. But Ma - ry's full time be - ing come as we nd, She
 4. To teach us hu - mil - i - ty all this was done, And



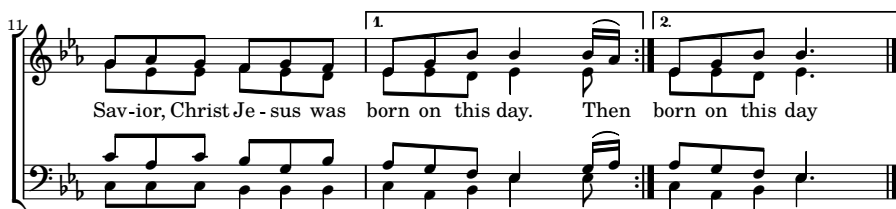
bring forth the Sav - ior which now we be - hold, To be our Redeemer from
 Jo - seph and Ma - ry to - geth - er did pass, All for to be tax - ed when
 brought forth her rst - born to save all mankind: The inn be - ing full, for this
 learn we from thence haught - y pride for to shun: A manger His cradle who



sop. div.
 death, hell, and sin, Which A - dam's trans - ges - sions in - vol - ved us in.
 thi - ther they came, For Cae - sar Au - gus - tus com - mand - ed the same.
 heav - en - ly guest, No place there was found where to lay him to rest.
 came from a - bove, The great God of mer - cy, of peace, and of love.



Then let us be mer - ry, put sor - row a - way, Our



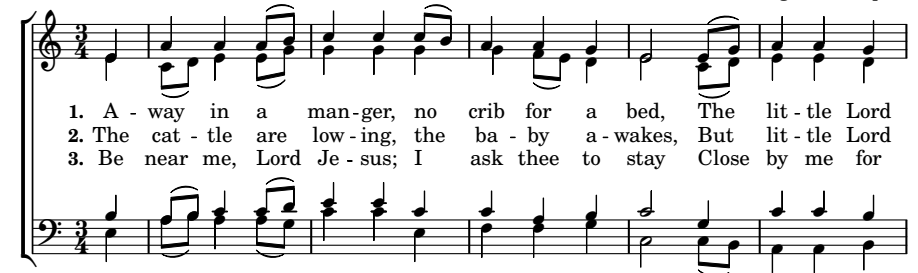
1. Sav - ior, Christ Je - sus was born on this day. Then born on this day
 2.

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.

Veni, Veni Emmanuel

(O Come O Come Emmanuel)

trans. John M. Neale and Henry Sloane Coffin

Ancient plainsong

8.8.8.8.8.8. with Refrain

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.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>5.
Veni, Clavis Davidica,
regna reclude caelica,
fac iter tutum superum,
et claude vias inferum.</p> | <p>6.
Veni, veni O Oriens,
solare nos adveniens,
noctis depelle nebulas,
dirasque mortis tenebras.</p> | <p>7.
Veni, veni, Rex Gentium,
veni, Redemptor omnium,
ut salvas tuos famulos
peccati sibi conscios.</p> |
|---|--|--|

The Truth From Above

(Herefordshire Carol)

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 -
 ined re - main, from e - vil free, Ex -
 so them - selves, both you and me, And
 a prom - ise soon did run That He

hear - 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.

The Cherry Tree Carol

Joseph was an old man

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 Century English Carol
arr. Martin Fallas Shaw (1875-1958)

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

1. O sis-ters too, how may we do, For to pre-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.

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

5
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'.

9
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)

Still, Still Still

Georg Gotsch
trans. George K. Evans

Austrian trad.
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.

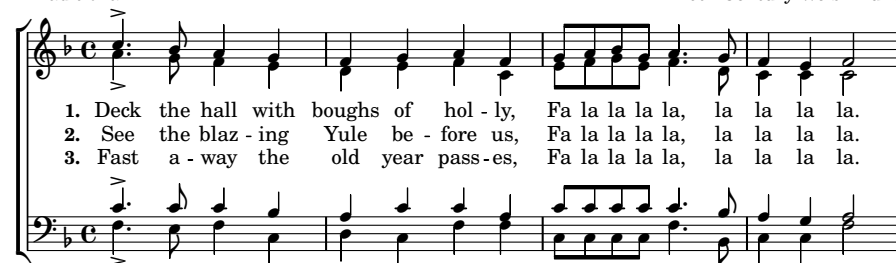
Verse 2:

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.

Deck the Hall

Traditional

16th Century Welsh Tune



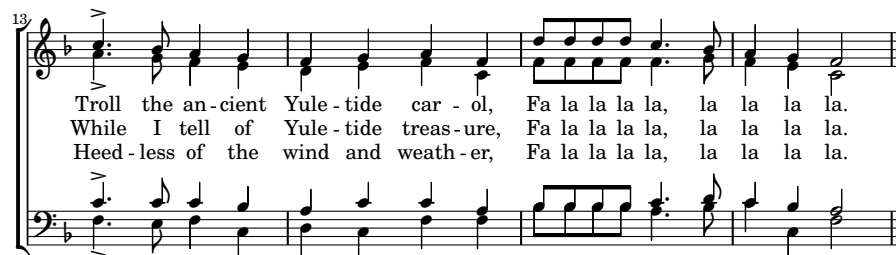
1. Deck the hall with boughs of hol - ly, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
2. See the blaz - ing Yule be - fore us, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
3. Fast a - way the old year pass-es, Fa la la la la, la la la la.



'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!

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 es 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, niaun 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.

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:

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

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

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

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

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

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-

6

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

11

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.

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;

5

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:

9

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.

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.

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!

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

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 One Sweet

J.S. Bach

O lit - tle one sweet, O lit - tle one mild,

1. thy Fa - ther's pur - pose thou hast ful - lled;
 2. with joy thou hast the whole world lled;
 3. in thee Love's beau - ties are all dis - tilled;

thou came'st from heav'n to mor - tal ken,
 thou cam - est here from heav'n's do - main,
 then light in us thy love's bright ame,

e - qual to be with us poor men,
 to bring men com - fort in our pain,
 that we may give thee back the same,

o lit - tle one sweet, o lit - tle one mild.

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)

trans. Robert Lucas Pearsall

14th Century German Melody

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 Cæ -
 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!

O Come All Ye Faithful

(Adeste Fideles)

John Francis Wade

trans. Frederick Oakley

John Francis Wade

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,

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.

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.

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

29. 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-

33. 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 *)*



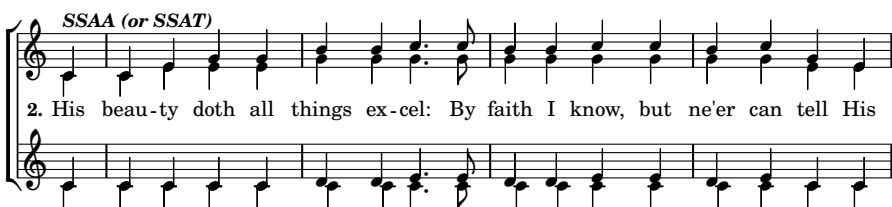
1. The tree of life my soul hath seen, La-den with fruit and al-ways green: The
5. This fruit doth make my soul to thrive, It keeps my dy-ing faith a - live; This



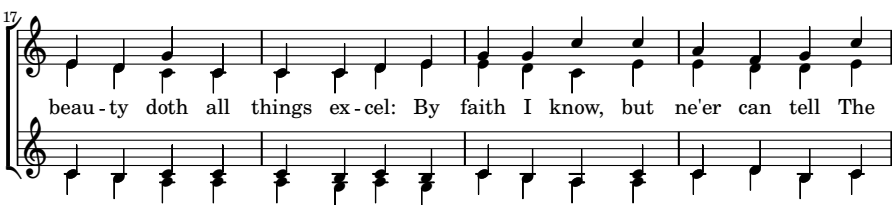
tree of life my soul hath seen, La-den with fruit and al-ways green: The
fruit doth make my soul to thrive, It keeps my dy-ing faith a - live; Which



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.

The Infant King

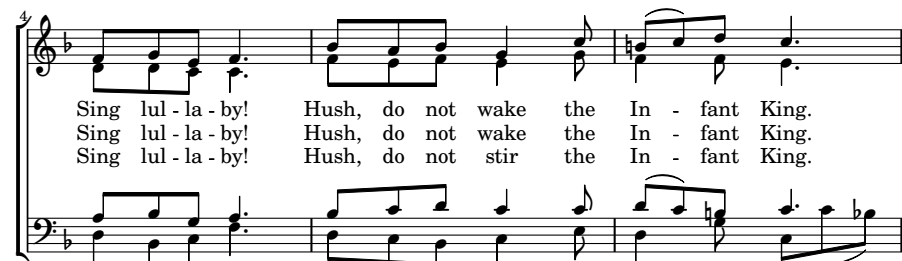
trans. Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-1924)

Trad. Basque

arr. Edgar Pettman



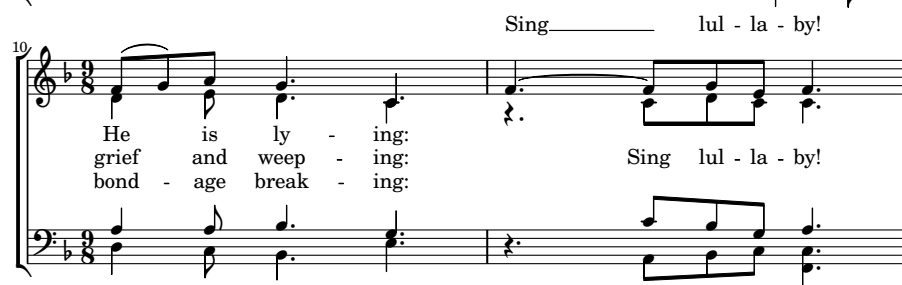
Sing lul - la - by!
1. Lul - la - by ba - by, now re - clin - ing,
2. Lul - la - by ba - by, now a - sleep - ing,
3. Lul - la - by! is the babe a - wak - ing?



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



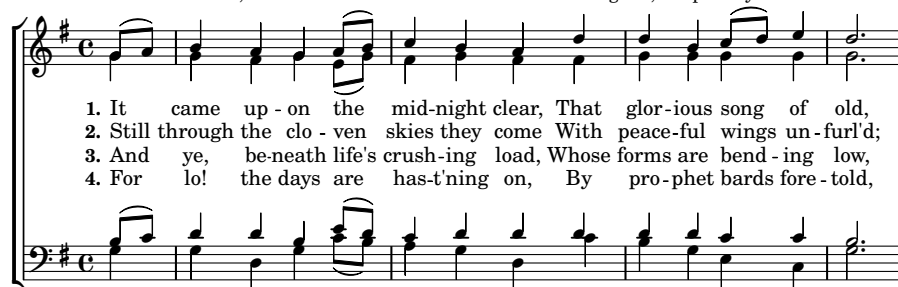
Sing _____ lul - la - by!

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

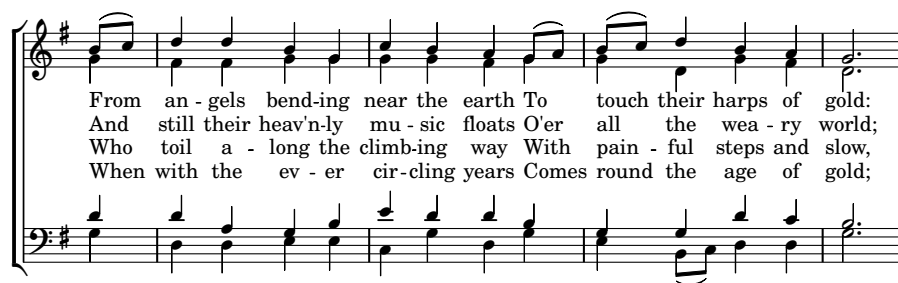
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear (Sullivan)

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1810-1876

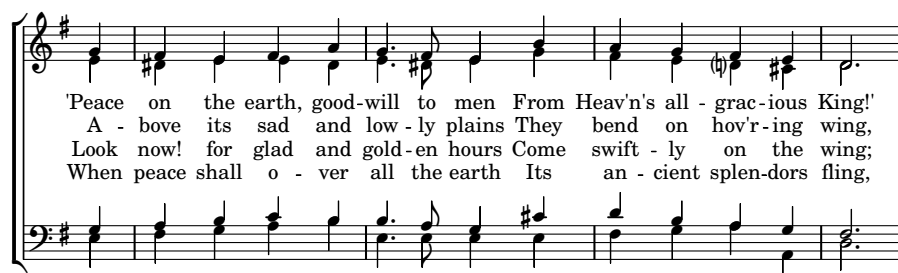
Trad. English, adapted by Arthur Sullivan



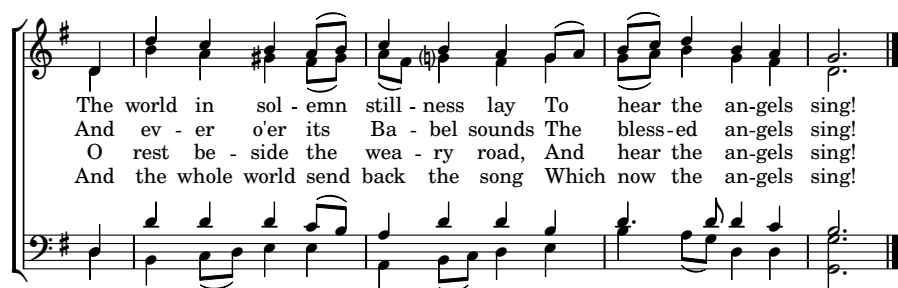
1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glor - ious song of old,
 2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come With peace - ful wings un - furl'd;
 3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
 4. For lo! the days are has - t'ning on, By pro - phet bards fore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



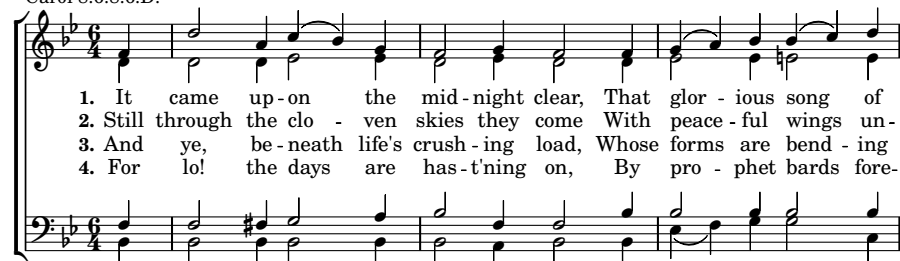
The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing!
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing!
 O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!
 And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing!

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear (Willis)

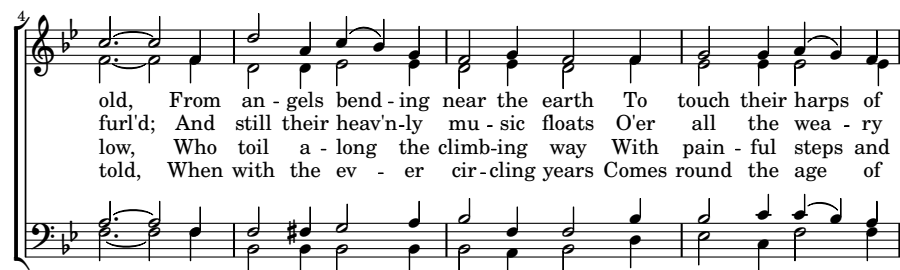
Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1810-1876

Edward Storrs Willis, 1819-1900

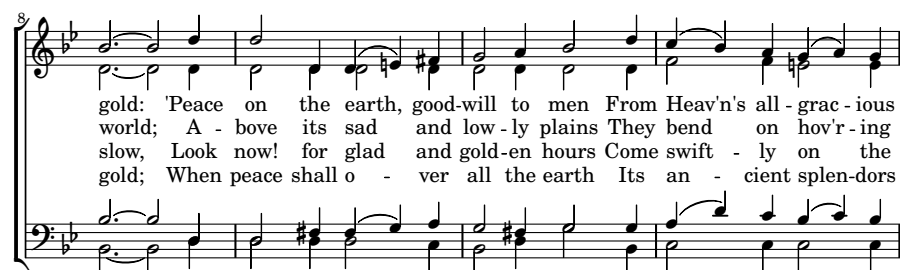
Carol 8.6.8.6.D.



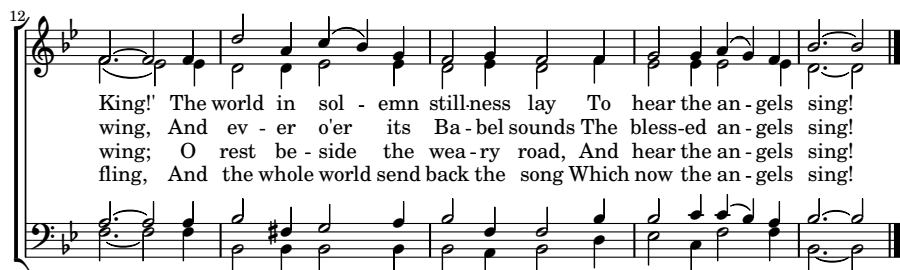
1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glor - ious song of
 2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come With peace - ful wings un -
 3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing
 4. For lo! the days are has - t'ning on, By pro - phet bards fore -



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!