

Christmas Carols
compiled by Maia McCormick
November 21, 2021



Contents

Contents

Adam Lay Ybounden	1
Angel Gabriel, The	3
Angels We Have Heard on High	4
Away in a Manger ('Cradle Song')	5
Away in a Manger (Normandy)	6
Bring a Torch, Jeanette, Isabella!	7
Cherry Tree Carol, The	8
Coventry Carol, The	9
Deck the Hall	10
Ding Dong Merrily on High	11
Es Ist Ein Ros' Entsprungen (Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming)	12
First Noël, The	13
God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen	14
Hark the Herald Angels Sing	15
In dulci jubilo	16
In the Bleak Midwinter	17
Infant Holy, Infant Lowly	18
Infant King, The	19
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear (Sullivan)	20
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear (Willis)	21
Jesus Christ the Apple Tree	22
Joy To The World	24
O Come All Ye Faithful	25
O Little Town of Bethlehem (Forest Green)	26
O Little Town of Bethlehem (Lewis H. Redner)	27
Once in Royal David's City	28
Rock of Ages	29
Rú Rú Cháu	30
Still, Still Still	31
Stille Nacht (Silent Night)	32
Truth From Above, The	33
Veni, Veni Emmanuel	34
Wassail Song, The	35
We Three Kings of Orient Are	36
We Wish You a Merry Christmas	37
Wexford Carol, The	38
What Child is This? (Greensleeves)	39
White Christmas	40

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.

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 - them's 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.

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.

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."

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

5. 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

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

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

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

33. 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 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.

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.

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.

Veni, Veni Emmanuel

(O Come O Come Emmanuel)

trans. John M. Neale and Henry Sloane Coffin

Ancient plainsong

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.

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.

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 To
 3. Then, af - ter this, 'twas God's own choice And
 4. But they did eat, which was a sin, Till
 5. Thus we were heirs to end - less woes,

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.

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.

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)

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.

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;

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

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.

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

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

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.

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

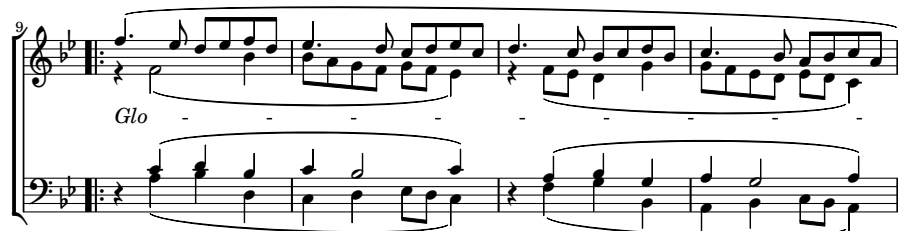
Arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)



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 - - - - -



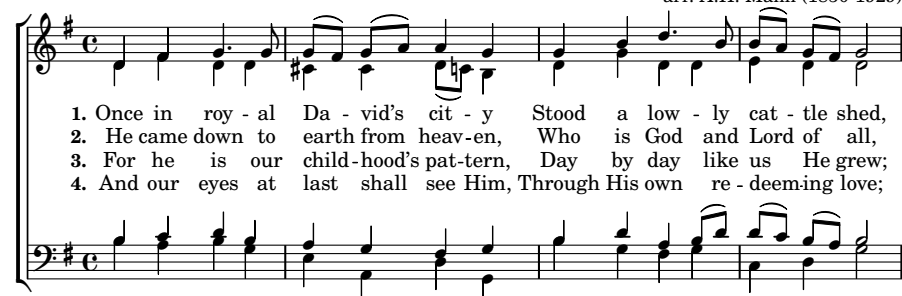
- - - - - ri-a, ho-san-na in ex-cel-sis!

Once in Royal David's City

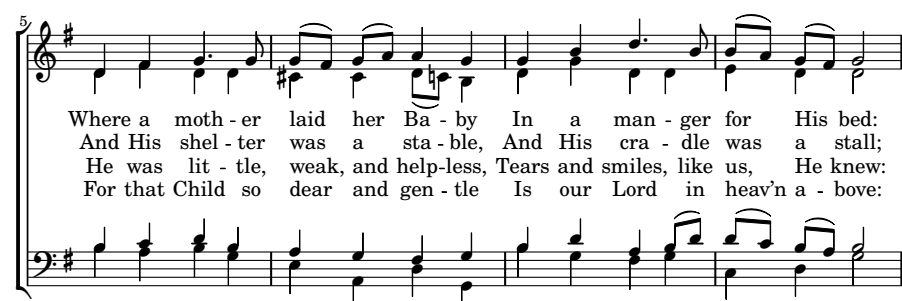
C.F. Alexander (1818-95)

H.J. Gauntlett (1805-76)

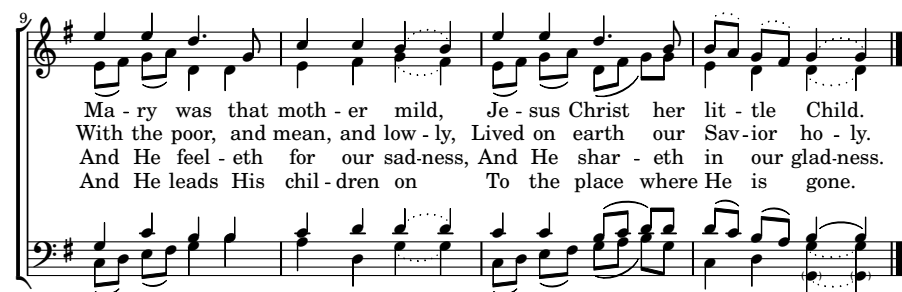
arr. A.H. Mann (1850-1929)



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-deeming 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.

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

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 - bide 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

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 Little Town of Bethlehem (Trad. English)

Bishop Phillips Brooks, 1868
Forest Green 8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

Trad. English Melody
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 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!

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!

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!"

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
 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.

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.

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

6

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*

11

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!

In the Bleak Midwinter

Christina Rossetti

Gustav Holst

Cranham 6.5.6.5.D.

1. In the bleak mid-winter, frosty wind made moan,
 2. Heaven can not hold Him Nor earth sustain;
 3. Angels and arch-angels May have gathered there
 4. What can I give Him, Poor as I am?

5. Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone,
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away When He comes to reign;
 Cherubim and Seraphim Thronged the air But
 If I were a shepherd I would bring a lamb;

9. Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
 In the bleak mid-winter a stable place sufficed The
 on-ly His mother In her maiden bliss
 If I were a wise man I would do my part; Yet

13. In the bleak mid-winter, Long ago.
 Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.
 Worshipped the Beloved with a kiss.
 What I can I give Him Give my heart.

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, Laden with fruit and always green: The
 5. This fruit doth make my soul to thrive, It keeps my dying faith alive; This
 5. tree of life my soul hath seen, Laden with fruit and always green: The
 fruit doth make my soul to thrive, It keeps my dying faith alive; Which
 9. trees of nature fruit-less be Compared with Christ the apple tree.
 makes my soul in haste to be With Jesus Christ the apple tree.

SSAA
 2. His beauty doth all things excel: By faith I know, but ne'er can tell His
 beau-ty doth all things excel: By faith I know, but ne'er can tell The
 glo-ry which I now can see In Jesus Christ the apple tree.

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!

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:
 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!