

# Apple Tree Wassail

trad. English (Devonshire)

$\text{♩} = 96$

1. O li - ly white li - ly, o li - ly white pin, Please to come down \_\_\_\_ and

let us come in! O li - - ly white li - - ly, o

li - ly white smock, Please to come down \_\_\_\_ and pull back the lock!

8 Chorus

For it's our \_\_\_\_ was - sail \_\_\_\_ jol - ly was - sail! Joy \_\_\_\_ come to \_\_\_\_ our jol - ly was - sail! How

12 well may they bloom, How well may they bear, So we may have ap - ples and ci - der next year.

15 Last time

O the ring - les and the jing - les and the te - nor of the song goes Mer - - ri -

18 - ly, mer \_\_\_\_ ri - ly, \_\_\_\_ mer \_\_\_\_ ri - ly. O the te - nor of the song goes \_\_\_\_ Mer - ri - ly.

*A luck charm for the Devon and Somerset cider country. To be sung either at the orchardman's door or in front of his trees. Epiphany (12 days after Christmas) was reckoned a good time for the ceremony. Roy Palmer prints the Apple Tree Wassail in his Everyman's Book of English Country Songs, and quotes the Illustrated London News of January 11, 1851: "On Twelfth Eve, in Devonshire, it is customary for the farmer to leave his warm fireside, accompanied by a band of rustics, with guns, blunderbusses, etc., presenting an appearance which at other times would be somewhat alarming. Thus armed, the band proceed to an adjoining orchard, where is selected one of the most fruitful and aged of the apple trees, grouping round which they stand and offer up their invocations in the following doggerel rhyme: 'Here's to thee/ Old apple tree!/ Whence thou mayst bud,/ And whence thou mayst blow,/ And whence thou mayst bear,/ Apples enow:/ Hats full,/ Caps full,/ Bushels,/ bushels, sacks full,/ And my pockets full, too!/ Huzza! huzza!' The cider-jug is then passed around, and with many a hearty shout, the party fire off their guns, charged with powder only, amidst the branches."*

## Apple Tree Wassail

1. O lily-white lily, o lily-white pin,  
Please to come down and let us come in!  
O lily-white lily, o lily-white smock,  
Please to come down and pull back the lock!

For it's our wassail jolly wassail!  
Joy come to our jolly wassail!  
How well they may bloom, how well they may bear,  
So we may have apples and cider next year.

2. O master and mistress, o are you within?  
Please to come down and pull back the pin.  
Good luck to your house, may riches come soon,  
So bring us some cider, we'll drink down the moon.

For it's our wassail jolly wassail!  
Joy come to our jolly wassail!  
How well they may bloom, how well they may bear,  
So we may have apples and cider next year.

3. There was an old farmer and he had an old cow,  
But how to milk her he didn't know how.  
He put his old cow down in his old barn.  
And a little more liquor won't do us no harm.  
Harm me boys harm, harm me boys harm,  
A little more liquor won't do us no harm.

For it's our wassail jolly wassail!  
Joy come to our jolly wassail!  
How well they may bloom, how well they may bear,  
So we may have apples and cider next year.

4. O the ringles and the jingles and the tenor of the song goes  
Merrily merrily merrily.  
O the tenor of the song goes merrily.

Shouted:  
Hatfulls, capfulls, three-bushel bagfulls,  
Little heaps under the stairs.  
Hip hip hooray!

# Arise and Hail the Joyful Day

Soprano

1. A - rise and hail the joy - - ful day. Of your Re - - deem - er's  
 2. Be - hold and hear what news we bring. To lost man - - kind this  
 4. Then let us join in choirs a - - bove. To ce - - le - - brate His

Alto

A - rise and hail the joy - - ful day. Of your Re - - deem - er's  
 Be - hold and hear what news we bring. To lost man - - kind this  
 Then let us join in choirs a - - bove. To ce - - le - - brate His

Tenor

A - rise and hail the joy - - ful day. Of your Re - - deem - er's  
 Be - hold and hear what news we bring. To lost man - - kind this  
 Then let us join in choirs a - - bove. To ce - - le - - brate His

Bass

A - rise and hail the joy - - ful day. Of your Re - - deem - er's  
 Be - hold and hear what news we bring. To lost man - - kind this  
 Then let us join in choirs a - - bove. To ce - - le - - brate His

7

S

birth; Lift up your voi - - ces to the sky;  
 day; Sweet hal - - le - - lu - - jah let us sing,  
 name, In sing - ing of His won - - drous love,

A

birth; Lift up your voi - - ces to the sky;  
 day; Sweet hal - - le - - lu - - jah let us sing,  
 name, In sing - ing of His won - - drous love,

T

birth; Lift up your voi - - ces to the sky; A  
 day; Sweet hal - - le - - lu - - jah let us sing, And  
 name, In sing - ing of His won - - drous love, And

B

birth; Lift up your voi - - ces to the sky;  
 day; Sweet hal - - le - - lu - - jah let us sing,  
 name, In sing - ing of His won - - drous love,

11

S

A

T

B

Sav - iour born on earth,  
join the heav'n - ly lay,  
sprea - ding forth his fame,

A Sav - iour born on  
And join the heav'n - ly  
And spread - ing forth his

A Sav - iour born on  
And join the heav'n - ly  
And spread - ing forth his

A Sav - iour born on earth,  
And join the heav'n - ly lay,  
And spread - ing forth his fame,

14

S

A

T

B

Sav - iour born on earth,  
join the heav'n - ly lay,  
spread - ing forth his fame,

A Sav - iour born on earth.  
And join the heav'n - ly lay.  
And spread - ing forth his fame.

earth, A Sav - iour born on earth,  
lay, And join the heav'n - ly lay,  
fame, And spread - ing forth his fame.

earth, A Sav - iour born on earth.  
lay, And join the heav'n - ly lay.  
fame, And spread - ing forth his fame.

Sav - iour born, A Sav - iour born on earth.  
join the heav'n, And join the heav'n - ly lay.  
spread - ing forth, And spread - ing forth his fame.

1. Arise and hail the joyful day  
Of your Redeemer's birth;  
Lift up your voices to the sky;  
A Saviour born on earth.

2. Behold and hear what news we bring  
To lost mankind this day;  
Sweet hallelujah let us sing,  
And join the heav'nly lay.

3. He comes, poor sinners to redeem,  
Who so affronted God;  
To heal their souls from death and sin,  
And save them with his blood.

4. Then let us join in choirs above  
To celebrate His name,  
In singing of His wondrous love,  
And spreading forth his fame.

# The Boar's Head

traditional, arr. Edward L. Stauff

$\text{♩} = 160$

1. The boar's head in hand bear I, Bedecked with bays and  
 2. The boar's head, as I understand, Is the rarest dish in  
 3. Our steward hath provided this, In honor of the

4  
 rose - - ma - - ry; And I pray you my mas - - ters  
 all the land, Which thus be - - decked with a  
 Queen of bliss, Which on this day to be

6  
 be mer - - ry, Quot es - - tis in con - vi - - vi - - o.  
 gay gar - - land, Let us ser - - vi - - re can - - ti - - co.  
 ser - - ved is, In re - - gi - - nen - - si a - - tri - - o.

9 CHORUS (repeat last time)  
 Ca - - put a - - pri de - - fe - - ro, red - dens lau - - des Do - mi - - no.

1. The boar's head in hand bear I,  
 Bedecked with bays and rosemary;  
 And I pray you my masters be merry,  
 Quot estis in convivio.  
 [So many as are in the feast.]  
 Caput apri defero, reddens laudes Domino.  
 [The boar's head I bring,  
 giving praises to God.]

2. The boar's head, as I understand,  
 Is the rarest dish in all the land,  
 Which thus be decked with a gay garland,  
 Let us servire cantico.  
 [Let us serve with a song.]  
 Caput apri defero, reddens laudes Domino.

3. Our steward hath provided this,  
 In honor of the Queen of bliss,  
 Which on this day to be served is,  
 In reginensi atrio.  
 [In the Queen's hall.]  
 Caput apri defero, reddens laudes Domino.

We use the Queen's College, Oxford setting from *The Oxford Book of Carols*.

# The Boys Carol

## Personent Hodie

14th Century tune (Piae Cantiones, 1582)  
Translation from Elizabeth Poston's Penguin Book of Christmas Carols

Soprano  
Alto

Per - so - nent ho - di - e, Vo - ces pu - - er - u - lae, Lau - dan - tes  
Let the boys' cheer - ful noise, Sing to - day none but joys, Praise a - loud,

Tenor  
Bass

6

S  
A

jo - cun - de, Qui no - bis est na - - tus, Sum - mo De - o da - - tus,  
clear and proud, Praise to him in cho - - rus, Giv'n from hea - ven for us,

T  
B

11

S  
A

Et de vir, vir, vir, Et de vir, vir, vir,  
Vir - gin - born, born, born, Vir - gin - born, born, born,

T  
B

Et de vir, vir,  
Vir - gin - - born, born,

15

S  
A

Et de vir - - gin - - ne - - o ven - - tre pro - cre - - a - - tus.  
Vir - gin - born on that morn, Pro - cre - - a - - ted for us.

T  
B

1a. Personent hodie,  
Voces puerulae,  
Laudantes jocunde,  
Qui nobis est natus,  
Summo Deo datus,  
Et de vir, vir, vir,  
Et de vir, vir, vir,  
Et de virginneo  
Ventre procreatus.

1b. Let the boys' cheerful noise,  
Sing today none but joys,  
Praise aloud, clear and proud,  
Praise to him in chorus,  
Giv'n from heaven for us,  
Virgin-born, born, born,  
Virgin-born, born, born,  
Virgin-born on that morn,  
Procreated for us.

2. He who rules heaven and earth  
Lies in stall at his birth,  
Humble beasts at his feast  
See the Light eternal  
Vanquish realms infernal:  
Satan's done, done, done,  
Satan's done, done, done,  
Satan's done, God has won,  
Victor he, supernal.

3. Magi come from afar  
See their sun, tiny one,  
Follow far, little star,  
At the crib adoring,  
Man to God restoring,  
Gold and myrrh, myrrh, myrrh,  
Gold and myrrh, myrrh, myrrh,  
Gold and myrrh offered there,  
Incense for adoring.

4. Clerk and boy, join in joy,  
Sing as heaven sings for joy,  
God this day here doth stay,  
Pour we forth the story  
Of his might and glory:  
Ideo, o, o,  
Ideo, o, o,  
Ideo gloria  
In excelsis Deo.

*Piae Cantiones, a book of Latin carols compiled in Finland in 1582, gives us The Boys' Carol, with a translation of the original text from Elizabeth Poston's Penguin Book of Christmas Carols. [Notes from Nowell Sing We Clear.]*

# Chanukah / Solstice

Linda Hischhorn  
A round for four voices

I II III IV



# Chariots

John Kirkpatrick, 1995

$\text{♩} = 250$

O Shep-herd O shep-herd come leave off your pi-ping, Come lis-ten come learn come  
hear what I say. For now is the time that has long been fore-spo-ken, For  
now is the time there'll be new tunes to play. For soon there comes one who  
brings a new mu-sic Of sweet-ness and clar-i-ty none can com-pare. So  
o-pen your heart for hea-ven-ly har-mo-ny Here on this hill will be  
fill-ing the air! With char-iots of cher-u-bim chant-ing And  
ser-a-phim sing-ing ho-san-na And a choir of arch-an-gels a-ca-rol-ing come:  
Hal-le-lu-jah Hal-le-lu. All the an-gels a-trum-pet-ing  
glo-ry In praise of the Prince of Peace

1. O Shepherd O shepherd come leave off your piping  
Come listen come learn come hear what I say  
For now is the time that has long been forespoken  
For now is the time there'll be new tunes to play  
For soon there comes one who brings a new music  
Of sweetness and clarity none can compare  
So open your heart for heavenly harmony  
Here on this hill will be filling the air

#### CHORUS

With chariots of cherubim chanting  
And seraphim singing hosanna  
And a choir of archangels a-caroling come  
Hallelujah Hallelu  
All the angels a-trumpeting glory  
In praise of the Prince of Peace

3. Bring your sheep bleating to this happy meeting  
To hear how the lamb with the lion shall lie  
It's mooing and braying you'll hear the song saying  
The humble and lowly will be the most high  
Let the horn of the herdsman be heard up in heaven  
For the gates are flung open for all who come near  
And the simplest of souls shall sing to infinity  
Lift up and listen and you shall hear
4. The warmonger's charger will thunder for freedom  
The gun-maker's furnace will dwindle and die  
And muskets and sabers and swords shall be sundered  
Surrendered to the sound that is sweeping the sky  
And the shoes of the mighty shall dance to new measures  
And the jackboots of generals shall jangle no more  
As sister and brother and father and mother  
Agree with each other the end to all war
5. As a candle can conquer the demons of darkness  
As a flame can keep frost from the deepest of cold  
So a song can give hope in the depths of all danger  
And a line of pure melody soar in your soul  
So sing your songs well and sing your songs sweetly  
And swear that your singing it never shall cease  
So the clatter of battle and drums of disaster  
Be drowned in the sound of the pipes of peace

We do verses 1, 3, 4, and 5.

2. See on yon stable the starlight is shimmering  
And glimmering and glistening and glowing with glee  
In Bethlehem blest this baby of bliss will be  
Born here before you as bold as can be  
And you'll be the first to hear the new symphony  
Songs full of gladness and glory and light  
So learn your tunes well and play your pipes proudly  
For the Prince of Paradise plays here tonight

# The Cutty Wren

Collected from an Adderbury shepherd by A.L. Lloyd  
-set to a version of the tune, "Green Bushes"

$\text{♩} = 60$

Oh where are you \_\_\_ go - - ing, said Mil - der to \_\_\_ Moul - der. Oh

3 we may not \_\_\_ tell you, said Fes - tel to Fose. We're off to the woods, \_\_\_ said

5 John the Red Nose. \_\_\_ We're off to the \_\_\_ woods, \_\_\_ said John the Red Nose.

Oh where are you going, said Milder to Moulder.  
Oh we may not tell you, said Festel to Fose.  
We're off to the woods, said John the Red Nose.  
We're off to the woods, said John the Red Nose.

And what will you do there, said Milder to Moulder.  
Oh we may not tell you, said Festel to Fose.  
We'll hunt the Cutty wren, said John the Red Nose.  
We'll hunt the Cutty wren, said John the Red Nose.

And how will you shoot her, said Milder to Moulder.  
Oh we may not tell you, said Festel to Fose.  
With bows and with arrows, said John the Red Nose.  
With bows and with arrows, said John the Red Nose.

Oh that will not do, said Milder to Moulder.  
Oh what will you do then, said Festel to Fose  
Big guns and big cannon, said John the Red Nose.  
Big guns and big cannon, said John the Red Nose.

And how will you carry her, said Milder to Moulder  
Oh we may not tell you, said Festel to Fose  
On four strong men's shoulders, said John the Red Nose.  
On four strong men's shoulders, said John the Red Nose.

But that will not do, said Milder to Moulder  
Oh what will do then, said Festel to Fose  
In a big horse and wagon, said John the Red Nose.  
In a big horse and wagon, said John the Red Nose.

And how will you cut her up, said Milder to Moulder  
Oh we may not tell you, said Festel to Fose.  
With knives and with forks, said John the Red Nose.  
With knives and with forks, said John the Red Nose.

But that will not do, said Milder to Moulder  
Oh what will you do then, said Festel to Fose  
Hatchets and cleavers, said John the Red Nose.  
Hatchets and cleavers, said John the Red Nose.

Oh how will you cook her, said Milder to Moulder  
Oh we may not tell you, said Festel to Fose.  
In pots and in pans, said John the Red Nose  
In pots and in pans, said John the Red Nose

Oh but that will not do, said Milder to Moulder  
Oh what will you do then, said Festel to Fose  
In a bloody great brass cauldron, said John the Red Nose.  
In a bloody great brass cauldron, said John the Red Nose.

Oh who'll get the spare ribs, said Milder to Moulder  
Oh we may not tell you, said Festel to Fose.  
We'll give 'em all to the poor, said John the Red Nose.  
We'll give 'em all to the poor, said John the Red Nose.

*The well-known Cutty Wren or Hunting the Wren is often thought of as an amiable nursery piece, yet when it was recorded from an old shepherd of Adderbury West, near Banbury, he banged the floor with his stick on the accented notes and stamped violently at the end of the verses, saying that to stamp was the right way and reminded of old times. What memories of ancient defiance are preserved in this kind of performance it would be hard to say, but we know that the wren-hunting song was attached to a pagan midwinter ritual of the kind that Church and authority fulminated vainly against - particularly in the rebellious period at the end of the Middle Ages when adherence to the forms of the Old Religion was taken to be evidence of subversion, and its partisans were violently persecuted in consequence. (Lloyd, England 90f)*

*Tune is a version of "Green Bushes " from Sharp's book, "English Folk Songs".*

# Death or Glory Wassail

Sid Kipper

Was - sail Was - sail, all o - ver the town, We - - are all Was - sail - ers of

fame and re - nown. O - pen your door and fill up our cup or we'll

sing through your letter - box un - - til you cough up.

## Chorus:

Wassail Wassail, all over the town  
We are all Wassailers of fame and renown  
Open your doors and fill up our cup  
Or we'll sing through your letter box until you cough up

1. Wassail Wassail, we know you're about  
Though you sit in the dark and pretend that you're out  
If you're thinking of calling the police to give chase  
Just who do you think is singing the bass
2. Wassail Wassail, all over your garden  
If we've done any damage then we beg your pardon  
We're sorry to call upon you so late  
But we had to pick the lock on your gate
3. Wassail Wassail, that you may believe  
Tis more blessed to give than it is to receive  
The more that you give the more blessed are you  
The more we receive the less damage we'll do
4. Wassail Wassail, with a crisp ten pound note  
We can all drink your health down at the Old Goat  
If you haven't a tenner two fivers will do  
If not things don't look very healthy for you
5. Wassail Wassail, all over for now  
Now you've seen sense we will make no more row  
Peace be upon you all at your repose  
And we'll come no more nigh you until the pubs close