

# 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

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 -

-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

**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 Hirschhorn  
A round for four voices

I II III IV

Tur - ning tur - ing spir - its yearn - ing, reach - ing for the light; Col - ors go - ing

sha - dows grow - ing, dar - ken - ing the night; An - cient sto - ry told, re - newed with the

cold; Mys - te - - ry of light, burnt \_\_\_ in - - to the \_\_\_ night.



# 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

# Down In Yon Forest

**Soprano**  
**Alto**

1. Down in yon for - est a grow - ing so tall, There pros - per in win - ter as  
 2. Down in yon for - est there grows a sharp thorn, As bit - ter as a - ny word  
 3. Down in yon for - est there stands a stout oak, For crea - tures a shel - ter, for  
 4. Down in yon for - est as thick as you please, We'll dance in the or - chard of  
 5. Down in yon for - est the ash we shall dress, And bind in - to bun - dles to  
 6. Down in yon for - est there grow great and small, E - - nough sil - ver bir - ches as

**Tenor**  
**Bass**

4

S  
A

so shall we all, The bril - - liant green i - - vy and  
 spo - - ken in scorn, But scorn have we none nor the  
 gods a green cloak, For us good - - ly fire - - wood to  
 fine ap - - ple trees, Whose health we will drink 'til the  
 burn and to bless, To car - - ry good ti - - dings and  
 tor - - ches for all, To light our way home - ward when

T  
B

6

S  
A

hol - ly so bright, So let us be mer - ry this long win - ter's night.  
 will for to fight, So  
 make our hearth bright, So  
 grey mor - ning light, So  
 glad - den our sight, So  
 time it is right, So

T  
B

(Sopranos only)

1. Down in yon forest a-growing so tall  
 There prosper in winter as so shall we all  
 The brilliant green ivy and holly so bright  
 So let us be merry this long winter's night

(Sopranos and Altos)

2. Down in yon forest there grows a sharp thorn  
 As bitter as any word spoken in scorn  
 But scorn have we none nor the will for to fight  
 So let us be merry this long winter's night

(All parts)

3. Down in yon forest there stands a stout oak  
For creatures a shelter, for gods a green cloak  
For us goodly firewood to make our hearth bright  
So let us be merry this long winter's night

(All parts)

4. Down in yon forest as thick as you please  
We'll dance in the orchard of fine apple trees  
Whose health we will drink 'til the grey morning light  
So let us be merry this long winter's night

(All in unison; Soprano part)

5. Down in yon forest the ash we shall dress  
And bind into bundles to burn and to bless  
To carry good tidings and gladden our sight  
So let us be merry this long winter's night

(All parts)

6. Down in yon forest there grow great and small  
Enough silver birches as torches for all  
To light our way homeward when time it is right  
So let us be merry this long winter's night

# Gaudete

14th Century tune (Piae Cantiones, 1582)  
harmony arrangement John Bromka, 1996



7

Gau - de - te, gau - de - te Chris - tus \_\_\_ est nau - tus ex Ma - ri \_\_\_ a vir - gi - ne \_\_\_ gau - de - te.

13

1. Tem - pus ad - est gra - ti - - ae Hoc quod op - ta - - ba - - mus,  
2. De - - us ho - mo fac - tus est Na - tur - - a mir - an - - te,  
3. E - - ze - chie - lis por - - ta clau - sa per tran - si - - tur,  
4. Er - - go nos - tra con - ti - - o psal - lat iam in lus - - tro,

15

Car - mi - - na lae - - ti - - ti - - ae De - vo - - te red - - da - - mus.  
Mun - dus re - no - - va - tus est A Chris - to reg - nan - - te.  
Un - de lux est or - - ta Sa - lus in - ve - - ni - - tur.  
Be - ne - - di - - cat Do - mi - - no sa - - lus re - - gi nos - - tro.



Gaudete, gaudete! Christus est natus  
Ex Maria virgine, gaudete!  
Gaudete, gaudete! Christus est natus  
Ex Maria virgine, gaudete!

1. Tempus adest gratiae,  
Hoc quod optabamus;  
Carmina laetitiae  
Devote reddamus.

2. Deus homo factus est,  
Natura mirante;  
Mundus renovatus est  
A Christo regnante.

3. Ezechielis porta  
Clausula pertransitur;  
Unde lux est orta,  
Salus invenitur.

4. Ergo nostra contio  
Psallat iam in lustris;  
Benedicat Domino:  
Salus Regi nostro.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Christ is born  
Of the Virgin Mary, rejoice!  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Christ is born  
Of the Virgin Mary, rejoice!

1. The time of grace has come  
For which we have prayed  
Let us devoutly sing  
Songs of joy.

2. God is made man,  
While nature wonders  
The world is renewed  
By Christ the King.

3. The closed gate of Ezekiel  
Has been passed through  
From where the light has risen [the East],  
Salvation is found.

4. Therefore let us sing praises now  
At this time of purification  
Let it bless the Lord:  
Greetings to our King.

*Translation from the New Oxford Book of Carols, 1992, provided only for the curious. We only sing the Latin.*

# Gloucestershire Wassail

Traditional  
arr. Ralph Vaughn-Williams

Soprano  
Alto

Was - sail, was - sail, — all o - ver the town! Our toast it is

Tenor  
Bass

6

S  
A

white and our ale it is brown, Our — bowl it is made of the

T  
B

11

S  
A

white ma - ple tree, With the was - - sail - ing bowl we'll drink — to

T  
B

16

S  
A

thee. Drink — to thee — drink — to thee —

T  
B

22

S  
A

With the was - - sail - ing bowl we'll drink — to thee.

T  
B

Verses in this order and chorus only on the last time.

1. Wassail, wassail, all over the town!  
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown,  
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree;  
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.
6. And here is to Colly and to her long tail,  
Pray God send our master he never may fail,  
A bowl of strong beer; I pray you draw near,  
And our jolly wassail it's then you shall hear.
7. Come butler, come fill us a bowl of the best,  
Then we hope that your soul in heaven may rest;  
But if you do draw us a bowl of the small,  
Then down shall go butler, bowl and all.
8. Then here's to the maid in the lily-white smock,  
Who tripped to the door and slipped back the lock!  
Who tripped to the door and pulled back the pin,  
For to let these jolly wassailers in.
5. And here is to Fillpail and to her left ear,  
Pray God send our master a happy New Year,  
And a happy New Year as e'er he did see;  
With our wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.  
Chorus:  
Drink to thee, drink to thee,  
With our wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

We don't sing verses 2-4.

2. So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek,  
Pray God send our master a good good piece of beef,  
And a good piece of beef that may we all see;  
With a wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.  
Drink to thee, drink to thee,  
With a wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.
3. And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye,  
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie,  
A good Christmas pie that may we all see;  
With our wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.  
Drink to thee, drink to thee,  
With our wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.
4. And here is to Broad May and to her broad horn,  
May God send our master a good crop of corn,  
And a good crop of corn that may we all see;  
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.  
Drink to thee, drink to thee,  
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

# Good King Wenceslaus

J.M. Neale, 1818-1866

Good King Wen - ces - laus looked out on the feast of Ste - phen. When the snow lay

round a - bout, deep and crisp and ev - - en. Bright - ly shone the moon that night,

though the frost was cru - el, When a poor man came in sight — ga - ther - ing win - ter fu - el.

We arrange the parts by king, page, and all.

A. Good King Wenceslaus looked out on the feast of Stephen.  
When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even.  
Brightly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cruel,  
When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel.

K. Hither page and stand by me, if thou knowst it telling,  
Yonder peasant, who is he, where and what his dwelling?  
P. Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain,  
Right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes' fountain.

K. Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pinelogs hither  
Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither  
A. Page and monarch forth they went, forth they went together;  
Through the rude winds wild lament and the bitter weather.

P. Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger  
Fails my heart, I know now how; I can go no longer.  
K. Mark my footsteps, my good page, tread thou in them boldly;  
Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy blood less coldly.

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

# Gower Wassail

A - - was - sail a - - was - sail, through - - out all this town. Our \_\_\_ cup it is

6 white \_\_\_ and our ale it is brown. Our \_\_\_ was - sail is \_\_\_ made of the good - ale and

12 Chorus

true. Some \_\_\_ nut - meg and gin - - ger, it's the best we can brew. \_\_\_ Fol the

17 dol, fol the dol - - de - dol, Fol the dol - - de - dol, fol the dol - - de -

20 - - dee, Fol the der - - - o, fol the da - dee, Sing tu - - re - lye - - do!

1. A-wassail, a-wassail, throughout all this town.  
Our cup it is white and our ale it is brown.  
Our wassail is made of the good ale and true,  
Some nutmeg and ginger, it's the best we can brew.

#### CHORUS

Fol the dol, fol the dol-de-dol,  
Fol the dol-de-do, fol the dol-de-dee,  
Fol the der-o, fol the da-dee,  
Sing tu-re-lye-do!

2. Our wassail is made of the elderberry bough,  
And so, my good neighbor, we'll drink unto thou.  
Besides all on earth, you'll have apples in store,  
Pray let us come in for it's cold by the door.
3. We hope that your apple trees prosper and bear  
So that we may have cider when we call next year.  
And where you've one barrel, we hope you'll have ten  
So that we may have cider when we call again.
4. We know by the moon that we are not too soon,  
And we know by the sky that we are not too high,  
We know by the stars that we are not too far,  
And we know by the ground that we are within sound.

# The Holly and the Ivy

collected by Maud Karpeles and Pat Shaw

$\text{♩} = 130$

The hol - - ly and the i - vy, When they are both full grown, Of

all the trees that are in the wood, The hol ly bears the

Chorus

crown. Oh, the ris ing of the sun, And the run - - ning of the

deer, The play - ing of the mer - ry or - gan, Sweet sing - ing all in the choir.

1. The holly and the ivy,  
When they are both full grown.  
Of all the trees that are in the wood  
The holly bears the crown.

CHORUS  
Oh, the rising of the sun,  
And the running of the deer,  
The playing of the merry organ,  
Sweet singing all in the choir.

2. The holly bears a blossom,  
As white as any milk,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
All wrapped up in silk.

3. The holly bears a berry,  
As red as any blood,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
To do poor sinners good.

4. The holly bears a prickle,  
As sharp as any thorn,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
On Christmas Day in the morn.

5. The holly bears a bark,  
As bitter as any gall,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
For to redeem us all.

We don't sing the last verse

6. The holly and the ivy,  
When they are both full grown.  
Of all the trees are in the wood  
The holly bears the crown.

# Horsham Tipteerers Carol

## Sussex Mummers Carol

Horsham Tipteerers, Sussex  
collected by Lucy Broadwood, 1880

♩ = 115

1. When right - - eous Jo - - seph wed - - ded was Un -  
 2. As joy - - ful shep - - herds brought their gifts To -  
 3. God bless the mis - - tress of this house With -  
 4. God bless the mas - - ter of this house With -  
 5. God bless your house, your child - - ren too, Your -

3

to a vir - - gin maid, A glor - - ious an - gel from  
 Christ, the sav - - ior dear. And so we come up  
 gold all round her breast; Where e'er her bo - dy  
 hap - - pi - ness be side; Where e'er his bo - dy  
 cat - - tle and your store. The Lord in - - crease you

6

vir - - gin maid.  
 hea - ven came Un - - to the vir - gin maid; Un - - to that vir - gin maid.  
 on this night With bless - ings and good cheer; With bless - ings and good cheer.  
 sleeps or wakes, Lord, send her soul to rest; Lord, send her soul to rest.  
 rides or walks, Lord Je - sus be his guide; Lord Je - sus be his guide.  
 day by day, And send you more and more; And send you more and more.



1. When righteous Joseph wedded was  
Unto a virgin maid,  
A glorious angel from Heaven came  
Unto that virgin maid;  
Unto that virgin maid.

2. As joyful shepherds brought their gifts  
To Christ, the savior dear.  
And so we come upon this night  
With blessings and good cheer;  
With blessings and good cheer.

3. God bless the mistress of this house  
With gold all round her breast;  
Where e'er her body sleeps or wakes,  
Lord, send her soul to rest;  
Lord, send her soul to rest.

4. God bless the master of this house  
With happiness beside;  
Where e'er his body rides or walks,  
Lord Jesus be his guide;  
Lord Jesus be his guide.

5. God bless your house, your children too,  
Your cattle and your store.  
The Lord increase you day by day,  
And send you more and more;  
And send you more and more.

*This carol was collected by Lucy Broadwood near Horsham, Sussex, in 1880, from the singing of Christmas mummers locally known as tipteers or tipteerers. Its verses were something of a mix: a stanza from another carol about The Annunciation; some moralistic lessons; and several blessings common to other house-visiting wassails. In this version from *Finest Kind*, the song keeps the opening verse and the house-visiting verses, eliminates the lessons, and adds a new verse written by Shelley Posen.*

# Hunting the Cutty Wren

Lyrics by Les Barker  
set to a version of the tune, "Green Bushes"

$\text{♩} = 60$



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

4 where do you go? I'm off to the for-est, said

5 Moul-der to Mil-der, I'm off to the for-est, all in the deep snow.

1. Oh where are you going, said Milder to Moulder  
Where are you going, oh where do you go?  
I'm off to the forest, said Moulder to Milder  
I'm off to the forest all in the deep snow.
2. Why are you going, says Milder to Moulder  
Why are you going with all of these men?  
You nosy old bleeder, said Moulder to Milder  
You nosy old bleeder, we're hunting the wren.
3. Two dozen hunters? says Milder to Moulder  
Yet you never catch one, won't you tell me how?  
It's a bloody small target, said Moulder to Milder  
It's a bloody small target, you stupid old cow.
4. Then why do you do it, says Milder to Moulder  
Why do you do it, says the whiny old voice  
I know it sounds silly, said Moulder to Milder  
It's an old pagan custom and we have no choice.
5. Would you walk in the forest, says Milder to Moulder  
Would you walk in the forest like an old pagan man?  
We'll go in my motor, said Moulder to Milder  
I've got a Toyota, it's a four-wheel drive van.
6. Where have you been, says Milder to Moulder  
Where have you been, won't you tell to me?  
Hunting the wren, said Moulder to Milder  
Hunting the wren, has your memory gone?
7. Pray have you got one, says Milder to Moulder  
Pray have you got one please tell I'm all ears!  
Yes, we're enraptured, says Moulder to Milder  
It's the first one we've captured for two thousand years.
8. Where did you catch it, said Milder to Moulder  
Where did you catch it, oh pray tell to me  
We got it at Safeway, said Moulder to Milder  
We got it at Safeway for 55 p.

9. It's not very big though, says Milder to Moulder  
Won't need much stuffing, I don't see the sense  
Of course it's not big though, said Moulder to Milder  
It's one of the salient features of wrens.
10. You should have got a chicken, says Milder to Moulder  
A chicken or a turkey or maybe a joint  
We should have got chicken? said Moulder to Milder  
You silly old woman, you're missing the point.
11. So why hunt the wren then? says Milder to Moulder  
Why hunt the wren then if it's such a small thing?  
It's an old pagan custom, said Moulder to Milder  
And hunting the sausage don't have the same ring.
12. Where are you going, says Milder to Moulder  
Where are you going says Milder again  
Off to the Arundales, said Moulder to Milder  
To open a shop called Kentucky Fried Wren.

# In Praise of Christmas

## To Drive the Cold Winter Away

Words: Tom Durfey (1653-1723)

Tune: 18th Century



1. All hail to the days that mer - it more praise, Than all of the rest of the  
 2. Tis ill for a mind to an - ger in - clined To think of small in - jur - ies  
 3. This time of the year is spent in good cheer, And neigh - bours to - geth - er do  
 4. When Christ - a - mas's tide comes in like a bride, With hol - ly and i \_\_\_\_\_ vy



year, \_\_\_\_\_ And wel - come the nights, that dou - ble de - lights, As well for the poor as the  
 now, \_\_\_\_\_ If wrath be to seek, do not lend her your cheek, Nor let her in - ha - bit thy  
 meet, \_\_\_\_\_ To sit by the fire, with friend - ly de - sire, Each oth - er in love for to  
 clad, \_\_\_\_\_ Twelve days in the year, much mirth and good cheer In e - ver - y house - hold is



peer! \_\_\_\_\_ Good for - tune at - tend each mer - ry man's friend, That doth but the best that he  
 brow. \_\_\_\_\_ Cross out of thy books ma - lev - o - lent looks, Both beau - ty and youth's de -  
 greet. \_\_\_\_\_ Old grud - ges for - got are put in the pot, All sor - rows a - side they  
 had. \_\_\_\_\_ The coun - t - ry guise is then to de - vise Some gam - bols of Christ - mas



may, _____	For	get - - - ting	old	wrongs	with
-cay, _____	And	whol - - - ly	con -	- sort	with
lay, _____	The	old	and	the	young
play, _____	Where	at	the	young	men
					do



ca - - rols and songs, To drive the cold win - - ter a - - way. \_\_\_\_\_  
 mirth and with sport, To  
 ca - - rol this song, To  
 the best that they can, To

1. All hail to the days that merit more praise  
Than all of the rest of the year,  
And welcome the nights that double delights  
As well for the poor as the peer!  
Good fortune attend each merry man's friend  
That doth but the best that he may,  
Forgetting old wrongs with carols and songs  
To drive the cold winter away.
2. Tis ill for a mind to anger inclined  
To think of small injuries now,  
If wrath be to seek, do not lend her your cheek,  
Nor let her inhabit thy brow.  
Cross out of thy books malevolent looks,  
Both beauty and youth's decay,  
And wholly consort with mirth and with sport  
To drive the cold winter away.

3. This time of the year is spent in good cheer,  
And neighbours together do meet,  
To sit by the fire, with friendly desire,  
Each other in love for to greet.  
Old grudges forgot are put in the pot,  
All sorrows aside they lay;  
The old and the young doth carol this song,  
To drive the cold winter away.
4. When Christmas's tide comes in like a bride,  
With holly and ivy clad,  
Twelve days in the year, much mirth and good cheer  
In every household is had.  
The country guise is then to devise  
Some gambols of Christmas play,  
Whereat the young men do the best that they can  
To drive the cold winter away.

# In the Bleak Midwinter

Words by Christina Rossetti  
Music by Gustav Holst

$\text{♩} = 105$

Soprano  
Alto

1. In the bleak mid - win - ter, Fros - ty wind made moan,  
4. An - gels and arch - an - gels, May have ga - thered there,  
5. What can I give him, Poor as I am?

Tenor  
Bass

5

S  
A

Earth stood hard as i - ron, Wa - ter like a stone; Snow had fal - len,  
Che - ru - bim and se - ra - phim, Throng - ed the air: But on - - ly his  
If I were a shep - herd I would bring a lamb; If I were a

T  
B

10

S  
A

snow on snow, Snow on snow,  
mo - ther, In her maid - - en bliss,  
wise man, I would do my part; Yet

T  
B

13

S  
A

In the bleak mid - - win - - ter, Long a - - go.  
Wor - shipped the Be - - lov - - ed With a kiss.  
what I can I give him, Give my heart.

T  
B

1. In the bleak mid-winter, Frosty wind made moan,  
Earth stood hard as iron, Water like a stone;  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, Snow on snow,  
In the bleak midwinter, Long ago.

4. Angels and archangels, May have gathered there,  
Cherubim and seraphim Thronged the air:  
But only his mother In her maiden bliss  
Worshipped the Beloved With a kiss.

5. What can I give him, Poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd I would bring a lamb;  
If I were a wise man I would do my part;  
Yet what I can I give him, Give my heart.

We sing verses 1, 4, 5.

2. Our God in heav'n cannot hold him Nor earth sustain;  
Heav'n and earth shall flee away When he comes to reign:  
In the bleak mid-winter A stable place sufficed  
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

3. Enough for him, whom cherubim Worship night and day,  
A breastful of milk, And a mangerful of hay;  
Enough for him, whom angels Fall down before,  
The ox and ass and camel Which adore.

# Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

Setting by Michael Praetorius, 1609 (Cologne, 1599)

Soprano  
Alto

1. Lo, how a Rose e'er bloom - ing, From ten - der stem hath  
2. I - - sa - - iah had for - - told it, The Rose I have in  
3. This Flow'r, whose fra - grance ten - der, With sweet - ness fills the

Tenor  
Bass

5

S  
A

sprung, Of Jes - se's lin - eage com - - ing As men of old have  
mind; With Ma - ry we be - - hold it, The vir - gin moth - - er  
air, Dis - - pels with glo - rious splen - dor The dark - ness ev - - 'ry -

T  
B

10

S  
A

sung! It came a Flow'r - et bright \_\_\_\_\_ A -  
kind. To show God's love a - - right \_\_\_\_\_ She  
- where. True Man, yet ver - - y God, \_\_\_\_\_ From

T  
B

13

S  
A

- mid the cold of win - - ter, When half spent \_\_\_\_\_ was the night.  
bore to us a Sav - - ior, When half spent \_\_\_\_\_ was the night.  
sin and death He saves us And ligh - tens \_\_\_\_\_ ev - - 'ry load.

T  
B



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 Flow'ret bright  
Amid the cold of winter,  
When half spent was the night.

2. Isaiah had fortold 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 us a Savior  
When half spent was the night.

3. This Flow'r, whose fragrance tender,  
With sweetness fills the air,  
Dispels with glorious splendor  
The darkness ev'rywhere.  
True Man, yet very God,  
From sin and death He saves us  
And lightens ev'ry load.

# Macaronic Carol

Words and music by Ajemian and Newcomb

**SPRITELY** **NUMBLY**

Soprano  
Alto

Hear \_\_\_\_ us come \_\_\_\_ through fields \_\_\_\_ of snow. \_\_\_\_ Pe - des fri -  
 Mas \_\_\_\_ ter mis \_\_\_\_ tress, chil \_\_\_\_ dren, pets. \_\_\_\_  
 Branch -es and hous - es are hung \_\_\_\_ with white. \_\_\_\_

Tenor  
Bass

**BRIGHTLY**

S  
A

-gi \_\_\_\_ di sunt. \_\_\_\_ Sing \_\_\_\_ ing Christ \_\_\_\_ mas cheer \_\_\_\_ i -  
 The more it snows the more joy - ful we  
 Mit - tens a - - glow \_\_\_\_ with can \_\_\_\_ dle -

T  
B

**CON FAME** **VIVE VOCE**

S  
A

- o. Et e - su \_\_\_\_ ri - o. \_\_\_\_ Lis \_\_\_\_ ten to our glad \_\_\_\_ some song.  
 get. Join \_\_\_\_ us as we cel \_\_\_\_ a brate.  
 -light. Deck \_\_\_\_ the halls for la \_\_\_\_ we sing.

T  
B

**DOGGEDLY** **RUDDILY**

S  
A

Pe - - des de - - fes - - si sunt. \_\_\_\_ We've tra - - velled  
 We waits, we  
 Once \_\_\_\_ a

T  
B

26 **LONGINGLY**

S  
A

far \_\_\_\_ and sung \_\_\_\_ so long. Do - - mum ir - - e vo - lo. \_\_\_\_  
 cir \_\_\_\_ cum - am \_\_\_\_ bu - - late.  
 year \_\_\_\_ while car \_\_\_\_ ol - - ling.

T  
B

1. Hear us come through fields of snow.  
 Pedes frigidi sunt. [My feet are cold]  
 Singing Christmas cheerio.  
 Et esurio. [And I'm hungry]  
 Listen to our gladsome song.  
 Pedes defessi sunt. [My feet are tired]  
 We've travelled far and sung so long.  
 Domum ire volo. [I want to go home]


2. Master, Mistress, children, pets.  
 Pedes frigidi sunt.  
 The more it snows, the more joyful we get.  
 Et esurio.  
 Join us as we celebrate.  
 Pedes defessi sunt.  
 We waits, we circumambulate.  
 Domum ire volo.

3. Branches and houses are hung with white.  
 Pedes frigidi sunt.  
 Mittens aglow with candlelight.  
 Et esurio.  
 Deck the halls, for la we sing.  
 Pedes defessi sunt.  
 Once a year while carolling.  
 Domum ire volo.

# O Little One Sweet

Old German melody  
harmonized by J.S. Bach

Soprano  
Alto




1. O lit tle one sweet, O lit - tle one mild, Thy fa ther's  
2. O lit tle one sweet, O lit - tle one mild, With joy thou  
3. O lit tle one sweet, O lit - tle one mild, In thee love's  
4. O lit tle one sweet, O lit - tle one mild, Help us to

Tenor  
Bass




6

S  
A



pur - - - pose thou hast ful - - filled; Thou cam'st from  
hast the whole world filled; Thou cam est  
beau - - - ties are all dis - - tilled; Then light in  
do as thou hast willed. Lo, all we

T  
B



10

S  
A



heav'n to mor tal ken, E - - qual to be with  
here from heav'n's do main, To bring men com fort  
us thy love's bright flame, That we may give thee  
have be longs to thee! Ah, keep us in our

T  
B



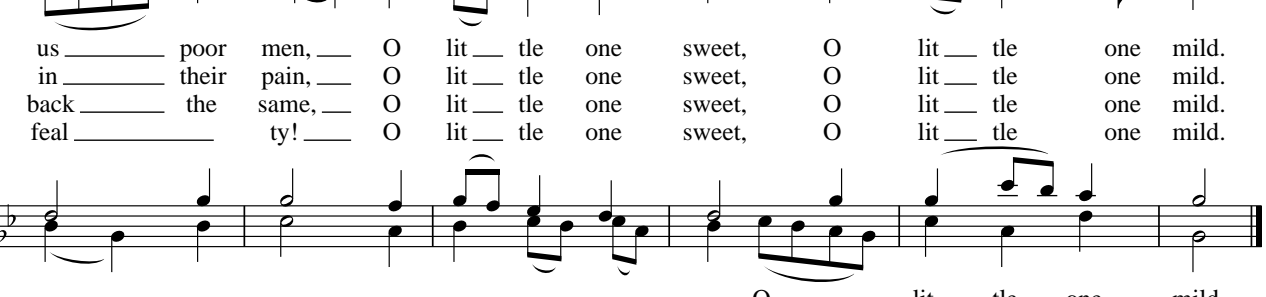
15

S  
A



us poor men, O lit tle one sweet, O lit tle one mild.  
in their pain, O lit tle one sweet, O lit tle one mild.  
back the same, O lit tle one sweet, O lit tle one mild.  
feal ty! O lit tle one sweet, O lit tle one mild.

T  
B



O lit - tle one mild.

1. O little one sweet, O little one mild,  
Thy Father's purpose thou hast fulfilled;  
Thou cam'st from heav'n to mortal ken,  
Equal to be with us poor men,  
O little one sweet, O little one mild.
2. O little one sweet, O little one mild,  
With joy thou hast the whole world filled;  
Thou camest here from heav'n's domain,  
To bring men comfort in their pain,  
O little one sweet, O little one mild.

3. O little one sweet, O little one mild,  
In thee love's beauties are all distilled,  
Then light in us thy love's bright flame,  
That we may give thee back the same,  
O little one sweet, O little one mild.
4. O little one sweet, O little one mild,  
Help us to do as thou hast willed,  
Lo, all we have belongs to thee!  
Ah, keep us in our fealty!  
O little one sweet, O little one mild.

# Orientis Partibus

anon. medieval carol  
English words, Susan Cooper

$\text{♩} = 120$

O - - ri - - en - tis par - ti - - bus ad - ven - ta - - vit a - - si - - nus,

[5]  
pul - cher et for - tis - si - mus, Sar - ci - nis ap - tis - si - mus. Hez, Sir As - nes, hez!

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. Orientis partibus,<br>Adventavit asinus,<br>Pulcher et fortissimus,<br>Sarcinis aptissimus.<br>Hez, Sir Asnes, Hez!   | 4. Still he draws his heavy load,<br>Fed on barley and rough hay;<br>Pulling on along the road -<br>Donkey pull our sins away!<br>Hez, Sir Asnes, Hez!     |
| 2. From the East the donkey came,<br>Stout and strong as twenty men;<br>Ears like wings and eyes like flame,<br>Striding into Bethlehem.<br>Hez, Sir Asnes, Hez!   | 5. Wrap him now in cloth of gold;<br>All rejoice who see him pass;<br>Mirth inhabit young and old<br>On this feast day of the ass.<br>Hez, Sir Asnes, Hez! |
| 3. Faster than the deer he leapt,<br>With his burden on his back;<br>Though all other creatures slept,<br>Still the ass kept on his track.<br>Hez, Sir Asnes, Hez! |  |

*The "Song of the Ass," important in the early history of Western music, was sung during the Middle Ages as a processional at Sens, when a donkey was ridden into the Cathedral. The irrepressible popular humor of the Feast of Fools and similar mediaeval festivals is found in the carol's "braying" refrain, which was sung by the clergy.*

*Source: The Christmas Revels Songbook, 2nd edition, 1995. [The Feast Day of the Ass or Festum Asinorum is January 14.]*

# Over the Hill and Over the Dale

Piae Cantiones, 1582  
English words by J.M. Neale

♩. = 60



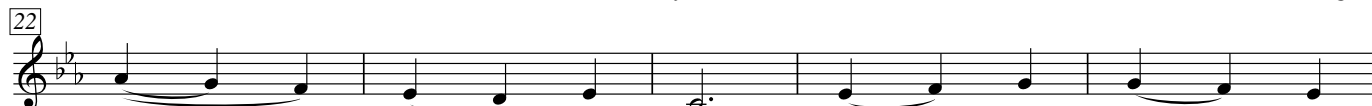
1. O - ver the hill \_\_\_\_ and o - ver the dale, Came \_\_\_\_ three kings \_\_\_\_ to -  
2. O - ver the hill \_\_\_\_ and o - ver the dale, Each \_\_\_\_ king bears \_\_\_\_ a  
3. He \_\_\_\_ is God \_\_\_\_ ye go \_\_\_\_ to meet, There \_\_\_\_ fore in \_\_\_\_ cense  
4. O - ver the hill \_\_\_\_ and o - ver the dale, Ri \_\_\_\_ ding east \_\_\_\_ to -



- ge - ther, \_\_\_\_ Car \_\_\_\_ ing nought \_\_\_\_ for snow \_\_\_\_ and hail, Cold \_\_\_\_ and  
pre - sent, \_\_\_\_ Wise \_\_\_\_ men go, \_\_\_\_ a child \_\_\_\_ to hail, Mon \_\_\_\_ archs  
prof - fer; \_\_\_\_ He \_\_\_\_ is King \_\_\_\_ ye go \_\_\_\_ to greet, Gold \_\_\_\_ is  
- ge - ther, \_\_\_\_ Car \_\_\_\_ ing nought \_\_\_\_ for snow \_\_\_\_ and hail, Nought \_\_\_\_ for



wind \_\_\_\_ and wea - ther. \_\_\_\_ Now on Per - sia's san \_\_\_\_ dy plain, Now where  
seek \_\_\_\_ a pea - sant. \_\_\_\_ And in front, a star \_\_\_\_ pro - ceeds, O - - ver  
in \_\_\_\_ your cof - fer. \_\_\_\_ Al - - so, man, he comes \_\_\_\_ to share, E - - very  
wind \_\_\_\_ and wea - ther. \_\_\_\_ Warned by God from Her \_\_\_\_ od's door, Each king



Ti \_\_\_\_ gris swells \_\_\_\_ with rain, They \_\_\_\_ their ca \_\_\_\_ mels  
rocks \_\_\_\_ and ri \_\_\_\_ vers leads, Shines \_\_\_\_ with beams \_\_\_\_ in -  
woe \_\_\_\_ that man \_\_\_\_ can bear, Temp \_\_\_\_ ter, rail \_\_\_\_ er,  
turns \_\_\_\_ for home \_\_\_\_ once more, Hearts \_\_\_\_ and foot \_\_\_\_ steps



te - - ther. \_\_\_\_ Now through Sy - - rian lands \_\_\_\_ they go,  
- ces - - sant. \_\_\_\_ There - - fore on - - ward, on \_\_\_\_ ward still,  
scof - fer. \_\_\_\_ There - - fore now, a - - gainst \_\_\_\_ the day,  
light - - er. \_\_\_\_ Now be - - hind them shines \_\_\_\_ the star,



Now through Mo \_\_\_\_ ab, faint \_\_\_\_ and slow, Now \_\_\_\_ o'er E \_\_\_\_ dom's hea - ther. \_\_\_\_  
Ford the stream \_\_\_\_ and climb \_\_\_\_ the hill; Love \_\_\_\_ makes all \_\_\_\_ things plea - sant. \_\_\_\_  
In the grave \_\_\_\_ when Him \_\_\_\_ they lay, Myrrh \_\_\_\_ ye al \_\_\_\_ so of - fer. \_\_\_\_  
Which they fol \_\_\_\_ lowed from \_\_\_\_ a - - far, Shin \_\_\_\_ ing e \_\_\_\_ ver bright - er. \_\_\_\_

1. Over the hill and over the dale  
Came three kings together,  
Caring nought for snow and hail,  
Cold and wind and weather.  
Now on Persia's sandy plain,  
Now where Tigris swells with rain,  
They their camels tether.  
Now through Syrian lands they go,  
Now through Moab, faint and slow,  
Now o'er Edom's heather.

2. Over the hill and over the dale  
Each king bears a present,  
Wise men go, a child to hail,  
Monarchs seek a peasant.  
And in front, a star proceeds,  
Over rocks and rivers leads,  
Shines with beams incessant.  
Therefore onward, onward still,  
Ford the stream and climb the hill;  
Love makes all things pleasant.

3. He is God ye go to meet,  
Therefore incense proffer;  
He is King ye go to greet,  
Gold is in your coffer.  
Also, man, he comes to share  
Every woe that man can bear,  
Tempter, railer, scoffer.  
Therefore now, against the day,  
In the grave when Him they lay,  
Myrrh ye also offer.

4. Over the hill and over the dale  
Riding east together,  
Caring nought for snow and hail,  
Nought for wind and weather.  
Warned by God from Herod's door  
Each king turns for home once more,  
Hearts and footsteps lighter.  
Now behind them shines the star  
Which they followed from afar,  
Shining ever brighter.

*Over the Hill and Over the Dale is by J.M. Neale, a setting to a tune from the Piaie Cantiones, a book of Latin carols compiled in Finland in 1582. Neale composed English texts for several of them, Good King Wenceslas being the best-known. [Tune and notes transcribed from Nowell Sing We Clear.]*



# Please to See the King Our King

Traditional Welsh  
arr. John Bromka, 1991

♩ = 84

**Soprano**  
**Alto**

Joy, — health, love — and peace be all here in this

**Tenor**  
**Bass**

Joy, health, love and peace be all here in — this —

**S**  
**A**

place. By your leave — we will sing — con - - cern — ing our — King.

**T**  
**B**

place. — By your leave — we will sing — con — cern — ing our King.

1. Joy, health, love and peace be all here in this place.  
By your leave we will sing concerning our King.
2. Our King is well dressed, in silks of the best,  
In ribbons so rare, no king can compare.
3. We have travelled many miles, over hedges and stiles,  
In search of our King, unto you we bring.
4. We have powder and shot, to conquer the lot.  
We have cannon and ball, to conquer them all.
5. Old Christmas is past, Twelfth Night is the Last.  
And we bid you adieu, great joy to the new.

# Rolling Downward

## The Angel Song

Robert Lowry

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Roll \_\_\_\_ ing down - ward, through the mid - night, Comes a glo - rious burst of hea - ven - ly  
 2. Won - der ing shep - herds see the glo - ry, Hear the word the shin - ing ones \_\_\_\_ de -  
 3. Christ \_\_\_\_ the Sav - ior, God's A - noint - ed, Comes to earth our fear - ful debt \_\_\_\_ to

4

song \_\_\_\_ 'Tis \_\_\_\_ a cho - rus full of sweet - ness, And the sing - ers are an an - gel  
 - clare; \_\_\_\_ At \_\_\_\_ the man - ger fall in wor - ship, While the mu - sic fills the qui - v'ring  
 pay. \_\_\_\_ Man \_\_\_\_ of sor - rows, and re - ject - ed, Lamb of God, that takes our sin a -

8 Chorus

throng \_\_\_\_ Glo \_\_\_\_ ry, glo - ry in \_\_\_\_ the high - est, On \_\_\_\_ the earth good - will and peace to  
 air \_\_\_\_  
 - way \_\_\_\_

12

men \_\_\_\_ Down \_\_\_\_ the a - ges sound \_\_\_\_ the e - cho: Let \_\_\_\_ the glad earth shout \_\_\_\_ a - gain. \_\_\_\_

1. Rolling downward, through the midnight,  
 Comes a glorious burst of heavenly song;  
 'Tis a chorus full of sweetness,  
 And the singers are an angel throng.

Chorus:  
 Glory! glory in the highest!  
 On the earth goodwill and peace to men!  
 Down the ages sound the echo;  
 Let the glad earth shout again!

2. Wond'ring shepherds see the glory,  
 Hear the word the shining ones declare;  
 At the manger fall in worship,  
 While the music fills the quivering air.

3. Christ the Savior, God's Anointed,  
 Comes to earth our fearful debt to pay.  
 Man of sorrows, and rejected,  
 Lamb of God, that takes our sin away.