

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!

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.

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

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 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.

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

6

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

12

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

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

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

6 **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

12 **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

21 **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.