

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,
 lay,
 fame,

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

earth,
 lay,
 fame,

A Sav - iour born on earth.
 And join the heav'n - ly lay.
 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, _____ Be - decked with bays and
 2. The boar's _____ head, as I un - der - stand, Is the rar - est dish in the
 3. Our stew - ard hath _____ pro - vi - ded this, _____ In hon - or 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

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