

Arise and Hail the Joyful Day

A - rise and hail the joy - - ful day. Of your Re - deem - er's -

A - rise and hail the joy - - ful day. Of your Re - deem - er's

A - rise and hail the joy - - ful day. Of your Re - deem - er's -

A - rise and hail the joy - - ful day. Of your Re - deem - er's

birth; Lift up your voi - ces to the sky;

birth; Lift up your voi - ces to the sky; A -

birth; Lift up your voi - ces to the sky; A Sav - iour born on earth, A -

birth; Lift up your voi - ces to the sky; A Sav - iour born on

A Sav - iour born on earth, A Sav - iour born on earth.

Sav - iour born on earth, A Sav - iour born on earth, born on earth.

Sav - iour born on earth, A Sav - iour born on earth.

earth, A Sav - iour born, A Sav - - iour born on earth.

1. Arise and hail the joyful day
Of your Redeemer's birth;
Lift up you 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.

We have been singing verses 1, 2, and 4 only.

The Boys Carol

Personent Hodie

14th Century tune
Piae Cantiones, 1582

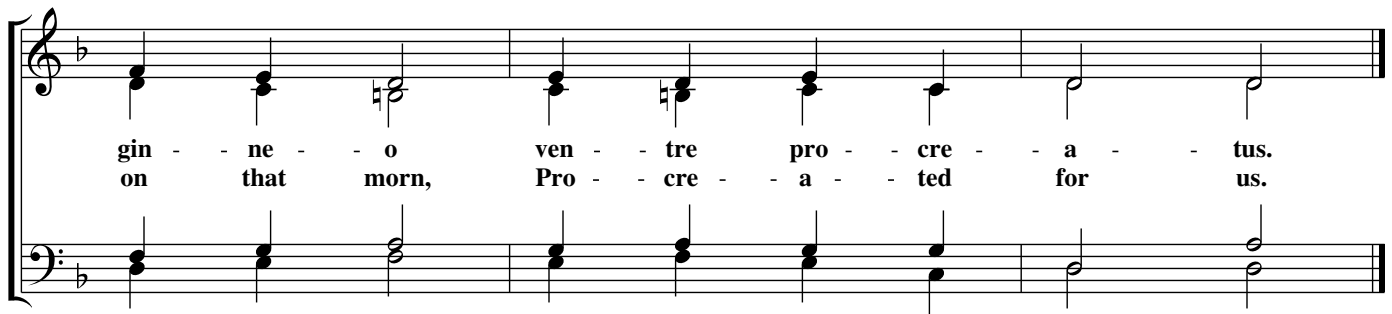
1. Per - - so - - nent ho - di - e, Vo - - ces to - - pu - -
1. Let the boys' cheer - ful noise, Sing to - - day

er - u - lae, Lau - dan - tes jo - cun - de, Qui no - bis est
none but joys, Praise a - loud, clear and proud, Praise to him in

na - - tus, Sum - mo De - o da - - tus, Et de vir,
cho - - rus, Giv'n from hea - ven for us, Vir - gin - born,

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

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



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.

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.

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.

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.

Chanukah / Solstice

Linda Hirschhorn

I II III VI

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

♩ = 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 music. Of sweet songs and play in the

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

Chorus

Chorus

fill ing the air! With cher iots of cher u him chant ing And ser a phim sing ing ho

fill - ing the air! With char-iots of cher - u - bim chant - ing And ser - a - phim sing-ing ho

can, no. And a choir of arch an gels a so, re, ing come: Hal, le, lu, iah, Hal, le, lu, All the

san - na And a choir of arch-an - gels a - ca - rol - ing come: Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le - lu. All the

on, only a turn, not in, all, my, In praise of the Prince of Peace

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

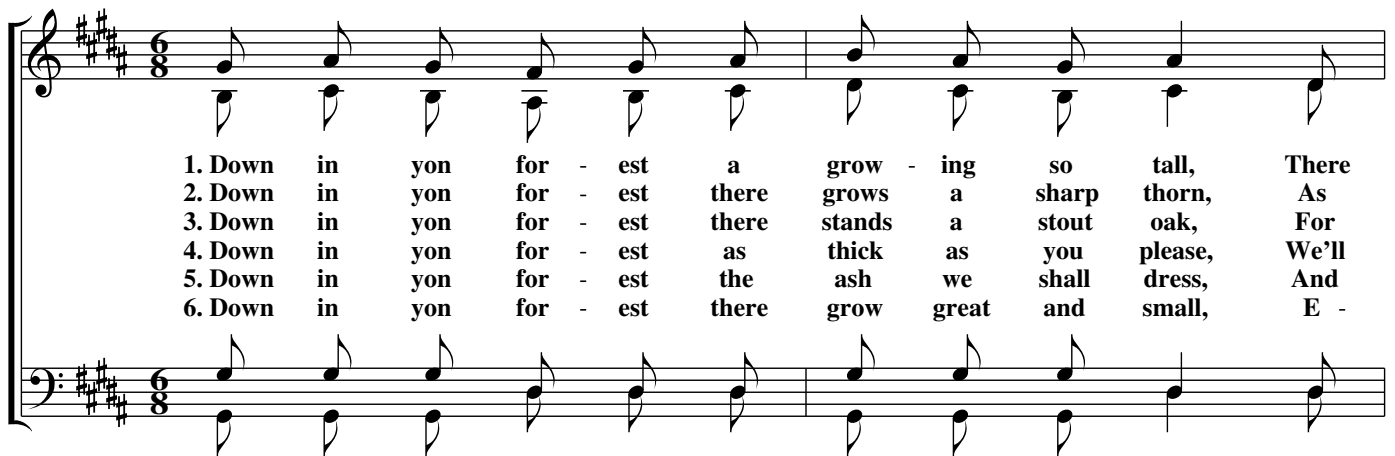
CHORUS

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

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
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.


Down In Yon Forest



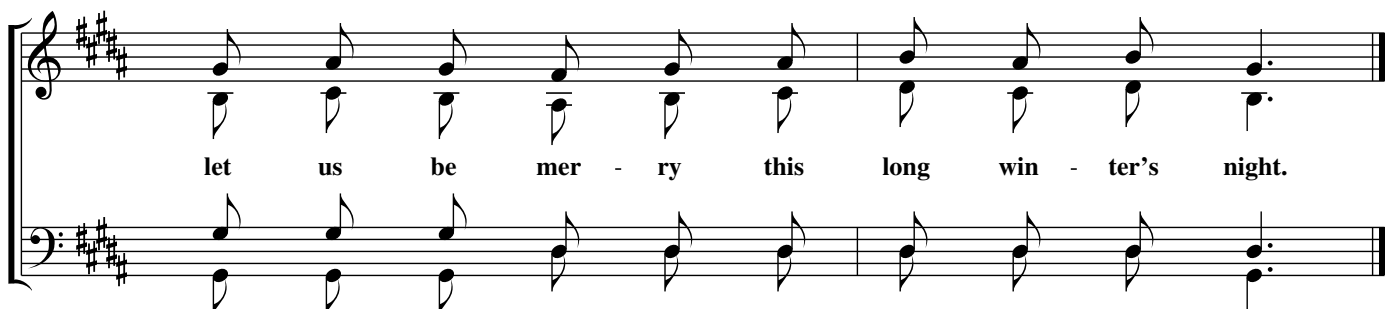
1. Down in yon for - est a grow - ing so tall, There
 2. Down in yon for - est there grows a sharp thorn, As
 3. Down in yon for - est there stands a stout oak, For
 4. Down in yon for - est as thick as you please, We'll
 5. Down in yon for - est the ash we shall dress, And
 6. Down in yon for - est there grow great and small, E -



pros - per in win - ter as so shall we all, The
 bit - ter as a - - ny word spo - ken in scorn, But
 crea - tures a shel - ter, for gods a green cloak, For
 dance in the or - chard of fine ap - ple trees, Whose
 bind in - - to bun - dles to burn and to bless, To
 nough sil - ver bir - ches as tor - ches for all, To



bril - liant green i - - vy and hol - ly so bright, So
 scorn have we none nor the will for to fight, So
 us good - ly fire - wood to make our hearth bright, So
 health we will drink 'til the grey mor - ning light, So
 car - ry good ti - dings and glad - den our sight, So
 light our way home - ward when time it is right, So



let us be mer - ry this long win - ter's night.

(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

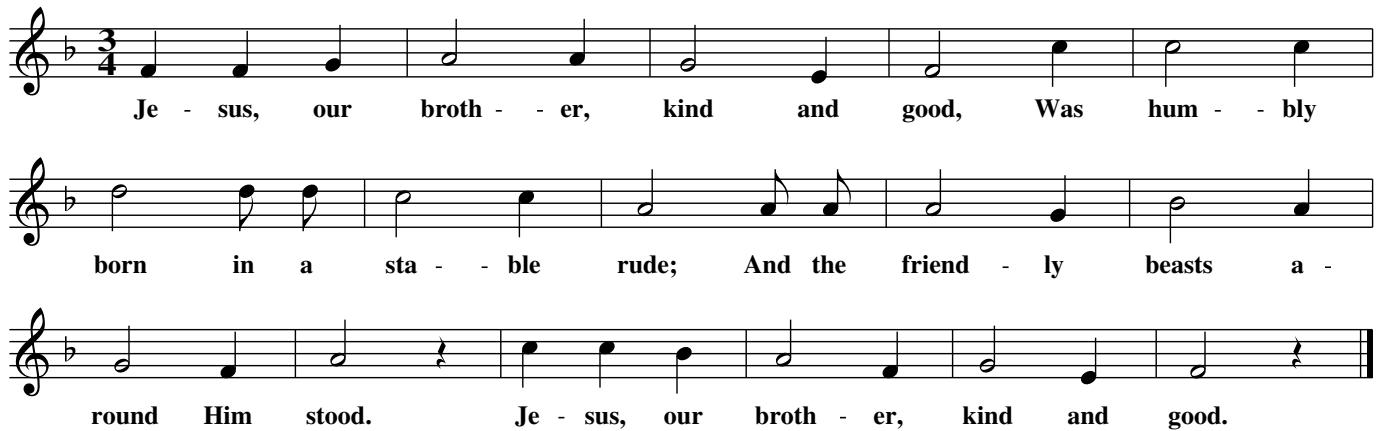
(All in unison; Soprano part)

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

The Friendly Beasts



1. Jesus, our brother, kind and good,
Was humbly born in a stable rude;
And the friendly beasts around Him stood.
Jesus, our brother, kind and good.
2. "I," said the Donkey, shaggy and brown,
"I carried His mother up hill and down;
I carried His mother to Bethlehem town."
"I," said the Donkey, shaggy and brown.
3. "I," said the Cow, all white and red,
"I gave Him my manger for His bed;
I gave Him my hay to pillow His head."
"I," said the Cow, all white and red.
4. "I," said the Sheep, with the curly horn,
"I gave Him my wool for His blanket warm;
He wore my coat on Christmas morn."
"I," said the Sheep, with the curly horn.
5. "I," said the Dove, from the rafters high,
"I cooed Him to sleep that He should not cry;
We cooed Him to sleep, my mate and I."
"I," said the Dove, from the rafters high.
6. Thus every beast by some glad spell,
In the stable dark was glad to tell
Of the gift he gave Emmanuel,
The gift he gave Emmanuel.

Gloucestershire Wassail

Traditional
arr. Ralph Vaughn-Williams

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

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

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

Drink — to thee — drink — to thee —

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

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 haven't been doing verses 2–4 lately

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 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 — ga - ther - ing win - ter fu - - el.

1. 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.
2. Hither page and stand by me, if thou knowst it telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he, where and what his dwelling?
Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes' fountain.
3. Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pinelogs hither
Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither
Page and monarch forth they went, forth they went together;
Through the rude winds wild lament and the bitter weather.
4. Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger
Fails my heart, I know now how; I can go no longer.
Mark my footsteps, my good page, tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy blood less coldly.
5. 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 white ____ and our ale it is brown. Our ____ was - sail is ____

made of the good - ale and true. Some ____ nut - meg and

Chorus

gin - - ger, it's the best we can brew. ____ Fol the dol, fol the dol - de -

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

♩ = 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 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 in the choir.

2. The holly bears a blossom,
As white as any milk,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
All wrapped up the 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 often leave off 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.

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
 2. Tis ill for a mind to an - ger in - clined To
 3. This time of the year is spent in good cheer, And
 4. When Christ - a - mas's tide comes in like a bride, With

all of the rest of the year, And wel - come the nights, that
 think of small in - jur - ies now, If wrath be to seek, do not
 neigh - bours to - geth - er do meet, To sit by the fire, with
 hol - ly and i - vy clad, Twelve days in the year, much

dou - ble de - lights, As well for the poor as the peer! Good
 lend her your cheek, Nor let her in - ha - bit thy brow. Cross
 friend - ly de - sire, Each oth - er in love for to greet. Old
 mirth and good cheer In e - ver - y house - hold is had. The

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

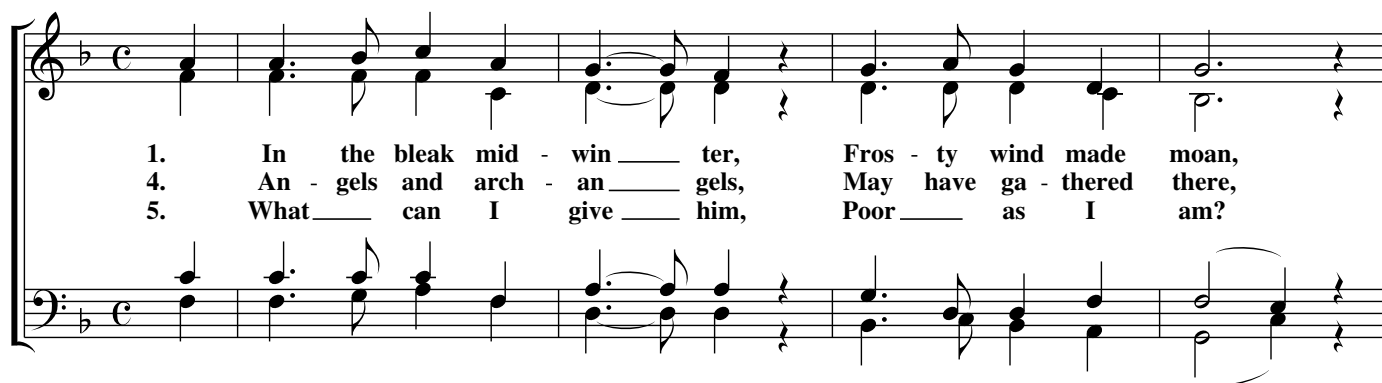
may, For get - ting old wrongs with ca - rols and songs, To
 cay, And whol - ly con - sort with mirth and with sport, To
 lay; The old and the young doth ca - rol this song, To
 play, Where at the young men do the best that they can, To

drive the cold win - ter a - way.

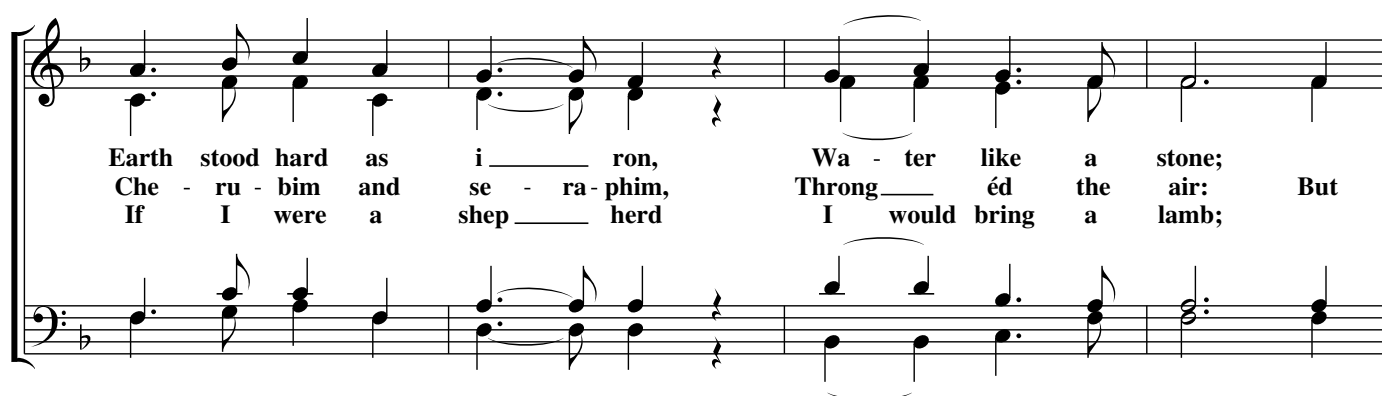
1. All hail to the days that merit more praise
Than all of the rest of the year,
And welcome the nights that double delights
As well for the poor as the peer!
Good fortune attend each merry man's friend
That doth but the best that he may,
Forgetting old wrongs with carols and songs
To drive the cold 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 Mid-Winter

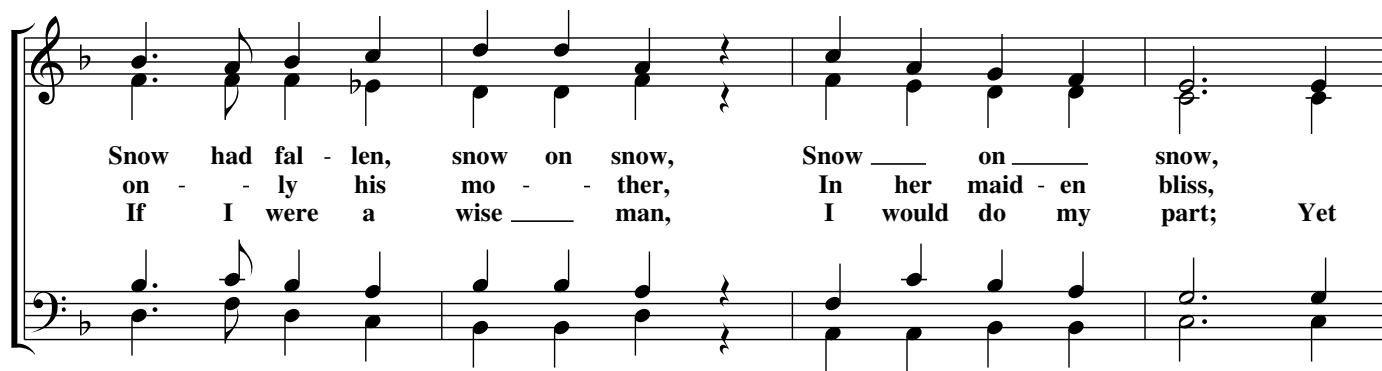
Words by Christina Rossetti
Music by Gustav Holst



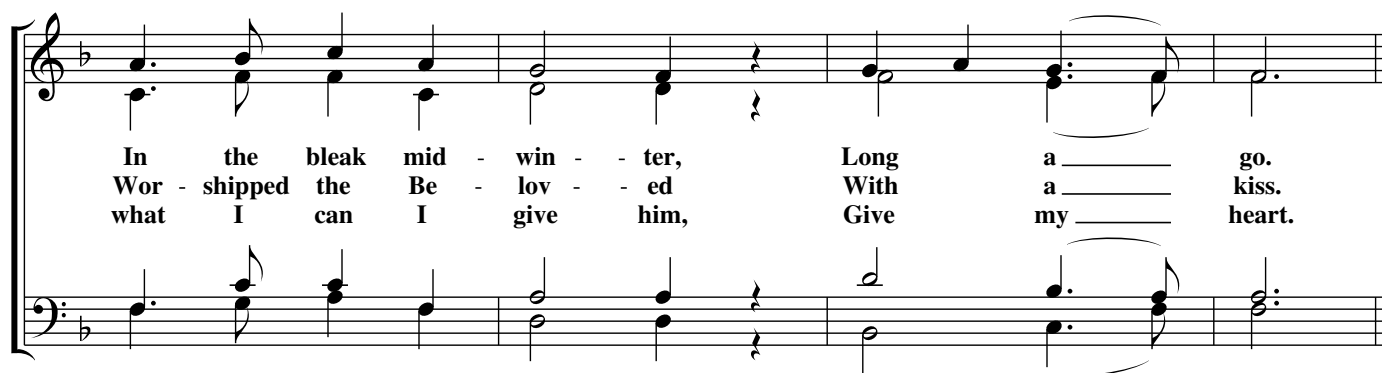
1. In the bleak mid-win-ter, Fros-ty wind made moan,
4. An-gels and arch-an-gels, May have ga-thered there,
5. What can I give him, Poor as I am?



Earth stood hard as i-ron, Wa-ter like a stone;
Che-ru-bim and se-ra-phim, Throng-éd the air: But
If I were a shep-herd I would bring a lamb;



Snow had fal-len, snow on snow, Snow on snow,
on-ly his mo-ther, In her maid-en bliss,
If I were a wise man, I would do my part; Yet



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.

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.

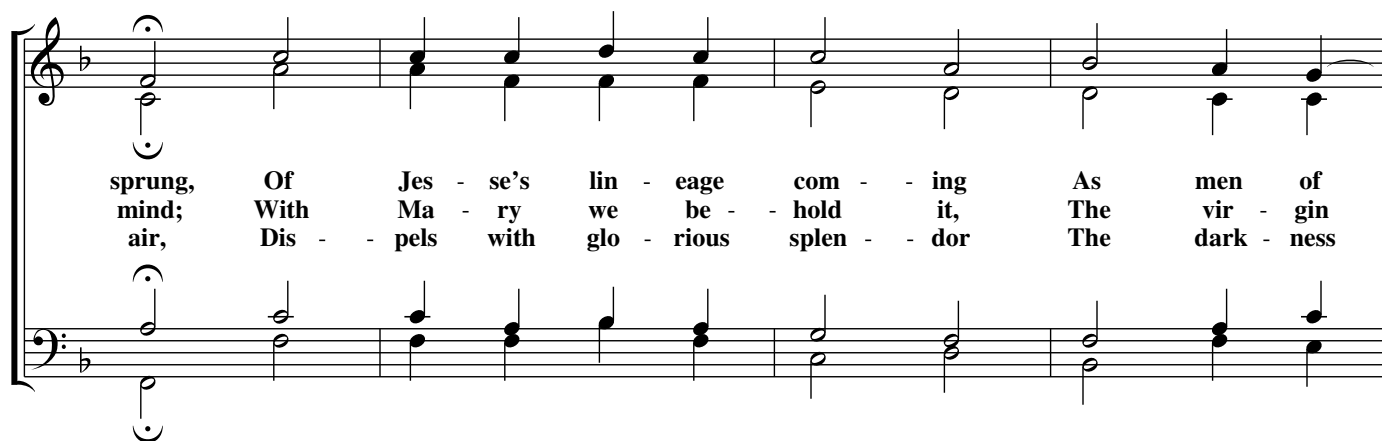
2. Our God in heav’n cannot hold him Nor earth sustain;
Heav’n and earth shall flee away When he comes to reign:
In the bleak mid–winter A stable place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.
3. Enough for him, whom cherubim Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk, And a mangerful of hay;
Enough for him, whom angels Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel Which adore.

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

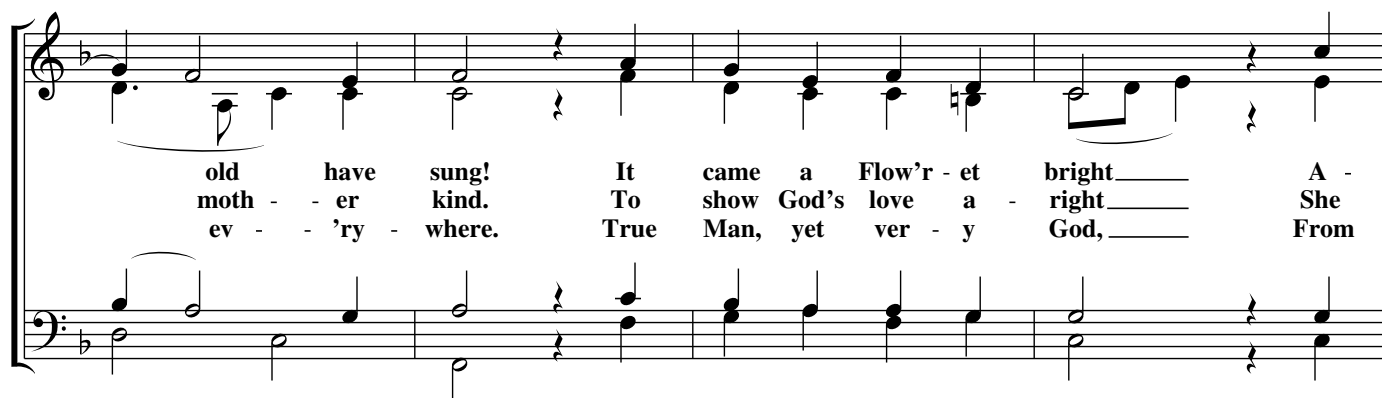
Setting by Michael Praetorius, 1609 (Cologne, 1599)



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



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



old have sung! It came a Flow'r - et bright _____ A -
 moth - - er kind. To show God's love a - right _____ She
 ev - - 'ry - where. True Man, yet ver - y God, _____ From



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.

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 foretold it,
The Rose I have in mind;
With Mary we behold it,
The virgin mother kind.
To show God's love aright
She bore to 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.

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

S
A

pur - pose thou hast ful - filled; Thou cam'st from heav'n to
hast the whole world filled; Thou cam est here from
beau - ties are all dis - tilled; Then light in us thy
do as thou hast willed. Lo, all have be - - longs

T
B

S
A

mor tal ken, E - qual to be with us poor
heav'n's do main, To bring men com fort in their
love's bright flame, That we may give thee back the
to thee! Ah, keep us in our feal

T
B

S
A

men, — O lit — tle one sweet, O lit — tle one mild.
 pain, — O lit — tle one sweet, O lit — tle one mild.
 same, — O lit — tle one sweet, O lit — tle one mild.
 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

♩ = 120

O - ri - en - tis par - ti - bus ad - ven - ta - vit a - si - nus,
pul - cher et for - tis - si - mus, Sar - ci - nis ap - tis - si - mus.
Hez, Sir As - nes, hez!

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

Please to See the King

Our King

Traditional Welsh
arr. John Bromka, 1991

♩ = 84

Joy, — health, love — and peace be all here in this place. By your

Joy, health, love and peace be all here in — this — place. — By your

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

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

♩. = 100



1. Roll _____ ing down - ward, through the mid - night, Comes a
 2. Won - der ing shep - herds see the glo - - ry, Hear the
 3. Christ _____ the Sav - - ior, God's A - noint - - ed, Comes to



glo - rious burst of hea - ven - ly song _____ 'Tis _____ a cho - rus full of
 word the shin - ing ones _____ de - clare; _____ At _____ the man - ger fall in
 earth our fear - ful debt _____ to pay. _____ Man _____ of sor - rows, and re -



sweet - ness, And the sing - ers are an an - gel throng _____
 wor - ship, While the mu - sic fills the qui - v'ring air _____
 ject - - ed, Lamb of God, that takes our sin a - - way _____



Glo _____ ry, glo - - ry in _____ the high - - est, On _____ the



earth good - will and peace to 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.

Sherburne C. M.

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

Music by Daniel Read, 1793

Text by Nahum Tate & Nicholas Brady, Supplement to the New Version of the Psalms, Ireland, 1700

1. While shep-herds watched - their - flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground.
 2. All glo - ry be - - to - God on high, And to the earth be peace.

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The Good

The Good an - gel of the

The Good will hence - forth from

The Good an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo

The Good will hence - forth from heav'n to men, Be - - gin

an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - ry shown a - round, And
will hence - forth from heav'n to men, Be - gin and nev - er cease, Be

Lord came down, And glo - - - ry shown a - round, And glo
heav'n to men, Be - gin and nev - er cease, Be - gin

glo - - - ry shown a - round, And glo - - - ry shown a - round,
gin and nev - er cease. Be - gin and nev - er cease.

- - - - - ry shown a - round, And glo - - - - - ry and
- - - - - and nev - er cease, Be - gin - - - - - and

glo - - - ry shown a - round.
gin and nev - er cease. The Good an - gel of the

- - - - - ry shown a - round. The Good an - gel of the Lord came
- - - - - and nev - er cease. Good will hence - forth from heav'n to

The Good an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - - - ry and
Good will hence - forth from heav'n to men, Be - gin

shown a - round.
nev - er cease. The Good an - gel of the Lord came down, And
Good will hence - forth from heav'n to men, Be -

Lord came down, And glo - - - ry shown a - round
heav'n to men, Be - - - gin and nev - er cease

down, And glo - - - ry shown a - - - round
men, Be - gin - - - and nev - - - er cease

shown a - round, And glo - - - ry shown a - round
nev - er cease, Be - - - gin and nev - er cease

glo - - - - - ry and shown a - - - round
gin and nev - - - er cease

Somerset Wassail

traditional English

1. Was - sail _____ and was - sail all _____ o _____ ver the

town. The cup _____ it is white and the ale _____ it is

brown; The cup _____ it is made of the good _____ ash - en

tree, And _____ so _____ is the malt of the best _____ bar _____

Chorus

ley. For it's your was - - sail and it's our was _____ sail, And it's

joy _____ be to you, _____ and a jol - ly was _____ sail.

1. Wassail and wassail all over the town.
The cup it is white and the ale it is brown;
The cup it is made of the good ashen tree,
And so is the malt of the best barley.
For it's your wassail and it's our wassail,
And it's joy be to you, and a jolly wassail.
2. O master and missus, are you all within?
Pray open the door and let us come in.
O master and missus a-sitting by the fire,
Pray think on us poor travelers, a traveling in the mire.
For it's your wassail and it's our wassail,
And it's joy be to you, and a jolly wassail.
3. O where is the maid with the silver-headed pin,
To open the door and let us come in?
O master and missus, it is our desire:
A good loaf and cheese, and a toast by the fire.
For it's your wassail and it's our wassail,
And it's joy be to you, and a jolly wassail.
4. There was an old man, and he had an old cow,
And how for to keep her he didn't know how;
He built up a barn for to keep his cow warm.
And a drop or two of cider will do us no harm.
No harm, boys, harm; no harm, boys, harm;
And a drop or two of cider will do us no harm.
5. The girt dog of Langport he burnt his long tail,
And this is the night we go singing wassail.
O master and missus now we must be gone;
God bless all in this house until we do come again.
For it's your wassail and it's our wassail,
And it's joy be to you, and a jolly wassail.

Wintertime

Music by George Gershwin
Words with apologies to Du Bose Heyward

swing it

Win - ter - time _____ and a star is a - blaz - ing _____ An - gels
On Easter morn - ing you're go - ing to rise up sing - ing You'll roll

sing - ing _____ as the shep - herds draw nigh. _____ Oh, your dad - dy's God
back that stone and you'll take to the sky. _____ Be - fore that morn - ing

and your mom - ma's a vir - gin _____ So hush lit - tle ba - by, don't _____ you cry. _____
you bet - ter get some dis - ci - ples, But watch out for Ju - das, that _____ one's sly. _____

1. Wintertime and a star is a-blazing,
Angels singing as the shepherds draw nigh.
Oh, your daddy's God and your mamma's a virgin,
So hush little baby, don't you cry.
2. On Easter morning you're going to rise up singing.
You'll roll back that stone and you'll take to the sky.
Before that morning you better get some disciples,
But watch out for Judas, that one's sly.

The Wren Song

traditional Irish

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds, Saint
Ste - phen's Day was caught in the furze; Al - though he was lit - tle, his
hon - or was great; Jump up me lads, and give us a treat!

Chorus

Hur - rah me boys, hur - rah! Hur - rah me boys, hur - rah!

Knock at the knock - er, And ring at the bell,
What will you give us for sing - - ing so well?
Sing - - ing so well, Sing - - ing so well,
Give us a cop - - per for sing - - ing so well.

1. The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
Saint Stephen's Day was caught in the furze,
Although he was little, his honor was great,
Jump up, me lads, and give us a treat!

CHORUS

Hurrah, me boys, hurrah!
Hurrah, me boys, hurrah!
Knock at the knocker and ring at the bell,
What will you give us for singing so well?
Singing so well, singing so well,
Give us a copper for singing so well.

2. We followed the wren three miles or more,
Three miles or more, three miles or more,
Through hedges and ditches and heaps of snow,
At six o'clock in the morning.
3. Rolley, Rolley, where's your nest?
It's in the bush that I love best,
It's in the bush, the holly tree,
Where all the boys do follow me.
4. As I went out to hunt and all,
I met a wren upon the wall,
Up with me wattle and gave him a fall,
And brought him here to show you all.
5. I have a little box under me arm,
A tuppence or penny'll do it no harm,
For we are the boys that came your way,
To bring in the wren on Saint Stephen's Day!