

# Christmas Carols

# 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;

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.

# 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, gin - born

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



1. 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. In mundo nascitur,  
Pannis involvitur,  
Praesepe ponitur  
Stabulo brutorum  
Rector supernorum,  
Perdidit, dit, dit,  
Perdidit, dit, dit,  
Perdidit spolia  
Princeps infernorum.
3. Magi tres venerunt,  
Parvulum inquirunt,  
Parvulum inquirunt,  
Stellulam sequendo,  
Ipsium adorando,  
Aurum, thus, thus, thus,  
Aurum, thus, thus, thus,  
Aurum, thus, et myrrham  
Ei offerendo.
4. Omnes clereculi,  
Pariter pueri,  
Cantent ut angeli:  
Advenisti mundo,  
Laudes tibi fundo.  
Ideo, o, o,  
Ideo, o, o,  
Ideo gloria  
In excelsis Deo.

1. 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:  
So to God, God, God,  
So to God, God, God,  
So to God glory be,  
In the highest, glory.

# Chariots

John Kirkpatrick, 1995

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

Chorus

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

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

# Chanukah / Solstice

Linda Hirschhorn

I II III VI

Tur - ning tur - nng 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 light.

## Ding Dong Bell

1. 2. 3.

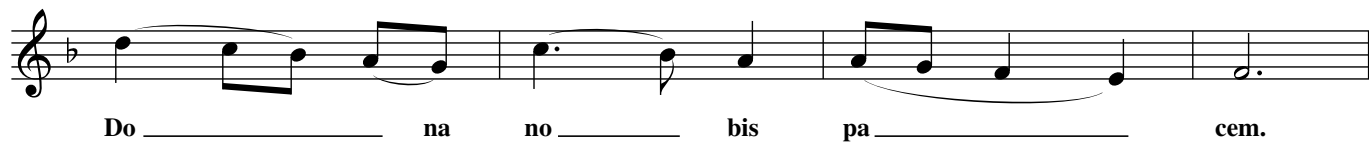
Ding dong ding dong ding dong bell.  
 Ding dong bell, ding dong bell, ding dong ding dong bell.  
 Fa la la la la la la la la la la.



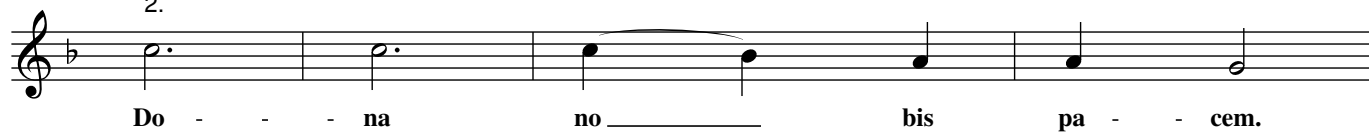
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♩ = 90

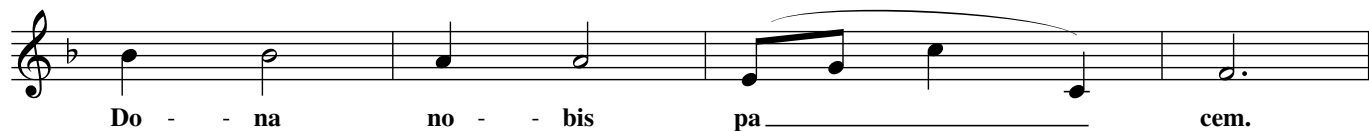
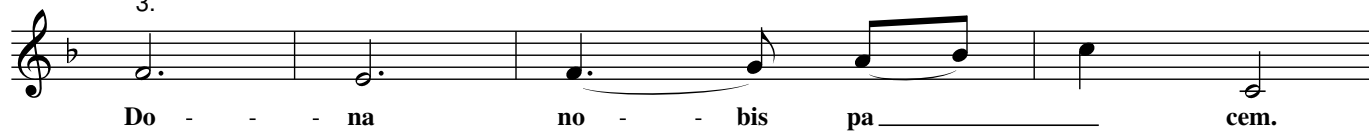
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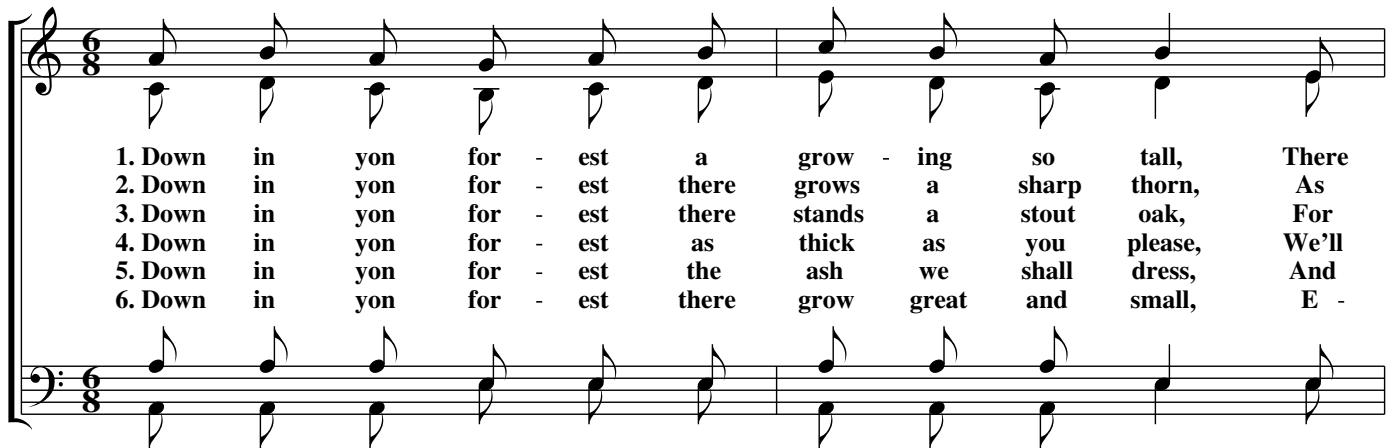
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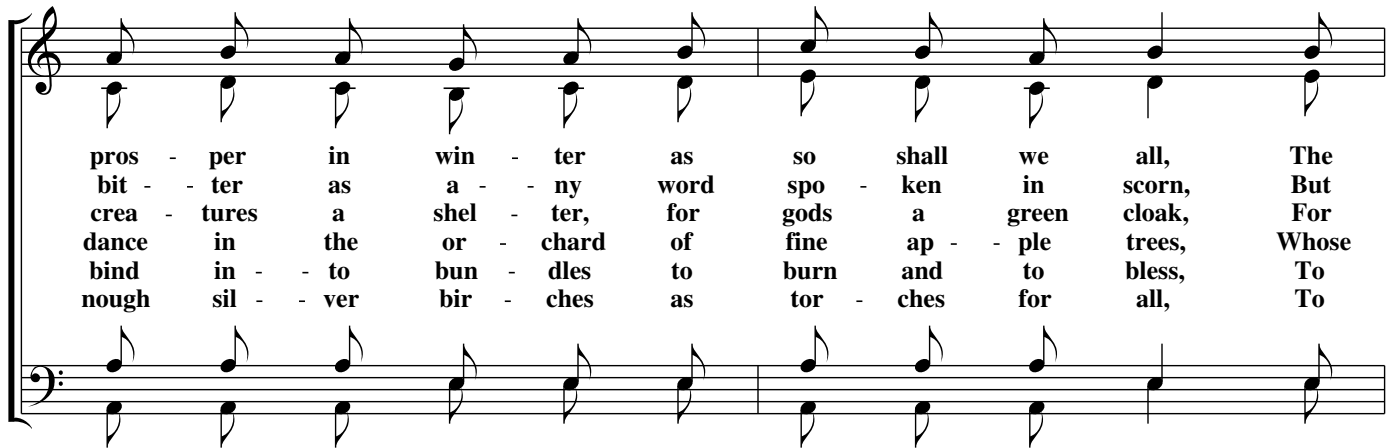
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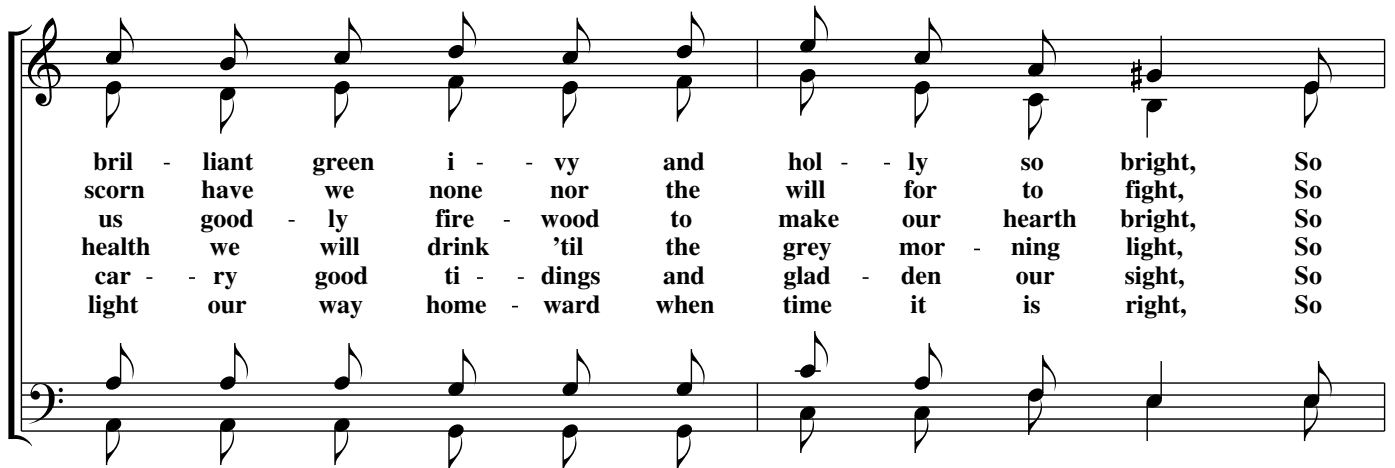
## Down In Yon Forest



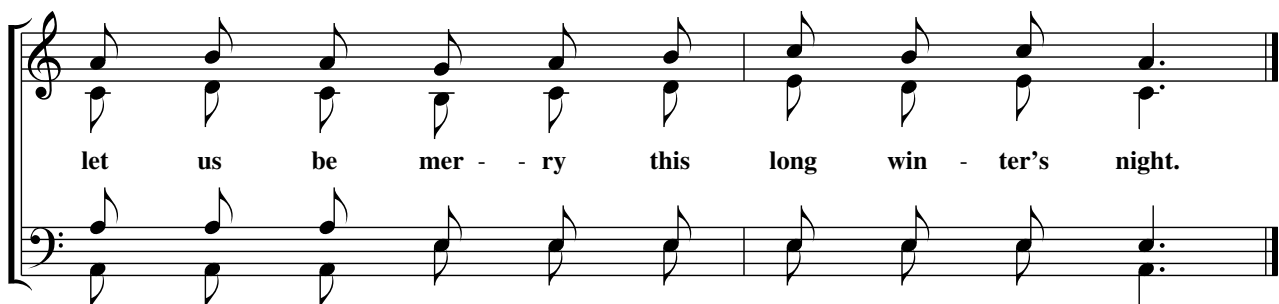
1. Down in yon for - est a grow - ing so tall, There  
 2. Down in yon for - est there grows a sharp thorn, As  
 3. Down in yon for - est there stands a stout oak, For  
 4. Down in yon for - est as thick as you please, We'll  
 5. Down in yon for - est the ash we shall dress, And  
 6. Down in yon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



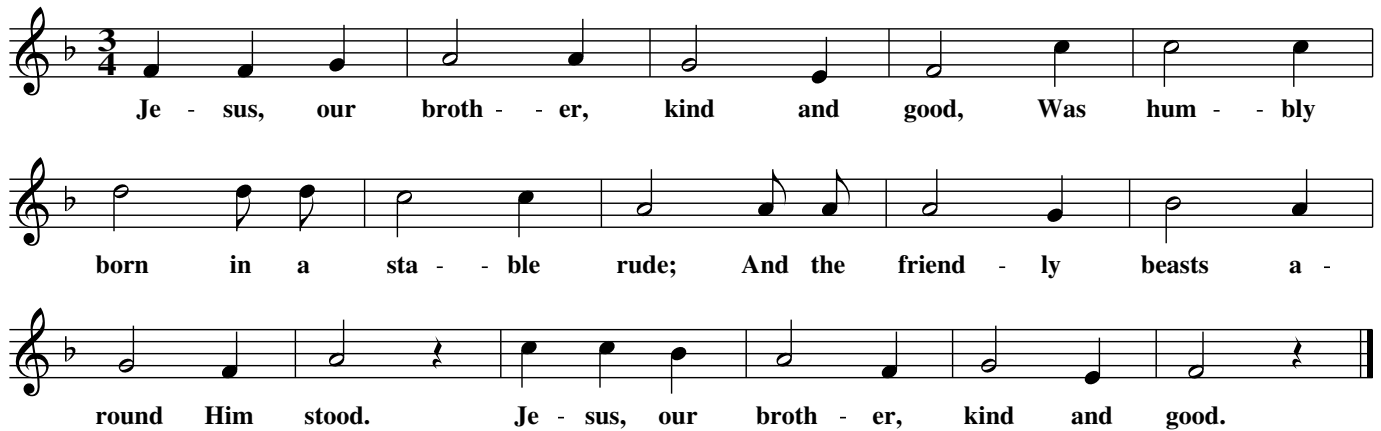
bril - liant green i - - vy and hol - - ly so bright, So  
 scorn - have we none - nor the will for fight, So  
 us good - ly fire - wood our hearth bright, So  
 health we will drink 'til the grey mor - ning light, So  
 car - - ry good ti - - dings and glad - den our sight, So  
 light our way home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



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

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
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
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
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
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
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.

# Good King Wenceslaus

*J.M. Neale, 1818–1866*

The musical score is written on four staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The first staff contains the first line of the poem, the second staff the second line, the third staff the third line, and the fourth staff the fourth line. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of quarter, eighth, and half notes.

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.

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.

# Gloucestershire Wassail

*Traditional*  
arr. Ralph Vaughn-Williams

Soprano  
Alto

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

Tenor  
Bass

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.  
Drink to thee, drink to thee,  
With a wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.
2. And here is to Cherry and to his right cheek,  
Pray God send our master a good good piece of beef,  
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 a wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.  
Drink to thee, drink to thee,  
With a 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,  
A good crop of corn 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.
5. And here is to Fillpail and to her left ear,  
Pray God send our master a happy New Year,  
A happy New Year as e'er he did see,  
A jolly wassail it's then you shall see.  
Then you shall see, then you shall see,  
A jolly wassail it's then you shall see.
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,  
With a wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.  
Drink to thee, drink to thee,  
With a wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.
7. Come butler, come fill us a bowl of the best,  
They I pray that your soul in heaven may rest,  
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,  
May the devil take butler, bowl and all.  
Bowl and all, bowl and all,  
May the devil take 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.  
Wassailers in, wassailers in,  
For to let these jolly wassailers in.

# 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. There's a master and a mistress sitting down by the fire,  
While we poor wassail boys stand here in the mire.  
Come you pretty maid with your silver headed pin,  
Pray, open the door and let us come in.
5. It's we poor wassail boys so weary and cold,  
Please drop some small silver into our bowl.  
And if we survive for another new year  
Perhaps we may call and see who does live here.
6. 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 Cecil Sharp from Mrs. Clayton at Chipping Campden*

$\text{♩} = 85$

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 crown.

CHORUS

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 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.

ALT: Oh, the rising of the sun,  
And the running of the deer,  
The days are short, the nights are long,  
The turning of the year.

2. The holly bears a blossom,  
As white as the lily flower,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
To be our sweet Saviour.

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

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.

# 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 tree 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.

ALT: Oh, the rising of the sun,  
And the running of the deer,  
The days are short, the nights are long,  
The turning of the year.

2. The holly bears a blossom,  
As white as the lily flower,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
To be our sweet Saviour.

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

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.

# The Homeless Wassail

Ian Robb

$\text{♩} = 100$

Was - - sail, was - sail all o - - ver the town, Our  
cup is white and our ale is brown; But hud - - dled  
on this i - ron grate, We poor and hun - gry curse our fate.  
Chorus:  
No Was - sail bowl for such as these, No tur - key scraps, no  
ale, no cheese; This Christ - mas Eve our heart's de - sire  
Is a bot - tle of gin and a trash - can fire.

Wassail, wassail all over the town,  
Our cup is white and our ale is brown;  
But huddled on this iron grate  
We poor and hungry curse our fate.

Chorus:  
No Wassail bowl for such as these,  
No turkey scraps, no ale, no cheese;  
This Christmas Eve our heart's desire  
Is a bottle of gin and a trash-can fire.

Good Christian mind as home you go,  
With dreams of holly and mistletoe,  
That the holly bears a dreadful thorn  
For those who wake to a frozen dawn

Oh, where is he that holy child  
Once born of Mary, meek and mild?  
And wither peace, good will to men  
Now and forevermore, amen?

All ye who dine with face aglow  
In regenenciatrio  
Pray, pause awhile at pleasure's door  
And sup some sorrow with the poor.

Wassail, wassail all over the town  
Our cup is white and our ale is brown;  
This cold and hunger pain and care,  
Sweet Jesus Christ, it's hard to bear!



In Praise of Christmas  
To Drive the Cold Winter Away

Words: Tom Durfey (1653–1723)

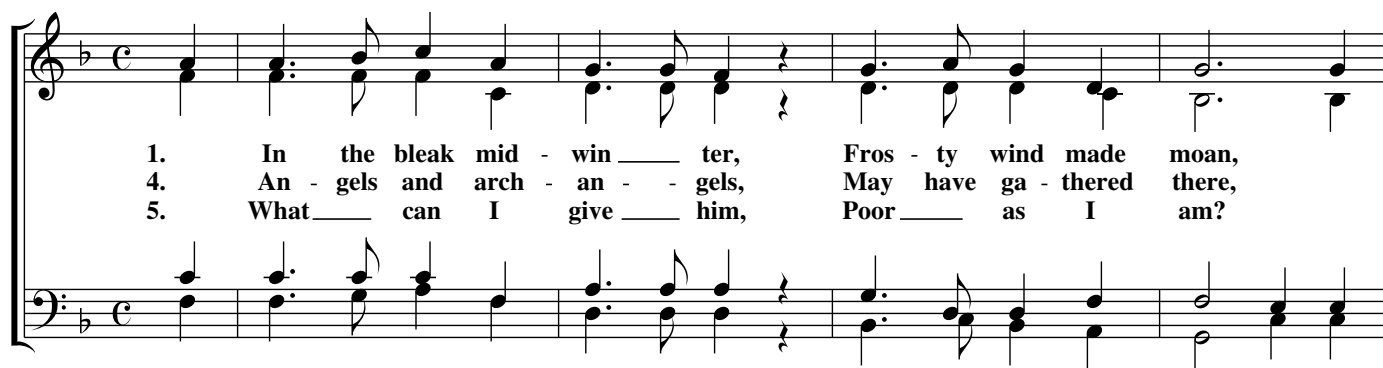
The musical score is written on a single staff in 4/4 time. It consists of nine measures of music. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing rests. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The lyrics are: "All hail to the days that mer - - it more praise, Than all the months of the year, And wel - - come the nights that dou - - ble de - - lights, As well for the poor as the peer! Good for - - tune at - - tend each mer - - ry man's friend, That doth but the best that he may, For - get - - ting old wrongs with ca - - rols and songs, To drive the cold win - - ter a - - way." The score ends with a double bar line.

All hail to the days that mer - - it more praise, Than  
all the months of the year, And  
wel - - come the nights that dou - - ble de - - lights, As  
well for the poor as the peer! Good  
for - - tune at - - tend each mer - - ry man's friend, That  
doth but the best that he may, For -  
get - - ting old wrongs with ca - - rols and songs, To  
drive the cold win - - ter a - - way.

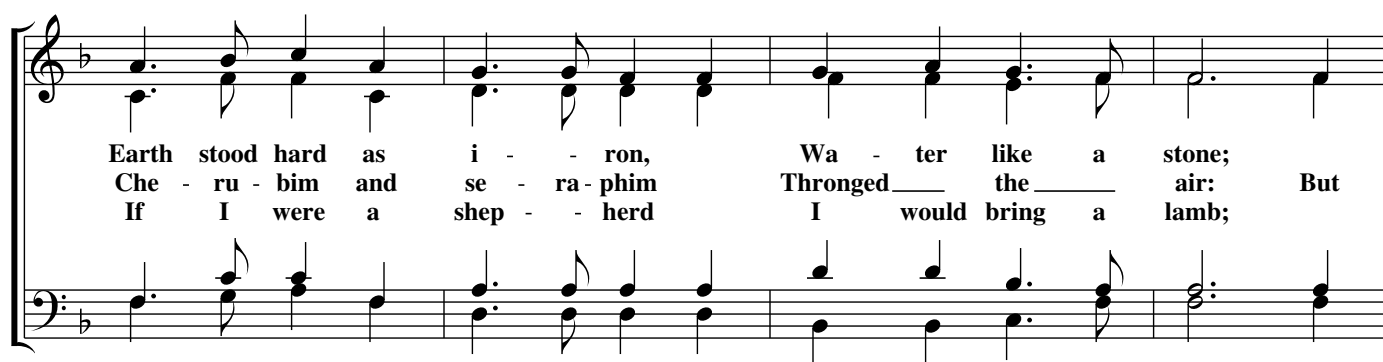
1. All hail to the days that merit more praise  
Than all the rest of the year,  
And welcome the nights that double delights  
As well for the poor as the peer!  
Good fortune attend each merry man's friend  
That doth but the best that he may,  
Forgetting old wrongs with carols and songs  
To drive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

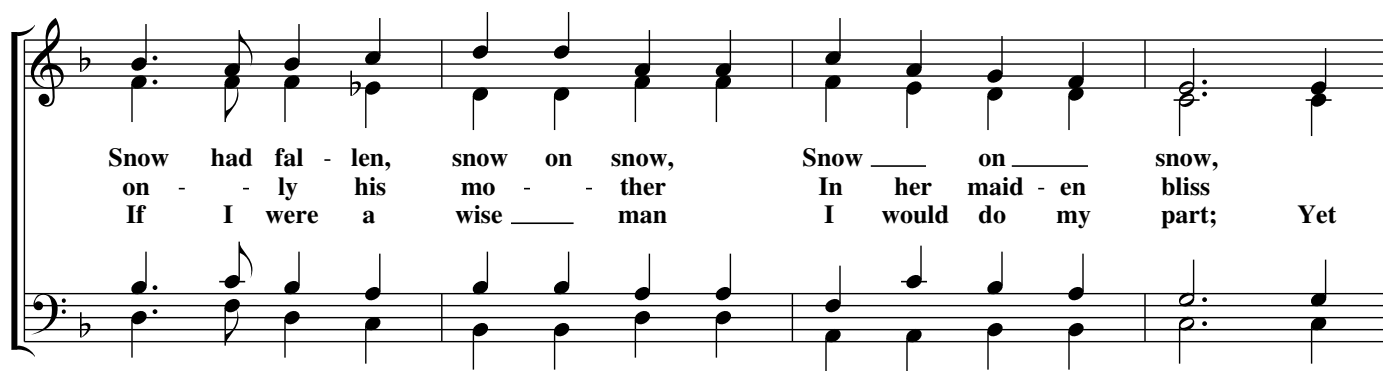
Words by Christina Rossetti  
Music by Gustav Holst



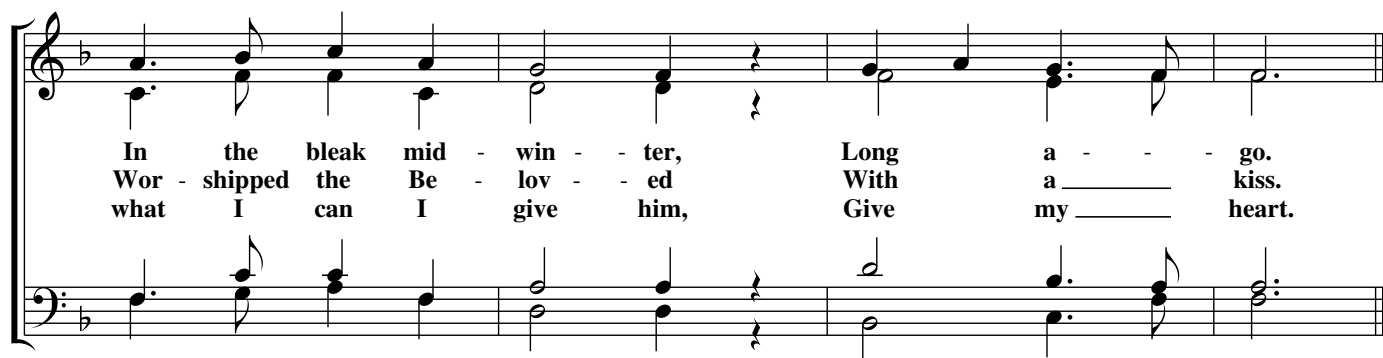
1. In the bleak mid - win - - ter, Fros - ty wind made moan,  
4. An - gels and arch - an - - gels, May have ga - thered there,  
5. What - - can I give - - him, Poor - - as I am?



Earth stood hard as i - - ron, Wa - ter like a stone;  
Che - ru - bim and se - ra - phim Thronged 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.
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.
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.

# Kentucky Wassail

*trad. American*

$\text{♩} = 88$

Was \_\_\_\_\_ sail, was \_\_\_\_\_ sail, all \_\_\_\_\_ o - ver ther town, Our

cup is white and our ale is brown. The \_\_\_\_\_ cup \_\_\_\_\_ is made \_\_\_\_\_ from the

old oak tree, And the ale \_\_\_\_\_ is made \_\_\_\_\_ in \_\_\_\_\_ Ken - tuc - - ky, So it's

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

1. Wassail, wassail, all over ther town,  
Our cup is white and our ale is brown.  
The cup is made from the old oak tree,  
And the ale is made in Kentucky,  
So it's joy be to you and a jolly wassail.
2. Oh, good man and good wife, are you within?  
Pray lift the latch and let us come in.  
We see you a-sitting at the boot o' the fire,  
Not a-thinkin' of us in the mud and the mire.  
So it's joy be to you and a jolly wassail.
3. There was an old maid and she lived in a house,  
And she had for a pet a tiny wee mouse.  
Oh, the house had a stove and the house was warm,  
And a little bit of liquor won't do no harm.  
So it's joy be to you and a jolly wassail.
4. Oh, a man in York drank his sack from a pail,  
But all we ask is a wee wassail.  
Oh, husband and wife, alack, we part,  
God bless this house from the bottom of our heart.  
So it's joy be to you and a jolly wassail.

# 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

*Traditional Welsh  
arr. Jerome Epstein*

$\text{♩} = 84$

Soprano  
Alto and Tenor

Bass

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

By your leave —

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

By your leave

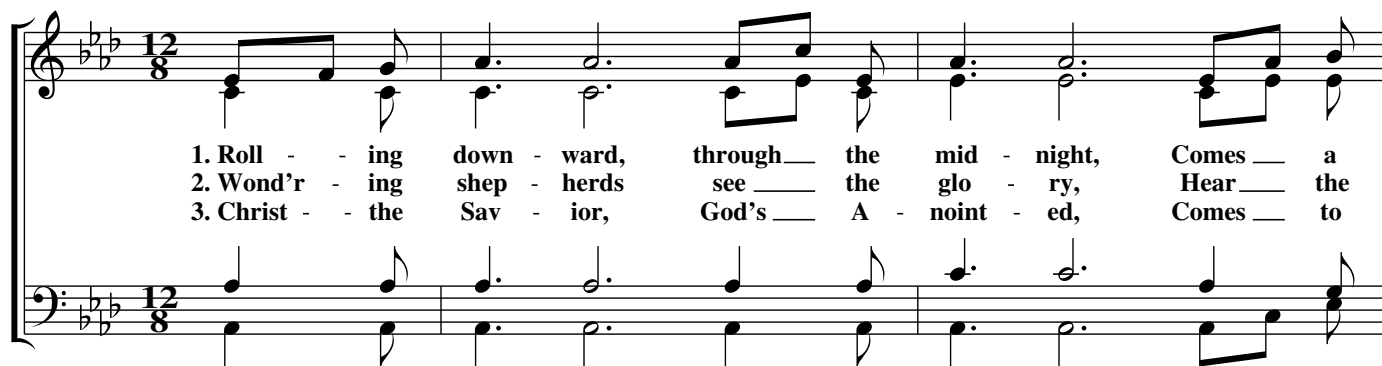
1. Joy, health, love and peace be all here in this place.  
By your leave we will sing concerning our King.
2. Our King is well dressed, in silks of the best,  
In ribbons so rare, no king can compare.
3. We have travelled many miles, over hedges and stiles,  
In search of our King, unto you we bring.
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



1. Roll - - ing down - ward, through the mid - night, Comes a  
 2. Wond'r - 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 heav'n - 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 quiv'r ing air  
 ject - ed, Lamb of God, that takes our sin a - way

Glo - ry, glo - - ry in the high - est, On \_\_\_ the

- - - Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry

earth good - will and peace to men \_\_\_\_ Down the a - ges send \_\_\_ the

e - - cho: Let \_\_\_ the glad earth shout \_\_\_\_ a - gain \_\_\_\_

1. Rolling downward, through the midnight,  
Comes a glorious burst of heav'nly song;  
'Tis a chorus full of sweetness,  
And the singers are an angel throng.  
Glory! glory in the highest!

Chorus:

On the earth goodwill and peace to men!  
Down the ages send 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 quiv'ring 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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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.

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

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

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

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 an - gel of the

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

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

shown a - round.  
nev - er cease. The 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 its your was - sail and its 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 its your wassail and its our wassail,  
And its 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 its your wassail and its our wassail,  
And its 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 its your wassail and its our wassail,  
And its 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 its your wassail and its our wassail,  
And its joy be to you, and a jolly wassail.

# 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.

Alternate A Part  
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!

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 tht came your way,  
To bring in the wren on Saint Stephen's Day!

# Wintertime

Music by George Gershwin  
Words with apologies to Du Bose Heyward

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, you 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, you 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.