

Arise and Hail the Joyful Day

Soprano

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

Alto

A - rise and hail the joy - ful day. Of your Re - deem - er's
 Be - hold and hear what news we bring. To lost man - kind this
 Then let us join in choirs a - bove. To ce - le - brate His

Tenor

A - rise and hail the joy - ful day. Of your Re - deem - er's
 Be - hold and hear what news we bring. To lost man - kind this
 Then let us join in choirs a - bove. To ce - le - brate His

Bass

A - rise and hail the joy - ful day. Of your Re - deem - er's
 Be - hold and hear what news we bring. To lost man - kind this
 Then let us join in choirs a - bove. To ce - le - brate His

7

S

birth; Lift up your voi - ces to the sky;
 day; Sweet hal - le - lu - jah let us sing,
 name, In sing - ing of His won - drous love,

A

birth; Lift up your voi - ces to the sky;
 day; Sweet hal - le - lu - jah let us sing,
 name, In sing - ing of His won - drous love,

T

birth; Lift up your voi - ces to the sky; A Sav - iour born on
 day; Sweet hal - le - lu - jah let us sing, And join the heav'n - ly
 name, In sing - ing of His won - drous love, And sprea - ding forth his

B

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

12

S

A

T

B

A Sav - iour born on
And join the heav'n - ly
And spread - ing forth his

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

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

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

15

S

A

T

B

earth, lay, fame, A Sav - iour born on earth.
And And join spread - ing forth his lay. fame.

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

Sav - iour born on earth.
join spread - ing forth his lay. fame.
spread - ing forth his lay. fame.

Sav - iour born on earth.
join spread - ing forth his lay. fame.
spread - ing forth his lay. 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 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 -
Let the boys' cheer - ful noise, Sing to - day

4

S
A
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

T
B

8

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

T
B

12

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

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

16

S
A
T
B

gin - - ne - - o ven - - tre pro - - cre - - a - - tus.
on that morn, Pro - - cre - - a - - ted for us.

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.

Chanukah / Solstice

Linda Hirschhorn
A round for four voices

I II III IV

5 Tur - ning tur - ing spir - its yearn - ing, reach - ing for the light;

9 Col - ors go - ing sha - dows grow - ing, dar - ken - ing the night;

13 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 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-i-ots 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

5 to the woods, — said John the Red Nose. — We're

6 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.

Dona Nobis Pacem

♩ = 90

I



Do _ na no _ bis pa _ _ _ _ _ cem. Do _ _ _ na no _ bis pa _ _ _ _ _ cem.



Do - - na no _ _ _ bis pa - cem. Do - na no - bis pa _ _ _ _ _ cem.



Do - - na no - bis pa _ _ _ _ _ cem. Do - na no - bis pa _ _ _ _ _ cem.

Down In Yon Forest

Soprano Alto

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 -

Tenor Bass

3

S
A
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

5

S
A
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

7

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

**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

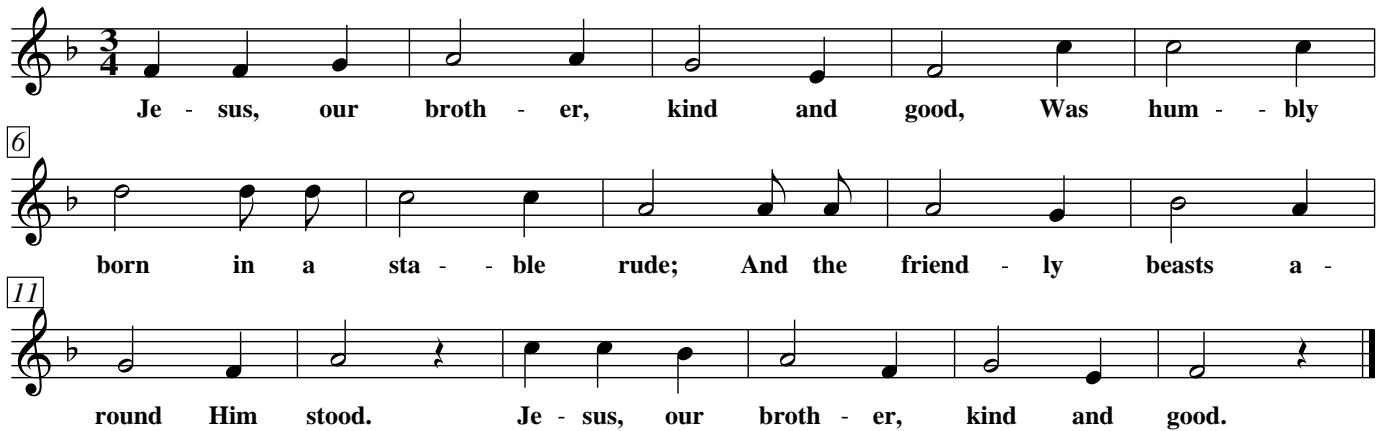
(All in unison; Soprano part)

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

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

Soprano
Alto

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

Tenor
Bass

6

S
A

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

T
B

11

S
A

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

T
B

17

S
A

Drink — to thee — drink — to thee —

T
B

23

S
A

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

T
B

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

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

Chorus (last time only):
Drink to thee, drink to thee,
With our wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

We haven't been doing verses 2–4.

2. So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek,
Pray God send our master a good good piece of beef,
And a good piece of beef that may we all see;
With a wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.
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.
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.

Good King Wenceslaus

J.M. Neale, 1818–1866

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

5 When the snow lay round a - bout, deep and crisp and ev - - en.

9 Bright - ly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cru - - el,

13 When a poor man came in sight — ga - ther - ing win - ter fu - - el.

We've had the king and page do their parts alone.

- A. Good King Wenceslaus looked out on the feast of Stephen.
When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel.
- K. Hither page and stand by me, if thou knowst it telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he, where and what his dwelling?
- P. Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes' fountain.
- K. Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pinelogs hither
Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither
- A. Page and monarch forth they went, forth they went together;
Through the rude winds wild lament and the bitter weather.
- P. Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger
Fails my heart, I know now how; I can go no longer.
- K. Mark my footsteps, my good page, tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy blood less coldly.
- A. In his master's steps he trod, where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men be sure, wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing.

Gower Wassail



A - - was - sail a - - was - sail, through - - out all this town. Our ____

5 cup it is white ____ and our ale it is brown. Our ____ was - sail is ____

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

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

18 dol, Fol the dol - de - dol, fol the dol - de - dee, Fol the

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

The musical score is written for a single voice in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 9/8 time signature. The melody is characterized by dotted rhythms and a mix of eighth and quarter notes. There are measure rests at measures 5, 10, 14, 18, and 21. A double bar line with repeat dots appears at the end of measure 21. A '2' with a slur is placed over measures 10 and 11. The word 'Chorus' is written above the staff at measure 14.

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

CHORUS

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

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

The Holly and the Ivy

collected by Maud Karpeles and Pat Shaw

$\text{♩} = 130$

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

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

Chorus

crown. Oh, the ris ing of the sun, And the

run - - ning of the deer, The play - ing of the

mer - ry or - gan, Sweet sing - ing all in the choir.

This is the version that we sing.

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

CHORUS

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

2. The holly bears a blossom,
As white as any milk,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
All wrapped up in silk.
3. The holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good.

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

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

We tend to 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.

The Homeless Wassail

Ian Robb, 1998

$\text{♩} = 100$

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

1. 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.

2. 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

3. 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?

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

Last time, no chorus

5. 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!

Hunting the Wren

♩. = 400

"What - 'll we do?" says Risky Rob.

3 "What - 'll we do?" says Ro - bin to Bob.

5 "What - 'll we do?" says Jack - all - a - lone.

7 "What - 'll we do?" says ev - 'ry - one.

"What'll we do?" says Risky Rob.
 "What'll we do?" says Robin to Bob.
 "What'll we do?" says Jack-all-alone.
 "What'll we do?" says everyone.

"We'll hunt the wren." says Risky Rob.
 "We'll hunt the wren." says Robin to Bob.
 "We'll hunt the wren." says Jack-all-alone.
 "We'll hunt the wren." says everyone.

"How'll we shoot her?" says Risky Rob.
 "How'll we shoot her?" says Robin to Bob.
 "How'll we shoot her?" says Jack-all-alone.
 "How'll we shoot her?" says everyone.

"Sticks and stones," says Risky Rob.
 "Bows and arrows," says Robin to Bob.
 "Big guns and cannons," says Jack-all-alone.
 "That's how we'll do it," says everyone.

"How'll we carry her?" says Risky Rob.
 "How'll we carry her?" says Robin to Bob.
 "How'll we carry her?" says Jack-all-alone.
 "How'll we carry her?" says everyone.

"Four strong men's shoulders," says Risky Rob.
 "Horse and wagon," says Robin to Bob.
 "A big eighteen-wheeler," says Jack-all-alone.
 "That's how we'll do it," says everyone.

"How'll we cook her?" says Risky Rob.
"How'll we cook her?" says Robin to Bob.
"How'll we cook her?" says Jack—all-alone.
"How'll we cook her?" says everyone.

"Pots and pans," says Risky Rob.
"Bloody great cauldrons," says Robin to Bob.
"A microwave oven," says Jack—all-alone.
"That's how we'll do it," says everyone.

"How'll we carve her?" says Risky Rob.
"How'll we carve her?" says Robin to Bob.
"How'll we carve her?" says Jack—all-alone.
"How'll we carve her?" says everyone.

"Knives and forks," says Risky Rob.
"Hatchets and cleavers," says Robin to Bob.
"Gas-driven chainsaws," says Jack—all-alone.
"That's how we'll do it," says everyone.

"Who'll come to dinner?" says Risky Rob.
"Who'll come to dinner?" says Robin to Bob.
"Who'll come to dinner?" says Jack—all-alone.
"Who'll come to dinner?" says everyone.

"The King and the Queen," says Risky Rob.
"The House and the Senate," says Robin to Bob.
"All of New England," says Jack—all-alone.
"Invite the whole world," says everyone.

"Eyes to the blind," says Risky Rob.
"Legs to the lame" says Robin to Bob.
"Ribs to the poor" says Jack—all-alone.
"Bones to the dogs" says everyone.

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

3
 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

6
 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

9
 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

12
 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

15
 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 Midwinter

Words by Christina Rossetti
Music by Gustav Holst

Soprano
Alto

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

Tenor
Bass

5

S
A

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

T
B

9

S
A

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

T
B

13

S
A

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

T
B

1. In the bleak mid–winter, Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron, Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, Snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter, Long ago.
4. Angels and archangels, May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim Thronged the air:
But only his mother In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Beloved With a kiss.
5. What can I give him, Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man I would do my part;
Yet what I can I give him, Give my heart.

We sing verses 1, 4, 5.

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

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 - tuck - - y, 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.

King Herod And The Cock

trad. English; arr. Jerome Epstein

$\text{♩} = 58$

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 58. The lyrics are written below the staff. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system starts with a box containing the number 4, indicating a fourth measure rest, followed by the third and fourth lines of the song. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes.

There was a star in Da - vid's land, In Da - vid's land ap -

peared; And in King Her - od's cham - ber So bright it did shine there.

1. There was a star in David's land,
In David's land appeared,
And in King Herod's chamber,
So bright it did shine there.
2. The Wise Men, they soon spied it,
And told the King a-nigh,
A Princely Babe was born that night,
No King shall e'er destroy.
3. "If this be the truth," King Herod said,
"That thou hast told to me,
This roasted cock that lies in the dish,
Shall crow full senses three."
4. O the cock soon thrustened and feathered well,
By the work of God's own hand,
And he did crow full senses three,
In the dish where he did stand!

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

Setting by Michael Praetorius, 1609 (Cologne, 1599)

Soprano
Alto

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

Tenor
Bass

5

S
A

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

T
B

9

S
A

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

T
B

13

S
A

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

T
B

1. Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming,
From tender stem hath sprung,
Of Jesse's lineage coming
As men of old have sung!
It came a Flow'ret bright
Amid the cold of winter,
When half spent was the night.

2. Isaiah had fortold it,
The Rose I have in mind;
With Mary we behold it,
The virgin mother kind.
To show God's love aright
She bore to us a Savior
When half spent was the night.

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

Macaronic Carol

Words and music by Ajemian and Newcomb

SPRITELY

NUMBLY

Soprano
Alto

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

Tenor
Bass

6

BRIGHTLY

S
A

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

T
B

13

CON FAME

VIVE VOCE

S
A

Et e - su - ri - o. Lis - ten to our
Join us as we
Deck the halls for

T
B

19

DOGGEDLY

RUDDILY

S
A

glad some song. Pe - des de - fes - si sunt. We've tra - velled
cel a brate. We waits, we
la we sing. Once a

T
B

26 LONGINGLY

S
A

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

T
B

1. Hear us come through fields of snow.
 Pedes frigidi sunt. [My feet are cold]
 Singing Christmas cheerio.
 Et esurio. [And I'm hungry]
 Listen to our gladsome song.
 Pedes defessi sunt. [My feet are tired]
 We've travelled far and sung so long.
 Domum ire volo. [I want to go home]
2. Master, Mistress, children, pets.
 Pedes frigidi sunt.
 The more it snows, the more joyful we get.
 Et esurio.
 Join us as we celebrate.
 Pedes defessi sunt.
 We waits, we circumambulate.
 Domum ire volo.
3. Branches and houses are hung with white.
 Pedes frigidi sunt.
 Mittens aglow with candlelight.
 Et esurio.
 Deck the halls, for la we sing.
 Pedes defessi sunt.
 Once a year while carolling.
 Domum ire volo.

O Little One Sweet

*Old German melody
harmonized by J.S. Bach*

Soprano
Alto

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

Tenor
Bass

6

S
A

pur - pose thou hast ful - filled; Thou cam'st from 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 we have be

T
B

II

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
 longs to thee! Ah, keep us in our feal

T
B

16

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!

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Orientis partibus,
 Adventavit asinus,
 Pulcher et fortissimus,
 Sarcinis aptissimus.
 Hez, Sir Asnes, Hez!</p> | <p>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!</p> |
| <p>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!</p> | <p>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!</p> |
| <p>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!</p> | |

Over the Hill and Over the Dale

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

$\text{♩} = 60$

1. O - ver the hill and o - ver the dale, Came three kings to - ge - ther, Car - ing nought for snow and hail, Cold and wind and wea - ther. Now on Per - sia's san - dy plain, Now where Ti - gris swells with rain, They their ca - mels te - ther. Now through Sy - rian lands they go, Now through Mo - ab, faint and slow, Now o'er E - dom's hea - ther.

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

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

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

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

Please to See the King

Our King

Traditional Welsh
arr. John Bromka, 1991

♩ = 84

Soprano
Alto

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

Tenor
Bass

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

S
A

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

T
B

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

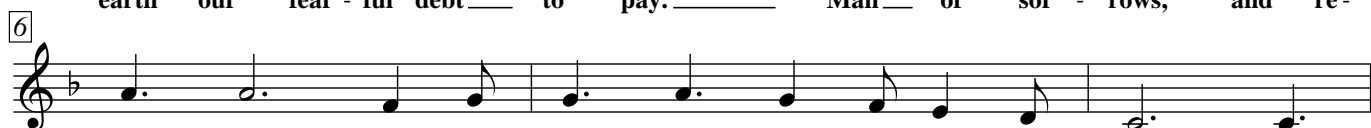
♩. = 100



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

♩ = 150

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.

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.

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.

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.

5

The Good an-gel of the from Lord came down, And Be-gin.

The Good an-gel of the from Lord came down, And Be-gin.

The Good an-gel of the from Lord came down, And Be-gin.

The Good an-gel of the from Lord came down, And Be-gin.

8

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 - - - - -

12

gin - - - ry and shown a - round. The an - gel of the
gin and nev - er cease. Good will hence - forth from

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

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

16

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

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

shown a - round, And glo - - - ry and 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

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

No harm, boys, harm; no harm, boys, harm; And a

joy drop or be to you, and a jol ly was sail.

ci der will do us no harm.

Chorus

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: George Gershwin
Words: Susan Galbraith and an angel throng
– 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

5

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

9

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 momma'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!