

# A Victorian Carol Book

Popular Selections from the 19<sup>th</sup> Century

*Suggested from the contents of hymnals and carol collections of the Era*



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First Edition

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Only public domain arrangements have been used in the compilation of this collection.

## Sources include:

**William Sandys, *Christmas Carols Ancient and Modern***

London: Richard Beckley, 1833

**Joshua Sylvestre, *A Garland of Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern***

London: 1861, reprinted by A. Wessels Company, New York, 1901

*(Sylvestre is believed to have been a pseudonym for collaboration  
between William Sandys and William Henry Husk)*

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London: John Camden Hotten, 1868, reprinted by Norwood Editions, Norwood, PA, 1973

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First, Second and Third Series

London: Novello, Ewer & Co., ca 1860s and 1870s

**Rev. Richard R. Chope, *Carols For Use In Church***

London: William Clowes & Sons, The Complete Edition, 1894

**Martin Shaw and Rev. Percy Dearmer, *The English Carol Book***

London: Mowbray & Co., Ltd.

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**Rev. Charles L. Hutchins, *Carols Old And Carols New***

Boston: The Parish Choir, 1916

# A Victorian Carol Book

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# ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY

Words: James Montgomery, 1816

Alternate Title: *Westminster Carol*

Music: "Regent Square," Henry Thomas Smart, 1867

1. Angels from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight over all the earth;  
Ye who sang creation's story  
Now proclaim the Messiah's birth.

***Chorus***

Come and worship, come and worship  
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

2. Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching over your flocks by night,  
God with us is now residing;  
Yonder shines the infant light: ***Chorus***

3. Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of nations;  
Ye have seen His natal star. ***Chorus***

4. Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear;  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In His temple shall appear. ***Chorus***

5. Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,  
Justice now revokes the sentence,  
Mercy calls you, break your chains. ***Chorus***

6. Though an infant now we view Him,  
He shall fill His Father's throne,  
Gather all nations to Him;  
Every knee shall then bow down: ***Chorus***

# Angels From The Realms Of Glory

James Montgomery / Henry Thomas Smart

Moderately (♩=110)



An - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight over



all the earth; Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry



Now pro - claim the Mes - si - ah's birth. Come and wor - ship,



come and wor-ship Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King.

# ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

Alternate Title: *The Westminster Carol*

**Words:** Traditional French carol, "Les Anges dans nos Campagnes." Translated from French to English by James Chadwick (1813-1882)

**Music:** "Gloria (Barnes)," an adaptation of the French carol melody *Les anges dans nos campagnes* arranged by Edward Shippen Barnes.

1. Angels we have heard on high  
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,  
And the mountains in reply  
Echoing their joyous strains.

***Refrain***

Gloria, in excelsis Deo!  
Gloria, in excelsis Deo!

2. Shepherds, why this jubilee?  
Why your joyous strains prolong?  
What the gladsome tidings be  
Which inspire your heavenly song? ***Refrain***

3. Come to Bethlehem and see  
Him whose birth the angels sing;  
Come, adore on bended knee,  
Christ the Lord, the newborn King. ***Refrain***

4. See Him in a manger laid,  
Whom the choirs of angels praise;  
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,  
While our hearts in love we raise. ***Refrain***

# Angels We Have Heard On High

James Chadwick / French Carol

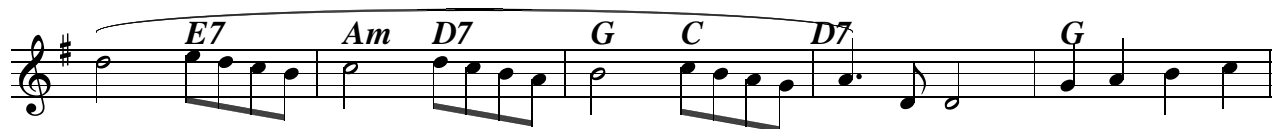
Moderately. (♩=120)



An-gels we have heard on high Sweet-ly sing-ing o'er the plains,



And the moun-tains in re-ply E-cho-ing their joy-ous strains.



Glo - ri-a, in ex-cel-sis



De - o! Glo - ri-a,



in ex-cel-sis De - o!

## AS WITH GLADNESS, MEN OF OLD

Words: William Chatterton Dix, 1860.

Music: "Dix," adapted by William Henry Monk from the original "Treuer Heiland, Wir Sind Heir" by Conrad Kocher, *Stimmen aus dem Reiche Gottes*, 1838.

1. As with gladness, men of old  
Did the guiding star behold  
As with joy they hailed its light  
Leading onward, beaming bright  
So, most glorious Lord, may we  
Evermore be led to Thee.

2. As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger bed  
There to bend the knee before  
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek Thy mercy seat.

3. As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4. Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5. In the heavenly country bright,  
Need they no created light;  
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,  
Thou its sun which goes not down;  
There forever may we sing  
Alleluias to our King!



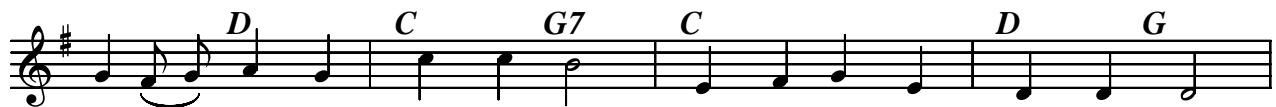
# As With Gladness, Men Of Old

William Chatterton Dix / Conrad Kocher

Moderately fast. (♩=120)



As with glad-ness, men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold



As with joy they hailed its light Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright



So, most glo-rious Lord, may we E-ver-more be led to Thee.

## AWAY IN A MANGER

**Words: Unknown, 1885 (verses 1 & 2)**

**Verse 3: Attributed to John Thomas McFarland, 1887 (1851-1913)**

**Attribution by James R. Murray to Martin Luther is incorrect.**

**Music: "Mueller" by James Ramsey Murray**

***And over 40 other musical settings.***

1. Away in a manger, no crib for His bed,  
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head;  
The stars in the sky looked down where He lay,  
The little Lord Jesus, asleep in the hay.

2. The cattle are lowing, the poor Baby wakes .  
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes.  
I love thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky.  
And stay by the cradle till morning is nigh.

3. Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay,  
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray!  
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care  
And take us to heaven, to Live with Thee there.

# Away In A Manger

Unknown

Sweetly (♩=105)

A - way in a man-ger, no crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord

Je - sus laid down His sweet head; The stars in the sky looked

down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, a - sleep in the hay.

# CHRIST WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

**Words:** *Resonet In Laudibus*, freely translated by John Mason Neale, 1853

**Music:** *Resonet In Laudibus*, the Finnish title of the German tune, Fourteenth Century, adapted by Thomas Helmore

1. Christ was born on Christmas Day  
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay;  
*Christus natus hodie;*  
The Babe, The Son, the Holy One of Mary.

2, He is born to set us free,  
He is born our Lord to be,  
*Ex Maria Virgine,*  
The God, the Lord, by all ador'd forever.

3. Let the bright red berries glow,  
Ev'ry where in goodly show,  
*Christus natus hodie;*  
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

4. Christian men, rejoice and sing,  
'Tis the birthday of a King  
*Ex Maria Virgine;*  
The God, the Lord, by all ador'd forever.

# Christ Was Born On Christmas Day

John Mason Neale / Thomas Helmore

$\text{♩} = 105$



*G*

Christ was born on Christ-mas Day Wreathe the hol-ly, twine the bay;



*Am G D G C G D7 G*

Christ-us na-tus ho-di-e; The Babe, The Son, the Ho-ly One of Ma-ry.

# DECK THE HALLS

**Words: Traditional**

**Music: Old Welsh Air**

**Mozart used this air for a violin-piano duet in the 1700s.**

1. Deck the halls with boughs of holly, Fa la la la la, la la la la  
Tis the season to be jolly, Fa la la la la, la la la la.  
Don we now our gay apparel, Fa la la, la la la, la la la.  
Troll the ancient Yuletide carol, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

2. See the blazing Yule before us. Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la  
Strike the harp and join the chorus. Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la  
Follow me in merry measure. Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la  
While I tell of Yuletide treasure. Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

3. Fast away the old year passes. Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la  
Hail the new ye lads and lasses. Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la  
Sing we joyous all together. Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la  
Heedless of the wind and weather. Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

# Deck The Halls

English / Welsh Traditional

**Brightly** (♩=110)

Deck the halls with boughs of hol-ly, Fa la la la la, la la la la

Tis the sea-son to be jol-ly, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Don we now our gay ap-par-el, Fa la la, la la la, la la la.

Troll the an-cient Yule-tide ca-rol, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

# GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN

Words: Traditional English, 18<sup>th</sup> Century

Music: English Carol, 18<sup>th</sup> Century

1. God rest you merry, gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay.  
For Jesus Christ our Savior,  
Was born on Christmas Day;  
To save us all from Satan's power,  
When we were gone astray.

***Chorus***

O tidings of comfort and joy,  
Comfort and joy  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

2. In Bethlehem, in Jury,  
This blessed Babe was born,  
And laid within a manger,  
Upon this blessed morn;  
The which His mother Mary  
Did nothing take in scorn. ***Chorus***

3. From God our heavenly Father,  
A blessed angel came.  
And unto certain shepherds,  
Brought tidings of the same,  
How that in Bethlehem was born,  
The Son of God by name: ***Chorus***

4. Fear not, then said the Angel,  
Let nothing you affright,  
This day is born a Savior,  
Of virtue, power, and might;  
So frequently to vanquish all,  
The friends of Satan quite; ***Chorus***

5. The shepherds at those tidings,  
Rejoiced much in mind,  
And left their flocks a feeding,  
In tempest, storm, and wind,  
And went to Bethlehem straightway,  
This blessed babe to find: ***Chorus***

6. But when to Bethlehem they came,  
Whereas this infant lay  
They found him in a manger,  
Where oxen feed on hay;  
His mother Mary kneeling,  
Unto the Lord did pray: ***Chorus***

7. Now to the Lord sing praises,  
All you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood,  
Each other now embrace;  
This holy tide of Christmas,  
Doth bring redeeming grace. ***Chorus***



# God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

Traditional English, 18th Century

Brightly (♩=140)



God rest you mer - ry, gen - tle - men, Let not - hing you dis -



- may. For Je - sus Christ our Sav - ior, Was



born on Christ-mas Day; To save us all from Sa-tan's power, When



we were gone a - stray. O ti - dings of com - fort and



joy, Com-fort and joy, O ti - dings of com-fort and joy.

## GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN, REJOICE

**Words:** Attributed to Heinrich Suso (ca. 1295-1366), *Nun singet und seid froh*; found in *Piae Cantiones* and freely translated from Latin to English by John Mason Neale in *Carols for Christmastide* (London: 1853)

**Music:** "In Dulci Jubilo," 14th Century German melody

1. Good Christian men, rejoice  
With heart and soul and voice,  
Give ye heed to what we say:  
Jesus Christ was Born today!  
Ox and ass before Him bow,  
And He is in the manger now;  
Christ is born today!  
Christ is born today.

2. Good Christian men, rejoice  
With heart and soul and voice;  
Now ye hear of endless bliss;  
Jesus Christ was born for this!  
He hath ope'd the heav'nly door  
And man is blessed evermore.  
Christ was born for this!  
Christ was born for this!

3. Good Christian men, rejoice  
With heart and soul and voice;  
Now ye need not fear the grave;  
Jesus Christ was born to save!  
Calls you one and calls you all  
To gain his everlasting hall.  
Christ was born to save!  
Christ was born to save!

# Good Christian Men, Rejoice

Heinrich Suso / John Mason Neale

$\text{♩} = 110$

Good Chris - tian men, re - joice With heart and soul and  
voice, Give ye heed to what we say: Je - sus Christ was  
Born to - day! Ox and ass be - fore Him bow, And He is in the  
man - ger now; Christ is born to - day! Christ is born to - day.

## GOOD KING WENCESLAS

**Words:** John Mason Neale (1818-1866); first appeared in *Carols for Christmas-Tide*, 1853, by Neale and Thomas Helmore.

**Music:** "Tempus Adest Floridum" ("Spring has unwrapped her flowers"), a 13th Century spring carol, first published in the Swedish *Piae Cantiones*, 1582.

1. Good King Wenceslas 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 know'st 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 pine logs hither:  
Thou and I will see him dine,  
When we bear them thither."  
Page and monarch forth they went,  
Forth they went together;  
Though 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.

# Good King Wenceslas

John Mason Neale / Thomas Helmore

Moderately. (♩=130)



Good King Wen - ces - las looked out, On the feast of



Ste - phen, When the snow lay round a - bout,



Deep and crisp and e - ven: Bright - ly shone the



moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el, When a poor man



came in sight, Gath-'ring win-ter fu - el.

# HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

"Hymn For Christmas Day"

**Words:** *Hark How All The Welkin Rings*, Charles Wesley (1707-1788), *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739

**Music:** "Mendelssohn," ("Gott ist Licht"), Felix Mendelssohn, 1840,  
**Arranged by** William Hayman Cummings; first presented Christmas Day, 1855

1. Hark! The herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled!"  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise.  
Join the triumph of the skies.  
With angelic hosts proclaim,  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"  
Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King."

2. Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ the everlasting lord  
Late in time behold him come,  
Off-spring of the virgin's womb  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail th' incarnate deity  
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,  
Jesus our Emmanuel.  
Hark the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born king!"

3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace,  
Hail, the Son of Righteousness  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Ris'n with healing in His wings.  
Mild He lays His throne on high,  
Born that man no more may die  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.  
Hark the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born king.

4. Come, Desire of nations come,  
Fix in us Thy humble home;  
Oh, to all Thyself impart,  
Formed in each believing heart!  
Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born king;  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled!"  
Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new born King!"

# Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Charles Wesley / Felix Mendelssohn

♩=120

*G* *D7* *G*

Hark! The her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King;

*A7* *D*

Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled!"

*G* *D7* *G* *D7*

Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise. Join the tri-umph of the skies.

*C* *Am* *D7* *G*

With an-gel-ic hosts pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!"

*C* *D7* *Am* *D7* *G* *D7* *G*

Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King."

# I SAW THREE SHIPS

Alternate Title: *On Christmas Day In The Morning*

Words: Traditional;

First Publication Date: John Forbes' *Cantus*, 2nd. ed. (1666)

Music: Traditional English

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1. I saw three ships come sailing in,<br/>    On Christmas day, on Christmas day,<br/>I saw three ships come sailing in,<br/>    On Christmas day in the morning.</p> <p>2. And what was in those ships all three?<br/>    On Christmas day, on Christmas day,<br/>And what was in those ships all three?<br/>    On Christmas day in the morning.</p> <p>3. Our Saviour Christ and his lady<br/>    On Christmas day, on Christmas day,<br/>Our Saviour Christ and his lady,<br/>    On Christmas day in the morning.</p> <p>4. Pray whither sailed those ships all three?<br/>    On Christmas day, on Christmas day,<br/>Pray whither sailed those ships all three?<br/>    On Christmas day in the morning.</p> | <p>5. Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem,<br/>    On Christmas day, on Christmas day,<br/>Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem,<br/>    On Christmas day in the morning.</p> <p>6. And all the bells on earth shall ring,<br/>    On Christmas day, on Christmas day,<br/>And all the bells on earth shall ring,<br/>    On Christmas day in the morning.</p> <p>7. And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing,<br/>    On Christmas day, on Christmas day,<br/>And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing,<br/>    On Christmas day in the morning.</p> <p>8. And all the souls on earth shall sing,<br/>    On Christmas day, on Christmas day,<br/>And all the souls on earth shall sing,<br/>    On Christmas day in the morning.</p> <p>9. Then let us all rejoice, amain,<br/>    On Christmas day, on Christmas day,<br/>Then let us all rejoice, amain,<br/>    On Christmas day in the morning.</p> |
|--|--|



# I Saw Three Ships

Traditional English

♩=120

I saw three ships come sail - ing in, On  
Christ - mas day, on Christ - mas day, I saw three ships come  
sail - ing in, On Christ - mas day in the morn - ing.

# IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

**Words:** Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1849; first appeared in the *Christian Register*, 1849.

**Music:** "Carol," Richard Storrs Willis, 1850

1. It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth,  
To touch their harps of gold;  
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,  
From heaven's all gracious King."  
The world in solemn stillness lay,  
To hear the angels sing.

2. Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurl  
And still their heavenly music floats,  
O'er all the weary world.  
Above its sad and lowly plains,  
They bend on hovering wing  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,  
The blessed angels sing.

3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife,  
The world has suffered long;  
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled,  
Two thousand years of wrong;  
And man, at war with man, hears not,  
The love song which they bring:  
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing.

4. And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow  
Look now! for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing  
O rest beside the weary road  
And hear the angels sing.

5. For lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet bards foretold,  
When, with the ever-circling years,  
Shall come the Age of Gold;  
When peace shall over all the earth,  
Its ancient splendors fling,  
And all the world give back the song,  
Which now the angels sing.

# It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

Edmund Hamilton Sears / Richard Storrs Willis

Moderately (♩=120)

It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - ri - ous  
song of old, From an - gels bend - ing near the  
earth, To touch their harps of gold; "Peace on the earth, good  
will to men, From heav-en's all gra-cious King." The world in  
sol-ern still-ness lay, To hear the an-gels sing.

# JINGLE BELLS

Original Title: "One-Horse Open Sleigh"

Words & Music: James Lord Pierpont (1822-1893), copyright 1857

1. Dashing through the snow  
In a one-horse open sleigh  
Through the fields we go  
Laughing all the way.  
Bells on bob-tail ring  
Making spirits bright  
What joy it is to ride and sing  
A sleighing song tonight.

***Chorus:***

Jingle bells, jingle bells  
Jingle all the way,  
Oh what fun it is to ride  
In a one-horse open sleigh, O  
Jingle bells, jingle bells  
Jingle all the way,  
Oh what fun it is to ride  
In a one-horse open sleigh.

2. A day or two ago  
I thought I'd take a ride  
And soon Miss Fanny Bright  
Was seated by my side;  
The horse was lean and lank  
Misfortune seemed his lot,  
We ran into a drifted bank  
And there we got upsot. ***Chorus***

3. A day or two ago  
The story I must tell  
I went out on the snow  
And on my back I fell;  
A gent was riding by  
In a one-horse open sleigh  
He laughed at me as I there sprawling laid  
But quickly drove away. ***Chorus***

4. Now the ground is white,  
Go it while you're young,  
Take the girls along  
And sing this sleighing song.  
Just bet a bob-tailed bay,  
Two-forty as his speed,  
Hitch him to an open sleigh  
and crack! You'll take the lead. ***Chorus***

# Jingle Bells

James Lord Pierpont

Brightly. (♩=150)

*G* *C*

Dash - ing through the snow In a one - horse o - pen sleigh

*Am* *D7* *G*

Through the fields we go Laugh - ing all the way.

*C* *Am*

Bells on bob - tail ring Mak - ing spir - its bright What fun it is to

*D7* *G* *D7* *G*

ride and sing A sleigh - ing song to - night. Oh, Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle

*C* *G*

bells Jin - gle all the way, Oh what fun it is to ride In a

*A7* *D* *D7* *G*

one - horse o - pen sleigh, O Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle bells Jin - gle all the

*C* *G* *D7* *G*

way, Oh what fun it is to ride In a one - horse o - pen sleigh.

# JOLLY OLD ST. NICHOLAS

**Anonymous**

**Second half of 19th century or early 20th century.**

1. Jolly old St. Nicholas, Lean your ear this way!  
Don't you tell a single soul, What I'm going to say;  
Christmas Eve is coming soon; Now, you dear old man,  
Whisper what you'll bring to me: Tell me if you can.
  
2. When the clock is striking twelve, When I'm fast asleep,  
Down the chimney broad and black, With your pack you'll creep;  
All the stockings you will find Hanging in a row;  
Mine will be the shortest one, You'll be sure to know.
  
3. Johnny wants a pair of skates, Susy wants a dolly;  
Nellie wants a story book; She thinks dolls are folly;  
As for me, my little brain isn't very bright;  
Choose for me, old Santa Claus. What you think is right.

# Jolly Old St. Nicholas

Anonymous

Moderately (♩=90)

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in 2/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Moderately' with a quarter note equal to 90 beats per minute. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff: C, G7, Am, Em, F, C, G, G7, C, G7, Am, Em, F, C, G7, C.

Jol - ly old St. Nich - o - las, Lean your ear this way!

Don't you tell a sin - gle soul, What I'm going to say;

Christ - mas Eve is com - ing soon; Now, you dear old

man, Whis - per what you'll bring to me: Tell me if you can.

# JOY TO THE WORLD

**Words:** Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David*, Psalm 98, 1719.

**Music:** "Antioch," Lowell Mason, 1848

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come.

Let earth receive her King;

Let every heart prepare Him room;

And heav'n and nature sing,

And heav'n and nature sing.

And heav'n and heav'n and nature sing.

2. Joy to the world, the Savior reigns

Let men their songs employ.

While fields and floods, Rocks, hills, and plains

Repeat the sounding joy,

Repeat the sounding joy

Repeat the sounding joy

3. No more let sin and sorrows grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make His blessings flow

Far as the curse is found,

Far as the curse is found,

Far as, far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,

And makes the nations prove

The glories of His righteousness.

And wonders of His love,

And wonders of His love,

And wonders, wonders of His love.



# Joy To The World

Isaac Watts / Lowell Mason

$\text{♩} = 80$

Joy to the world! The Lord is come. Let earth re-  
- ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him  
room; And heav'n and na - ture sing, And  
heav'n and na-ture sing. And heav'n and heav'n and na-ture sing.

## O CHRISTMAS TREE

**Words:** *O Tannenbaum*. First verse is traditional German; second and third verses by Ernst Gebhard Anschutz, 1824. Translator unknown.

**Music:** *O Tannenbaum*, German Folk Song

1. O Christmas Tree, O Christmas tree,  
Thy leaves are green forever.  
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas tree,  
Thy beauty leaves thee never.  
Thy leaves are green in summer's prime,  
Thy leaves are green at Christmas time.  
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,  
Thy leaves are green forever.

2. O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,  
Much pleasure doth thou bring me!  
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,  
Much pleasure doth thou bring me!  
For every year the Christmas tree,  
Brings to us all both joy and glee.  
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,  
Much pleasure doth thou bring me!

3. O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,  
Thy candles shine out brightly!  
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,  
Thy candles shine out brightly!  
Each bough doth hold its tiny light,  
That makes each toy to sparkle bright.  
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,  
Thy candles shine out brightly!

# O Christmas Tree

German Folk Song

$\text{♩} = 80$

O Christ - mas Tree, O Christ - mas tree, Thy  
leaves are green for - e - ver. O Christ - mas Tree, O  
Christ-mas tree, Thy beau-ty leaves thee ne-ver. Thy leaves are green in  
sum-mer's prime, Thy leaves are green at Christ-mas time. O  
Christ-mas tree, O Christ-mas tree, Thy leaves are green for - e-ver.

# O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

*Hymn on the Prose for Christmas Day*

**Words: "Adeste Fideles," Verses 1-4, John Francis Wade (c. 1711-1786), circa 1743 / 4**

**Verses 5-6: Abbé Étienne Jean François Borderies (1764-1832), 1822**

**Also known as the *Portuguese Hymn***

**Verses 1-4 translated from Latin to English by Frederick Oakeley (1802-1880), 1841;**

**Verses 5, 6 translated by William Thomas Brooke (1848-1917)**

**Music: "Adeste Fideles," John Francis Wade (c. 1711-1786), circa 1743 (or 1744).**

**Meter: Irregular**

1. O come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant,  
O Come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem.  
Come and behold Him, Born the King of angels;

*Refrain*

O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
Christ the Lord.

2. God of God, Light of Light,  
Lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb;  
Very God, Begotten not created. **Chorus**

3. Sing, choirs of angels, Sing in exultation;  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!  
Glory to God, In the highest; **Chorus**

4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morning;  
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;  
Word of the Father, Now in flesh appearing **Chorus**

5. See how the shepherds, Summoned to His cradle,  
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh to gaze;  
We too will thither Bend our hearts' oblations **Chorus**

6. Child, for us sinners Poor and in the manger,  
We would embrace Thee, with love and awe;  
Who would not love Thee, Loving us so dearly? **Chorus**

# O Come, All Ye Faithful

John Francis Wade

Majestically (♩=110)

O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri -  
- um - phant, O Come ye, O come ye, to Beth - le - hem.  
Come and be - hold Him, Born the King of an - gels; O  
come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -  
- dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.

# O COME, LITTLE CHILDREN

**Words:** *Ihr Kindelein, kommet*, Christoph Von Schmid (1840)

**Translation:** Unknown

**Music:** *Ihr Kinderlein, Kommet*, Johann Abraham Peter Schulz (1840)

1. O come, little children, O come, one and all.  
To Bethlehem haste, to the manger so small.  
God's Son for a gift has been sent you this day.  
To be your redeemer, your joy and delight.

2. The hay is His pillow, the manger His bed  
The beasts stand in wonder to gaze on His head  
Yet there where He lieth, so weak and so poor  
Come shepherds and wise men to kneel at His door

3. He's born in a stable for you and for me,  
Draw near by the bright gleaming starlight to see,  
In swaddling clothes lying so meek and so mild,  
And purer than angels the heavenly child.

4. See Mary and Joseph with love beaming eyes  
Are gazing upon the rude bed where He lies,  
The shepherds are kneeling, with hearts full of love,  
While angels sing loud hallelujahs above.

5. Kneel down and adore Him with shepherds today,  
Lift up little hands now and praise Him as they;  
Rejoice that a Savior from sin you can boast,  
And join in the song of the heavenly host.

6. Now "Glory to God!" sing the angels on high.  
And "Peace upon Earth!" heavenly voices reply.  
Then come little children, and join in the day  
That gladdened the world on that first Christmas Day

# O Come, Little Children

Christoph Von Schmid / Johann A. P. Schultze

♩=120

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 120. The melody consists of quarter notes and half notes. Chords are indicated by letters G, C, D7, and D above the staff. The lyrics are: "O come, lit-tle child-ren, O come, one and all. To Beth-le-hem haste, to the man-ger so small. God's Son for a gift has been sent you this day. To be your re-deem-er, your joy and de-light."

O come, lit-tle child-ren, O come, one and all. To  
Beth-le-hem haste, to the man-ger so small. God's  
Son for a gift has been sent you this  
day. To be your re-deem-er, your joy and de-light.

# O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL

**Words:** *Veni, Veni, Emanuel* (the "O" Antiphons), Authorship Unknown, 8th Century Latin;  
Translated from Latin to English by John Mason Neale  
in *Mediaeval Hymns and Sequences*, 1851.

**Music:** "Veni Emmanuel," 15th Century French Plain Song melody,  
Arranged and harmonized by Thomas Helmore in  
*Hymnal Noted, Part II* (London: 1854).  
Based on a 15th Century French Processional  
(Some sources give a Gregorian, 8th Century origin.)

1. O come, O come, Emmanuel,  
And ransom captive Israel,  
That mourns in lonely exile here  
Until the Son of God appear.

***Refrain***

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

2. O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free  
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;  
From depths of hell Thy people save,  
And give them victory over the grave. ***Refrain***

3. O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer  
Our spirits by Thine advent here;  
And drive away the shades of night  
And pierce the clouds and bring us light! ***Refrain***

4. O come, Thou Key of David, come,  
And open wide our heavenly home;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery. ***Refrain***

5. O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,  
Who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height  
In ancient times once gave the law  
In cloud, and majesty, and awe. ***Refrain***



# O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

John Mason Neale / Thomas Helmore

Moderately. (♩=120)

O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran-som cap-tive

Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone-ly ex - ile here Un-

- til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em-

- man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el.

# O HOLY NIGHT

*Minuit Chrétiens* or *Cantique de Noel*

**Words: Placide Clappeau, 1847; translated from French to English by John Sullivan Dwight (1812-1893).**

**Music: Adolphe-Charles Adam (1803-1856). Adam, born in Paris, France, is best known for his ballet *Giselle* (1841) and his operatic work.**

1. O holy night, the stars are brightly shining,  
It is the night of the dear Savior's birth;  
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,  
Till He appeared and the soul felt it's worth.  
A thrill of hope the weary soul rejoices,  
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn;

***Chorus***

Fall on your knees, Oh hear the angel voices!  
O night divine, O night when Christ was born!  
O night divine, O holy night, O night divine.

2. Led by the light of Faith serenely beaming  
With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand  
So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming  
Here come the wise men from Orient land  
The King of Kings lay thus in lowly manger  
In all our trials born to be our friend. ***Chorus***

3. Truly He taught us to love one another  
His law is love and His gospel is peace  
Chains shall He break for the slave is our brother  
And in His name all oppression shall cease  
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,  
Let all within us praise His holy name. ***Chorus***

# O Holy Night

Adolphe-Charles Adam

With Majesty (♩=65)



O ho - ly night, the stars are bright - ly shin - ing, It is the



night of the dear Sav - ior's birth; Long lay the



world in sin and er - ror pin - ing, Till He ap - peared and the soul felt it's



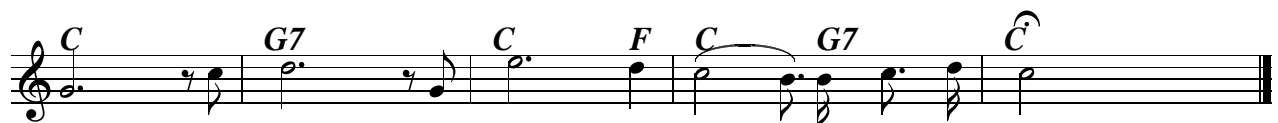
worth. A thrill of hope the wea - ry soul re - joi - ces, For yon - der breaks a



new and glo - rious morn; Fall on your knees, Oh hear the an - gel



voi - ces! O night di - vine, O night when Christ was



born! O night di - vine, O night, O night di - vine.

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# O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

**Words: Phillips Brooks, 1868**

**Music: "St. Louis," Lewis Henry Redner, 1868**

1. O little town of Bethlehem,  
how still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
the silent stars go by.  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
the everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
are met in thee tonight.

2. For Christ is born of Mary,  
and gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars together,  
proclaim the holy birth,  
And praises sing to God the King,  
and peace to men on earth!

3. How silently, how silently,  
the wondrous Gift is given;  
So God imparts to human hearts  
the blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming,  
but in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
the dear Christ enters in.

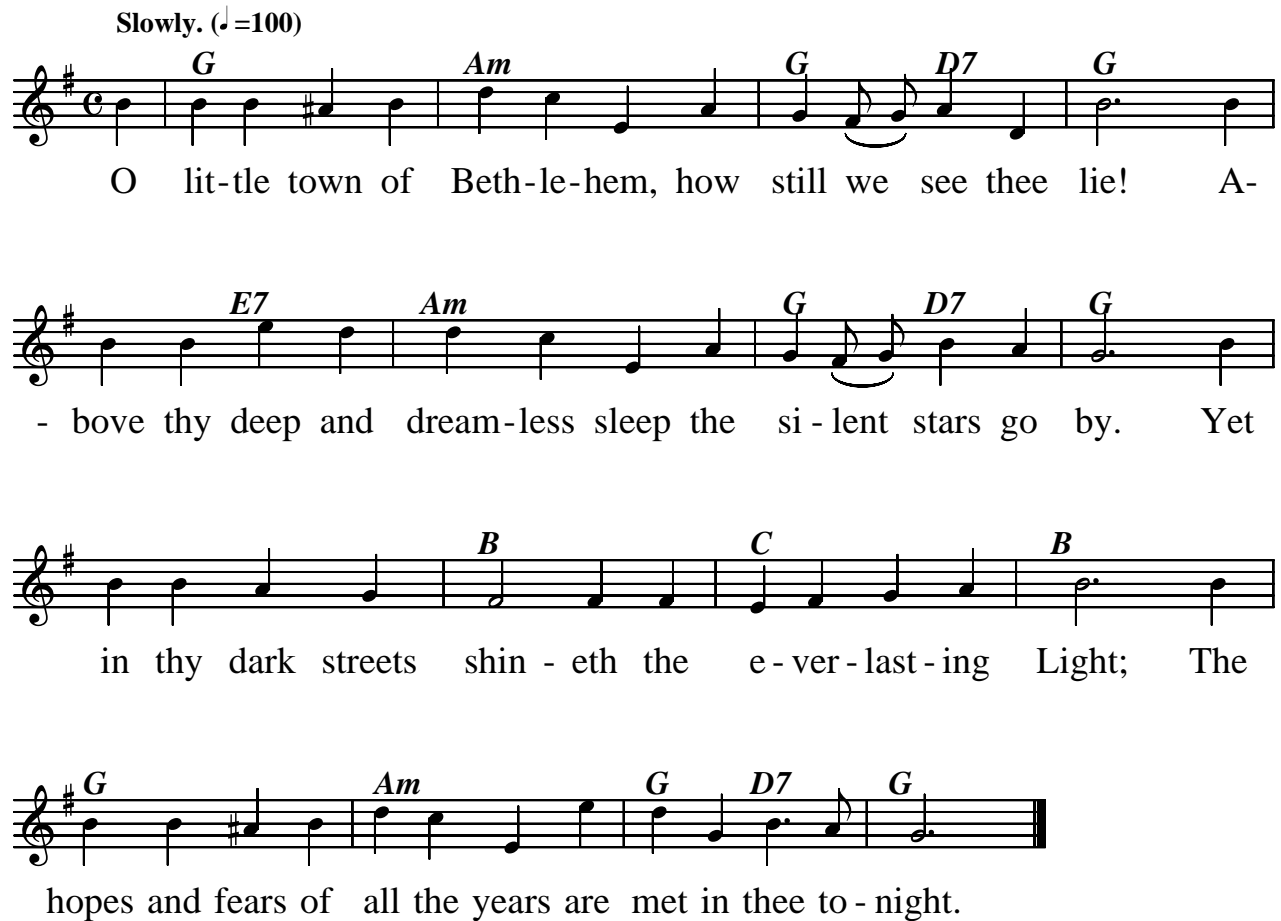
4. Where children pure and happy  
pray to the blessed Child,  
Where misery cries out to Thee,  
Son of the mother mild;  
Where charity stands watching  
and faith holds wide the door,  
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,  
and Christmas comes once more.

5. O holy Child of Bethlehem,  
descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
be born in us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels,  
the great glad tidings tell;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
our Lord Emmanuel!

# O Little Town Of Bethlehem

Lewis Henry Redner

Slowly. (♩=100)



O lit-tle town of Beth-le-hem, how still we see thee lie! A-

-bove thy deep and dream-less sleep the si-lent stars go by. Yet

in thy dark streets shin - eth the e-ver-last-ing Light; The

hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night.

## ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

**Words:** Cecil Frances Humphreys Alexander, *Hymns for Little Children*, 1848.

**Music:** "Irby," Henry John Gauntlett (1805-1876), 1849

1. Once in royal David's city  
Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
Where a mother laid her Baby  
In a manger for His bed:  
Mary was that mother mild,  
Jesus Christ her little Child.

2. He came down to earth from heaven,  
Who is God and Lord of all,  
And His shelter was a stable,  
And His cradle was a stall;  
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
Lived on earth our Savior holy.

3. And through all His wondrous childhood  
He would honor and obey,  
Love and watch the lowly maiden,  
In whose gentle arms He lay:  
Christian children all must be  
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4. For he is our childhood's pattern;  
Day by day, like us He grew;  
He was little, weak and helpless,  
Tears and smiles like us He knew;  
And He feeleth for our sadness,  
And He shareth in our gladness.

5. And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
Through His own redeeming love;  
For that Child so dear and gentle  
Is our Lord in heaven above,  
And He leads His children on  
To the place where He is gone.

6. Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see Him; but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high;  
Where like stars His children crowned  
All in white shall wait around.

# Once In Royal David's City

Henry J. Gauntlett



Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle



shed, Where a mo - ther laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His



bed: Ma - ry was that mo - ther mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.

# SEE AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW

**Alternate Title: Hymn for Christmas Day**

**Words: Edward Caswall, 1858**

**Music: "Humility," John Goss, 1871**

1. See amid the winter's snow,  
Born for us on earth below,  
See the tender Lamb appears,  
Promised from eternal years.

***Chorus***

Hail, thou ever-blessed morn!  
Hail, redemption's happy dawn!  
Sing through all Jerusalem,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

2. Lo, within a manger lies  
He who built the starry skies;  
He who throned in height sublime  
Sits amid the cherubim. ***Chorus***

3. Say, ye holy shepherds, say  
What your joyful news today;  
Wherefore have ye left your sheep  
On the lonely mountain steep? ***Chorus***

4. "As we watched at dead of night,  
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;  
Angels singing peace on earth  
Told us of the Saviour's birth". ***Chorus***

5. Sacred infant, all divine,  
What a tender love was thine,  
Thus to come from highest bliss  
Down to such a world as this. ***Chorus***

6. Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,  
By Thy Face so meek and mild,  
Teach us to resemble Thee,  
In Thy Sweet humility! ***Chorus***



## See Amid The Winter's Snow

Edward Caswall / John Goss

*Moderato.* (♩=100)

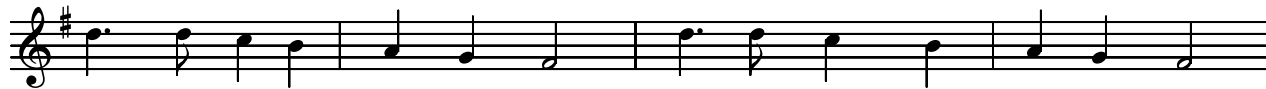


See a-mid the win-ter's snow, Born for us on earth be-low,



See the ten-der Lamb ap-pears, Pro-mised from e - ter-nal years.

*Chorus*



Hail, thou e-ver - bless-ed morn! Hail, re-demp-tion's hap-py dawn!



Sing through all Je - ru - sa-lem, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem.

# SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT

Words: *Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!*, Rev. Joseph Mohr, 1816

Music "Stille Nacht," by Franz Gruber, 1818

Translated by Bishop John Freeman Young (1820-1885)

1. Silent night! Holy night!  
All is calm, all is bright.  
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child.  
Holy Infant, so tender and mild.  
Sleep in heavenly peace,  
Sleep in heavenly peace.

2. Silent night! Holy night!  
Shepherds quake at the sight!  
Glories stream from heaven afar;  
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!  
Christ, the Savior, is born!  
Christ, the Savior, is born!

3. Silent night! Holy night!  
Son of God, love's pure light  
Radiant beams from Thy Holy Face.  
With the dawn of redeeming grace.  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth!  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth!

# Silent Night! Holy Night!

Joseph Mohr / Franz X. Gruber

$\text{♩} = 60$

Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright.

Round yon Vir-gin Mo-ther and Child. Ho-ly In-fant, so ten-der and mild.

Sleep in heav-en-ly peace, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace.

# THE COVENTRY CAROL

Words Attributed to Robert Croo, 1534

English Melody, 1591

1. Lullay, Thou little tiny Child,  
By, by, lully, lullay.  
Lullay, Thou little tiny Child.  
By, by, lully, lullay.

2. O sisters, too, how may we do,  
For to preserve this day;  
This poor Youngling for whom we sing,  
By, by, lully, lullay.

3. Herod the King, in his raging,  
Charged he hath this day;  
His men of might, in his own sight,  
All children young, to slay.

4. Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee,  
And ever mourn and say;  
For Thy parting, nor say nor sing,  
By, by, lully, lullay.

# The Coventry Carol

Traditional English Melody

$\text{♩} = 90$

*Am E Am Dm E Am Dm E7*

Lul-lay, Thou lit - tle ti - ny Child, By, by, lul - ly, lul-

*Am C G Am E Am Dm*

- lay. Lul - lay, Thou lit - tle ti - ny

*E AmE F Dm E A*

Child. By, by, lul - ly, lul - lay

# THE FIRST NOWELL

## FOR CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING

**Words & Music: Traditional English carol of the 16th or 17<sup>th</sup> century, but possibly dating from as early as the 13th Century.**

1. The first nowell the Angel did say  
Was to three poor shepherds in fields as they lay.  
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,  
In a cold winter's night that was so deep.

***Chorus***

Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell.  
Born is the King of Israel.

2. They looked up and saw a star  
Shining in the East, beyond them far,  
And to the earth it gave great light,  
And so it continued, both day and night. ***Chorus***

3. And by the light of that same Star  
Three Wise Men came from country far,  
To seek for a King was their intent,  
And to follow the Star wherever it went. ***Chorus***

4. This Star drew nigh to the North West;  
O'er Bethlehem it took it's rest.  
And there it did both stop and stay,  
Right over the place where Jesus lay. ***Chorus***

5. Then did they know assuredly  
Within that house, the King did lie  
One entered in then for to see  
And found the babe in poverty. ***Chorus***

6. Then entered in those Wise Men three,  
Full reverently upon bended knee,  
And offer'd there, in his presence,  
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense. ***Chorus***

7. Then let us all with one accord  
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord;  
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,  
And with his blood mankind hath bought. ***Chorus***

# The First Nowell

Traditional English

♩=90

The first no - well the An - gel did say Was to  
 three poor shep - herds in fields as they  
 lay. In fields where they lay keep - ing their  
 sheep, In a cold win - ter's night that was so deep. No - well, no -  
 - well, no - well, no - well. Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

# THE HOLLY AND THE IVY

Words: Traditional

Music: Old French Carol; Arranged by Sir John Stainer

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

***Chorus***

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

2. The holly bears a blossom  
As white as lily flower;  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
To be our sweet Savior. ***Chorus***

3. The holly bears a berry  
As red as any blood;  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
To do poor sinners good. ***Chorus***

4. The holly bears a prickle  
As sharp as any thorn;  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
On Christmas day in the morn. ***Chorus***

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

6. 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***



# The Holly And The Ivy

Old French Carol

Moderately (♩=100)



The hol-ly and the i-vy, Now both are full well grown. Of



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

*Refrain*



crown. Oh, the ris-ing of the sun, The run-ning of the deer. The



play-ing of the mer-ry or-gan, Sweet sing-ing in the quire.

# THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

Traditional English, 18th Century

On the first day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the second day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Two turtle-doves and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the third day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle-doves and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the fourth day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Four colley birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle-doves and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the fifth day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Five golden rings.  
Four colley birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle-doves and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the sixth day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five golden rings.  
Four colley birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle-doves and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the seventh day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five golden rings.  
Four colley birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle-doves and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the eighth day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five golden rings.  
Four colley birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle-doves and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the ninth day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Nine drummers drumming,  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five golden rings.  
Four colley birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle-doves and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the tenth day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Ten pipers piping,  
Nine drummers drumming,  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five golden rings.  
Four colley birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle-doves and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the eleventh day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Eleven ladies dancing,  
Ten pipers piping,  
Nine drummers drumming,  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five golden rings.  
Four colley birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle-doves and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the twelfth day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Twelve lords a-leaping,  
Eleven ladies dancing,  
Ten pipers piping,  
Nine drummers drumming,  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five golden rings.  
Four colley birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle-doves and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

# Twelve Days Of Christmas

Traditional

Moderately. (♩=110)



On the first day of Christ-mas, My true love sent to me A



par-tridge in a pear tree. On the se-cond day of Christ-mas, My



true love sent to me Two tur-tle-doves and A par-tridge in a pear



tree. On the third day of Christ-mas, My true love sent to me



Three French hens, Two tur-tle-doves and A par-tridge in a pear



tree. On the fourth day of Christ-mas, My true love sent to me

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Four col - ley birds, Three French hens, Two tur - tle - doves



and A par - tridge in a pear tree. On the



fifth day of Christ - mas, My true love sent to me



Five gold - en rings. Four col - ley birds, Three French hens,



Two tur - tle - doves and A par - tridge in a pear tree.

# THE WASSAIL SONG

Alternate Title: "*Here We Come A Wassailing*"

Words: English Traditional, 17th century

Music: Traditional English Wassail Song, 17th century

1. Here we come a wassailing  
Among the leaves so green,  
Here we come a wandering  
So fair to be seen.

***Chorus***

*Love and joy come to you,  
And to you your wassail too,  
And God bless you and send you a happy  
New Year.  
And God send you a happy New Year.*

2. Our wassail cup is made  
Of the rosemary tree,  
And so is your beer  
Of the best barley. ***Chorus***

3. We are not daily beggars  
That beg from door to door,  
But we are neighbours' children  
Whom you have seen before. ***Chorus***

4. Good Master and good Mistress,  
As you sit by the fire,  
Pray think of us poor children  
Are wandering in the mire. ***Chorus***

5. We have a little purse  
Made of ratching leather skin;  
We want some of your small change  
To line it well within. ***Chorus***

6. Call up the Butler of this house,  
Put on his golden ring;  
Let him bring us a glass of beer,  
And the better we shall sing. ***Chorus***

7. Bring us out a table,  
And spread it with a cloth;  
Bring us out a mouldy cheese,  
And some of your Christmas loaf. ***Chorus***

8. God bless the Master of this house,  
Likewise the Mistress too;  
And all the little children  
That round the table go. ***Chorus***

# The Wassail Song

English Traditional

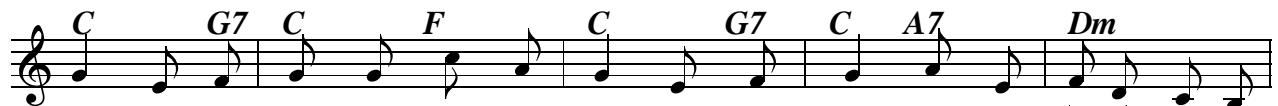
Brightly (♩=120)



Here we come a was-sail-ing A - mong the leaves so green,



Here we come a wan-dering So fair to be seen. Love and joy come to



you, And to you your was-sail too, And God bless you and send you a



hap-py New Year. And God send you a hap-py New Year.

# UP ON THE HOUSETOP

Words and Music by Benjamin R. Hamby, circa 1860

1. Up on the housetop reindeer pause,  
Out jumps good old Santa Claus.  
Down thru the chimney with lots of toys,  
All for the little ones, Christmas joys.

***Chorus***

Ho, ho, ho! Who wouldn't go.  
Ho, ho, ho! Who wouldn't go!  
Up on the housetop, click, click, click.  
Down thru the chimney with good Saint Nick.

2. First comes the stocking of little Nell;  
Oh, dear Santa, fill it well;  
Give her a dolly that laughs and cries,  
One that will open and shut her eyes. ***Chorus***

3. Next comes the stocking of little Will  
Oh, just see what a glorious fill  
Here is a hammer, And lots of tacks  
Also a ball, And a whip that cracks. ***Chorus***



# Up On The Housetop

Benjamin R. Hamby



Up on the house-top rein-deer pause, Out jumps good old San-ta Claus.



Down thru the chim-ney with lots of toys, All for the lit-tle ones,



Christ-mas joys. Ho, ho, ho! Who would-n't go. Ho, ho, ho!



Who would - n't go! Up on the house - top, click, click, click.



Down thru the chim-ney with good Saint Nick.

## We Three Kings Of Orient Are

Words & Music: John Henry Hopkins, Jr., 1857.

Music: Kings of Orient, John Henry Hopkins, Jr.

### **3 Kings:**

We three kings of Orient are  
Bearing gifts, we traverse afar.  
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,  
Following yonder star.

#### ***Chorus***

Oh, star of wonder, star of night,  
Star with royal beauty bright,  
Westward leading, still proceeding,  
Guide us to thy perfect Light.

### **Gaspard:**

Born a king on Bethlehem's plain,  
Gold I bring to crown Him again,  
King forever, ceasing never,  
Over us all to reign. ***Chorus***

### **Melchior:**

Frankincense to offer have I;  
Incense owns a Deity nigh.  
Prayer and praising, all men raising,  
Worship Him God on high. ***Chorus***

### **Balthazar:**

Myrrh is mine; It's bitter perfume;  
Breathes a life of gathering gloom.  
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,  
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb. ***Chorus***

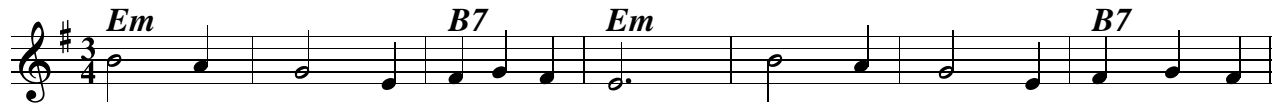
### **3 Kings:**

Glorious now behold Him arise,  
King and God and sacrifice.  
Alleluia, Alleluia;  
Earth to the heavens replies. ***Chorus***

# Kings of Orient

John Henry Hopkins, Jr.

Moderately (♩=140)



We three kings of O-ri-ent are Bear-ing gifts, we tra-verse a-



- far. Field and foun-tain, moor and moun-tain, Fol-low-ing



yon - der star. Oh, star of won - der, star of night,



Star with roy - al beau - ty bright, West - ward lead - ing,



still pro-ceed-ing, Guide us to thy per - fect Light.

# WHAT CHILD IS THIS?

Words: William Chatterton Dix, 1865.

Music: "Greensleeves," 16th Century English melody

Arranged by Sir John Stainer

1. What Child is this who, laid to rest  
On Mary's lap is sleeping?  
Whom Angels greet with anthems sweet,  
While shepherds watch are keeping?

This, this is Christ the King,  
Whom shepherds guard and Angels sing;  
Haste, haste, to bring Him laud,  
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

2. Why lies He in such mean estate,  
Where ox and ass are feeding?  
Good Christians, fear, for sinners here  
The silent Word is pleading.

Nails, spear shall pierce Him through,  
The cross be borne for me, for you.  
Hail, hail the Word made flesh,  
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

3. So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh,  
Come peasant, king to own Him;  
The King of kings salvation brings,  
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.

Raise, raise a song on high,  
The virgin sings her lullaby.  
Joy, joy for Christ is born,  
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

# What Child Is This?

William Chatterton Dix / Greensleeves

Moderately Slow. (♩=110)

What Child is this who, laid to rest On Ma - ry's

lap is sleep - ing? Whom An - gels greet with

an - thems sweet, While shep - herds watch are keep - ing?

This, this is Christ the King, Whom shep - herds

guard and An - gels sing; Haste, haste, to

bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry.

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# Merry Christmas



The first Christmas card, designed by J. C. Horsley for Henry Cole, 1843.