Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739

F. Mendelssohn

(arr. W. H. Cummings, 1850)

1. Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King!
2. Christ, by highest heav’n adored; Christ, the everlasting Lord;
3. Mild He lays His glory by, Born that man no more may die,

Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!
Late in time behold Him come, Offspring of the Virgin’s womb.
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth.

Joyful all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God-head see; Hail th’Incarnate Deity,
Risen with healing in His wings, Light and life to all He brings,

With th’angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell; Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Hail, the heav’n-born Prince of Peace!

CHORUS

Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King.
O Come, All Ye Faithful
(Adeste Fideles)

Tr. F. Oakeley, 1841

J. F. Wade's
Cantus Diversi, 1751

1. O come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant, O
2. Sing, choirs of angels, Sing in exultation,
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morning;

come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem; Come and be-
Sing, all ye citizens of heav’n above; Glory to
Je-sus, to Thee be glory giv’n; Word of the

After each verse

hold Him, Born the King of Angels;
God In the highest; O come, let us adore Him, O
Fa-ther, Now in flesh appearing;

come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.
The First Nowell

1. The first Nowell the angel did say was to cæter
   In the east beyond them far, and
   Certain poor shepherds, in fields as they lay, in
   Fields where they lay keeping their sheep, on a
   Cold winter’s night that was so deep.

2. They looked up and saw a star, shining
   To the earth it gave great light, and
   So it continued both day and night. Nowell, Nowell,
   Follow the star wherever it went.

3. And by the light of that same star, three
   Seek a king was their intent, and to
   Well, Nowell, Nowell, born is the king of Israel.
God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

TRADITIONAL  Harmonized by Sir John Stainer

1. God rest you merry, gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay,
   Remember Christ our Savior Was born on Christmas Day,
   To save us all from Satan's pow'r When we were gone a-morn;
   How that in Bethlehem was born The Son of God by brace;

2. In Bethlehem, in Jery, This blessed Babe was born,
   And laid within a manger Upon this blessed place,
   The which His Mother Mary, Did nothing take in same;
   This Holy tide of Christmas All other doth deserve;

3. From God our heav'n-ly Father, A blessed Angel may,
   And unto certain shep-herds Brought tidings of the place,
   And with true love and brother-hood Each other now em-
   O-- tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy;

4. Now to the Lord sing prais-es, All you within this
   Day, To save us all from Satan's pow'r When we were gone a-morn;
   The which His Mother Mary, Did nothing take in same;
   This Holy tide of Christmas All other doth deserve;

   f CHORUS

   scorn.
   Name.
   O-- tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy.
Once, in royal David's city

(Christmas)

1. Once, in royal David's city, Stood a lowly cattle shed
2. He came down to earth from heaven, Who is God and Lord of all,
3. And through all his wondrous childhood, He would honor and obey,

Where a mother laid her baby, In a manger for his bed;
And his shelter was a stable, And his cradle was a stall;
Love and watch the lowly maiden, In whose gentle arms he lay;

Mary was that mother mild, Jesus Christ her only child.
With the poor and mean and lowly, Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
Christian children all must be mild, obedient, good as He.
50. Lo, how a Rose e’er blooming

Tr. THEODORE BAKER*  
14th-century German melody  
harmonized by M. PRAETORIUS  
(1571-1621)

1. Lo, how a Rose e’er blooming  
Of Jes-see’s lin-eage com-ing  
From
2. I sai-ab’twas fore-told it,  
With Ma-ry we be-hold it,  
The

SOPRANO  
ALTO

ten-der stem hath sprung!  
men of old have sung.  
Rose I have in mind,  
Vir-gin Mo-ther kind.

TENOR  
BASS

It came, a flow’ret bright,  
To show Goc’s love a-right,  

Amid the cold of winter,  
She bore to men a Sa-viour,  
When half spent was the night.

3. O flower, whose fragrance tender  
With sweetness fills the air,  
Dispel in glorious splendour  
The darkness everywhere;  
True man, yet very God,  
From sin and death now save us,  
And share our every load.

*vv. 1 and 2, original text 16th c. German; v. 3, 19th c. German, tr. H. R. Sparck.

See No. 3 (p. 20) for alternative text.
39. In the bleak mid-winter

Words by CHRISTINA ROSSETTI (1830–94)
GUSTAV HOLST (1874–1934)

In moderate time

SOPRANO ALTO

1. In the bleak mid-winter Frosty wind made moan,
2. Our God, Heav'n can not hold him Nor earth sustain;
3. Enough for him, whom cherubim Worship night and day,
4. Angels and archangels May have gathered there,
5. What can I give him, Poor as I am?

TENOR BASS

Earth stood hard as iron, Water like a stone;
Heav'n and earth shall flee away When he comes to reign;
Breastful of milk And a man-gerful of hay; E-
Che-rubim and se-ra-phim Thronged the air; But
If I were a shepherd I would bring a lamb,

Snow had fallen, snow on snow, Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter A stable place sufficed
Enough for him, whom angels Fall down before,
On-ly his mother In her maid'en bliss
If I were a Wise Man I would do my part,—Yet

In the bleak mid-winter Long ago,
Lord God Almighty Jesus Christ.
 Ox and ass and camel Which adore.
Worshipped the loved With a kiss.
What I can I give him, Give my heart.
Deck the Hall

1. Deck the hall with boughs of holly,
   'Tis the season to be jolly,
   Don we now our gay apparel,
   Troll the ancient Yule-tide carol,

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

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

   Fa la la la la la la la.

   Fa la la la la la la la.

   Fa la la la la la la.

   Fa la la la la la la.
Joy to the World

ISAAC WATTS, 1709

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.

2. Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns: Let men their songs employ;
   While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
   Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat the sounding joy.

3. 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.

G. F. HÄNDEL, 1742
Silent Night

1. Silent night, Holy night! All is calm, all is bright
2. Silent night, Holy night! Shepherds quake at the sight!
3. Silent night, Holy night! Son of God, loves pure light

'Round yon Virgin Mother and Child Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Glo-ries stream from heav-en a-far, Heav'n-ly hosts sing Al-le-lu-ia;
Radiant beams from Thy ho-ly face, With the dawn of re-deem-ing grace,

Sleep in heav-en-ly peace,_  Sleep in heav-en-ly peace!
Christ the Sa-viour is born,_  Christ the Sa-viour is born!
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,_  Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.
COVENTRY CAROL

Fifteenth-century words

REFRAIN

Lul-ly, lul-la, thou lit-tle ti-ny child, By by, lul-ly lul-lay.

1. O sis-ters too, How may we do For to pre-serv-e this day This

2. He-rod, the king, In his ra-ging, Char-ged he hath this day His

3. That woe is me, Poor child for thee! And ev-er morn and day, For

poor- young-ling, For whom we do,
men of might, In his own
thy part-ing? ei-ther say nor

sing, By by, lul-ly lul-lay?
sight, All young chil-dren to slay.
sing By by, lul-ly lul-lay!

Sixteenth-century tune

End

Ret. eat REFRAIN only after verse 3.
HERE WE COME A-WASSAILING

English traditional carol

1. Here we come a-wassailing Among the leaves so green,
   Our wassail cup is made of The rosemary tree,

   Here we come a-wandering So fair to be seen:
   And so is your beer Of the best barley.
3. We are not daily beggars
That| beg from door to door,
But| we are neighbors' children
Whom| you have seen before:
Love and joy come to you, etc.

4. Call up the butler of this house,
Put on his golden ring;
Let him bring us up a glass of beer,
And| better shall we sing:
Love and joy come to you, etc.

5. We've got a little purse
Of| stretching leather| skin;
We| want a little of your money
To| line it well with in:
Love and joy come to you, etc.

6. Bring us out a table,
And| spread it with a cloth;
Bring us out a moldy cheese,
And| some of your Christmas loaf:
Love and joy come to you, etc.

7. God bless the master of this house,
Like| wise the mistress too;
And| all the little children
That| round the table go:
Love and joy come to you, etc.

8. Good Master and good Mistress,
While you're sitting by the fire,
Pray| think of us poor children
That| wandered in the mire:
Love and joy come to you, etc.

* Vertical lines indicate bar lines;
    strong beat follows bar line
GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Words by John Mason Neale
Tune from Piae Cantiones, 1582

1. Good King Wenceslas looked out

2. "Here, page, and stand by me,

3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,

On the Feast of Stephen,
If thou knowest it, telling,
Bring me pine logs hither; Thou and I will see him dine,

When the snow lay round about,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Hither, hither, come, and dine,

Stumbling near the lowly straw
With the weary, as he tells;

And thou, my page, who shall they be?
Thou and I will see him dine,

Ians 4.8

Thou and I will see him dine,
Deep, and crisp, and even: Brightly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cruel, Where and what his dwelling? "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Underneath the mountain, When we bear them thither. Page and monarch forth they went, Forth they went together,

When a poor man came in sight, Gathering winter fuel. Right against the forest fence, By Saint Agnes' fountain. Through the rude wind's wild lament And the bitter weather.

4. "Sire, the night is darker now, And the wind blows stronger; Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no longer." "Mark my footsteps, good my page! Treat them 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 dined; 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.

If this carol is sung in unison with accompaniment, the following arrangement is suggested:

Verse 1: all singers
Verse 2, lines 1-4: men only; lines 5-8: women or boys
Verse 3, lines 1-4: men only; lines 5-8: all singers
Verse 4, lines 1-4: women or boys; lines 5-8: men only
Verse 5: all singers
THE TWELVE DAYS

VERSES 1-4

1. On the first day of Christmas my
   true love sent to me a

   four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle doves,
   and a partridge in a pear tree.

VERSES 5-12

5. On the fifth day of Christmas my true love sent to me twelve drummers drumming,

6. On the sixth day of Christmas my true love sent to me twelve

*Sing appropriate number of day, and then cut from 1 to appropriate boxed number.

English traditional carol
OF CHRISTMAS

eleven pipers piping, ten lords leaping,

nine ladies dancing, eight maids milking,

seven swans swimming, six geese laying,

five gold rings, four calling birds,

three French hens, two turtle doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.
WASSAIL, WASSAIL

English traditional carol

1. Wassail, wassail, all over the town! Our toast it is white, and our ale it is brown,
cheek, Pray, God send our master a good piece of beef,
eye, Pray, God send our master a good Christmas pie,

2. So here is to Cherry and to his right.

3. And here is to Dobbin and to his right.

4. So 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.

5. And here is to Fillips 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.

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.

*Vertical lines indicate bar lines; strong beat follows bar line.
WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

West-of-England traditional carol

1. We wish you a merry Christmas, We wish you a merry Christmas, We wish you a merry Christmas

2. Now bring us some figgy pudding, Now bring us some figgy pudding, Now bring us some figgy pudding

3. For we all like figgy pudding, We all like figgy pudding, We all like figgy pudding

4. And we won't go till we've got some
   Good tidings we bring, etc.
   Good tidings we bring, etc.
   Good tidings we bring, etc.

REFRAIN

Good tidings we bring to you and your kin; We -

Good tidings we bring to you and your kin; We -

Good tidings we bring to you and your kin; We -

with you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

with you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

with you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.