

O Come, All Ye Faithful

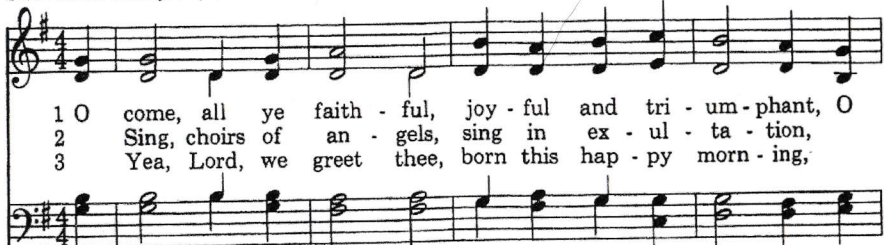
Adeste fideles

John Francis Wade?, c.1740-43

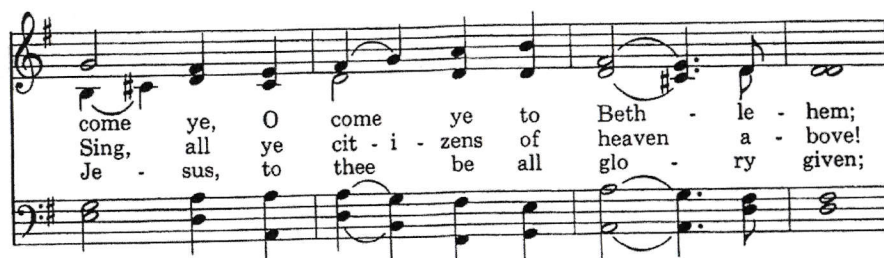
Tr. Frederick Oakeley, 1841, and others

ADESTE FIDELES *Irregular*

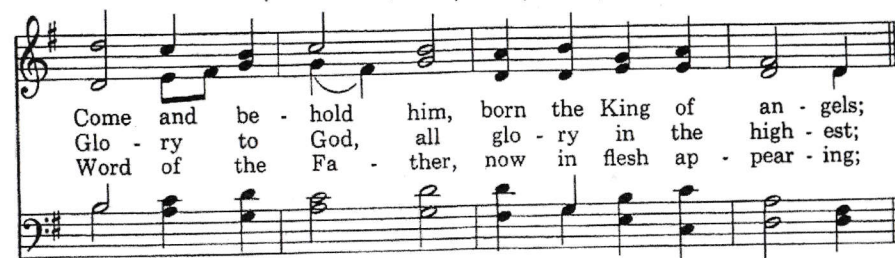
John Francis Wade?, c.1740-43



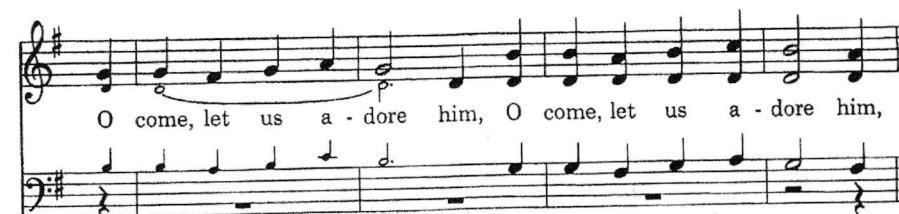
1 O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O
 2 Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,
 3 Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this hap - py morn - ing,



come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem;
 Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heaven a - bove!
 Je - sus, to thee be all glo - ry given;



Come and be - hold him, born the King of an - gels;
 Glo - ry to God, all glo - ry in the high - est;
 Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap - pear - ing;



O come, let us a - dore him, O come, let us a - dore him,



O come, let us a - dore him, Christ, the Lord! A-men.



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;

*O come let us adore him, O come let us adore him,
 O come let us adore him, Christ, the Lord!*

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
 Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!
 Glory to God, all glory in the highest;

*O come let us adore him, O come let us adore him,
 O come let us adore him, Christ, the Lord!*

Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this happy morning,
 Jesus, to thee be all glory given;
 Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing;

*O come let us adore him, O come let us adore him,
 O come let us adore him, Christ, the Lord!*

2. AWAY IN A MANGER

(First tune)

Words anon.

Tune by W.J. KIRKPATRICK (1838-192)
arranged by DAVID WILLCOCKS

Simply

SOPRANO
ALTO

pp 1. A - way in a - man - ger, no - crib for a bed, The -
p 2. The cat - tle are - low - ing, the - ba - by a - wakes, But -
pp 3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus; I - ask thee to stay - Close

TENOR
BASS

lit - tle - Lord Je - sus laid - down his sweet head. The
lit - tle - Lord Je - sus no - cry - ing he makes. *poco cresc.* I
by - me - for e - ver, and - love me, I pray. Bless

stars in the - bright sky looked down where he - lay, The -
love thee, Lord Je - sus! Look down from the sky, And
all the dear chil - dren in - thy ten - der care, And

lit - tle - Lord Je - sus - a - sleep on the - hay.
stay - by - my - side un - til - morn - ing is - nigh.
fit - us - for - hea - ven, to - live - with thee there.

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his great head.
The stars in the bright sky, looked down where he
lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,
And stay by my side, until morning is nigh.

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 fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.



23. COVENTRY CAROL

(Second version)

Modern version of tune
arranged by MARTIN SHAW

83

REFRAIN

S. A. T. B.

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

End here %

- ly lul - lay.

1. O sis - ters too, How may we do
2. He - rod, the king, In his rag - ing,
3. That woe is me, Poor child for thee!

For to pre - serve this day This poor young - ling, For
Char - ged he hath this day His men of might, In
And ev - er morn and day, For thy part - ing Nei - ther

After 3rd verse, sing refrain again

whom we do sing, By by, lul - ly lul - lay?
his own sight, All young chil - dren to slay.
say nor sing By by, lul - ly lul - lay!

Dal %

This song is sung by the women of Bethlehem in the play, just before Herod's soldiers come in to slaughter their children.

The arrangement of the second version is reprinted by permission of A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd.



*Lully, lulla, thou little tiny child,
By by, lully lullay.*

O sisters too, How may we do
For to preserve this day.
This poor youngling, For when do we sing,
By by, lully lullay?

*Lully, lulla, thou little tiny child,
By by, lully lullay.*

Herod the king, In his raging,
Charged he hath this day.
His men of might, In his own sight,
All young children to slay.

*Lully, lulla, thou little tiny child,
By by, lully lullay.*

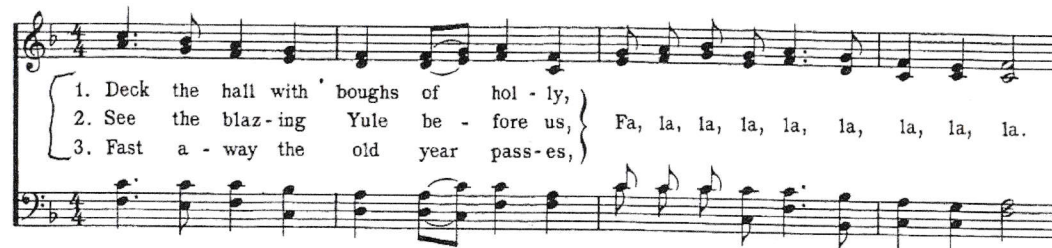
That woe is me, Poor child for thee?
And ever morn and day,
For thy parting, neither say nor sing,
By by, lully lullay!

*Lully, lulla, thou little tiny child,
By by, lully lullay.*

Deck the Hall With Boughs of Holly

Traditional

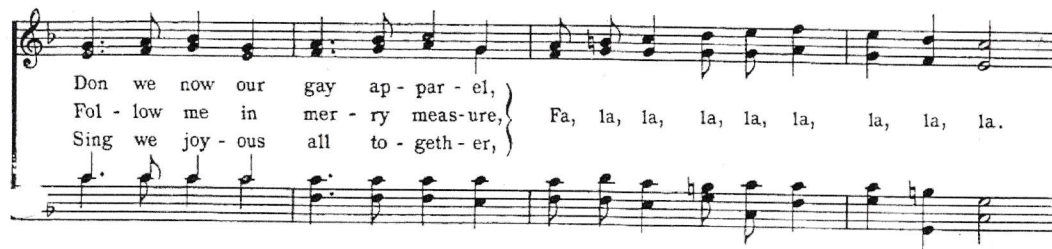
Old Welsh Melody



1. Deck the hall with ' boughs of hol - ly,
 2. See the blaz - ing Yule be - fore us, } Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 3. Fast a - way the old year pass - es,



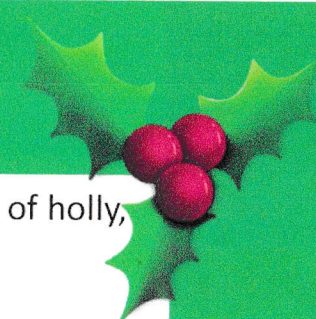
'Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly,
 Strike the harp and join the cho - rus, } Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 Hail the new, ye lads and lass - es,



Don we now our gay ap - par - el,
 Fol - low me in mer - ry meas - ure, } Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 Sing we joy - ous all to - geth - er,



Troll the an - cient Yule - tide car - ol,
 While I tell of Yule - tide treas - ure, } Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 Heed - less of the wind and weath - er,



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.

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.

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.

Es ist ein Ros entsprungen

W. Köln, 1599

S: Michael Praetorius, 1571-1621

A

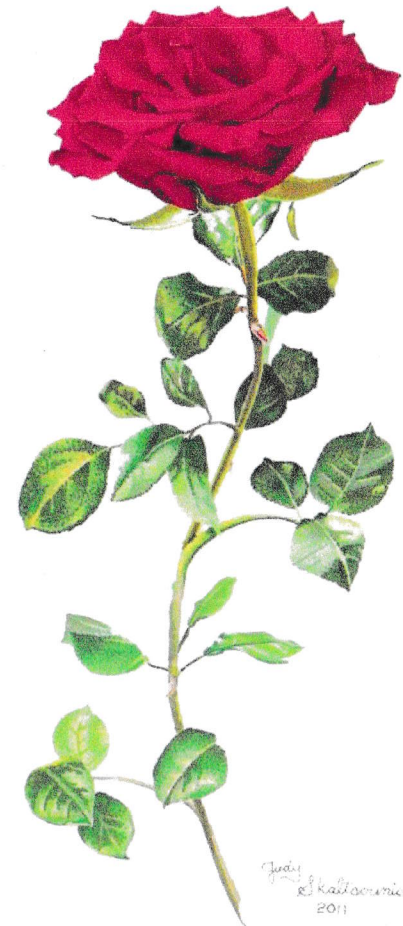
1. { Es ist ein Ros entsprungen aus ei-ner Wur-zel zart, { und
wie uns die Al-ten sun-gen: von Jes-se kam die Art }

hat ein Blümlein bracht mit-ten im kalten Win-ter wohl zu der hal - ben Nacht.

2. Das Röslein, das ich meine, davon Jesaias sagt,
hat uns gebracht alleine Marie, die reine Magd.
Aus Gottes ewgem Rat
hat sie ein Kind geboren, welches uns selig macht.
3. Das Blümlein so kleine, das duftet uns so süß;
mit seinem hellen Scheine vertreibt die Finsternis:
Wahr' Mensch und wahrer Gott,
hilft uns aus allem Leide, rettet von Sünd und Tod.

Q 49, VI

(Str. 1+2: Köln, 1599/Str. 3: 1853)

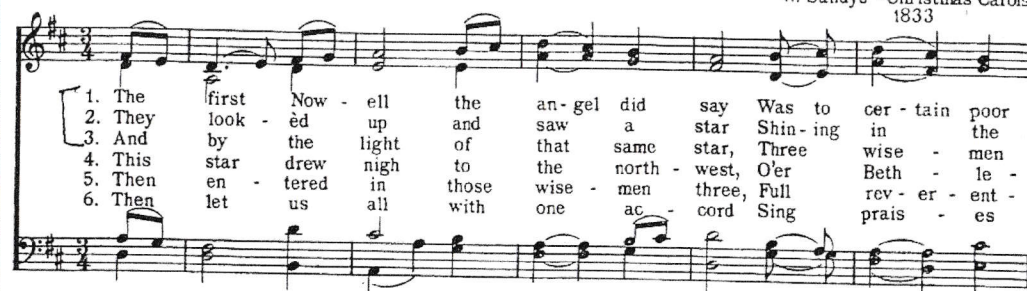


Judy
Kallenberg
2011

The First Nowell the Angel Did Say

Traditional

Traditional Melody in
W. Sandys' "Christmas Carols"
1833



1. The first Now - ell the an - gel did say Was to cer - tain poor
2. They look - ed up and saw a star Shin - ing in the
3. And by the light of that same star, Three wise - men
4. This star drew nigh to the north - west, O'er Beth - le -
5. Then en - tered in those wise - men three, Full rev - er - ent -
6. Then let us all with one ac - cord Sing prais - es

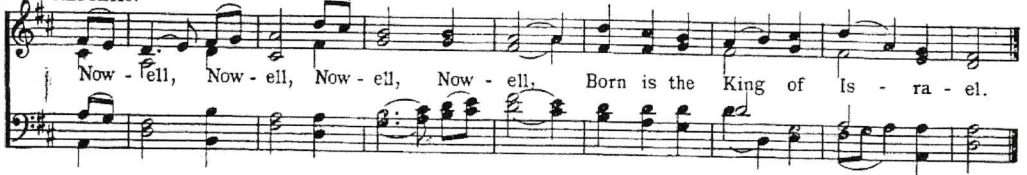


shep - herds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay keep - ing their
east, be - yond them far, And to the earth it gave great
came from coun - try far; To seek for a king was their in -
hem it took its rest, And there it did both stop and
ly up - on their knee, And of - fered there, in His pres -
to our Heav - en - ly Lord; That hath made heaven and earth of



sheep, On a cold win - ter's night that was so deep.
light, And so it con - tin - ued both day and night.
tent, And to fol - low the star wher - ev - er it went.
stay, Right o - ver the place where Je - sus lay.
ence, Their gold, and myrrh, and frank - in - cense.
naught, And with His blood man - kind hath bought.

REFRAIN



Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.



The first Nowell the angel did say
Was to 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.

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

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.

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

And by the light of that same start,
Three wise men came from country far;
To see for a king was their intent,
And to follow the start wherever it went.

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

Joy to the World! the Lord Is Come

Isaac Watts, 1719

ANTIOCH C.M.
Adapted from? G. F. Handel, 1685-1759
Lowell Mason, 1836

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re -
 2 Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns: Let men their
 3 He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the

ceive her King; Let ev - ery heart pre - pare him room,
 songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
 na - tions prove The glo - ries of his right - eous - ness,

And heaven and na - ture sing, And heaven and na - ture
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
 And won - ders of his love, And won - ders of his

And heaven and na - ture sing, And
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re -
 And won - ders of his love, And

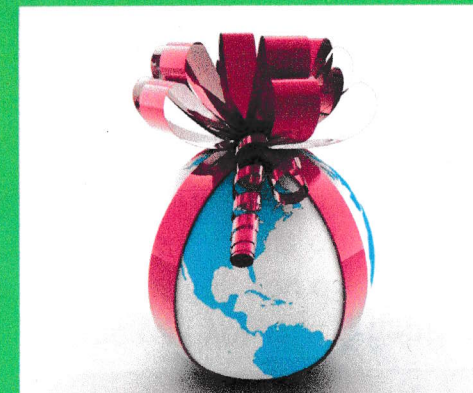
sing, And heaven, and heaven and na - ture sing.
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 love, And won - ders, won - ders of his love. A - men.

heaven and na - ture sing, and
 peat the sound - ing joy, re -
 won - ders of his love, and

Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven and nature sing.

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

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 of his love.



II. GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN

29

English traditional carol
arranged by DAVID WILLCOCKS

v. 1 Unison voices with organ
v. 2 Unaccompanied voices

SOPRANO
ALTO

(ORGAN)

1. God rest you mer-ry, gen-tle-men, Let no-thing you dis-may, For
2. From God our heav'-nly Fa-ther A bless-ed an-gel came, And

TENOR
BASS

Je-sus Christ our Sa-viour Was born up-on this day, To save us all from
un-to cer-tain shep-herds Brought ti-dings of the same, How that in Beth-le-

Sa-tan's power When we were gone a-stray:
-hem was born The Son of God by name: O— ti-dings of com-fort and

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

* If preferred, the refrain may always be sung in unison (with organ accompaniment)

Unison voices
3. 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:
O tidings of comfort and joy.

Unaccompanied voices
4. But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this infant lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray:
O tidings of comfort and joy.



God rest you merry gentleman,
Let nothing you dismay.
For Jesus Christ our Savior
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray:

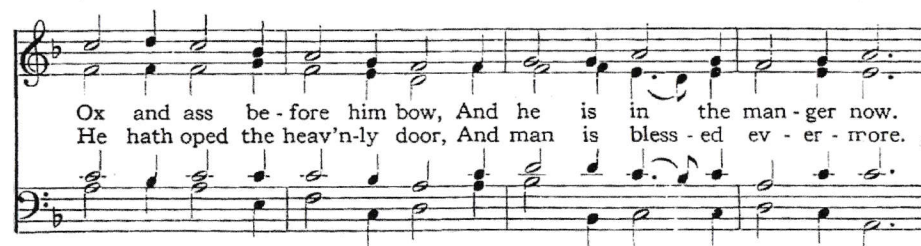
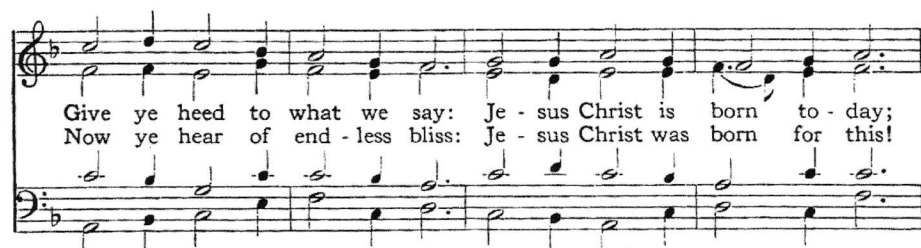
*O tidings of comfort and joy, and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.*

From God our heav'nly 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

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

The Shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in the mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
This blessed babe to find:

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

With marked rhythm

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!

God Christian men, rejoice



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

Good Christian men rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now you hear of endless bliss:
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath opened the heavenly door,
And man is blessed evermore.
Christ was born for this!
Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not feat 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!

Il est né, le divin Enfant

REFRAIN

SOPRANO
ALTO

TENOR
BASS

Il est né, le di - vin En - fant! Jou - ez haut - bois, ré - son - nez mu - set - tes!

5

S.
A.

T.
B.

Il est né, le di - vin En - fant! Chan - tons tous son a - vè - ne - ment!

VERSE

9

S.
A.

T.
B.

1. De - puis plus de qua - tre mille ans Nous le pro - met - taient les pro - phè - tes;
2. Ah! qu'il est beau, qu'il est char - mant! Ah! que ses grâ - ces sont par - fai - tes!
3. O Jé - sus, O Roi tout - puis - sant, Tout pe - tit En - fant que vous é - tes,

13

S.
A.

T.
B.

De - puis plus de qua - tre mille ans Nous at - tend - ions cet heu - reux temps.
Ah! qu'il est beau, qu'il est char - mant! Qu'il est doux, ce di - vin En - fant!
O Jé - sus, O Roi tout - puis - sant, Ré - gnez sur nous en - tiè - re - ment!



Il est né, le divin Enfant!
Jouez hautbois, résonnez musettes!
Il est né, le divin Enfant!
Chantons tous son avènement!

Depuis plus de quatre mille ans
Nous le promettaient les prophètes;
Depuis plus de quatre mille ans
Nous attendions cet heureux temps.

Il est né, le divin Enfant!
Jouez hautbois, résonnez musettes!
Il est né, le divin Enfant!
Chantons tous son avènement!

Ah! qu'il est beau, qu'il est charmant!
Ah! que ses grâces sont parfaites!
Ah! qu'il est beau, qu'il est charmant!
Qu'il est doux, ce divin Enfant!

Il est né, le divin Enfant!
Jouez hautbois, résonnez musettes!
Il est né, le divin Enfant!
Chantons tous son avènement!

SOPRANO
ALTO

1. Ding! dong! mer - ri - ly on high in heav'n the bells are
 2. E'en so here be - low, be - low, let stee - ple bells be
 3. Pray you, du - ti - ful - ly prime your ma - tin chime, ye

TENOR
BASS

ring - ing; Ding! dong! ve - ri - ly the sky is
 swung - en, and 'i - o, i - o, i - o!' by
 ring - ers! May you beau - ti - ful - ly rime your

7
 riv'n with an - gel sing - ing.
 priest and peo - ple sung - en. Glo - - -
 eve - time song, ye sing - ers!

10

13
 - ri - a! Ho - san - na in ex - cel - sis!

'i-o' pronounced 'ee-o'



Ding! Dong! Merrily On High

Ding! dong! merrily on high
 in heav'n the bells are ringing;
 Ding! dong! verily the sky
 is riv'n with angel singing.

Glo-o-o-o-oria! Hosana in excelsis!
Glo-o-o-o-oria! Hosana in excelsis!

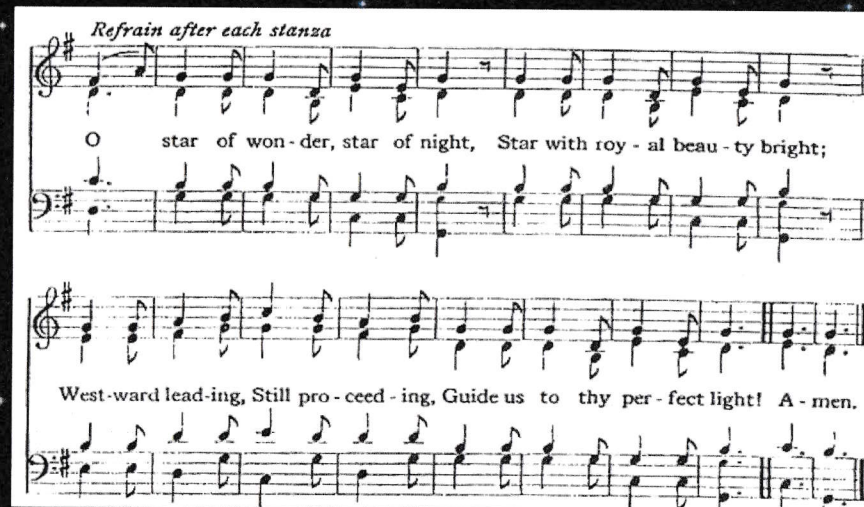
E'en so here below, below,
 let steeple bells be swungen,
 and 'ee-o, ee-o, ee-o!'
 by priest and people sungen.

Glo-o-o-o-oria! Hosana in excelsis!
Glo-o-o-o-oria! Hosana in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime
 your matin chime, ye ringers!
 May you beautifully rime
 your evetime song, ye singers!

Glo-o-o-o-oria! Hosana in excelsis!
Glo-o-o-o-oria! Hosana in excelsis!

We Three Kings



We three kings of Orient are, bearing gifts we traverse afar, field and fountain, moor and mountain, following yonder star.

O star of wonder, star of night. Star with royal beauty bright; Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to thy perfect light!

Gaspard (solo): Born a King on Bethlehem's plain, Gold I bring to crown him again. King forever, ceasing never. Over us all to reign.

O star of wonder, star of night. Star with royal beauty bright; Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to thy perfect light!

Melchior (solo): Frankincense to offer have I, Incense owns a Deity nigh. Prayer and praising, all men raising, worship him, God on high

O star of wonder, star of night. Star with royal beauty bright; Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to thy perfect light!

Balthazar (solo): Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume. Breathes a life of gathering gloom; Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

O star of wonder, star of night. Star with royal beauty bright; Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to thy perfect light!

We three kings of Orient are, bearing gifts we traverse afar, field and fountain, moor and mountain, following yonder star.

O star of wonder, star of night. Star with royal beauty bright; Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to thy perfect light!

21 *Second Tune*

ST. LOUIS

Christmas

76. 86. D.

LEWIS H. REDNER, 1868

In moderate time

1 O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
 2 For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove,
 3 How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is giv'n!

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won-d'ring love.
 So God im-parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of his heav'n.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!
 No ear may hear his com - ing, But in this world of sin,

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 Where meek souls will re - ceive him, still The dear Christ en - ters in. A-men.

O Little Town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem,
 How still we see thee lie!
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
 The silent stars go by;

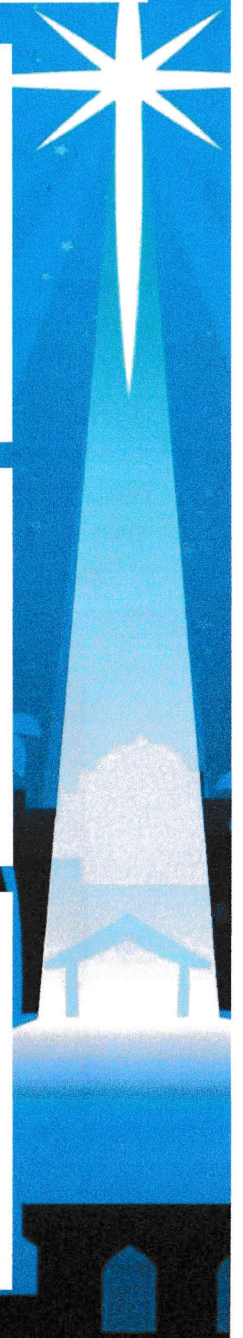
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
 The everlasting Light;
 The hopes and fears of all the years
 Are met in thee tonight

For Christ is born of Mary
 And gathered all above
 While mortals sleep, the angels keep
 Their watch of wond'ring love.

O morning stars, together
 Proclaim the holy birth!
 And praises sing to God the King,
 And peace to men on Earth

How silently, how silently
 The wondrous gift is giv'n!
 So God imparts to human hearts
 The blessings of his heav'n.

No ear may hear his coming,
 But in this world of sin,
 Where meek souls will receive him, still
 The dear Christ enters in.




30. ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

Words by C. F. ALEXANDER



H. J. GAUNTLETT
harmonized by A. H. MANN

SOPRANO
ALTO




1. Once in roy-al Da-vid's ci - ty Stood a low-ly cat - tle shed,
Where a mo-ther laid her ba - by In a man-ger for his bed:
2. He came down to earth from hea-ven Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shel-ter was a sta - ble, And his cra-dle was a stall;

TENOR
BASS

Ma - ry was that mo-ther mild, - Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child. -
With the poor and mean and low-ly Lived on earth our Sa - viour ho - ly.



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



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.

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
Saviour holy.

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