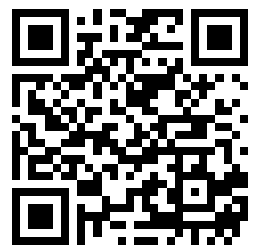

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CHRISTMAS CAROLS



NEW AND OLD.



Lilian Green.
From her brother and sisters
November 21st
1891.





F. 361. G.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

New and Old.

THE WORDS EDITED BY THE
REV. HENRY RAMSDEN BRAMLEY, M.A.,
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THE MUSIC EDITED BY
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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.



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P R E F A C E.



THE following collection of CHRISTMAS CAROLS, New and Old, has been formed with the purpose of providing a single source from which all who are so disposed may draw songs suitable in sentiment and style for the sacred and joyous season of our Lord's Nativity.

The Editors and their friends have used every effort to obtain traditional Carol Tunes and Words which have escaped the researches of previous collectors. Some pieces of this character are, as they believe, here presented to the public.

With them are joined a selection of the best and most popular Melodies already published, together with a number of Original Compositions by eminent Musicians, whose names, with those of the Authors, appear in the Index.

The Editors hope that this collection of Carols of various kinds may promote and elevate, amongst different classes of persons, the time-honoured and delightful custom of welcoming with strains of harmony the Birthday of the HOLY CHILD.



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CHRISTMAS CAROLS,

New and Old.





I. God rest you, merry Gentlemen.

God rest you, mer - ry gen - tle-men, Let noth-ing you dis - may, Re -

- mem-ber Christ our Sa - vi-our Was born on Christmas Day ; To save us all from

ff CHORUS.

Satan's pow'r 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.

2.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
 This blessed Babe was born,
 And laid within a manger,
 Upon this blessed Morn;
 The which His Mother Mary,
 Did nothing take in scorn.
 O tidings, &c.

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.
 O tidings, &c.

4.

"Fear not then," said the Angel,
 "Let nothing you affright,
 This day is born a Saviour
 Of a pure Virgin bright,
 To free all those that trust in Him
 From Satan's power and might."
 O tidings, &c.

5.

The shepherds at those tidings,
 Rejoicèd much in mind,
 And left their flocks a-feeding,
 In tempest, storm, and wind:
 And went to Bethlehem straightway,
 The Son of God to find.
 O tidings, &c.

6.

And when they came to Bethlehem,
 Where our dear Saviour lay,
 They found Him in a manger,
 Where oxen feed on hay;
 His Mother Mary kneeling down,
 Unto the Lord did pray.
 O tidings, &c.

7.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
 All you within this place,
 And with true love and brotherhood
 Each other now embrace;
 The holy tide of Christmas
 All other doth deface.
 O tidings, &c.



II.

The Manger Throne.

I. Like sil - ver lamps in a dis - tant shrine, The stars are spark - ling
bright; The bells of the ci - ty of God ring out, For the Son of Ma - ry was
born to - night; The gloom is past, and the morn at last Is coming with orient light.

2. Ne-ver fell me-lo-dies half so sweet As those which are filling the skies ; And
 never a palaceshone half so fair As the man-ger bed where our Saviour lies ; No
 night in theyear is half so dear As this which has end-ed our sighs.

3. (*as v. 2.*)

Now a new Power has come on the earth,
 A match for the armies of Hell :
 A Child is born who shall conquer the foe,
 And all the spirits of wickedness quell :
 For Mary's Son is the Mighty One
 Whom the prophets of God foretell.

4. (*as v. 1.*)

The stars of heaven still shine as at first
 They gleamed on this wonderful night ;
 The bells of the city of God peal out,
 And the Angels' song still rings in the height ;
 And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
 Hid in flesh from fleshly sight.

5. (*as v. 1.*)

Faith sees no longer the stable floor,
 The pavement of sapphire is there ;
 The clear light of Heaven streams out to the world ;
 And Angels of God are crowding the air ;
 And Heaven and earth, through the spotless Birth,
 Are at peace on this night so fair.

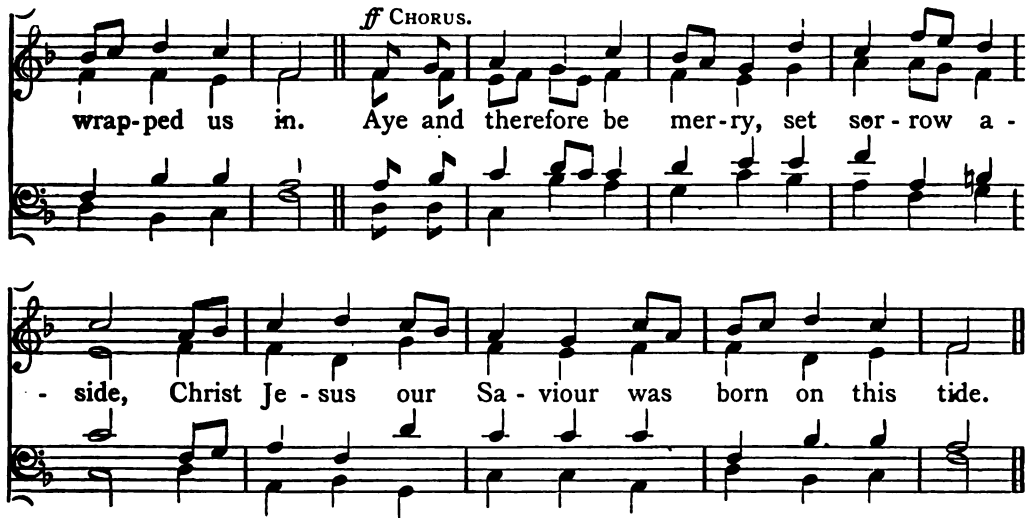


III.

A Virgin unspotted.

A Vir - gin un - spot - ted, the Pro - phet fore - told, Should
bring forth a Sa - viour, which now we be - hold, To be our Re -
- deem - er from death, Hell, and sin, Which A - dam's trans - gres - sion had

ff CHORUS.



wrap-ped us in. Aye and therefore be mer-ry, set sor-row a -
- side, Christ Je - sus our Sa - viour was born on this tide.

2. At Bethlehem city in Jewry it was
That Joseph and Mary together did pass,
All for to be taxed with many one moe,
Great Cesar commanded the same should be so.
Aye and therefore, &c.
3. But when they had entered the city so fair,
A number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could find in the inn there no lodging at all.
Aye and therefore, &c.
4. Then were they constrained in a stable to lie,
Where horses and asses they used for to tie:
Their lodging so simple they took it no scorn,
But against the next morning our Saviour was born.
Aye and therefore, &c.
5. The King of all kings to this world being brought,
Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was sought,
But when she had swaddled her young Son so sweet,
Within an ox manger she laid Him to sleep.
Aye and therefore, &c.
6. Then God sent an angel from Heaven so high,
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.
Aye and therefore, &c.
7. Then presently after the shepherds did spy
Vast numbers of Angels to stand in the sky;
They joyfully talkèd and sweetly did sing,
To God be all glory, our heavenly King.
Aye and therefore, &c.
8. To teach us humility all this was done,
And learn we from thence haughty pride for to shun:
A manger His cradle who came from above,
The great God of mercy, of peace, and of love.
Aye and therefore, &c.



IV.

Come ye lofty.

Cheerful.

Come ye lof - ty, come ye low - ly, Let your songs of glad-ness ring ;

In a sta - ble lies the Ho - ly, In a man - ger rests the King :

6.

See in Ma - ry's arms re - pos - ing Christ by high - est Heaven a - dored :

Come, your cir - cle round Him clos - ing, Pi - ous hearts that love the Lord.

2.

Come ye poor, no pomp of station
 Robes the Child your hearts adore :
 He, the Lord of all salvation,
 Shares your want, is weak and poor :
 Oxen, round about behold them ;
 Rafters naked, cold, and bare,
 See the Shepherds, God has told them
 That the Prince of Life lies there.

3.

Come ye children blithe and merry,
 This one Child your model make ;
 Christmas holly, leaf, and berry,
 All be prized for His dear sake :
 Come ye gentle hearts and tender,
 Come ye spirits keen and bold ;
 All in all your homage render,
 Weak and mighty, young and old.

4.

High above a star is shining,
 And the wise men haste from far :
 Come glad hearts, and spirits pining—
 For you all has risen the star.
 Let us bring our poor oblations,
 Thanks and love, and faith and praise ;
 Come ye people, come ye nations,
 All in all draw nigh to gaze.

5.

Hark the Heaven of heavens is ringing :
 Christ the Lord to man is born !
 Are not all our hearts too singing,
 Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn ?
 Still the Child, all power possessing,
 Smiles as through the ages past ;
 And the song of Christmas blessing
 Sweetly sinks to rest at last.



v.

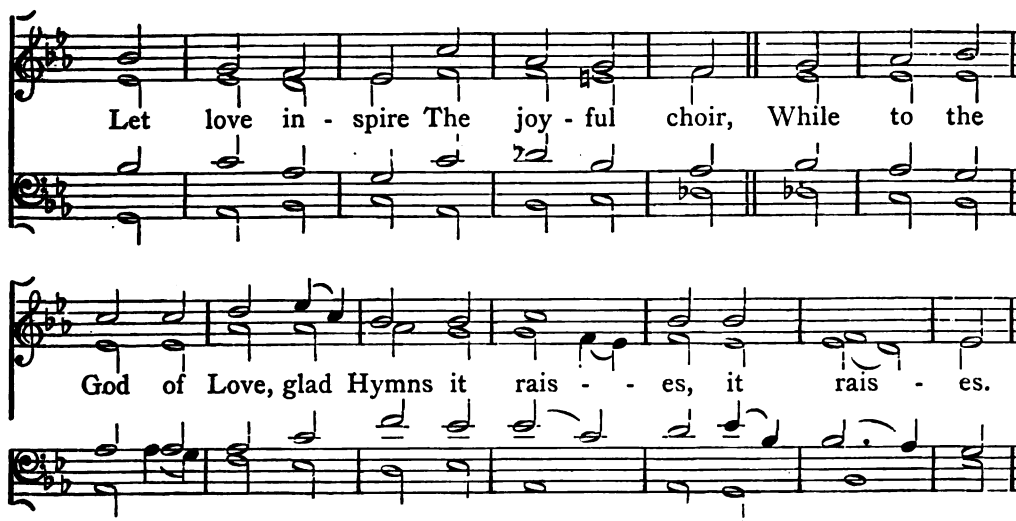
Come! tune your heart.

mf

Come! tune your heart, To bear its part, And ce - le -

ff

- brate Mes - si - ah's feast with prais - es, with prais - es;



Let love in - spire The joy - ful choir, While to the
God of Love, glad Hymns it rais - - es, it rais - es.

2.

Exalt His Name ;
With joy proclaim,
God loved the world, and through His Son forgave us ;
Oh ! what are we,
That, Lord, we see
Thy wondrous love, in Christ who died to save us !

3.

Your refuge place
In His free grace,
Trust in His Name, and day by day repent you ;
Ye mock God's word,
Who call Him Lord,
And follow not the pattern He hath lent you.

4.

O Christ, to prove
For Thee, my love,
In brethren Thee my hands shall clothe and cherish ;
To each sad heart
Sweet Hope impart,
When worn with care, with sorrow nigh to perish.

5.

Come ! praise the Lord ;
In Heaven are stored
Rich gifts for those who here His Name esteemed ;
Alleluia ;
Alleluia ;
Rejoice in Christ, and praise Him ye redeemed.



VI.

The First Nowell.

mf

The First Now - ell the An - gel did say, Was to
cer - tain poor shep - herds in fields as they lay; In fields .. where
they lay keep - ing their sheep, On a cold win - ter's night that

CHORUS. *ff*

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

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.
 Nowell, &c.

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.
 Nowell, &c.

4.

This Star drew nigh to the North-West,
 O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
 And there it did both stop and stay,
 Right over the place where Jesus lay.
 Nowell, &c.

5.

Then entered in those wise men three,
 Full reverently upon their knee,
 And offered there, in His Presence,
 Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
 Nowell, &c.

6.

Then let us all with one accord,
 Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
 That hath made Heaven and earth of naught,
 And with His Blood mankind hath bought.
 Nowell, &c.



VII.

Jesu hail! O God most holy.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Je - su hail! O God most ho - ly, Gen - tle Lamb, an

In - fant low - ly; Born, great God, a hu - man stran - ger, Laid with -

f CHORUS.

- in the nar - row man - ger: Might tran - scend - ing, Weak - ness blend - ing,

cres.

Great-ness bend-ing from the sky; Love un - end - ing, man be -

f *Last Verse.*

- friend - ing, God most High, God most High.
Finis.

2.

To enrich my desolation,
To redeem me from damnation,
Wrapt in swathing-bands Thou liest,
Thou in want and weakness sighest :
Might transcending, &c.

3.

Low abased, where brutes are sleeping,
God's beloved Son is weeping ;
Judge supreme, true Godhead sharing,
Sinner's likeness for us wearing!
Might transcending, &c.

4.

Jesu, Thine my heart is solely;
Draw it, take it to Thee wholly :
With Thy sacred Fire illumine me,
Let it inwardly consume me,
Might transcending, &c.

5.

Hence let idle fancies vanish,
Hence all evil passions banish ;
Make me like Thyself in meekness,
Bind to Thee my human weakness,
Might transcending, &c.

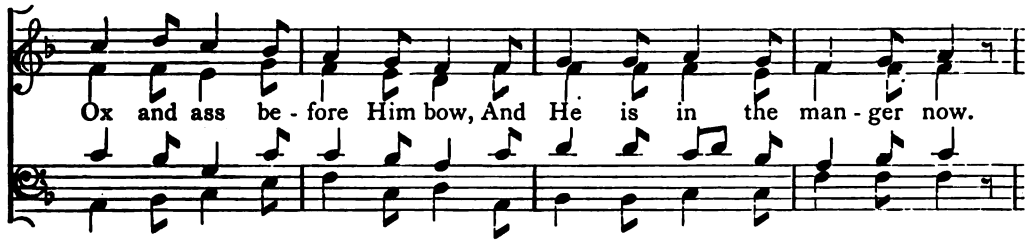


VIII.

Good Christian men, rejoice.

Good Chris-tian men, re - joi-ce . . . With heart and soul and voice, . . .

fz fz
Give ye heed to what we say : News ! news ! Je - sus Christ is born to-day !



Ox and ass be - fore Him bow, And He is in the man - ger now.



f
Christ is born to - day! . . . Christ is born to - day!

2.

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

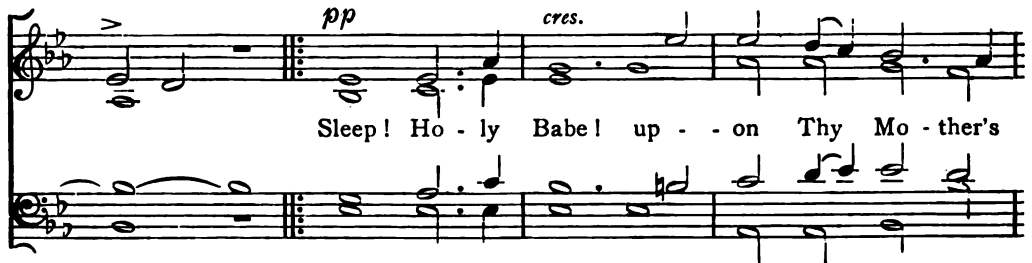
3.

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



IX.

Sleep! Holy Babe.



mf
breast; Great Lord of earth and sea and sky, How

dim.
sweet it is to see Thee lie In such a place of rest,

pp
In such a place of rest. . . Accom.

2.

Sleep! Holy Babe! thine Angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

3.

Sleep! Holy Babe! while I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there Divinely plays.

4.

Sleep! Holy Babe! ah! take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake
That Death alone shall close.



X.

Good King Wenceslas.

CHORUS.

Good King Wenceslas look'd out, On the Feast of Stephen,

When the snow lay round about, Deep, and crisp and even:

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

When a poor man came in sight, Ga-th'ring win - ter fu - - - el.

Tenor Solo. 2.

“Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?”

Treble Solo.

“Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain.”

Tenor Solo. 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.”

Chorus.

Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

Treble Solo. 4.

“Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer.”

Tenor Solo.

“Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.”

Chorus. 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.



XI. When I view the Mother holding.

mf - 46.

pp *sf* *sf*

mf

When I view the Mo-ther hold-ing In her arms the heav'n - - ly

p

Boy, . . . Thousand bliss-ful thoughts un-fold-ing, Melt my heart with

sweet - est joy, with sweet - est joy, . . .

With her Babe the hours be - gui-ling, Ma-ry's soul in transport lives :

God her Son up - on her smi-ling, Thousand, thousand kiss - es fond - ly

gives, fond - ly gives. . . As the sun his ra - diance fling - ing,

rit. *Tempo uno.*

rit. *sf* *Tempo uno.*

shines up - on the bright . . . ex - pane, . . . So the Child to

sf *sf*

Ma - ry cling - ing, Doth her gen - tle heart, her gen - tle heart.. en -

poco rit.

poco rit.

- trance.

A tempo.

pp *sf* *sf*

See the Vir - gin Mo - ther beaming! Je - sus by her arms . . em -

- braced, Dew on soft - est ro - ses gleam - ing, Vi - o - let with

poco rit.
li - ly chaste, with li - - - ly chaste!

Tempo mo. *cres.*
Each round o - ther fond - ly twin - ing, Pours the shafts of mu - tual love,
Tempo mo. *f*

Thick as flow'rs in meadows shin - ing, Count-less as the stars a - bove,

as the stars a - bove, Oh, may one such ar - row glowing,

Sweetest Child, which Thou . dost dart, . . . Through Thy Mother's

bo - som go - ing, Bless-ed Je - su, pierce my heart, pierce my

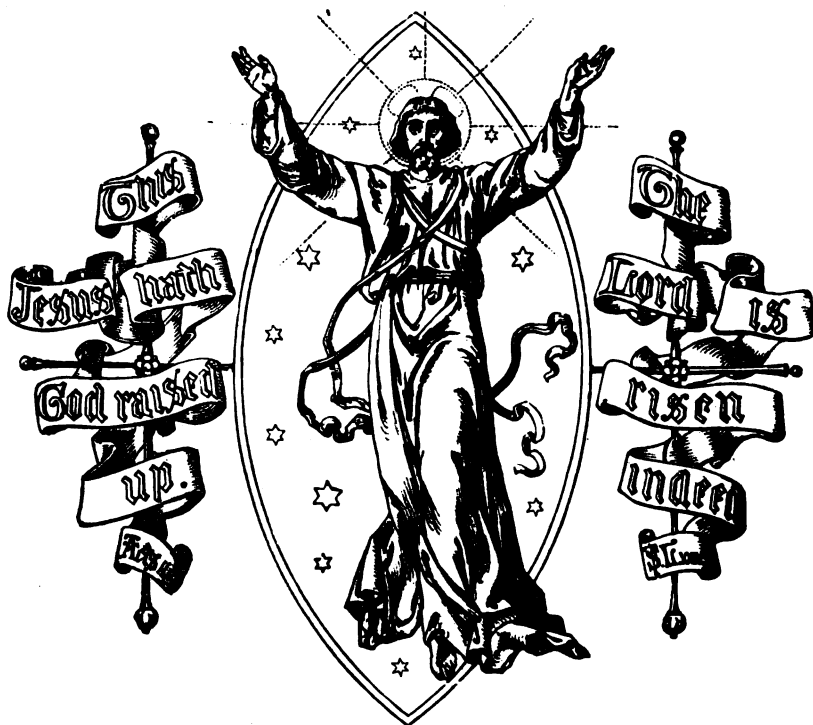
heart, Bless - ed Je - - - su.

pp

pp

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) with lyrics: "heart, Bless - ed Je - - - su.". The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. Both piano parts are marked *pp* (pianissimo). The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests in the vocal line.





XII.

The seven joys of Mary.

The first good joy that Ma - ry had, It was the joy of

one; To see the bless - ed Je - sus Christ When He was first her

ff CHORUS.

Son. When He was first her Son, Good Lord; And hap - py may we

be, . . Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost To all e - ter - ni - ty.

2.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of two ;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ
Making the lame to go.
Making the lame to go, Good Lord ;
And happy, &c.

3.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of three ;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ
Making the blind to see.
Making the blind to see, Good Lord ;
And happy, &c.

4.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of four :
To see her own Son Jesus Christ
Reading the Bible o'er.
Reading the Bible o'er, Good Lord ;
And happy, &c.

5.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of five ;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ
Raising the dead to life.
Raising the dead to life, Good Lord ;
And happy, &c.

6.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of six ;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ
Upon the Crucifix.
Upon the Crucifix, Good Lord ;
And happy, &c.

7.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of seven ;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ
Ascending into Heaven.
Ascending into Heaven, Good Lord ;
And happy, &c.



XIII.

On the Birthday of the Lord.

f Allegretto. *p*

On the Birth-day of the Lord An-gels joy in

glad ac-cord, And they sing in sweet-est tone

ff
Glo - ry be to God a - lone, Glo - ry be to

dim. fair,
God a - lone. God is born of mai - den fair, Ma -

Ma - ry *cres.* *dim.*
- - - ry doth the Sa - viour bear; Ma - ry

pp
e - ver pure, . . . Ma - ry e - ver pure.

2.

These good news an Angel told
To the shepherds by their fold,
Told them of the Saviour's Birth,
Told them of the joy for earth.
God is born, &c.

3.

Born is now Emmanuei,
He, announced by Gabriel,
He, Whom Prophets old attest,
Cometh from His Father's Breast.
God is born, &c.

4.

Born to-day is Christ the Child,
Born of Mary undefiled,
Born the King and Lord we own;
Glory be to God alone.
God is born, &c.



XIV.

What Child is this?

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

sleeping? Whom An-gels greet with anthems sweet, While shepherds watch are

CHORUS.
ff
 keep - ing? This, this is Christ the King; Whom shepherds guard and

An-gels sing: Haste, haste to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry.

2.

Why lies He in such mean estate,
 Where ox and ass are feeding?
 Good Christian, 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 the song on high,
 The Virgin sings her lullaby:
 Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
 The Babe, the Son of Mary!

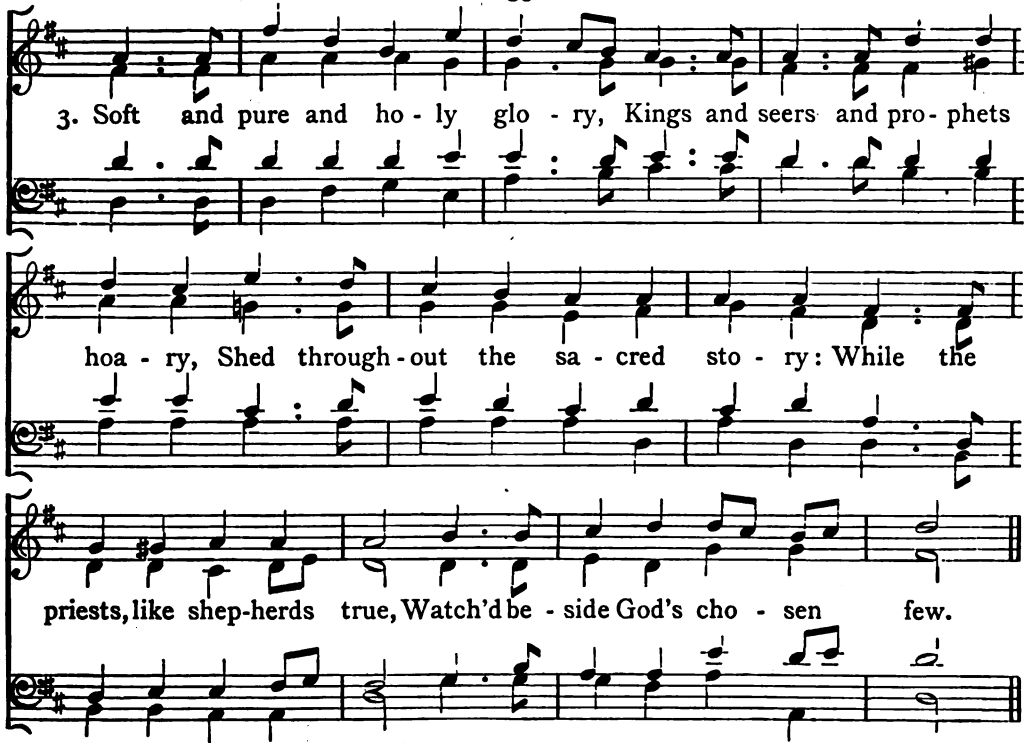


XV. **Glorious, beauteous, golden-bright.**

Glo - rious, beau - teous, gol - den - bright, Shed - ding
 soft - est pu - rest light, Shone the stars that Christ - mas night, When the
 Jew - ish shep - herds kept Watch be - side their flocks that slept.

2.

But the stars' sweet golden gleam
 Faded quickly as a dream
 'Mid the wondrous glory-stream,
 That illumined all the earth,
 When Christ's Angels sang His birth.



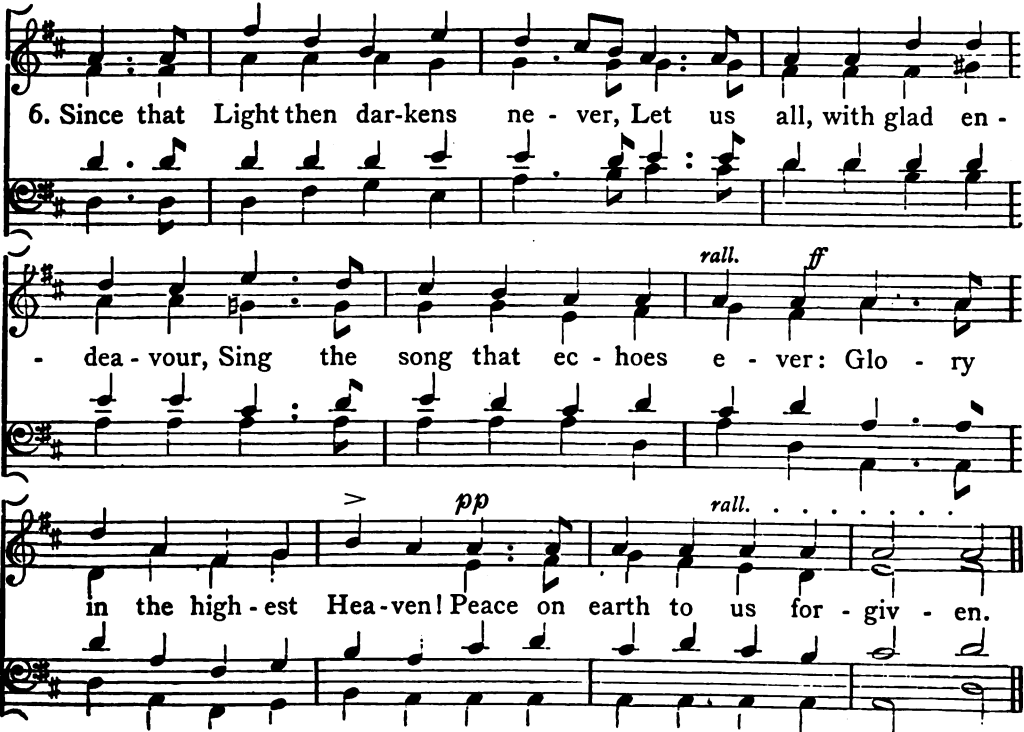
3. Soft and pure and ho - ly glo - ry, Kings and seers and pro - phets
 ho - ry, Shed through - out the sa - cred sto - ry: While the
 priests, like shep - herds true, Watch'd be - side God's cho - sen few.

4.

But that light no more availed,
 All its splendour straightway paled
 In His light whom Angels hailed;
 Even as the stars of old,
 'Mid the brightness lost their gold.

5.

Now no more on Christmas night,
 Is the sky with Angels bright,
 But for ever shines the Light;
 Even He whose birth they told
 To the shepherds by the fold.



6. Since that Light then dar - kens ne - ver, Let us all, with glad en -
 - dea - vour, Sing the song that ec - hoes e - ver: Glo - ry
 in the high - est Hea - ven! Peace on earth to us for - giv - en.



XVI.

Waken! Christian Children.

Wa - ken! Chris - tian chil - dren, Up and let us sing,
With glad voice the prai - ses Of our new - born King.

2.

Up! 'tis meet to welcome
 With a joyous lay
 Christ, the King of Glory,
 Born for us to-day.

3.

Come, nor fear to seek Him,
 Children though we be;
 Once He said of children
 "Let them come to Me."

4.

In a manger lowly
 Sleeps the Heavenly Child;
 O'er him fondly bendeth
 Mary, Mother mild.

5.

Far above that stable,
 Up in heaven so high,
 One bright star out-shineth,
 Watching silently.

6.

Fear not then to enter,
 Though we cannot bring
 Gold, or myrrh, or incense
 Fitting for a King.

7.

Gifts he asketh richer,
 Offerings costlier still,
 Yet may Christian children
 Bring them if they will.

8.

Brighter than all jewels
 Shines the modest eye;
 Best of gifts He loveth
 Infant purity.

9.

Haste we then to welcome
 With a joyous lay
 Christ, the King of Glory,
 Born for us to-day.



XVII.

A Child this day is born.

A Child this day is born, A Child of high re -

- nown; Most wor-thy of a scep - tre, A scep-tre and a crown.

Chorus.

Glad tidings to all men,
 Glad tidings sing we may,
 Because the King of kings
 Was born on Christmas-Day.

2.

These tidings shepherds heard
 Whilst watching o'er their fold,
 'Twas by an Angel unto them
 That night revealed and told.
 Glad tidings, &c.

3.

Then was there with the Angel
 An host incontinent*
 Of heavenly bright soldiers,
 All from the highest sent.
 Glad tidings, &c.

4.

They praised the Lord our God
 And our celestial King :
 All glory be in Paradise,
 This heavenly host do sing.
 Glad tidings, &c.

5.

All glory be to God,
 That sitteth still on high,
 With praises and with triumph great,
 And joyful melody.
 Glad tidings, &c.

* Immediately.



XVIII. Carol for Christmas-Eve.

Lis-ten, Lordings, un - to me, a tale I will you tell; Which, as on this

night of glee, in Da-vid's town be - fel. Jo-seph came from Na - za-reth, with

Ma - ry that sweet maid : Wea - ry were they, nigh to death; and for a lodging

ff CHORUS.

pray'd. Sing high, sing high, sing low, sing low, sing high, sing low, sing to and fro,

Gotell it out with speed, Cry out and shout all round about, That Christ is born indeed.

2.

In the Inn they found no room; a scanty bed they made :
 Soon a Babe from Mary's womb was in the manger laid.
 Forth he came as light through glass: He came to save us all.
 In the stable ox and ass before their Maker fall.
 Sing high, sing low, &c.

3.

Shepherds lay afield that night, to keep the silly sheep,
 Hosts of Angels in their sight came down from heaven's high steep.
 Tidings! Tidings! unto you: to you a Child is born,
 Purer than the drops of dew, and brighter than the morn.
 Sing high, sing low, &c.

4.

Onward then the Angels sped, the shepherds onward went,
 God was in His manger bed, in worship low they bent.
 In the morning see ye mind, my masters one and all,
 At the Altar Him to find, who lay within the stall.
 Sing high, sing low, &c.



XIX. When Christ was born of Mary free.

ACCOMP.

fair ci - tie, An-gels sang there with mirth and glee, In ex - cel - sis

ff CHORUS.
Glo - ri - a. In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a, In ex - cel - sis

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

Verse 2. *Verse 4.*
Glo - ri - a. Herds-men be - held, &c. Then, dear Lord, &c.

2.

Herds-men beheld these Angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said God's Son is born to-night,
"In excelsis Gloria."

3.

The King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song we have in mind,
"In excelsis Gloria."

4.

Then, dear Lord, for Thy great grace,
Grant us in bliss to see Thy face,
That we may sing to Thy solace,
"In excelsis Gloria."



XX.

'Twas in the winter cold.

A CHRISTMAS MORNING HYMN.

mf

'Twas in the win-ter cold, when earth Was de-so-late and wild, That

mf *f*

dim. *p*

An - gels welcomed at His Birth The ev - er - last - ing Child. From

The musical score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The first system contains the first line of the hymn, and the second system contains the second line. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte), *f* (forte), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *p* (piano).

cres - cen - - - - - *do.* *poco* -

realms of ev - er bright' - ning day, And from His throne a - bove He

poco. *f* *p* *rit.*

came, with hu - man kind to stay, All low - li - ness and love.

2.

Then in the manger the poor beast
 Was present with his Lord ;
 Then swains and pilgrims from the East
 Saw, wondered, and adored.
 And I this morn would come with them
 This blessed sight to see,
 And to the Babe of Bethlehem
 Bend low the reverent knee.

3.

But I have not, it makes me sigh,
 One offering in my power ;
 'Tis winter all with me, and I
 Have neither fruit nor flower.
 O God, O Brother let me give,
 My worthless self to Thee ;
 And that the years which I may live
 May pure and spotless be :

4.

Grant me Thyself, O Saviour kind,
 Thy Spirit undefiled,
 That I may be in heart and mind
 As gentle as a child ;
 That I may tread life's arduous ways
 As Thou Thyself hast trod,
 And in the might of prayer and praise
 Keep ever close to God.

5.

Light of the everlasting morn,
 Deep through my spirit shine ;
 There let Thy presence newly born
 Make all my being Thine :
 There try me as the silver, try,
 And cleanse my soul with care,
 Till Thou art able to descry
 Thy faultless image there.



XXI.

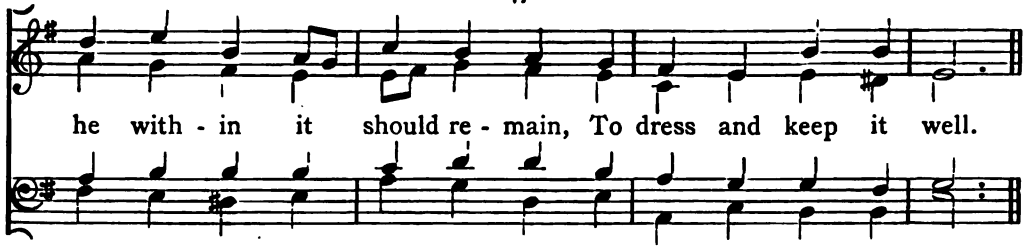
A Carol for Christmas Eve.

SEMI-CHORUS.

mf The Lord at first had. A - dam made Out of the dust and

clay, And in his nos - trils breathed life, E'en as the Scriptures say.

p And then in E - den's Pa - ra - dise He pla - ced him to dwell, That



he with - in it should re - main, To dress and keep it well.

CHORUS.



ff Now let good Christians all be - gin A ho - lier life to live, And



to re - joice and mer - ry be, For this is Christ - mas Eve.

2.

And thus within the garden he
Was set, therein to stay ;
And in commandment unto him
These words the Lord did say :
"The fruit which in the garden grows
To thee shall be for meat,
Except the tree in midst thereof,
Of which thou shalt not eat."
Now let good Christians, &c.

3.

"For in the day thou shalt it touch
Or dost to it come nigh,
If so thou do but eat thereof,
Then thou shalt surely die."
But Adam he did take no heed
Unto that only thing,
But did transgress God's holy Law,
And so was wrapt in sin.
Now let good Christians, &c.

4.

Now mark the goodness of the Lord,
Which He to mankind bore ;
His mercy soon He did extend,
Lost man for to restore :
And therefore to redeem our souls
From death and hell and thrall,
He said his own dear Son should be
The Saviour of us all.
Now let good Christians, &c.

5.

Which promise now is brought to pass :
Christians, believe it well :
And by the death of God's dear Son,
We are redeemed from Hell.
So if we truly do believe,
And do the thing that's right,
Then by His merits we at last
Shall live in heaven bright.
Then let good Christians, &c.

6.

And now the tide is nigh at hand,
In which our Saviour came ;
Let us rejoice and merry be
In keeping of the same ;
Let's feed the poor and hungry souls,
And such as do it crave ;
And when we die, in heaven we
Our sure reward shall have.
Then let good Christians, &c.



XXII.

Jesus in the Manger.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Con spirito.

Why, Most High-est, art Thou ly-ing, In a man-ger poor and
 low? Thou, the fires of heav'n sup-ply-ing, Come a stable's cold to know?

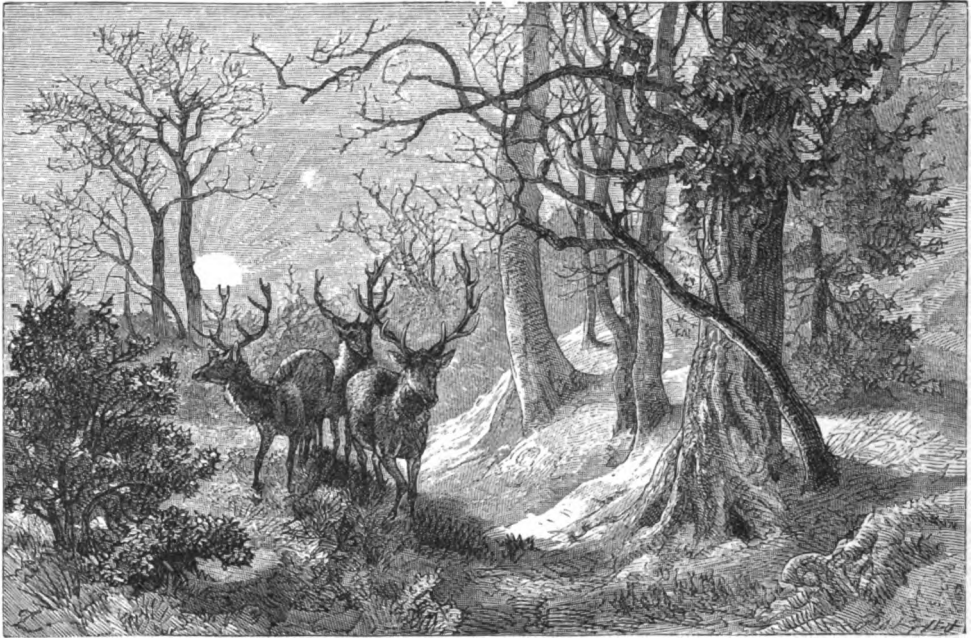
TREBLE. CHORUS.
 ALTO.
 TENOR.
 1st BASS.
 2nd BASS.
 ACCOMPT.

O what works of love stu - pen-dous Were sal - va - tion's
 O what works of love stu - pen-dous Were sal - va - tion's
 O what works of love stu - pen-dous, Je - su, Were sal - va - tion's
 O what works of love stu - pen-dous Were sal - va - tion's

price! Burning wert Thou to be - friend us, Exiles far from Pa - ra - dise.
 price! Burning wert Thou to be - friend us, Exiles far from Pa - ra - dise.
 price! Burning wert Thou to be - friend us, Exiles far from Pa - ra - dise.
 price! Burning wert Thou to be - friend us, Exiles far from Pa - ra - dise.

2.
 On a Mother's breast thou sleepest,
 Mother, yet a Virgin still;
 Sad, with eyes bedimmed Thou weapest,
 Eyes, which Heaven with gladness fill.
 O what works, &c.

3.
 Weak the Strong, of strength the Giver:
 Small, Whose arms creation span;
 Bound, Who only can deliver;
 Born is He Who ne'er began.
 O what works, &c.



XXIII. The Holly and the Ivy.

SEMI-CHORUS.

mf 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

CHORUS. *p*

crown. O the ri - sing of the sun, The run - ning of the

deer, The play - ing of the mer - ry or - gan, Sweet

sing - ing in the quire, Sweet sing - ing in the quire.

2.

The Holly bears a blossom,
As white as lily-flower;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

3.

The Holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

4.

The Holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Christmas Day in the morn.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

5.

The Holly bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

6.

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.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

The Waits' Song.

Moderato.

mf The moon shines bright and the stars give a light A
 little be - fore the day: Our might - ty Lord He
 looked on us, And bade us a - wake and pray.

2.
 Awake, awake, good people all,
 Awake, and you shall hear,
 The Lord our God died on the Cross
 For us He loved so dear.

3.
 O fair, O fair Jerusalem,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end,
 Thy joy that I may see?

4.
 The fields were green as green could be,
 When from His glorious seat,
 Our blessed Father watered us,
 With His heavenly dew so sweet.

5.
 And for the saving of our souls
 Christ died upon the Cross,
 We ne'er shall do for Jesus Christ
 As He hath done for us.

6.
 The life of man is but a span,
 And cut down in its flower,
 We're here to-day, to-morrow gone,
 The creatures of an hour.

7.
 Instruct and teach your children well,
 The while that you are here;
 It will be better for your soul,
 When your corpse lies on the bier.

8.
 To-day you may be alive and well,
 Worth many a thousand pound.
 To-morrow dead and cold as clay,
 Your corpse laid underground.

9.
 With one turf at thine head, O man,
 And another at thy feet;
 Thy good deeds and thy bad, O man,
 Will altogether meet.

10.
 My song is done, I must be gone,
 I can stay no longer here;
 God bless you all, both great and small,
 And send you a joyful new year!



XXV.

The Virgin and Child.*

$\text{♩} = 112.$

mf

On yes-ter night I saw a sight, A star as bright as day; And all along, I

lul - lay, lul - lay, lul - lay, lul - lay.

dim. p

heard a song, lul-lay, by by, lul - lay, lul-lay, lul - lay.
 lul - lay, lul - lay

lul - lay . . .

* Note.—The words of the Alto part are those immediately below it. The words of the Tenor are those immediately above it. Words occasionally written above the Treble staff are to be sung by the Trebles. Words occasionally written below the Bass staff are to be sung by the Basses.

VERSE 2, &c., TO THE END.

A love - ly la - dy sat and sang, And to her Child she spake: My

It makes my heart to ache,
Son, my Bro-ther, Fa-ther dear, It makes my heart to ache, To

it makes my heart to ache,
A King up - on this hay;
see Thee there, so cold and bare, A King up - on this hay; But

A King up - on this hay;
hush Thy wail, I will not fail To sing by by, lul - lay, lul-lay, to
To sing by by, lul - lay, lul-lay, to
To sing by by, lul - lay, lul-lay, to

lay, lul - lay, To sing by by, lul - lay, lul -
sing by by, lul - lay, lul-lay; To sing by by lul - lay, lul - lay, lul -
- lay, by by,
- lay, lul - lay, To sing by by, lul - lay, lul -

- lay lul - lay, lul - lay, by by, *rall. e dim.*

- lay, by by lul - lay, by by lul - lay, lul - lay, lul - lay.

- lay, lul - lay,

3.

The Child then spake whilst she did sing,
 And to the maiden said :
 " Right sure I am a mighty King,
 Though in a crib My bed :
 For angels bright,
 Down to Me light ;
 Thou canst not say Me nay :
 Then why so sad ?
 Thou mayest be glad
 To sing by by, lullay."

4.

" Now, sweetest Lord, since Thou art King,
 Why liest Thou in a stall ?
 Why didst Thou not Thy cradle bring
 To some great royal hall ?
 Methinks 'tis right,
 That king or knight
 Should lie in good array ;
 And them among,
 It were no wrong
 To sing by by, lullay."

5.

" My Mother Mary, thine I be,
 Though I be laid in stall,
 Both lords and dukes shall worship Me,
 And so shall monarchs all :
 Ye shall well see
 That princes three,
 Shall come on the twelfth day :
 Then let Me rest
 Upon thy breast,
 And sing by by, lullay."

6.

" Now tell me, sweetest Lord, I pray,
 Thou art my love and dear,
 How shall I nurse Thee to Thy mind,
 And make Thee glad of cheer ?
 For all Thy will
 I would fulfil,
 I need no more to say ;
 And for all this
 I will Thee kiss,
 And sing by by, lullay."

7.

" My Mother dear, when time it be,
 Then take Me up aloft,
 And set Me up upon thy knee,
 And handle Me full soft ;
 And in thy arm,
 Thou wilt Me warm,
 And keep Me night and day :
 And if I weep,
 And may not sleep,
 Thou sing by by, lullay."

8.

" Now, sweetest Lord, since it is so,
 That Thou art most of might,
 I pray Thee grant a boon to me,
 If it be meet and right ;
 That child or man
 That will or can,
 Be merry on this day ;
 To bliss them bring,
 And I shall sing,
 Lullay, by by, lullay."



XXVI.

The Incarnation.

Vivace.

mf The great God of Hea-ven is come down to earth, His
 Mo-ther a Vir-gin, and sin-less His Birth; The Fa-ther e-
 -ter-nal His Fa-ther a-lone: He sleeps in the man-ger; He

ff CHORUS.

reigns on the Throne. Then let us a - dore Him, and praise His great

love, To save us poor sin - ners He came from a - bove.

2.

A Babe on the breast of a maiden he lies,
 Yet sits with the Father on high in the skies;
 Before Him their faces the Seraphim hide,
 While Joseph stands waiting, unscared, by His side.
 Then let us adore Him, &c.

3.

Lo! here is Immanuel, here is the Child,
 The Son that was promised to Mary so mild;
 Whose power and dominion shall ever increase,
 The Prince that shall rule o'er a kingdom of peace.
 Then let us adore Him, &c.

4.

The wonderful Counsellor, boundless in might,
 The Father's own Image, the Beam of His Light;
 Behold Him now wearing the likeness of man,
 Weak, helpless, and speechless, in measure a span.
 Then let us adore Him, &c.

5.

Oh! wonder of wonders, which none can unfold;
 The Ancient of days is an hour or two old;
 The Maker of all things is made of the earth,
 Man is worshipped by angels, and God comes to birth.
 Then let us adore Him, &c.

6.

The Word in the bliss of the Godhead remains,
 Yet in flesh comes to suffer the keenest of pains;
 He is that He was, and for ever shall be,
 But becomes that He was not, for you and for me.
 Then let us adore Him, &c.



XXVII.

Christmas Day.

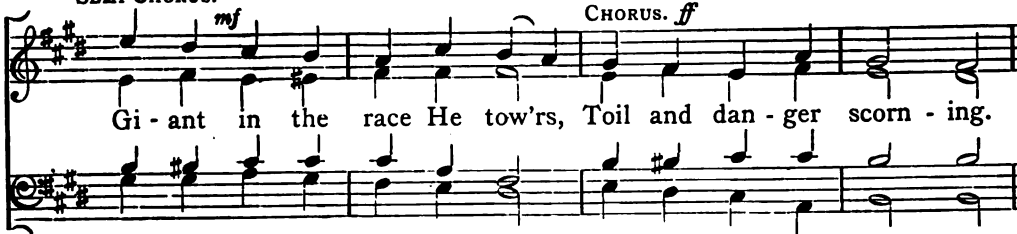
SEMI-CHORUS. *Allegro vivace. mf* *ff* CHORUS.

Wake all mu-sic's ma-gic pow'rs, On this bliss-ful morn-ing,

SEMI-CHORUS. *mf* *ff* CHORUS.

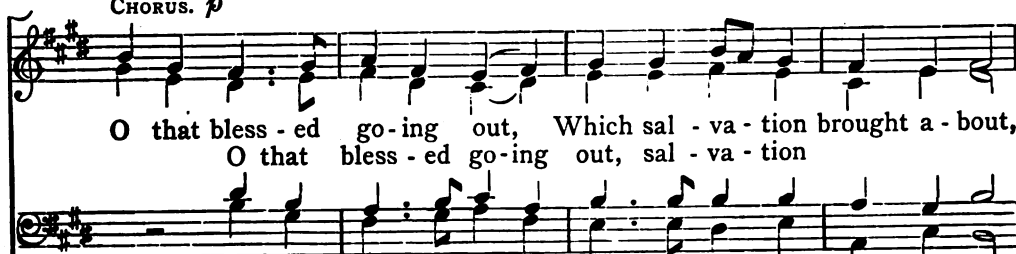
Born to-day, the Child is ours, Theme of Pro-phet's warn-ing;

SEMI-CHORUS. *mf* CHORUS. *ff*



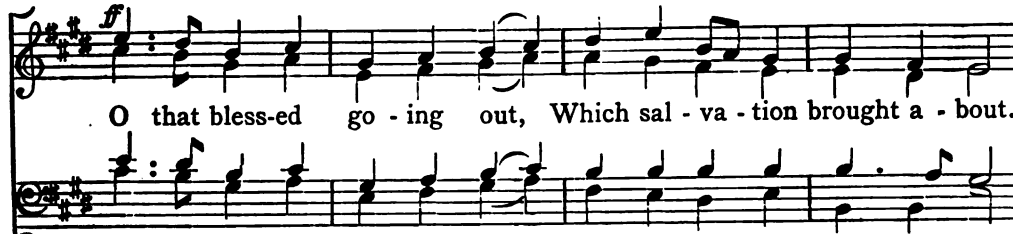
Gi - ant in the race He tow'rs, Toil and dan - ger scorn - ing.

CHORUS. *p*



O that bless - ed go - ing out, Which sal - va - tion brought a - bout,
O that bless - ed go - ing out, sal - va - tion

f



O that bless - ed go - ing out, Which sal - va - tion brought a - bout.

2.

Let this glorious holiday
Find such holy spending,
That the simple-hearted may
Joy without offending,
And sweet charity may stay,
With our concourse blending.
O that blessed going out,
Which salvation brought about.

3.

Give we glory to this Feast,
For man's restoration:
Now the guilty is released,
Freed from condemnation:
By the widow's son deceased,
See Elisha's station!
O that blessed, &c.

4.

O how bright is this day made,
Day with radiance glowing,
Which the Light of Light displayed,
Light in darkness shewing;
Chasing thus death's gloomy shade,
Brightness o'er us throwing!
O that blessed, &c.

5.

Risen to-day in splendour bright,
Shining to all ages,
Beams the Sun, whose distant light
Touch'd the Prophet's pages;
Now, to end the reign of night,
Christ His power engages.
O that blessed, &c.



XXVIII.

The Cherry Tree Carol.

Jo - seph was an old man, An old man was

he; He mar - ried sweet Ma - ry, The Queen of Ga - li - lee.

* This chord will be required for verses 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 12.

2.

As they went a walking
In the garden so gay,
Maid Mary spied cherries
Hanging over yon tree.

3.

Mary said to Joseph,
With her sweet lips so mild,
"Pluck those cherries, Joseph,
For to give to my Child."

4.

"O then," replied Joseph,
With words so unkind,
"I will pluck no cherries,
For to give to thy Child."

5.

Mary said to cherry tree,
"Bow down to my knee,
That I may pluck cherries,
By one two and three."

6.

The uppermost sprig then
Bowed down to her knee:
"Thus you may see, Joseph,
These cherries are for me."

7.

"O eat your cherries, Mary,
O eat your cherries now,
O eat your cherries, Mary,
That grow upon the bough."

8.

✓ As Joseph was a walking
He heard Angels sing,
"This night there shall be born
Our heavenly King."

9.

✓ "He neither shall be born
In house nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox-stall."

10.

"He shall not be clothèd
In purple nor pall;
But all in fair linen,
As wear babies all."

11.

✓ "He shall not be rockèd
In silver nor gold,
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks on the mould."

12.

"He neither shall be christened
In milk nor in wine,
But in pure spring-well water,
Fresh sprung from Bethine."

13.

✓ Mary took her baby,
She dressed Him so sweet,
She laid Him in a manger
All there for to sleep."

14.

✓ As she stood over Him
She heard Angels sing,
"Oh! bless our dear Saviour,
Our heavenly King."



XXIX.

God's dear Son.

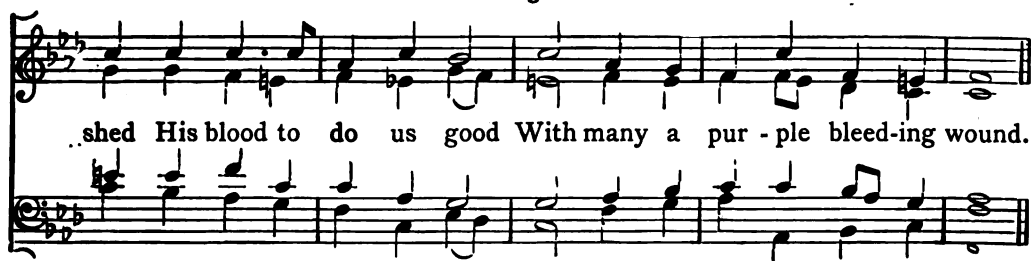
mf God's dear Son, without be-gin-ning, Whom the wick-ed Jews did scorn; The

on - ly wise, with-out all sinning, On this blessed day was born; To

save us all from sin and thrall, When we in Satan's chains were bound; And

mf

* This chord will be required for verses 3 and 4.
 † This chord must be omitted in verses 2, 3, 5 and 6.



2.

Bethlehem, King David's city,
 Birth-place of that Babe we find,
 God and Man endued with pity,
 And the Saviour of mankind:
 Yet Jewry land, with cruel hand,
 Both first and last His power denied;
 When He was born they did Him scorn,
 And shewed Him malice when He died.

3.

No princely palace for our Saviour
 In Judea could be found,
 But sweet Mary's meek behaviour
 Patiently upon the ground
 Her Babe did place, in vile disgrace,
 Where oxen in their stalls did feed;
 No midwife mild had this sweet Child,
 Nor woman's help at mother's need.

4.

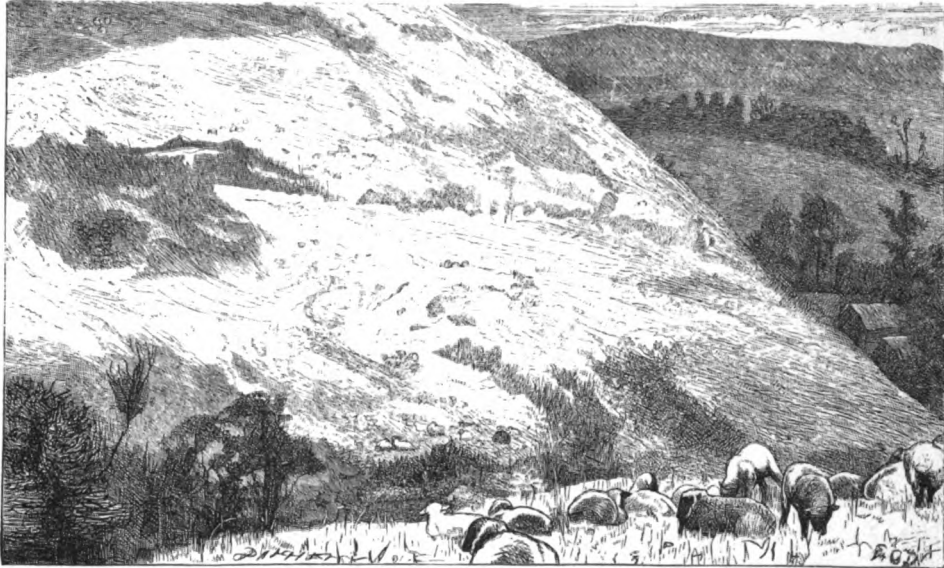
No kingly robes nor golden treasure
 Decked the birth-day of God's Son;
 No pompous train at all took pleasure
 To the King of kings to run;
 No mantle brave could Jesus have
 Upon His cradle cold to lie;
 No music's charms in nurse's arms
 To sing that Babe a lullaby.

5.

Yet, as Mary sat in solace
 By our Saviour's cradle side,
 Hosts of Angels from God's Palace,
 Singing sweet through Heaven so wide:
 Yea, Heaven and earth, at Jesu's Birth,
 With sweet melodious tunes abound;
 And every thing to Jewry's King,
 Through all the world gives cheerful sound.

6.

Now to Him that hath redeemed us
 By His death on holy Rood,
 And as sinners so esteemed us,
 As to buy us with His Blood,
 Yield lasting fame, that still the Name
 Of Jesus may be honoured here;
 And let us say that Christmas Day
 Is still the best day in the year.



xxx.

Hymn for Christmas Day.

SOLO. *

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

Moderato.

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

p

* Treble or Tenor, or alternately.

CHORUS. *ff*

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.

2.

Lo, within a manger lies
 He who built the starry skies;
 He, who throned in height sublime,
 Sits amid the Cherubim!
 Hail! Thou ever-blessed, &c.

3.

Say, ye holy Shepherds, say,
 What your joyful news to-day;
 Wherefore have ye left your sheep
 On the lonely mountain steep?
 Hail! Thou ever-blessed, &c.

4.

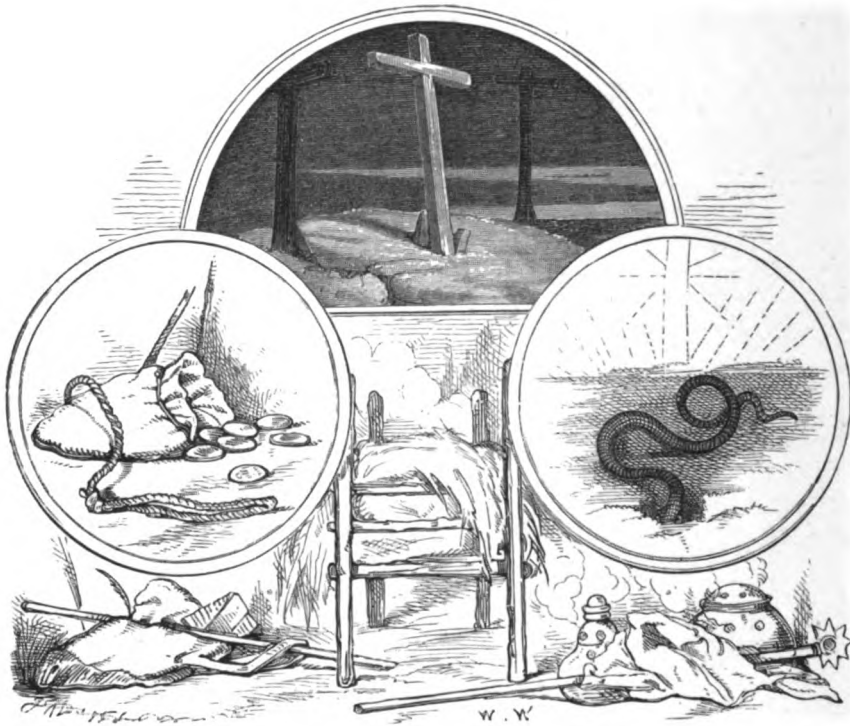
"As we watched at dead of night,
 Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
 Angels singing peace on earth,
 Told us of the Saviour's Birth."
 Hail! Thou ever blessed, &c.

5.

Sacred Infant, all Divine,
 What a tender love was Thine;
 Thus to come from highest bliss
 Down to such a world as this!
 Hail! Thou ever-blessed, &c.

6.

Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
 By Thy Face so meek and mild,
 Teach us to resemble Thee,
 In Thy sweet humility!
 Hail! Thou ever-blessed, &c.



XXXI. The Babe of Bethlehem.

SEMI-CHORUS.

The Babe in Bethlem's man-ger laid, In hum-ble form so low; By
wond'ring An-gels is sur-vey'd, Thro' all His scenes of woe.

CHORUS. *f*

Now - ell, Now-ell, . . . Now sing a Saviour's Birth; All hail, all
 Birth; All
 hail His com - ing down to earth, Who rais - es us to Heav'n!

2.

A Saviour! sinners all around
 Sing, shout the wondrous word;
 Let every bosom hail the sound,
 A Saviour! Christ the Lord.
 Nowell, Nowell, &c.

3.

For not to sit on David's throne
 With worldly pomp and joy,
 He came for sinners to atone,
 And Satan to destroy.
 Nowell, Nowell, &c.

4.

To preach the Word of Life Divine,
 And feed with living Bread,
 To heal the sick with hand benign,
 And raise to life the dead.
 Nowell, Nowell, &c.

5.

He preached, He suffered, bled and died,
 Uplift 'twixt earth and skies;
 In sinners' stead was crucified,
 For sin a sacrifice.
 Nowell, Nowell, &c.

6.

Well may we sing a Saviour's Birth,
 Who need the Grace so given,
 And hail His coming down to earth,
 Who raises us to Heaven.
 Nowell, Nowell, &c.



XXXII. In Bethlehem, that noble place.

SEMI-CHORUS.

mf In Beth - le - hem, that no - ble place, As by the

cres. Prop - het said it was, Of the Vir - gin Ma - ry, filled with

The image shows a musical score for a semi-chorus. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and contains the lyrics 'In Beth - le - hem, that no - ble place, As by the'. The second system begins with a crescendo (*cres.*) dynamic and contains the lyrics 'Prop - het said it was, Of the Vir - gin Ma - ry, filled with'. The piano accompaniment consists of simple chords and rhythmic patterns.

Grace, Sal - va - tor mun - di na - tus est. Be we

mer - ry in this Feast, In quo Sal - va - tor na - tus est.

2.

On Christmas night an Angel told
 The shepherds watching by their fold,
 In Bethlehem, full nigh the wold,
 " *Salvator mundi natus est.*"
 Be we merry, &c.

3.

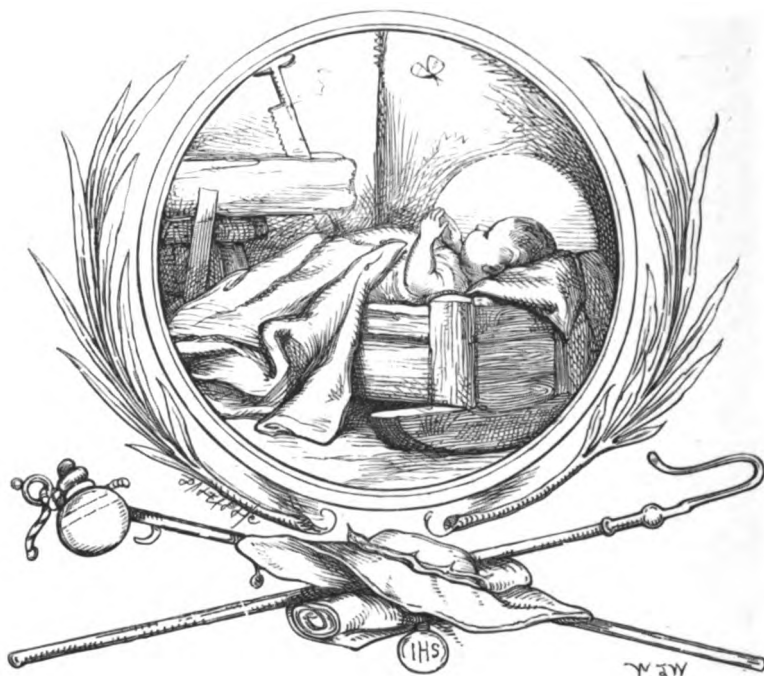
The shepherds were encompassed right,
 About them shone a glorious light,
 "Dread ye naught," said the Angel bright,
 " *Salvator mundi natus est.*"
 Be we merry, &c.

4.

"No cause have ye to be afraid,
 For why? this day is Jesus laid
 On Mary's lap, that gentle maid:
Salvator mundi natus est."
 Be we merry, &c.

5.

"And thus in faith find Him ye shall
 Laid poorly in an ox's stall."
 The shepherds then lauded God all,
Quia Salvator natus est.
 Be we merry, &c.



A Cradle-Song of the Blessed Virgin.

XXXIII.

Allegretto non troppo.

The Vir - gin stills the cry - ing Of Je - sus, sleep - less

ly - ing; And sing - ing for His plea - sure, Thus

piu lento.

calls up - on her Treas - - - - ure, . . . "My

Dar - ling, do not weep, My Je - su, sleep!"

2.

O Lamb, my love inviting,
 O Star, my soul delighting,
 O Flower of mine own bearing,
 O Jewel past comparing!
 My Darling, &c.

3.

My Child, of Might indwelling,
 My Sweet, all sweets excelling,
 Of bliss the Fountain flowing,
 The Dayspring ever glowing,
 My Darling, &c.

4.

My Joy, my Exultation,
 My spirit's Consolation;
 My Son, my Spouse, my Brother,
 O listen to Thy Mother!
 My Darling, &c.

5.

Say, would'st Thou heavenly sweetness,
 Or love of answering meetness?
 Or is fit music wanting?
 Ho! Angels, raise your chanting!
 My Darling, &c.



XXXIV.

Christmas Song.

mf $\text{♩} = 144$. *Smoothly.*

Once a-gain O bless-ed time, thank-ful hearts em - brace thee :

If we lost thy fes-tal chime, What could e'er re - place . . . thee? What could

e'er . . . re - place thee? Change will dark-en ma - ny a day,

pp *cres.*

Many a bond dis - se - - ver; Many a joy shall pass a-way,

f

But the "Great Joy" ne - ver! But the "Great Joy" ne - - - -

dim.

- ver, . . . But the "Great Joy" ne - - - - - ver!

2.
Once again the Holy Night
Breathes its blessing tender;
Once again the Manger Light
Sheds its gentle splendour;
O could tongues by Angels taught
Speak our exultation
In the Virgin's Child that brought
All mankind Salvation?

3.
Welcome Thou to soul's athirst,
Fount of endless pleasure;
Gates of Hell may do their worst,
While we clasp our Treasure:
Welcome, though an age like this
Puts Thy Name on trial,
And the Truth that makes our bliss
Pleads against denial!

6.
Thou that once, 'mid stable cold,
Wast in babe-clothes lying,
Thou whose Altar-veils enfold
Power and Life undying,
Thou whose Love bestows a worth
On each poor endeavour,
Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth
In our praise for ever.

4.
Yea, if others stand apart,
We will press the nearer;
Yea, O best fraternal Heart,
We will hold Thee dearer;
Faithful lips shall answer thus
To all faithless scorning,
"JESUS CHRIST is GOD with us,
Born on Christmas morning."

5.
So we yield Thee all we can,
Worship, thanks, and blessing;
Thee true GOD, and Thee true Man
On our knees confessing;
While Thy Birthday morn we greet
With our best devotion,
Bathe us, O most true and sweet!
In Thy Mercy's ocean.



XXXV

Jacob's Ladder.

SEMI-CHORUS.

As Ja - cob with tra - vel was wea - ry one day, At
 night on a stone for a pil - low he lay, He saw in a

vi - sion a lad - der so high, That its foot was on earth, and its

CHORUS.

top in the sky. Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus, who died on the

Tree, And hath rais'd up a lad - der of mer - cy for

me, And hath rais'd up a lad - der of mer - cy for me.

2.

This ladder is long, it is strong and well-made,
Has stood hundreds of years and is not yet decayed;
Many millions have climbed it and reached Sion's hill,
And thousands by faith are climbing it still.
Hallelujah to Jesus, &c.

3.

Come let us ascend: all may climb it who will;
For the Angels of Jacob are guarding it still:
And remember each step, that by faith we pass o'er,
Some Prophet or Martyr hath trod it before.
Hallelujah to Jesus, &c.

4.

And when we arrive at the haven of rest
We shall hear the glad words, "Come up hither, ye blest,
Here are regions of light, here are mansions of bliss:"
O, who would not climb such a ladder as this?
Hallelujah to Jesus, &c.



XXXVI.

The Story of the Shepherd.

It was the ve - ry noon of night: the stars a - bove the fold, More

sure than clock or chim-ing bell, the hour of midnight told: When from the heavens there

came a voice, and forms were seen to shine, Still bright'ning as the mu - sic rose with

light and love di-vine. With love divine the song began; there shone a light se -

- rene: O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have

seen? O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

2.

O ne'er could nightingale at dawn salute the rising day
 With sweetness like that bird of song in his immortal lay:
 O ne'er were wood-notes heard at eve by banks with poplar shade
 So thrilling as the concert sweet by heavenly harpings made;
 For love divine was in each chord, and fill'd each pause between:
 O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

3.

I roused me at the piercing strain, but shrunk as from the ray
 Of summer lightning; all around so bright the splendour lay.
 For oh, it mastered sight and sense, to see that glory shine,
 To hear that minstrel in the clouds, who sang of Love Divine,
 To see that form with birdlike wings, of more than mortal mien:
 O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

4.

When once the rapturous trance was past, that so my sense could bind,
 I left my sheep to Him whose care breathed in the western wind;
 I left them, for instead of snow, I trod on blade and flower,
 And ice dissolved in starry rays at morning's gracious hour,
 Revealing where on earth the steps of Love Divine had been;
 O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

5.

I hastened to a low-roofed shed, for so the Angel bade;
 And bowed before the lowly rack where Love Divine was laid:
 A new-born Babe, like tender Lamb, with Lion's strength there smiled;
 For Lion's strength, immortal might, was in that new-born Child;
 That Love Divine in childlike form had God for ever been:
 O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?



XXXVII.

The Wassail Song.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Here we come a was - sail - ing A - mong the leaves so
green, . . . Here we come a wander - ing, so fair . . . to be seen.

• This note is required for verses 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 8.

CHORUS.

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.

2.
 Our wassail-cup is made
 Of the rosemary tree,
 And so is your beer
 Of the best barley.
 Love and joy, &c.

3.
 We are not daily beggars
 That beg from door to door,
 But we are neighbour's children
 Whom you have seen before.
 Love and joy, &c.

4.
 Good Master and good Mistress,
 As you sit by the fire,
 Pray think of us poor children
 Who are wandering in the mire.
 Love and joy, &c.

8.
 God bless the Master of this house,
 Likewise the Mistress too;
 And all the little children
 That round the table go.
 Love and joy, &c.

5.
 We have a little purse
 Made of ratching* leather skin;
 We want some of your small change
 To line it well within.
 Love and joy, &c.

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.
 Love and joy, &c.

7.
 Bring us out a table,
 And spread it with a cloth;
 Bring us out a mouldy cheese,
 And some of your Christmas loaf.
 Love and joy, &c.

* Leather that will stretch.



XXXVIII.

In terrâ Pax.

mf *cres.* *p*

In-fant of days, yet Lord of Life, Sweet Prince of Peace, All hail! . . .

cres. *dim.*

Oh! we are wea - ry of the strife, The din with which earth's fields are rife,

f
 And we would list the tale . . . That chimes its Christmas news for us,

p
 "In ter - rá Pax, In ter - - - rá

* "In ter - rá Pax.

Pax . . . *pp* . . . *In ter - rá* *mf*
Pax, Pax, . . . Pax ho - mi - ni - bus, . . .
Pax, . . . In ter rá Pax ho - mi - ni - bus, . . .
Pax, . . . Pax, . . .

Pax ho - mi - ni - bus, . . . Pax.

pp < >
Pax, . . . Pax . . . In ter - rá } Pax, . . . Pax."
. . . ho - mi - ni - bus In ter - rá }
 . . . ho - mi - ni - bus, In ter - rá Pax.

2
 "Peace I leave with you," was again
 Thy dying Gift to earth;
 Sweet echo of the lingering strain
 Of Christmas morn, the glad refrain
 Of Anthems at Thy Birth;
 When Angel choirs hymned forth to us
 "In terrá Pax hominibus."

3.
 O olive Branch! O Dove of Peace!
 Brooding o'er stormy waters!
 When shall the flood of woe decrease?
 When shall the dreary conflict cease,
 And earth's sad sons and daughters
 With glad hearts hail Thy word to us,
 "In terrá Pax hominibus?"

* S. Luke ii., 14.

4TH VERSE.

O hear Thy Church, with one ac-cord, Her long-lost Peace im-plor-ing :

Be it ac-cord-ing to Thy word: Thy Reign of Peace bring in, dear Lord ;

Heav'n's Peace to earth re-sto-ring. And Peace E-ter-nal,

Je-su, grant, we pray. "In Cæ-lo . . .

* "In Cæ-lo Pax,

Pax, . . . Et . . . in Ex-cel-sis, . . . Glo . . .

Et . . . in Ex-cel-sis, . . . Glo . . .

Et . . . in Ex-cel . . . sis, Et in Ex-

* S. Luke xix., 38.

f

ri - a, Et in Ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a,
 ri - a, Glo - ri - a, In Cæ - lo

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

Pax, Et in Ex - cel - sis, Glo - ri - - a.

Et in Ex - cel - sis, . . . In Cæ - lo,

Et in Ex - cel - sis, Glo - ri - - a, Et in Ex -
 Et in Ex - cel - sis, in Ex - cel - sis, Glo - ri - a,

Pax, Et in Ex - cel - sis, Glo - ri - - a,

Et in Ex - cel - sis, . . .

- cel Et in Ex - cel - sis, sis, Glo - ri - a."
 Et in Ex - cel - sis, Glo - ri - a."
 Glo - ri - a."





XXXIX.

Dives and Lazarus.

Moderato.

As it fell out up - on a day, Rich Di - ves made a
feast, And he in - vi - ted all his friends, And gen - try of the best.

THE FOLLOWING HARMONIES MAY ALSO BE USED.



2.

Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
And down at Dives' door;
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
Bestow upon the poor.

3.

Thou'rt none of my brother, Lazarus,
That lies begging at my door;
Nor meat nor drink will I give to thee,
Nor bestow upon the poor.

4.

[Then Lazarus laid him down and down
And down at Dives' wall;
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
Or with hunger starve I shall.]

5.

[Thou'rt none of my brother, Lazarus,
That lies begging at my wall;
Nor meat nor drink will I give to thee,
But with hunger starve you shall.]

6.

[Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
And down at Dives' gate;
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
For Jesus Christ His sake.]

7.

[Thou'rt none of my brother, Lazarus,
That lies begging at my gate;
Nor meat nor drink will I give to thee,
For Jesus Christ His sake.]

8.

[Then Dives sent out his merry men,
To whip poor Lazarus away;
They had no power to strike a stroke,
But flung their whips away.]

9.

Then Dives sent out his hungry dogs,
To bite him as he lay;
They had no power to bite at all,
But licked his sores away.

10.

As it fell out upon a day,
Poor Lazarus sickened and died;
There came two Angels out of Heaven,
His soul therein to guide.

11.

[Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus,
And come along with me;
There's a place in Heaven prepared for thee,
To sit upon an Angel's knee.]

12.

As it fell out upon a day,
Rich Dives sickened and died;
There came two serpents out of Hell,
His soul therein to guide.

13.

[Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
And come along with me;
There's a place in Hell prepared for thee,
To sit upon a serpent's knee.]

14.

Then Dives looked with burning eyes,
And saw poor Lazarus blest:
One drop of water, Lazarus,
To quench my flaming thirst!

15.

Oh! had I as many years to abide
As there are blades of grass,
Then there would be an end: but now
Hell's pains will never pass.

16.

[Oh! were I but alive again,
For the space of one half hour,
I would make my peace and so secure
That the Devil should have no power!]



XL.

From far away.

mf *pp*

From far a-way we come to you, The snow in the street, and the

ten. *mf* *p*

wind on the door, To tell of great tidings strange and true, Minstrels and maids stand

f *mf*

forth on the floor, Stand forth on the floor. From far a-way we

come to you, To tell of great ti - dings strange and true, From
far a-way we come to you, To tell of great ti - dings
strange and true.

2.
For as we wandered far and wide,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
What hap do you deem there should us betide?
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.

3.
Under a bent when the night was deep,
The snow in the street &c.
There lay three shepherds tending their sheep,
Minstrels and maids &c.

4.
"O ye shepherds, what have ye seen,
The snow in the street &c.
To slay your sorrow and heal your teen?"
Minstrels and maids &c.

5.
"In an ox-stall this night we saw,
The snow in the street &c.
A Babe and a Maid without a flaw,
Minstrels and maids &c.

6.
There was an old man there beside;
The snow in the street &c.
His hair was white, and his hood was wide,
Minstrels and maids &c.

7.
And as we gazed this thing upon,
The snow in the street &c.
Those twain knelt down to the little One,
Minstrels and maids &c.

8.
And a marvellous song we straight did hear,
The snow in the street &c.
That slew our sorrow and healed our care,"
Minstrels and maids &c.

9.
News of a fair and a marvellous thing,
The snow in the street &c.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, we sing!
Minstrels and maids &c.

N.B.—In the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 9th verses, the melody in the first bar will need the following slight modification, in order to fit it to the accent of the words:



And a corresponding change must be made in the subsequent parts of the melody where the same words recur.



XLI.

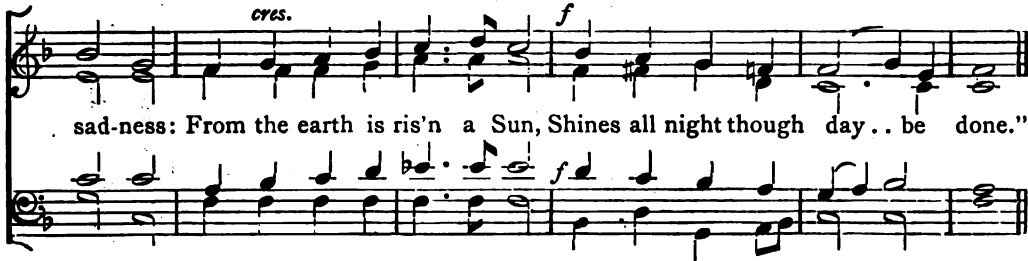
Carol for Christmas Day.

Modérato.

mf All this night bright an-gels sing, Never was such ca-rol-ling, Hark! a voice which

loud - ly cries, "Mortals, mor-tals, wake and rise. Lo! to glad - ness Turns your

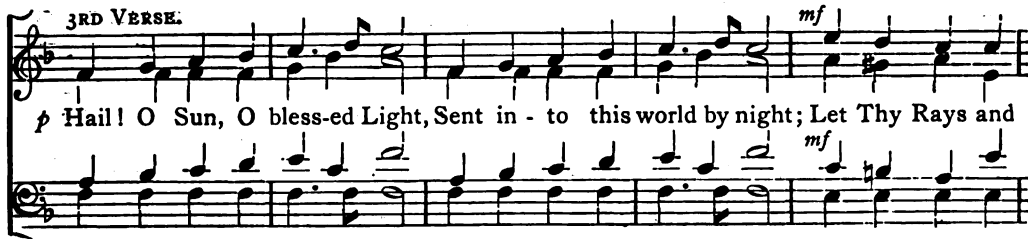
cres. *f* *p* *cres.* *f*



cres. *f*

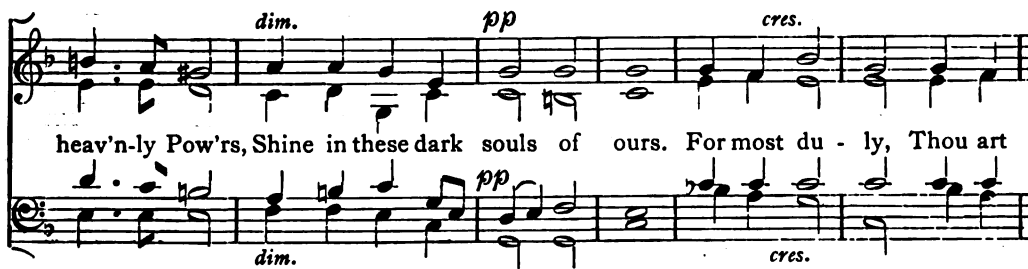
sad-ness: From the earth is ris'n a Sun, Shines all night though day.. be done."

2. Wake, O earth, wake everything,
 Wake and hear the joy I bring :
 Wake and joy ; for all this night,
 Heaven and every twinkling light,
 All amazing,
 Still stand gazing ;
 Angels, Powers, and all that be,
 Wake, and joy this Sun to see.



3RD VERSE. *mf*

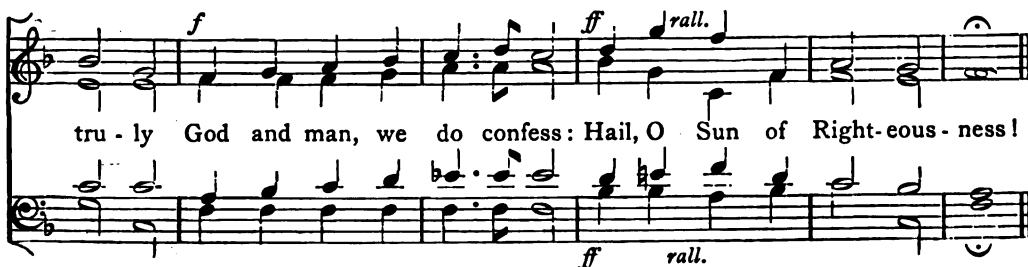
p Hail! O Sun, O bless-ed Light, Sent in - to this world by night; Let Thy Rays and



dim. *pp* *cres.*

heav'n-ly Pow'rs, Shine in these dark souls of ours. For most du - ly, Thou art

dim. *pp* *cres.*



f *ff* *rall.*

tru - ly God and man, we do confess: Hail, O Sun of Right-eous - ness!

ff *rall.*



XLII. The Child Jesus in the Garden.

Voices, and Accompt. to verses 3, 5, 9.

Cold was the day . when in a gar-den bare . . Walked the Child

Moderato.

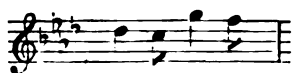
Accompt. to verses 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10.

Je-sus wrapt in ho . - ly . thought ; . . His brow seemed cloud - ed

with a weight of care. Calmness and rest from worldly things He sought.

2. Soon was His presence missed within his home
His Mother gently marked His every way:
Forth then she came to seek where He did roam,
Full of sweet words His trouble to allay.
- p* 3. Through chilling snow she toiled to reach His side,
Forcing her way 'mid branches black and sere;
Hastening, that she His sorrows might divide,
Share all His woe, or calm His gloomy fear.
- Solo.* 4. "Speak, gentle Lord;" she cried with reverent love,
"Tell me, I pray, what griefs around Thee press,
Though I of earth, and Thou from Heaven above
I am Thy Mother: what doth Thee distress?"
- Chorus. pp* 5. Sweet was her face as o'er His head she bent;
Longing to melt His look of saddest grief,
With lifted eyes His ear to her He lent;
Her kindly solace brought His soul relief.
- f* 6. Then did He smile, a smile of love so deep,
Winter himself grew warm beneath its glow,
From drooping branches scented blossoms peep,
Up springs the grass, the sealed fountains flow.
7. Summer and spring did each with other vie,
Offering to Him the fragrance of their store;
Chanting sweet notes the birds around Him fly,
Wondering why earth had chequered so her floor.
- Solo.* 8. Then round His Mother lilies white entwined,
Fresh as her love, and chaste as she was pure;
About His head the Passion-flowers did bind,
Type of the sufferings He must soon endure.
- Chorus. pp* 9. Hid in the wreath was many a cruel thorn;
Yet on His brow He placed it, full of joy:
Full well He knew why He on earth was born,
How by His Blood He should our woes destroy.
- f* 10. Know then, dear brother, in these Christmas hours,
Sorrow, like snow, will melt if He but smile;
And if He clothe thy wintry path with flowers,
Amidst thy mirth, think on His thorns awhile.

* When the melody is sung as a Tenor Solo
the bar between the asterisks may be thus sung:



† v. 8. A | bout His | head.

† v. 10. A | midst Thy | mirth.



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