

A Victorian Carol Book

Popular Selections from the 19th Century

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



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First Edition

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Sources include:

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London: Richard Beckley, 1833

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

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First, Second and Third Series

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

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A Victorian Carol Book

Table of Contents

1. Angels From The Realms Of Glory
2. Angels We Have Heard On High
3. As With Gladness, Men of Old
4. Away In A Manger
5. Christ Was Born on Christmas Day
6. Deck The Halls!
7. God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen
8. Good Christian Men, Rejoice
9. Good King Wenceslas
10. Hark! The Herald Angels Sing
11. I Saw Three Ships
12. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear
13. Jingle Bells
14. Jolly Old Saint Nicholas
15. Joy To The World
16. O Christmas Tree
17. O Come, All Ye Faithful
18. O Come, Little Children
19. O Come, O Come Emmanuel
20. O Holy Night
21. O Little Town Of Bethlehem
22. Once In Royal David's City
23. Silent Night
24. See Amid The Winter Snow
25. The Coventry Carol (Lullay, Thou Little Tiny Child)
26. The First Nowell, The Angel Did Say
27. The Holly and the Ivy
28. The Twelve Days of Christmas
29. The Wassail Song (Here We Come A Wassailing)
30. Up On The Housetop
31. We Three Kings of Orient Are
32. What Child Is This, Who, Laid To Rest

ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY

Words: James Montgomery, 1816

Alternate Title: *Westminster Carol*

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

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

Chorus

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

Alternate Title: *The Westminster Carol*

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

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

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

Refrain

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

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

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

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

AS WITH GLADNESS, MEN OF OLD

Words: William Chatterton Dix, 1860.

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

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

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

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

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

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

AWAY IN A MANGER

Words: Unknown, 1885 (verses 1 & 2)

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

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

Music: "Mueller" by James Ramsey Murray

And over 40 other musical settings.

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

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

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

CHRIST WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

DECK THE HALLS

Words: Traditional

Music: Old Welsh Air

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

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

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

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

GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN

Words: Traditional English, 18th Century

Music: English Carol, 18th Century

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

Chorus

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN, REJOICE

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

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

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

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

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

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

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

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

1. Good King Wenceslas looked out,
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even:
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

2. "Hither page and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he,
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Though the rude winds wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

4. "Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know now how,
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, my good page;
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5. In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

"Hymn For Christmas Day"

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

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

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

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

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

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

I SAW THREE SHIPS

Alternate Title: *On Christmas Day In The Morning*

Words: Traditional;

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

Music: Traditional English

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

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

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

Music: "Carol," Richard Storrs Willis, 1850

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

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

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

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

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

JINGLE BELLS

Original Title: "One-Horse Open Sleigh"

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

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

Chorus:

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

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

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

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

JOLLY OLD ST. NICHOLAS

Anonymous

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

1. Jolly old St. Nicholas, Lean your ear this way!
Don't you tell a single soul, What I'm going to say;
Christmas Eve is coming soon; Now, you dear old man,
Whisper what you'll bring to me: Tell me if you can.

2. When the clock is striking twelve, When I'm fast asleep,
Down the chimney broad and black, With your pack you'll creep;
All the stockings you will find Hanging in a row;
Mine will be the shortest one, You'll be sure to know.

3. Johnny wants a pair of skates, Susy wants a dolly;
Nellie wants a story book; She thinks dolls are folly;
As for me, my little brain isn't very bright;
Choose for me, old Santa Claus. What you think is right.

JOY TO THE WORLD

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

Music: "Antioch," Lowell Mason, 1848

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come.
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room;
And heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n and nature sing.
And heav'n and heav'n and nature sing.

2. Joy to the world, the Savior reigns
Let men their songs employ.
While fields and floods, Rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat the sounding joy
Repeat the sounding joy

3. No more let sin and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found,
Far as the curse is found,
Far as, far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness.
And wonders of His love,
And wonders of His love,
And wonders, wonders of His love.

O CHRISTMAS TREE

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

Music: *O Tannenbaum*, German Folk Song

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

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

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

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

Hymn on the Prose for Christmas Day

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

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

Also known as the *Portuguese Hymn*

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

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

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

Meter: Irregular

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

Refrain

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

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

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

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

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

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

O COME, LITTLE CHILDREN

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

Translation: Unknown

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL

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

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

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

Refrain

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

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

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

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

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

O HOLY NIGHT

Minuit Chrétiens or *Cantique de Noel*

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

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

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

Chorus

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

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

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

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Words: Phillips Brooks, 1868

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

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

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

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

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

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

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SEE AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW

Alternate Title: Hymn for Christmas Day

Words: Edward Caswall, 1858

Music: "Humility," John Goss, 1871

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

Chorus

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

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

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

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

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

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

SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT

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

Music "Stille Nacht," by Franz Gruber, 1818

Translated by Bishop John Freeman Young (1820-1885)

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

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

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

THE COVENTRY CAROL

Words Attributed to Robert Croo, 1534

English Melody, 1591

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

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

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

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

THE FIRST NOWELL

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING

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

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

Chorus

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY

Words: Traditional

Music: Old French Carol; Arranged by Sir John Stainer

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

Chorus

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

Traditional English, 18th Century

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE WASSAIL SONG

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

Words: English Traditional, 17th century

Music: Traditional English Wassail Song, 17th century

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

Chorus

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

UP ON THE HOUSETOP

Words and Music by Benjamin R. Hamby, circa 1860

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

Chorus

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

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

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

We Three Kings Of Orient Are

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

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

3 Kings:

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

Chorus

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

Gaspard:

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

Melchior:

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

Balthazar:

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

3 Kings:

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

WHAT CHILD IS THIS?

Words: William Chatterton Dix, 1865.

Music: "Greensleeves," 16th Century English melody

Arranged by Sir John Stainer

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

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

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

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

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

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

Merry Christmas



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