Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739

1. Hark! the herald angels sing
   Glory to the new-born King!

2. Christ, by highest heav'n adored;
   Christ, the everlasting Lord;

3. Mild He lays His glory by,
   Born that man no more may die,
   Born to raise the sons of earth,
   Born to give them second birth.

Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

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

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

CHORUS

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

(Adeste Fideles)

Tr. F. Oakeley, 1841

J. F. Wade's

Cantus Diversi, 1751

1. O come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant, O
   come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem; Come and be-
   hold Him, Born the King of Angels;

2. Sing, choirs of angels, Sing in exultation,
   Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above; Glory to
   God in the highest; O come, let us adore Him, O

3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morn ing;
   Jesus, to Thee be glory giv'n; Word of the
   Father, Now in flesh appearing;

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

1. The first No-well the angel did say was to
   certain poor shep-herds, in fields as they lay, in
   fields where they lay keeping their sheep, on a
cold win-ter's night that was so deep.
   so it con-tin-ued both day and night. No-well, No-

2. They look-ed up and saw a star, shin-ing
   in the east be-yond them far, and
to the earth it gave great light, and
to the earth it continued both day and night. No-well, No-

3. And by the light of that same star, three
   ma-gi came from coun-try far, to
   seek a king was their in-tent, and to
   follow the star where-ev-er it went.

   -well, No-well, No-well, born is the king of Is-ra-el.
God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

TRADITIONAL

1. God rest you merr-y, gen-tle-men, Let noth-ing you dis-
2. In Beth-le-hem in Jew-ry, This bless-ed Babe was
3. From God our heav’n-ly Fa-ther, A bless-ed An-gel
4. Now to the Lord sing prais-es, All you with-in this

may, Re-mem-ber Christ our Sa-vior Was born on Christ-mas
born, And laid with-in a man-ger Up-on this bless-ed
came, And un-to cer-tain shep-herds Brought tid-ings of the
place, And with true love and broth-er-hood Each oth-er now em-

Day, To save us all from Sa-tan’s pow’r When we were gone a-
morn; The which His Moth-er Ma-ry, Did noth-ing take in
same; How that in Beth-le-hem was born The Son of God by
brace; This Ho-ly tide of Christ-mas All oth-er doth de-

stray.
scorn.
Name. O-

f CHORUS

O-

tid-ings of com-fort and joy, com-fort and

joy, O-

tid-ings of com-fort and joy.
50. Lo, how a Rose e’er blooming

Tr. THEODORE BAKER*

14th-century German melody
harmonized by M. PRAETORIUS
(1571-1621)

SOPRANO
ALTO

1. Lo, how a Rose e’er blooming From
   Of Jesse’s lineage coming As

TENOR
BASS

2. I - sa - ih ’twas fore - told it, The
   With Mary we behold it, The

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

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

A - mid the cold of win - ter, When half spent was the night.
    She bore to men a Sa - viour, When half spent was the night.

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

*vv. 1 and 2, original text 16th c. German; v. 3, 19th c. German, tr. H. R. Spexth.
See No. 3 (p. 20) for alternative text.
39. In the bleak mid-winter

Words by CHRISTINA ROSSETTI (1830–94)

GUSTAV HOLST (1874–1934)

In moderate time

SOPRANO

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

ALTOS

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

TENOR

Snow had fallen, snow on snow, Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter A stable place suf-ficed The
enough for him, whom an-gels Fall down be-fore, The
only his mo-ther In her maid-en bliss
If I were a Wise Man I would do my part, Yet

BASS

In the bleak mid-winter Long a-go,
Lord God Al-might-y Je-sus Christ.
ox and ass and car-mel Which a-dore.
Wor-shipped the Be-loved With a kiss.
what I can I give him, Give my heart.
Deck the Hall

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

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

3. Fast a-way the old year pass-es,
   Hail the new ye lads and lass-ies,
   Sing we joy-ous all to-geth-er,
   Heed-less of the wind and weath-er,
Silent Night
(Stille Nacht)

JOSEPH MOHR

Franz Gruber

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

'Round yon Virgin Moth-er and Child Holy In-fant so ten-der and mild,
Glo-ries stream from heav-en a-far, Heav’n-ly hosts sing Al-le-lu-ia;
Ra-di-ant beams from Thy ho-ly face, With the dawn of re-deem-ing grace,

Sleep in heav-en-ly peace, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace!
Christ the Saviour is born, Christ the Saviour is born!
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth, Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.
What child is this

(Christmas)

Traditional
(arr. John Stainer, 1840-1901)

1. What child is this who, laid to rest, On Mary’s lap is sleeping, Whom

3. So bring him incense, gold and myrrh Some present, king, to own him! The

angels greet with anthems sweet While shepherds watch are keeping?

King of kings Salvation brings; let loving hearts enthronè him!

This, this is Christ the King, Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:

Raise, raise the song on high! The Virgin sings her lullaby.

Haste, haste to bring him laud, The Babe, the Son of Mary!

(NOBC no. 98)
HERE WE COME A-WASSAILING

English traditional carol

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

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

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

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

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

* Vertical lines indicate bar lines;
strong beat follows bar line
WASSAIL, WASSAIL

English traditional carol

1. Was-sail, was-sail, all over the town! Our toast it is white, and our ale it is brown.
2. So here is to Cherry and to his right.
3. And here is to Dobbin and to his right.

4. So here is to Broad May and to her broad-born, May God send our master a good crop of corn, And a good crop of corn that may we all see; With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.
5. And here is to Fillpail and to her left ear, Pray God send our master a happy New Year, And a happy New Year is e'er he did see; With our wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.
6. And here is to Colly and to her long tail, Pray God send our master he never may fail A bowl of strong beer; I pray you draw near, And our jolly wassail it's then you shall bear.
7. Come, butler, come fill us a bowl of the best, Then we hope that your soul in heaven may rest; But if you do draw us a bowl of the small, Then down shall go butler, bowl and all.
8. Then here's to the maid in the lily-white smock, Who tripped to the door and slipped back the lock! Who tripped to the door and pulled back the pin, For to let these jolly wassailers in.

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

West-of-England traditional carol

1. We wish you a merry Christmas, We wish you a merry Christmas, We
2. Now bring us some figgy pudding, Now bring us some figgy pudding, Now
3. For we all like figgy pudding, We all like figgy pudding, We

wish you a merry Christmas And a happy New Year.
Bring us some figgy pudding, And bring some out here.
All like figgy pudding, So bring some out here.

REFRAIN

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

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