



CHRISTMAS

CAROLS



“A Virgin Unspotted”



CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Selected & with an Introduction by

FRANK LONDON HUMPHREYS

Decorated by

LOUIS RHEAD



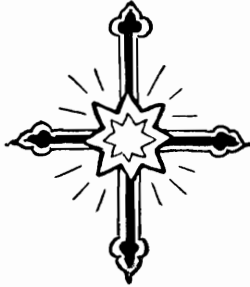
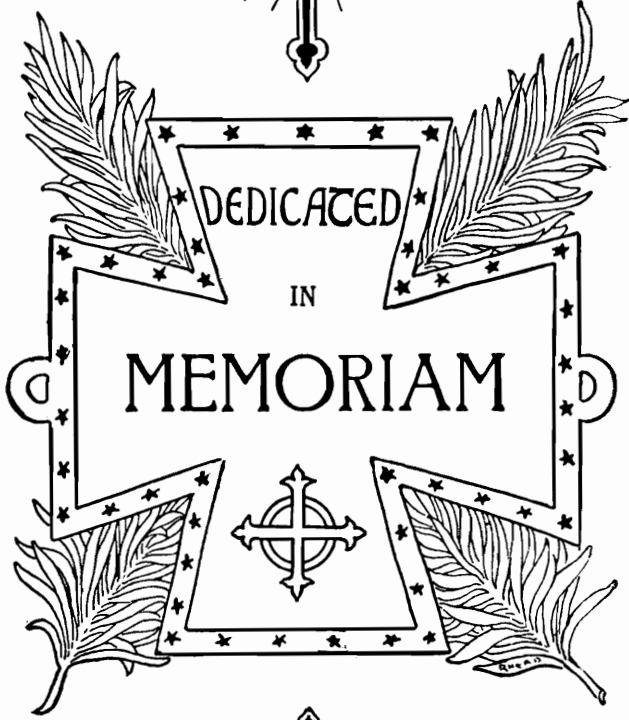
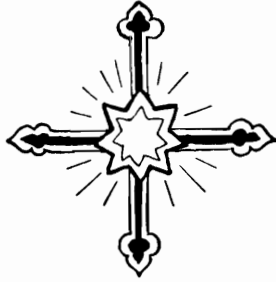
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“What sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol for to sing
The Birth of this our Heavenly King?”



FEW writers on English holidays and holiday customs have failed to make pleasant mention of the ancient custom of singing Christmas carols. In Washington Irving's famous "Sketch Book," which was one of the first pieces of American literature to portray English country life and manners, we are charmingly introduced to most of the good old customs that from time immemorial attended the Christmas festival. Irving says of his first night at Bracebridge Hall: "I had scarcely got into bed when a strain of music seemed to break forth in the air just below the window. I listened, and found it proceeded from a band, which I concluded

to be the waits from some neighbouring village. They went around the house, playing under the windows. I drew aside the curtains to hear them more distinctly. The moonbeams fell through the upper part of the casement, partially lighting up the antiquated apartment. The sounds, as they receded, became more soft and ærial, and seemed to accord with the quiet and the moonlight. I listened and listened—they became more and more tender and remote, and, as they gradually died away, my head sank upon the pillow and I fell asleep.” Good Jeremy Taylor in his “Great Exemplar,” referring to the hymn sung by the angels on the plains of Bethlehem, on the night that Christ was born, the “Gloria in Excelsis,” says: “As soon as these blessed Choristers had sung their Christmas Carol, and taught the Church a hymn to put into her offices forever, they returned into heaven.” Shakespeare in his “Midsummer Night’s Dream” makes Titania say, “No night is now with hymn or carol blest.” Milton in his grand epic writes:

“His place of birth a solemn angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste and by a quire
Of squadron’d angels hear his carol sung.”

The dear old Vicar of Wakefield tells us that his simple, rural parishioners “Kept up the Christmas Carol, sent true-love-knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first day of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas-eve.”

The history of the Christmas carol is almost coeval with that of Christianity itself. A large sarcophagus of the second century has a sculptured representation of a Christian family joining in praise of Christ's birth, and there is no doubt that the Christmas carol they are represented as singing was a sacred hymn commemorating Christ's nativity, and that such religious, family Christmas hymns were common among the early Christians. At a comparatively early date the bishops were accustomed to sing Christmas carols among their clergy, in imitation of the singing of the angels on the night of Jesus' birth.

The name *carol*, which means originally a dance, may have come into our language either from the Norman French *carole* or from the Celtic *carol*; in its application to Christmas songs it covers a wide diversity of popular metrical compositions, from the quaintly expressed, simple record of the incidents of the birth of Christ to rude wassail songs and rhymes of holiday revelry. We have in the list of preserved old carols a large number with their chief theme the holly or ivy of Christmas decorations, many of the jolly character of the famous "Boar's Head Song," which comes to us from the earliest printed collection of English carols, that of Wynkyn de Worde, in 1521, and is still sung at Queen's College, Oxford, on Christmas Day; as well as carols on the Adoration of the Angels, the Visit of the Shepherds and the Magi, and that well-known and friendly carol, which has always been so popular:

"God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay."

The earliest specimen of Christmas carols we have is in Norman French, and is preserved in the British Museum. It belongs to the thirteenth century. After the printed collection of de Worde we have collections by Ritson, Wright, and Sandys in the fifteenth century, a small black-letter collection in 1642, and another in 1688. These collections, which are of the highest rarity, contain many curious specimens of the songs sung by English shepherds and ploughmen at Christmas entertainments in farm-houses throughout the merrie land. In the second half of the eighteenth century a Birmingham publisher did good service by issuing in broadside form all the carols that came to his notice; but William Sandys's "Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern," published in 1833, is the most complete collection yet gathered of English carols. In France the Christmas carol was called *noël*, and often had a bacchanalian character. Collections of French carols were also published in the sixteenth century. The carol is native to most of the other European nations as well as the English and French, Russian literature being especially rich in these compositions. In Scotland Christmas carols never attained much popularity, but they were very common in Wales and the Isle of Man.

A writer in "Once a Week," in 1863, says that by the beginning of the nineteenth century the singing of Christmas carols had become little better than a respectable scheme for raising money by beggars in the streets, and had therefore fallen into general disuse among the better sort of people. But in 1822 a revival of Christmas carolling began under W. Davies Gilbert, who

published the music of twelve favorite carols preserved in the West of England, and he was followed, as we have seen, by Mr. W. Sandys, who published eighty carols, seventeen melodies, and some French *noëls*. Since that time the singing of Christmas carols, certainly in the English churches, has been all but universal, and in our American Sunday-schools for twenty or thirty years we have in many places heartily followed the lead. That the custom, however, among the English people never wholly died out is borne witness to by Hone, who says in his "Ancient Mysteries," published in 1823: "The melody of 'God rest you, merry gentlemen,' delighted my childhood; and I still listen with pleasure to the shivering carolists' evening chant towards the clean kitchen window, decked with holly, the flaming fire showing the whitened hearth, and reflecting gleams of light from the surfaces of the kitchen utensils."

Carols in England were formerly sung at large Christmas feasts and family dinners, in the open air on Christmas Eve or Christmas morning, and at the time of public worship in the churches on Christmas Day. In Pasquils' "Jests," an old book published in 1604, there is an amusing story of an eccentric knight who, at a Christmas feast which he had made for a large number of his tenants and friends, ordered no man at the table to drink a drop "till he that was master over his wife should sing a carol." After a pause one poor dreamer alone lifted his voice, the others all sitting silent and glum. Then the knight turned to the table where the women sat, and bade "her who was master over her husband" sing a carol. The story says that

forthwith "the women fell *all* to singing, that there was never heard such a catter-walling piece of musicke."/>

The Christmas carols which interest us most are those quaint old ballads, half religious, half secular, that have been remembered favorites from age to age and were sung on Christmas eve or Christmas morning by the choristers of country churches before the principal houses in the parishes, often to the accompaniment of such simple instruments as the people could play. The *waits*, who often sang Christmas carols, were village or town musicians, who for two or three weeks before Christmas were accustomed during the night hours to play on wind instruments any popular tunes they knew, no doubt often to the great annoyance of the people who wanted to sleep. On Christmas Day, naturally, these serenaders were accustomed to call for donations at the doors of the houses before which they had played.

The writer of the article on "Christmas Carols" in Chambers's "Book of Days" speaks of a Christmas he once spent in Devonshire, where the singing of carols was very general, and of the impression the carol-singing made upon him. "The sweet and pathetic melody, which was both well sung and well played, the picturesqueness of the group of singers, whose persons were only rendered visible, in the darkness of the night, by the light of one or two lanterns which they carried, and the novelty and general interest of the scene, all produced an impression which was never to be forgotten."/>

In this part of England, this writer says, it was customary for the singers to club the money they

received on such occasions, and expend it in a social merry-making on Twelfth Day, 'a fortnight afterwards.

But the singing of carols that must have touched all hearts and opened all purses was that of little children, who, in the clear, crisp morning air, went around from house to house and raised their lisping voices in the dear old-fashioned folk-songs of the Saviour's birth.

Any revival of interest among us, in the ancient Christmas carol, is heartily to be welcomed. The writer in "Once a Week," before referred to, says very fitly: "The men of the nineteenth century are fain to admit that better means for attracting the ear and ravishing the hearts of the poor and simple can scarcely be employed than those used by the men of old. The quaint expressions, the homely recital of Scripture narrative, and withal the soothing and plaintive strains of pure English melody strike home at once to the hearts of the humble and devout observers of the blessed coming of our Redeemer in the Flesh."

FRANK LONDON HUMPHREYS.

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"Fear not then said the Angel"

The Heavenly Messenger

MARTIN LUTHER. 1540.

JACOB PRAETORIUS. 1604.

1 In joy - ful haste, from heaven a bove With

mes - sa - ges of ho - ly love, My downward flight to earth I

wing, And peace, good will to men I bring.

To you who greet the breaking morn,
A child, the promised Christ, is born;
With joy the heavenly arches ring,
With joy, O earth, receive thy King.

With love to men He leaves His own,
And seeks to make His mercy known;
He comes to break the power of sin,
And over death dominion win.

To all He brings this grace from heaven,
Which free a father's love hath given,
That you may to His kingdom come,
And find an everlasting home.

Then praise to God, unceasing praise,
Let all our hearts with rapture raise;
With angel voices let us sing,
And hail the birth of Christ our King.



Silent Night



SILENT night, sacred night,
Bethlehem sleeps, yet what light
Floats around the holy pair:
Songs of angels fill the air—
Strains of heavenly peace,
Strains of heavenly peace.

Silent night, sacred night,
Shepherds first see the light,
Hear the hallelujahs ring
Which the angel chorus sing:
Christ the Saviour is come,
Christ the Saviour is come.

Silent night, sacred night,
Son of God, O what light
Radiates from Thy manger bed
Over realms with darkness spread—
Thou in Bethlehem born,
Thou in Bethlehem born.

The Holly and the Ivy

TRADITIONAL.

Semi-chorus

OLD FRENCH AIR.

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 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. . .

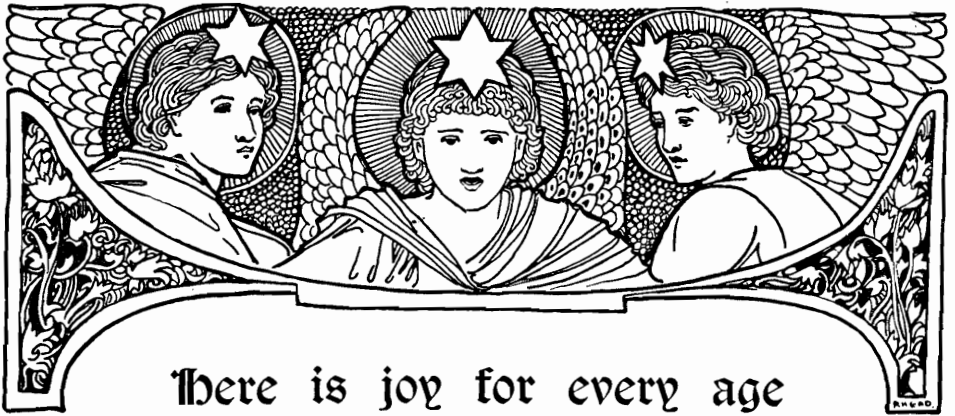
The holly bears a blossom,
As white as lily-flower;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.
O the rising of the sun, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.



HERE is joy for ev'ry age,
 Ev'ry generation;
 Prince and peasant, chief and sage,
 Ev'ry tongue and nation:
 Ev'ry tongue and nation,
 Ev'ry rank and station,
 Hath to-day salvation:
 Alleluia!

When the world drew near its close,
 Came our Lord and Leader;
 From the lily sprang the rose,
 From the bush the cedar;
 From the bush the cedar,
 From the judg'd the pleader,
 From the saint the feeder:
 Alleluia!

God, that came on earth this morn,
 In a manger lying,
 Hallow'd birth by being born,
 Vanquish'd death by dying;
 Vanquish'd death by dying,
 Rallied back the flying,
 Ended sin and sighing:
 Alleluia!

God rest you merry, gentlemen

TRADITIONAL.

1 God rest you mer-ry, gen - tle - men, Let nothing you dis - may, Re -

mem-ber Christ our Sa-viour, Was born on Christmas day; To save us all from

CHORUS
Satan's pow'r, When we were gone a - stray, O ti - dings of com - fort and

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

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, etc.

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, etc.

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 who trust in Him
From Satan's power and might.
O tidings, etc.

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
All other doth deface.
O tidings, etc.



Hymn for Christmas Day



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

CHO. Hail! Thou ever-blessed morn!
Hail, Redemption's happy dawn!
Sing thro' all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

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, etc.

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, etc.

“As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing peace on earth,
Told us of a Saviour's Birth.”

Hail! Thou ever-blessed, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

REV. E. CASWELL.

The First Nowell

TRADITIONAL.

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

Chorus
cold win - ter's night that was so deep. Now - ell, Now - ell, Now -

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

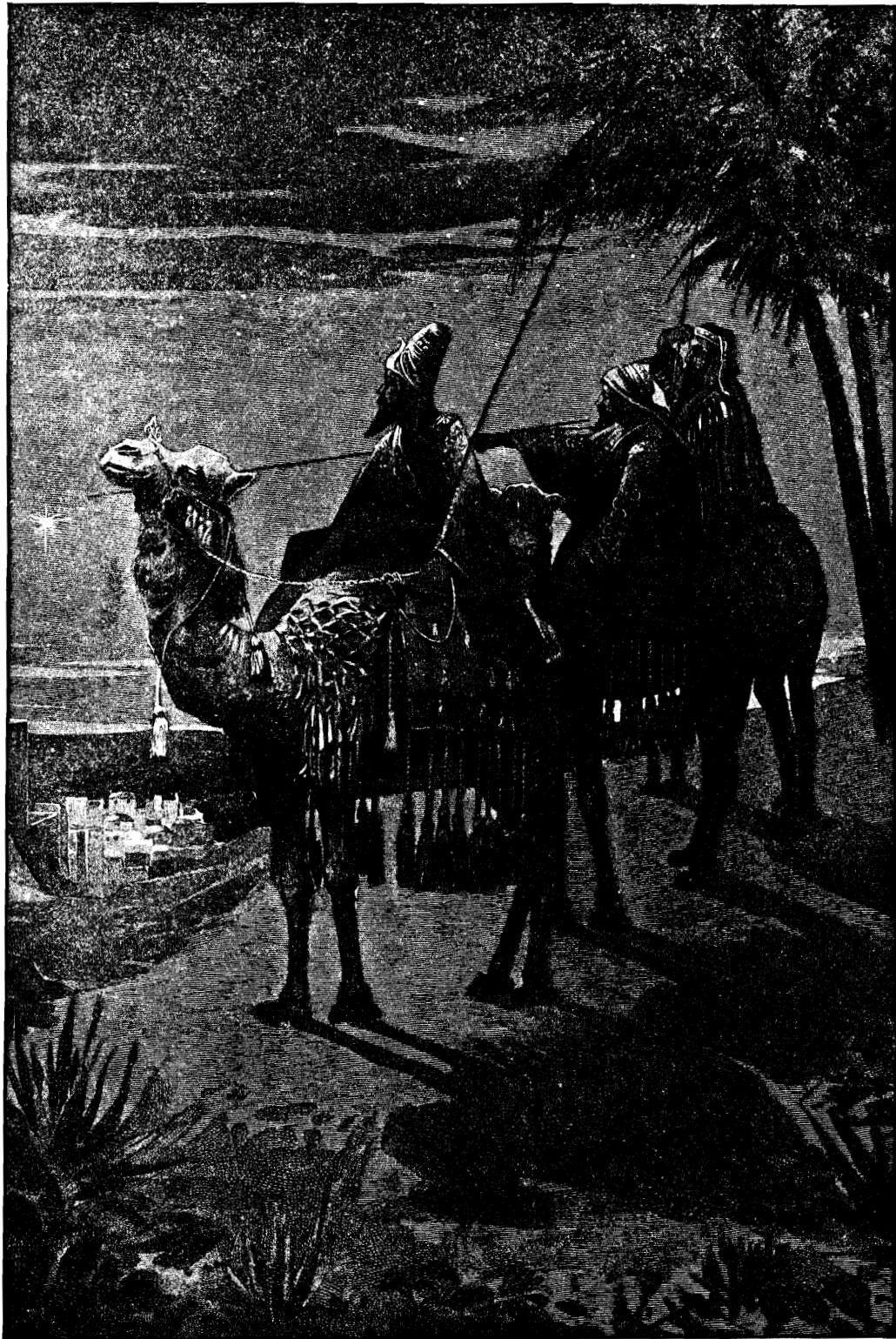
They lookèd up and saw a Star,
Shining in the East, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
Nowell, etc.

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

And by the light of that same Star,
Three Wisemen came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.
Nowell, etc.

Then entered in those Wisemen three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in His Presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frank-
incense. Nowell, etc.

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.
Nowell, etc.



“We three kings of Orient are”



We three kings of Orient are



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

CHORUS

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

Melchior

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
 Gold I bring, to crown Him again,
 King for ever, ceasing never,
 Over us all to reign.

O Star of wonder, etc.

Balthazar

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

O Star of wonder, etc.

Caspar

Frankincense to offer have I,
 Incense owns a Deity nigh.
 Prayer and praising, all men raising,
 Worship Him, God most High.

O Star of wonder, etc.

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

O Star of wonder, etc.



Jesus in the Manger



HY, Most Highest, art Thou lying
 In a manger poor and low ?
 Thou, the fires of heav'n supplying,
 Come a stable's cold to know ?

CHO. O what works of love stupendous,
 Were salvation's price!
 Burning wert Thou to befriend us,
 Exiles far from Paradise.

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, etc.

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, etc.

From the Latin by the REV. H. R. BRAMLEY.

For Christmas Day

BISHOP HALL, 1597.

TRADITIONAL.

1 Im - mor - tal Babe, who this dear day Didst change Thine Hea - ven

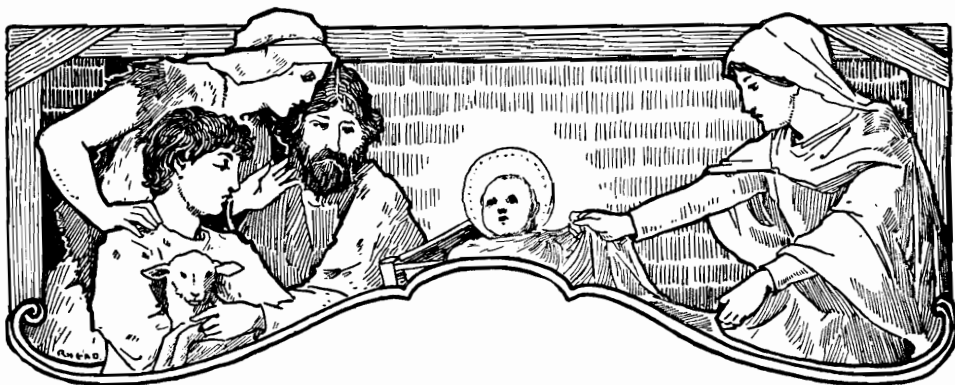
for our clay, And didst with flesh Thy God - head veil, E -

ter - nal Son of God, all hail!

Shine, happy Star: ye Angels sing
Glory on high to Heaven's King:
Run, Shepherds, leave your nightly watch,
See Heaven come down to Bethlehem's cratch.

Worship, ye Sages of the East,
The King of gods in meanness dressed:
O blessed Maid, with smiles adore
The God thine arms, thy bosom bore.

Star, Angels, Shepherds, Sages wise,
Thou Virgin glory of all eyes,
Restored frame of Heaven and Earth,
Rejoice in your Redeemer's Birth!



Pastor Bonus



HE shepherds ran to Bethlehem:
And angels kept their flock for them,
And sang withal so sweet a lay
That not a sheep could move or stray.
Of Mary's Child their song,
Chief Shepherd promis'd long,
And come unto His sheep this day.

Then back the shepherds came, and found
Their sheep all safe upon the ground.
Right glad were they, and merrily
They sang, for joy such things to see.
Their flock was safe, and they,
Like sheep no more to stray,
His sheep become—their Shepherd He.

A. E. ALSTON.

Good Christian men, rejoice

THE REV. DR. NEALE.

OLD GERMAN.

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

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.

Christ is born to - day! Christ is born to - day!

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 oped the heav'nly door,
And man is blessed evermore.
Christ was born for this!

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!



The Manger Throne



LIKE silver lamps in a distant shrine,
 The stars are sparkling bright;
 The bells of the city of God ring out,
 For the Son of Mary was born to-night;
 The gloom is past, and the morn at last
 Is coming with Orient light.

Never fell melodies half so sweet
 As those which are filling the
 skies;
 And never a palace shone half so fair
 As the manger bed where our
 Saviour lies;
 No night in the year is half so dear
 As this which has ended our sighs.

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 fore-
 tell.

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.

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.

W. C. DIX.

A Virgin unspotted

TRADITIONAL.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are as follows:

1 A Vir-gin un - spot - ted, the Pro-phet fore-told, Should bring forth a Sav-iour, which
now we be-hold, To be our Re - deem - er from death, hell, and sin, Which
Chorus
A-dam's trans-gres-sion had wrap - ped us in. Aye and there-fore be mer - ry, set
sor-row a - side, Christ Je-sus our Sa-viour was born on this tide.

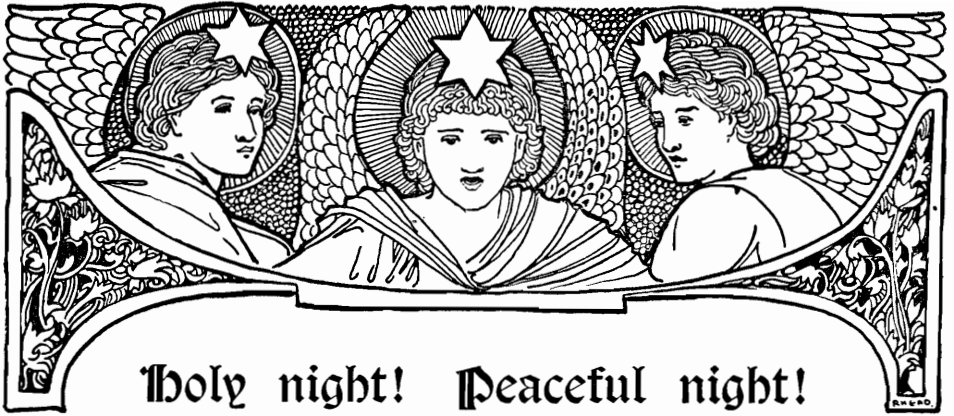
But when they had entered the city so fair,
A number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could find in the inn there no lodging at all.
Aye and therefore, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.



“They found Him in a manger”



HOLY night! Peaceful night!
All is dark, save the light
Yonder where they sweet vigils keep,
O'er the Babe who in silent sleep
Rests in heav'nly, heav'nly peace,
Rests in heav'nly, heav'nly peace.

Holy night! Peaceful night!
Only for shepherds' sight;
Came blest visions of angel throngs,
With their loud Hallelujah songs,
Full of heav'nly, heav'nly joy,
Full of heav'nly, heav'nly joy.

Holy night! Peaceful night!
Child of Heav'n, O! how bright
Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast born;
Blest indeed was that happy morn,
Full of heav'nly, heav'nly joy,
Full of heav'nly, heav'nly joy.

A. P. HOWARD.



Carol for Christmas Day



ALL this night bright angels sing,
 Never was such carolling:
 Hark! a voice which loudly cries,
 "Mortals, mortals, wake and rise.
 Lo! to gladness
 Turns your sadness;
 From the earth is ris'n a Son,
 Shines all night, though day be done."

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!

Hail! O Sun, O blessed Light,
 Sent into this world by night;
 Let Thy rays and heav'nly pow'rs
 Shine in these dark souls of ours.
 For, most duly,
 Thou art truly
 God and man, we do confess;
 Hail, O Sun of Righteousness!

WILLIAM AUSTIN.

The Cherry Tree Carol

TRADITIONAL.

*


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

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

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

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

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

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

As Joseph was a-walking
 He heard Angels sing,

"This night there shall be born
 Our heavenly King.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



A Children's Carol



OWELL! Sweet lyttel Childe,
 Coming so lowly:
 Nowell! Sweet lyttel Childe
 Of Mary holy.
 Nowell! Sweet lyttel Childe!
 Children we greet Thee,
 Nowell! Sweet lyttel Childe,
 Risen to meet Thee.
 Nowell! Sweet lyttel Childe,
 God's Son from Heaven,
 Nowell! Sweet lyttel Childe,
 Unto men given.
 Pardon our simpleness,
 Pardon, Sweet Jēsu!
 And of Thy gentleness
 Give us, Sweet Jesu.
 Friend of the Innocents
 Dying, Sweet Jesu,
 Martyrs in Thy defence:
 Guard us, Sweet Jesu.
 Grant we may live for Thee
 Always, Sweet Jesu,
 Innocents verily,
 Children of Jesu!

A. E. ALSTON.

The Coventry Carol

COVENTRY MYSTERIES.

Symphony (to verse 1).

ANCIENT MELODY.

1 Lul - lay, Thou lit - tle ti - ny Child, By, by, lul-

ly, lul - lay: . . . Lul - lay, Thou lit - tle ti - ny

Child, By, by, lul - ly, lul - lay.

O sisters, too, how may we do,
For to preserve this day,
This poor Youngling for whom we sing,
By, by, lully, lullay ?
Herod the king in his raging,
Charged he hath this day
His men of might, in his own fight,
All children young to slay.
Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee,
And ever mourn and say,
For Thy parting nor say nor sing,
By, by, lully, lullay.



Sleep! Holy Babe!



SLEEP! Holy Babe! upon Thy Mother's breast;
Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest.

Sleep! Holy Babe! Thine Angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings
Before th' Incarnate King of kings,
In rev'rent awe profound.

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

REV. E. CASWELL.

The Seven Joys of Mary

TRADITIONAL

1 The first good joy that Ma - ry had, It was the joy of one; To

CHORUS

see the bless - ed Je - sus Christ, When He was first her 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,

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, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.



"Then entered in those wise men three"



The Christmas Celebration



OW to God on high be glory,
 And to men on earth be peace."
 'Tis the Eucharistic anthem,
 Music that shall never cease,
 To a ransom'd world proclaiming
 Jesu's advent, men's release.

Christendom at all her Altars
 Once again the tale doth tell
 Of His Birth, Who came to van-
 quish
 Sin and Satan, Death and Hell,
 Virgin-born, and Manger-cradled,
 Jesus our Emmanuel.

See the shepherds, heaven-greeted,
 Worship, while the Angels sing;
 See the Magi, star-directed,
 Their most costly treasures bring;
 See earth's simple ones and wise
 ones
 Bending o'er their Baby-King.

Happy Mother, ever Virgin,
 Mary clasps Him to her breast,
 All succeeding generations
 Speaking of her call her blest,
 And Saint Joseph joins with wonder
 In the homage of the rest.

Now, dear Lord, Thy Birth-day
 keeping,
 As we bend before the shrine,
 Find Thee life and health bestowing
 Veiled beneath the Bread and Wine.
 Make us like Thee, child-like, God-
 like,
 Keep, O keep us ever Thine.

REV. ARTHUR GURNEY.



Two thousand troubled years



Two thousand troubled years,
Time's weary brow has worn,
Since that strange star to Shepherds told
The Prince of Peace was born.
Two thousand years of gloom,
Of groping toward the light,
Of prophets scorn'd and martyrs slain,
And battle done for right.
But year by year the bells
The old glad tidings bring,
And men forget their strife, to keep
The birthday of the King.
Christ's kingdom yet will come,
And good prevail o'er ill,
Though often with a crown of thorns
We mock the Master still:
Yet He will not forsake
The world for which He died,
Till all mankind be gather'd home,
At the great Christmas-tide,
At the great Christmas-tide.

ALFRED HAYES.

II saw three Ships

TRADITIONAL.

Briskly.

I saw three ships come sail - ing in, On Christ - mas day, on Christ - mas day; I

The first system of musical notation for the first system of the song. It features a treble and bass staff in G major and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

saw three ships come sail - ing in, On Christ - mas day in the morn - ing.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics continue below the treble staff.

Or this (in 3 parts).

I saw three ships come sail - ing in, On Christ - mas day, on Christ - mas day; I

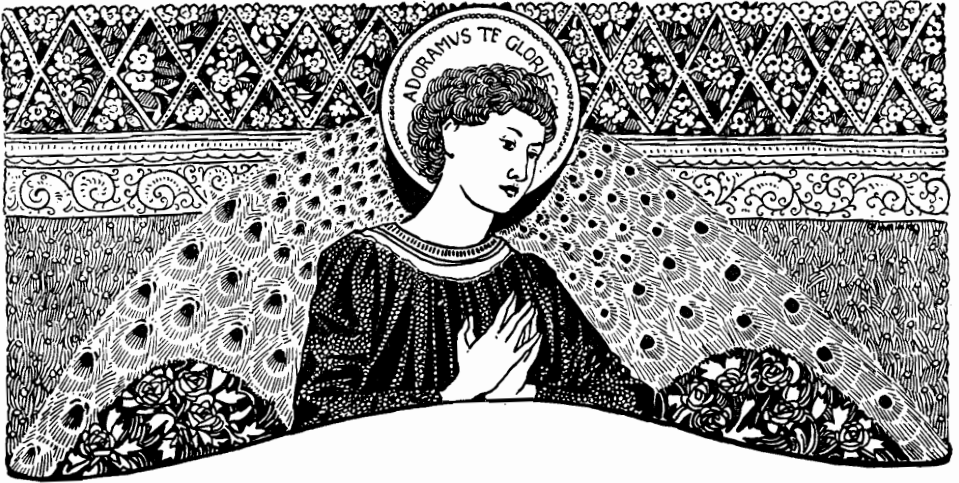
The third system of musical notation, starting with the instruction 'Or this (in 3 parts)'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

saw three ships come sail - ing in, On Christ - mas day in the morn - ing.

The fourth system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the third system. The lyrics continue below the treble staff.

The Virgin Mary and Christ were there,	And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;	On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
The Virgin Mary and Christ were there,	And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day in the morning.	On Christmas Day in the morning.

O they sailed into Bethlehem,	And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;	On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
O they sailed into Bethlehem,	And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.	On Christmas Day in the morning.



A Babe is born



BABE is born, all of a Maid,
 To bring salvation unto us;
 No more are we to sing afraid,
Veni, Creator Spiritus.

At Bethlehem, that blessed place,
 The Child of bliss then born He was ;
 Him aye to serve God give us grace,
O Lux beata Trinitas.

There came three kings out of the East,
 To worship there that King so free ;
 With gold and myrrh and frankincense,
A solis ortus cardine.

The shepherds heard an Angel cry,
 A merry song that night sang he,
 Why are ye all so sore aghast,
Jam lucis orto sidere ?

The Angel came down with a cry,
 A fair and joyful song sang he,
 All in the worship of that Child,
Gloria Tibi Domine.

What Child is this?

W. C. Dix.

OLD ENGLISH.

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

an - gels greet with an-thems sweet, While shep-herds watch are keep-ing?

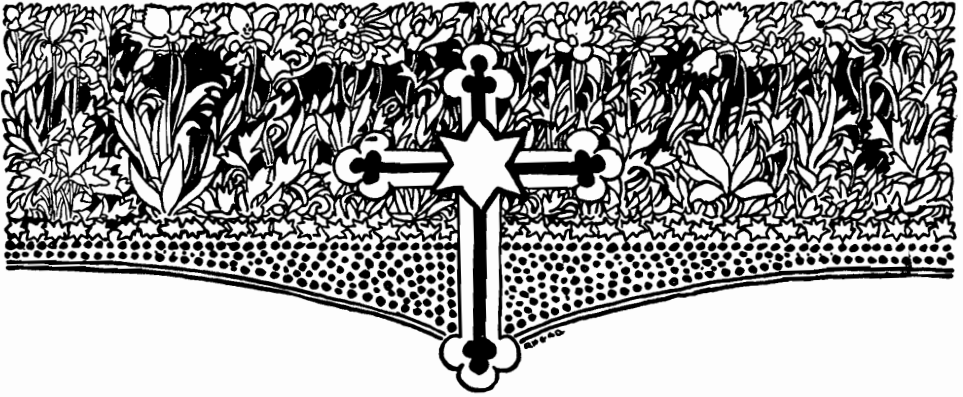
CHORUS

This, this is Christ the King; Whom shep-herds guard and an - gels sing:

Haste, haste to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry!

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!

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!



Waken! Christian Children!



WAKEN! Christian children!

Up and let us sing,
With glad voice the praises,
Of our new-born king.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rev. S. C. HAMERTON.

From far away

MORRIS.

J. B. DYKES.

From far a-way we come to you. *The snow in the street, and the wind on the door.* To tell of great tid-ings

strange and true, *Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor,* Stand forth on the floor. From

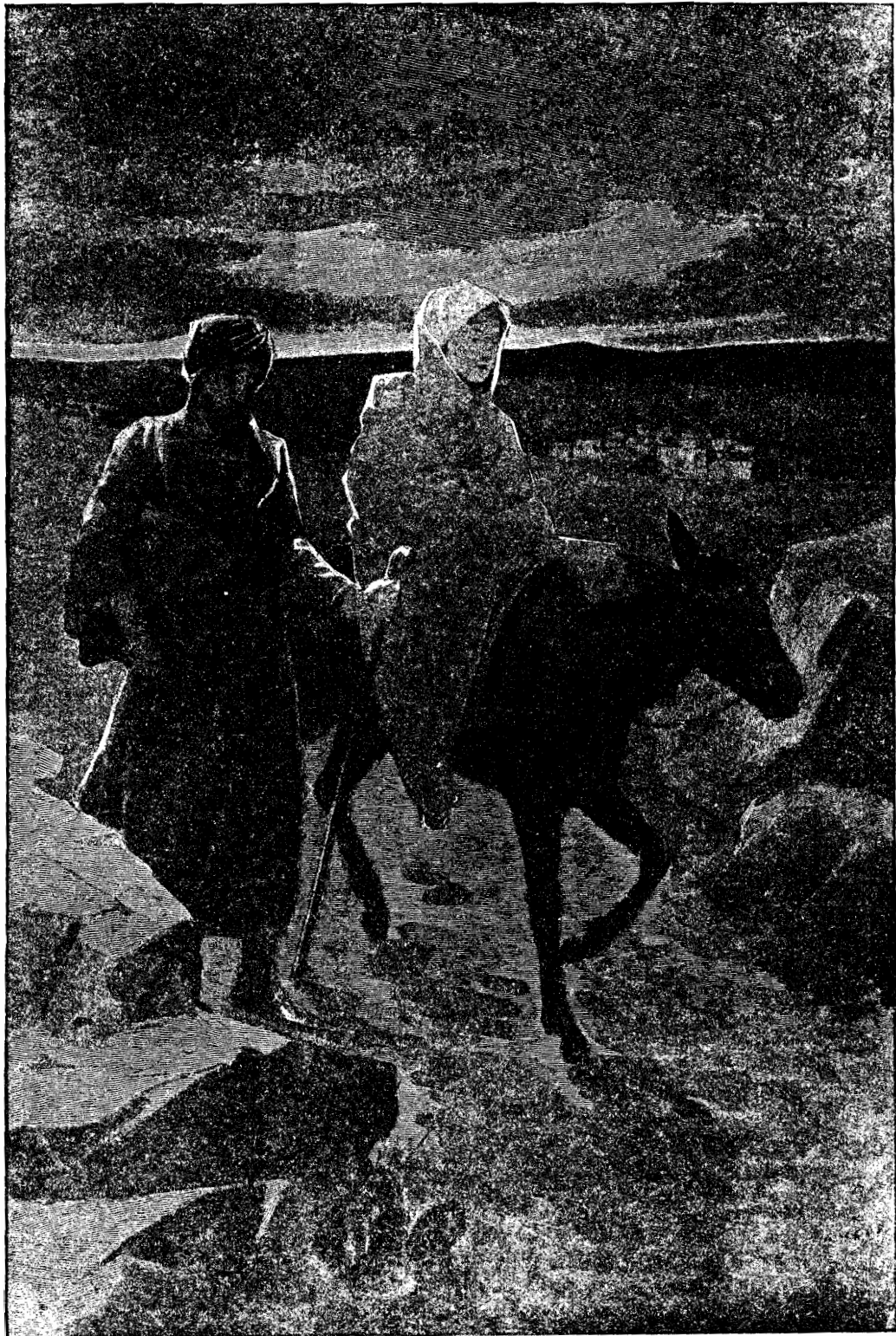
far a-way we come to you, To tell of great tidings strange and true, From far a-way we

come to you, To tell of great tid-ings strange and true.

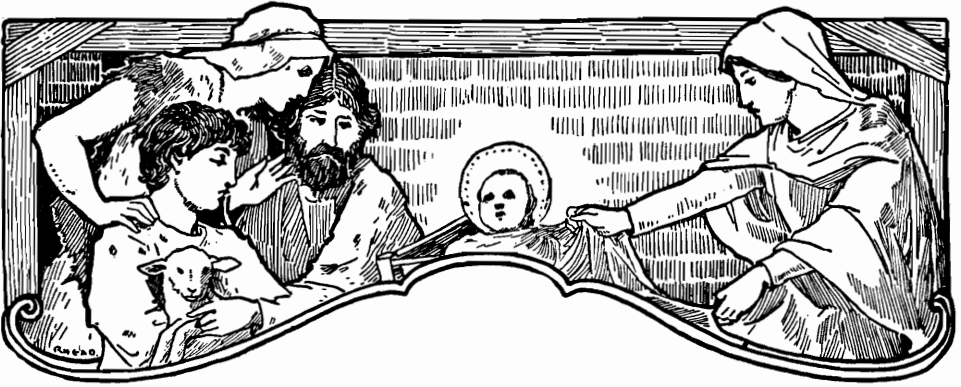
For as we wandered far and wide,
The snow in the street, and the wind on the door,
What hap do you deem there should us betide?
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

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

News of a fair and a marvellous thing,
The snow in the street, etc.,
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, we sing.
Minstrels and maids, etc.



"The flight from Bethlehem"



Many hundred years ago



ANY hundred years ago

Came to David's town
 Travellers two whom none did know,
 Wandering up and down.
 "Give us room where we may rest,
 Long hath been our way,
 Then by God will ye be blest,"
 Ev'rywhere they say.

But the folk they heeded not,
 Turned them from their door,
 Little kindness they got,
 Though none needed more.
 Till among the beasts they found
 Rest that men denied;
 Straw their bed upon the ground,
 Oxen by their side.

There the Son of God was born,
 As the great sun rose
 On the happy Christmas morn,
 As the whole world knows.
 Cradled in the manger-bed,
 Angels round Him fall
 In the lowly cattle-shed,
 Though the Lord of all.

Sudden as they came they went,
 Wending fast and far,
 When the darkness shelter lent,
 When awoke each star;
 While the tramp of armèd feet
 Nearing frighted them,
 Sent by him in David's seat
 From Jerusalem.

So the Babe across the sand
 Into Egypt came,
 Driven from His Father's land.
 Pity 'twas and shame!
 Such the love of God to man!
 Such the hate of men!
 When that Holy Life began,
 Bringing peace again.

PREBENDARY BERNARD REYNOLDS.