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The Cowley carol book

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SECOND SERIES

J.C.H.

The



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Compiled and Arranged by
George Ratcliffe Woodward, Mus.Doc.
and Charles Wood, Mus.Doc.



H. R. Bowbray & Co. Ltd.
London: 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, W.1.
Oxford: 9 High Street



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The
Cowley Carol Book

For Christmas, Easter, and
Ascensiontide

SECOND SERIES

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY
GEORGE RATCLIFFE WOODWARD, MUS.DOC.
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PREFACE

THIS small volume of seven-and-thirty Carols is intended to be a continuation of *The Cowley Carol Book*, published by Messrs. Mowbray & Co. in the October of 1902.

As regards the words thereof. Whenever traditional, original, or translated material happened to be ready at hand (the words exactly agreeing with the metre, rhythm, and character of the music note), then the labour, skill, poetry, and piety of Dr. John Mason Neale, and of others, has again been readily laid under contribution. But, because the greater part of the melodies, chosen for this second series of Cowley carols, demanded words in some peculiar or outlandish measure; and because your modern Carol-writer, as a rule, dislikes to be tied down to any unusual and difficult metre, that particular editor of this book, who is chiefly responsible for the selection of the aforesaid tunes, had no alternative but himself to set to work, and translate, or write, fresh carols, such as they are, but anyhow so versified and rimed as to suit the requirements of the music. This is the sole reason for the frequent recurrence of the initials, G. R. W. If there be an old-world ring in some of these new Carol-words, apology is neither needed, nor conceded on the part of the author thereof: for it seems only fitting and appropriate that the words should be in keeping with the somewhat antiquated tunes whereto they have here been wedded.

Concerning the melodies. Be it repeated that these are, all of them, more or less ancient; and be it observed that, so far as is possible, the sources thereof are given in the head-lines over every carol in turn.

As for the harmonies. These are written in accordance with the style and musical rules of the age, century, or country, wherein the tunes themselves seem, or are known, to have originated.

Dr. Charles Wood (who corrected the proof-sheets of the music in the former volume of *Cowley Carols*, and to whom that book was indebted, *inter alia*, for the settings of "Blessed be that Maid Marie," "Sweet was the Song the Virgin sung," "This joyful Eastertide") is good enough to allow his name to figure, as co-editor, on the title-page of this present collection, which also contains many specimens of his handiwork.

It may be mentioned that six of the carols, viz. Nos. 67, 68, 70, 73, 82, and 83, have already appeared in *Songs of Syon* (Schott & Co.), 1910: but, in order that they may become more accessible to people in general, the above are now drafted into this second series of *The Cowley Carol Book*. But for the outbreak of the Great European War, this, or a similar, gathering together of carols had been printed in time for the Christmas of 1914.

Lastly, it is a pleasing duty gratefully to acknowledge the kindness and courtesy of the following publishers and gentlemen, who have given us free leave to make use of some of their musical work or copyright. Their names are as follows: Messrs. Chappell & Co. (New Bond Street) for permission to reprint William Byrde's setting of "Shall I go walk the woods so wild" (Carol No. 78); Messrs. Augener & Co., and Mr. Charles Volkert (Great Marlborough Street), for similar leave to reproduce three arrangements of old English dances by Dr. John Bull (Carols Nos. 69, 78, and 102); and Mr. E. W. Goldsmith for his harmonization of the tune of "Gathering peascods" (Carol No. 82).

G. R. W.

HIGHGATE,
Michaelmas Day, 1919.

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CHRISTMAS AND EPIPHANY

66

A Virgin most pure

¶ Traditional words. Melody (in the Mixolydian Mode) from *Some Ancient Christmas Carols*, by Davies Gilbert, 1822 and 1823. Setting by C. W.

♩. A Vir - gin most pure, as the Pro - phets do tell, Hath

The first system of musical notation is in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the Mixolydian mode (one flat). The lyrics are: "A Virgin most pure, as the Prophets do tell, Hath".

brought forth a Ba - by, as it hath be - fell; To be our Re -

The second system continues the melody. The lyrics are: "brought forth a Baby, as it hath be-fell; To be our Re-". A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' above it.

- deem - er from Death, Hell, and Sin, Which A - dam's trans -

The third system continues the melody. The lyrics are: "- deem-er from Death, Hell, and Sin, Which A-dam's trans-". A note in the melody is marked with an asterisk (*).

- gres - sion had wrap - ped us in. R. Aye, and there - fore be

The fourth system concludes the melody. The lyrics are: "- gres-sion had wrap-ped us in. R. Aye, and there-fore be".

* In verse 4 these tied notes must be split.

mer - ry; Re - joice, and be you mer - ry; Set sor - row a -

- side; Christ Je - sus our Sa - viour was born at this tide.

- ♪. 2 In Bethlehem Jewry a City there was,
 Where Joseph and Mary together did pass,
 And there to be taxèd with many one mo,
 For Caesar commanded the same should be so.
 ♪. Aye, and therefore, etc.
- ♪. 3 But when they had ent' red 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.
- ♪. 4 Then they were constrain'd in a stable to lye,
 Where horses and asses they us'd for to tie;
 Their lodging so simple they took it no scorn,
 But against the next morning our Saviour was born.
 ♪. Aye, and therefore, etc.
- ♪. 5 The King of all kings to this world being brought,
 Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was sought;
 And when she had swaddled her young Son so sweet,
 Within an ox manger she laid Him to sleep.
 ♪. Aye, and therefore, etc.
- ♪. 6 Then God sent an Angel from Heaven so high,
 To certain poor Shepherds in fields where they lye,
 And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,
 Because that our Saviour was born on this day.
 ♪. Aye, and therefore, etc.
- ♪. 7 Then presently after the Shepherds did spy
 A number of Angels that stood in the sky;
 They joyfully talkèd and sweetly did sing,
 'To God be all glory our Heavenly King.'
 ♪. Aye, and therefore, etc.

67

King Jesus hath a garden

♯ Words of *Heer Jesus heeft een Hofken*, a Dutch Carol from the *Geestlijcke Harmonie* (Emmerich, 1633, and Bruges, 1609), translated by G. R. W. Proper Melody harmonized by C. W.

King Je - sus hath a gar - den, full of di - vers flow'rs, Where

I go cul - ling po - sies gay, all times and hours. There

naught is heard But Pa - ra - dise bird, Harp, dul - ci - mer, lute, With

cym - bal, Trump and tym - bal, And the ten - der, sooth - ing flute; With

cym - bal, Trump and tym - bal, And the ten - der, sooth - ing flute.

- 2 The Lily, white in blossom there, is Chastity:
The Violet, with sweet perfume, Humility.
There naught is heard, etc.
- 3 The bonny Damask-rose is known as Patience:
The blithe and thrifty Marygold, Obedience.
There naught is heard, etc.
- 4 The Crown Imperial bloometh too in yonder place:
'Tis Charity, of stock divine, the flower of grace.
There naught is heard, etc.
- 5 Yet, 'mid the brave, the bravest prize may claim
The Star of Bethlem—JESUS—blessèd be His Name!
There naught is heard, etc.
- 6 Ah! Jesu Lord, my heal and weal, my bliss complete,
Make Thou my heart Thy garden-plot, fair, trim and neat,
That I may hear This musick clear:
Harp, dulcimer, lute,
With cymbal, Trump and tymbal,
And the tender, soothing flute.

68 Shepherds, in the field abiding

¶ Words (after the Antiphon *Quem vidistis, pastores*) by G. R. W.
A French or Flemish Melody, harmonized by C. W.

♫. Shep - herds, in the field a - bid - ing, Tell us,

when the Se - raph bright Greet - ed you with won - drous

tid - ing, What ye saw and heard that night.

R. Glo

ri - a in ex - cel - sis

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The lyrics are: 'Shep - herds, in the field a - bid - ing, Tell us, when the Se - raph bright Greet - ed you with won - drous tid - ing, What ye saw and heard that night.' The fourth system begins with the instruction 'R. Glo' and continues with the lyrics 'ri - a in ex - cel - sis'. The score uses various musical notations including eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

De o, Glo - ri - a
ri - a
in ex - cel - sis De - ol

Ÿ. 2 We beheld (it is no fable)
 God incarnate, King of bliss,
 Swathed and cradled in a stable,
 And the Angel-strain was this:
 R̄. *Gloria*, etc.

Ÿ. 3 Quiristers on high were singing
 Jesus and His Virgin-birth;
 Heav'nly bells the while a-ringing
 'Peace, goodwill to men on earth.'
 R̄. *Gloria*, etc.

Ÿ. 4 Thanks, good herdmen; true your story;
 Have with you to Bethlehem:
 Angels hymn the King of Glory;
 Carol we with you and them.
 R̄. *Gloria*, etc.

69 To Bethlem Shepherd-brethren ran

¶ Words of a Greek Stichéron (Ἐν Βηθλεὲμ συνέδραμον) for December 29, translated by G. R. W. Tune of the Courante *Jeavel*, set by Dr. John Bull (c. 1562-1628).

For Soprano, or Tenor, Solo.

To Beth - lem Shep - herd - breth - ren ran, Swift o'er

coombs or knolls, . . . To dis - close Him,

God and Man, True Shep - herd of their souls. . . .

- 1 To Bethlem Shepherd-brethren ran,
Swift o'er coombs and knolls,
To disclose Him, God and Man,
True Shepherd of their souls.
- 2 That God, who rideth on His car,—
Cherubim on high,—
Ox and ass His courtiers are,
On earth where He doth lie.
- 3 To Him, in mortal likeness born
Of the blissful Maid,
All for us, that were forlorn,
By us be homage paid!

70 Descend from heav'n, ye Angels, come

¶ Words from the *Mainz Gesangbuch* (1628), translated by G. R. W.
The Melody (said to come from Katharina Tirs' *Hymnarius*, 1588)
harmonized by C. W.

De - scend from heav'n, ye An - gels, come: E - ya!

E - ya! Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by; With

song, ding - dong, with pipe and drum; Al - lé - lu - yá, Al -

lé - lu - yá, Sing ye of Je - sus, Ma - ry's Son.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Nor leave behind, ye tuneful quires,—
Eya! Eya! Lullaby, lullaby, lulla-
by,—
Your merry harpsichords and lyres;
Alléluyá, Alléluyá,
And sing of Jesus, Mary's Son.</p> | <p>3 And let your voices rise and fall,—
Eya! Eya! Lullaby, lullaby, lulla-
by,—
With organ, lute and virginal;
Alléluyá, Alléluyá.
In praise of Jesus, Mary's Son.</p> |
| <p>4 Sing, "Peace, goodwill from shore to shore":
Eya! Eya! Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby:
"Glory on high for evermore";
Alléluyá, Alléluyá,
In praise of Jesus, Mary's Son.</p> | |

71

Psallite unigenito

♯ English words written by G. R. W. Tune and Setting by, or from, Michael Praetorius (*Musae Sioniae*), 1609.

Psal - li - te

Psal - li - te Psal - li - te u - ni - ge - ni - to

Psal - li - te

Psal - li - te

Chris - to De - i Fi - li - o, Chris - to De - i Fi - li - o,

Re - demp - to - ri Do - mi - no, pu - e - ru - lo, ia - cen - ti

in prae - se - pi - o. What if an In - fant small be

cra - dled in the stall, An - gel - quires in heav'n - ly

An - gel-quires in heav'n - ly

hall Be - fore his foot-stool fall, Sing - ing an - thems all.

hall Be - fore his foot-stall fall. *Psal - li - te*

Psal - li - te Psal - li - te

Psal - li - te

Chris - to De - i Fi - li - o,

u - ni - ge - ni - to

Psal - li - te

Chris - to De - i Fi - li - o, Re - demp - to - ri Do - mi - no, pu -

e - ru - lo, ia - cen - ti in prae - se - pi - o

72

A Star doth bedizen

¶ Words by G. R. W. Melody of *Come o'er the bourne, Bessie* (from a MS. in the Cambridge University Library), harmonized by C. W.

A Star doth be - di - zen The West - ron ho - ri - zon, As

Ba - laam the seer did fore - say; And, drawn by the light of this

me - te - or bright, Three Eas - ter - lings haste a - way.

2 Through fair or foul weather
They journey together
O'er mountain and valley, nor stay
Until they had sped and arrived at the shed,
Wherein the babe Jesu lay.

3 They fall and adore Him
In worship afore Him
That heavenly Child, that was born
For us, as for them, e'en at Little Bethlém,
Of Mary on Christmas-morn.

73

Wo, Jesu, is me

¶ Words from D. G. Corner's *Gesangbuch* (1631), translated by G. R. W. Melody from Mainz (1661), harmonized by C. W.

Wo, Je - su, is me Thy cra - dle to see; Thou ten - der Child,

say, Why liest thou on hay? Sleep, dar - ling; close thine eyes in re - pose; And

make us rest in Pa - ra-dise blest. Wo, Je - su, is me Thy

cra - dle to see; Thou ten - der Child, say, Why liest thou on hay?

2 Sleep on, prithee, rest;
Naught shall Thee molest;
For ox, ass and sheep
Be all fast asleep.

Sleep, darling, etc.

3 Hark! Seraphim high
And Cherubim cry:
Thy cradle a flock
Of Angels doth rock.

Sleep, darling, etc.

4 See! See! darling dear,
Saint Joseph is here;
And I too am near:
Sleep on without fear.

Sleep, darling, etc.

5 Sir ox, quiet keep;
The Infant will sleep:
Ass, prithee, lie still;
To sleep is His will.

Sleep, darling, etc.

74 Of these four Letters sing will I

♯ Words by G. R. W. Melody of *Johnny Faa*, or *Gipsey Laddie*,
harmonized by C. W.

Mixolydian Mode.

Of these four let - ters sing will I In dul - ci me - lo -

di - a, Of M and A and R and Y, De

Vir - gi - ne Ma - ri - a. For, Mo - ther of th' In

car - nate Word, Vir - gi - ni - ta - tis vi - a, Of

wo - men none may be pre - ferr'd Be - a - ta prae Ma - ri - a.

2 Misdoubting not the Father's plan,
Testante Hieremia,
 'Tis she that compass'd hath a Man,¹
Conceptum ope dia :
 And, as the Holy Spirit will'd,
Locutus de Messia,
 In her is Esay's word fulfill'd,²
*Vetusque prophetia.*³

3 An Angel, and of high degree
Celesti in hierarchia,
 Came down to greet this Maiden free,
Dicens, 'Ave Maria!
 Fear not; bedew'd with heav'nly
 shower,
O virga, virgo pia,
 Thy bloom shall beth' immortal Flower:
Ne timeas, Maria.'

¹ Jer. xxxi. 22.² Isa. vii. 14.³ Gen. iii. 15.

4 Ride westward kings from Saba, three,
Ferentes dona tria,
 And 'fore the Babe on Mary's knee
Genusflectuntur, quia
 'Twas God, if of his glory shorn,
Cum genitrice pia,
 When God was born on Christmas-
 morn
Ex Virgine Maria.

5 Yea therefore, Mary, pray thy Son,
Qui Patris est Sophia,
 To teach and lead us every one
Ad coelica bravia ;
 Where Quire doth sing and belfry ring,
Cum suavi symphonia,
 To laud thy Child, O Maiden mild,
Mater Dei, Maria.

75 Through Gabriel his message mild

¶ Words by G. R. W. Melody (known as *Crailtoun*, or *Sir John Malcolm*) harmonized by C. W.

Dorian Mode.

Through Ga - bri - el his mes - sage mild, O . . Ma - ris stel - la, Thou,

Vir - gin, hast con - ceiv'd a Child, Tu De - i - ta - tis cel - la.

2 Fair Maiden, in thy lowly bower,
Flos sine spina,
 Thou bar'st the Everlasting Flower
Ex gracia divina.

3 All we through Eva were for-done
Per peccatricem,
 But Eden's garden is re-won
Per Dei genitricem.

4 Of daughters, Maid, thou art the best,
Virgo beata,
 Of every age and people blest,
Deipara vocata.

5 That Son is very God indeed
Quem tu portasti ;
 Nor will he scorn his mother's bede
Quem puerum lactasti.

6 Thy gentle Bairn, how sweet he is
Quis enarravit ?
 And who can tell the heavenly bliss
Quod suis praeeparavit ?

7 And therefore, Lady, thee we greet
Cum melodia,
 And with Saint Gabriel repeat,
Ave, Virgo Maria !

76 To-day Maiden Mary, foretold by the Seer

¶ Words of a Kontakion (Ἡ παρθένος σήμερον) from the Greek *Horologion* (December 25), translated into English verse by G. R. W., for an Irish Mixolydian Melody; harmonized by C. W.

To - day Maid - en Ma - ry, fore - told by the Seer, Hath

child - ed an In - fant, the which hath no peer: Earth

lend - eth the ca - vern to Him who on high A -

bid - eth in light where to none may draw nigh.

2 While Angels with herdmen are chanting his birth,
 "To God be the Glory, and Peace upon earth",
 Lo! at the same season, from country afar,
 Three Easterlings follow the beams of a Star.

3 For why, for us mortals on Christen-mas morn,
 At Bethlehem-Juda, this Baby was born,
 The Son of the Father, the All-holy One,
 God, blessèd for ever, or time was begun.

77 In Bethlehem City, on Christmas-day Morn

† Words based on *Σήμερον ὁ Χριστός*, and *Μάγοι Περσῶν Βασιλείς*, from the Greek *Menaeon* (December 25, 26), by G. R. W. An Old English or Irish Melody, harmonized by C. W.

In Beth-le - hem ci - ty, on Christ - mas - day morn Lord

in a bare ca - vern thou would - est be born; And

thou, who for throne hast the heav - en on high, Wast

fain in a ship - pon 'mid ox - en to lie.

2 And thou, whom Angelical troops ay surround,
By certain poor herdmen didst deign to be found.
And this, of thy goodness, to rescue our race:
So sing we, "All glory, and thanks for thy grace."

3 And at the same season, behold from afar
There fared unto Bethlehem, led by a star,
Three princes of Saba, who knew by that sign
That born upon earth was a Monarch divine.

4 Choice treasure they bare thee, myrrh, incense and gold:
And though thou wert cradled 'mid beasts of the fold,
They knelt, for they saw, when they rend'red thee praise,
The Son of the Father, the Ancient of Days.

78 Whom the Sire of Heav'n begot

† Words of a Greek *Kontakion* for December 26 (Ὁ πρὸ ἐωσφόρου), translated by G. R. W. Tune of *Shall I go walke the woods so wild*, first setting by W. Byrde, the second by Dr. John Bull.

By Soprano, or Tenor, Voices.

Verses 1, 3.

1. Whom the Sire of heav'n be -
3. This too An - gels chaunt - ed

got, When the morn ing -
fain With the herd - men

star on was the not : To whom no
plain : 'O Ma - ry,

mo full - ther of there gave birth, But
Of

had thee, no pure fa - - - - ther here on
Vir - - - - gin, God is

Verse 2.

earth, born. 2. He as man to - day is seen

Of . . . thy sub - stance, Maid - en clean: And

this glad ti - ding from a - far Is

told the Wise - men by . . . a Star.

79 The Hymn for Conquering Martyrs raise

Hymnum canentes martyrum

♯ Words by the Ven. Bede (673-735), translated by J. M. Neale (1818-1866). Tune of *Mundanis vanitatibus* (*Piae Cantiones*, 1582), harmonized by G. R. W.

The Hymn for con - qu'ring Mar - tyrs raise: The Vic - tor
Whom in their woe earth cast a - way, But heav'n with

In no - cents we praise: Whose An - gels
joy re - ceiv'd to - day,

see the Fa - ther's face, World with - out end, and

hymn his grace: And while they chant un - ceas - ing

lays, The Hymn for con - qu'ring Mar - tyrs raise.

- 2 By that accursèd Monarch slain,
 Their loving Maker bade them reign:
 With him they dwell, no more distrest,
 In the fair Land of light and rest:
 He gives them mansions, one and all,
 In that his heavenly Father's hall:
 Thus have they changed their loss for gain,
 By that accursèd Monarch slain.
- 3 A voice from Ramah was there sent,
 A voice of weeping and lament:
 When Rachel mourn'd the children's care,
 Whom for the tyrant's sword she bare.
 Triumphal is their glory now,
 Whom earthly torments could not bow:
 What time, both far and near that went,
 A voice from Ramah was there sent.
- 4 Fear not, O little flock and blest,
 The lion that your life oppress'd!
 To heavenly pastures ever new
 The heavenly Shepherd leadeth you:
 Who, dwelling now on Sion's hill,
 The Lamb's dear footsteps follow still:
 By tyrant there no more distrest,
 Fear not, O little flock and blest!
- 5 And every tear is wiped away
 By your dear Father's hands for aye;
 Death hath no power to hurt you more,
 Whose own is Life's eternal store.
 Who sow their seed, and, sowing weep,
 In everlasting joy shall reap:
 What time they shine in heavenly day,
 And every tear is wiped away.
- 6 O City blest o'er all the earth,
 Who gloriest in the Saviour's birth!
 Whose are his earliest Martyrs dear
 By kindred and by triumph here.
 None from henceforth may call thee small:
 Of rival towns thou passest all;
 In whom our Monarch had his birth,
 O City blest o'er all the earth!

80 **Welcome, Christmas, welcome here**

♯ Words by Miss Mary Ann Stodart (c. 1840). Melody of *Disciplinae filius*, from *Piae Cantiones* (1582), harmonized by C. W.

1. Wel - come, Christ - mas, wel - come here, Happiest season
Fires are bla - zing, thee to greet: Fa - mi - lies to -

of the year. Brothers, sisters, cir - - - cle round,
ge - ther meet.

..... Loud is gladness' fes - tive sound.

For Old England loves to see All her children

wel come thee.

2 Welcome, Christmas, for thy voice
Calls upon us to rejoice,
Not with foolish idle mirth,
Born and perishing on earth :
Far be such ungrateful thought ;
Ours are blessings dearly bought,
Dearly bought, but freely given
By the Lord of earth and heaven.

3 Fix we then on Christ our eye ;
May we feel the Saviour nigh :
May we meet around the board,
All rejoicing in the Lord ;
Be the Babe of Beth'lem near,
May his love the season cheer,
And each glad'nèd heart and tongue
Join the Angels' Christmas Song.

81 Iure plaudant omnia

† Words and Melody said to be of the fourteenth century ; from
the *Paderborn Gesangbuch* (1609). The setting by C. W.

Iu - re plau - dant om - ni - a, cun - cta
ce - li - ca, ter - res - tri - a; le - sus

so - nent gau - di - a le - ti - ci - e;
Chris - tus no - bis na - tus ho - di - e.

2 Summi patris filius,
ope sancti spiritus,
ex Maria virgine
castissima
Iesus Christus nobis natus hodie.

3 Angelus pastoribus
nocte vigilantibus
salvatorem nunciat
in Bethlehem
Iesum Christum, nobis natum hodie.

4 Tres reges adveniunt,
aurum, thus, myrrham ferunt
regi deo hominique
supplices
Iesu Christo, nobis nato hodie.

82 Saint Joseph, meek and mild

¶ Words by St. Ephrem Syrus (c. A.D. 307-373), versified by G. R. W. Tune of *Gathering Peascods*, an old English Melody (1650), harmonized by E. W. Goldsmith.

Saint Joseph, meek and mild, Embraced the new-born Child, Then

kneet up-on the sod: The old man, well aware That

De-i-ty lay there, A-dored the Child as God. Full

fain was he to own Yonder Babe, the source a-lone Of

health and wealth and light, As awe-struck he did bless The

Sun of righ-teous-ness. Sooth, 'twas a won-drous

sight; Sooth, 'twas a won-drous sight.

- 2 Who gave me charge and care
Of God's own Son and Heir?
The Lord, I well dare say.
The Mother-maid—as blind
'Twas once within my mind
To put her clean away:
Nor knew, that she, most blest,
Ever-Virgin, in her breast
Such priceless Jewell bare—
A heav'nly Pearl, the which
Poor Joseph shall enrich
O'er all men everywhere.
- 3 Mine ancestor of yore
Was David; he that wore
The royal crown by right:
Howbeit, I from great
Fell into low estate,—
Am but a timber-wright:
Yet, Son of David, thou
Wilt ere long upon my brow
Set kingly diadem:
Meanwhile, mine arms enfold
The King of kings, of old—
The Babe of Bethlehem.

83 Ah! Lord God, the World's Creator

† Words of *Heu quid jaces stabulo*, by J. Mauburn (15th cent.), translated by G. R. W. Melody and Setting by J. G. Ebeling (1666).

1. Ah! Lord God, the world's Cre - a - tor,
4. There - fore thou - sand thou - sand prai - ses

King of all, Great or small, Earth's Re - ge - ne - ra - tor:
Are thy due, Babe Je - su, These my heart up - rai - ses:

Art thou cra - dled, art thou cry - ing, Swath'd and bound,
An - gels, mor - tals, fur - thest, nigh - est, Sing in mirth,

On the ground, In a sta - ble ly - ing?
"Peace on earth, Glo - ry in the high - est!"

¶ Verses 2 and 3 may be sung to another Melody of *Warum sollt' ich mich denn grämen*, by D. Vetter, 1713, harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685-1750).

2. Love of man hath brought me hi - ther, Cords of
3. Emp - ty be my scrip and cof - fer, Yet 'tis

love From a - bove, to ex - alt him thi - ther: Dead in
wealth, Plen - ty, health, I am come to of - fer: Haste I

tres - pass, child, I and sought thee, Gone a - stray
to en - rich and dress thee: Born to die,

From my way, Life and par - don brought thee.
Low I lie, And would glad - ly bless thee.

84 Bethlehem-Juda, 'twas there on a Morn

† Words by G. R. W. Tune of *Glencie*, a Scottish Air, harmonized by C. W.

Aeolian Mode.

Beth - le - hem Ju - da, 'twas there on a morn That Christ, in the days of King

He - rod, was born: When from the East coun - try, o'er

fell, frith and fen, There came to Hie - ru - sa - lem cer - tain Wise Men.

- 2 Saying, "We pray you, sirs, tell us the place,
Wherein he is born, who is King of your race.
For from the East Country we, led by his Star,
Be come for to worship him, e'en from afar."
- 3 When of their journey King Herod heard tell,
Himself, and all Salem, was troubled as well:
Then, calling his book-men, with ink, pen and horn,
Enquired of his clergy where Christ should be born.
- 4 Answer they made him, "As we understand,
In Bethlehem, city of Jewerie land:
For thus it is written, and plainly foretold,
By Micah the prophet in ages of old.
- 5 "O Little Bethlem, thou art not behind
The princes of Juda, the chief of their kind;
For-why out of thee shall a Monarch proceed,
The which shall my people of Israël lead."
- 6 Then callèd Herod the pilgrims to hear,
In secret, the time when the Star did appear.
And sent them to Bethlehem, saying, "Go seek,
With purpose, the Infant of whom ye do speak.

- 7 "When ye have found him, report me the news,
That I too may worship this King of the Jews."
The Magi, on hearing King Herod so say,
Soon saddled and bridled, and gat them away.
- 8 Then to sou'-west-ward the wonderful Star,
The which they had eyed in the East from afar,
Went ever before them until that it stay'd
Right over that house where Babe Jesu was laid.
- 9 Seeing the Star again, heart, soul and voice,
With mighty great joy did the Wise Men rejoice:
Then ent'red they in, and beheld the young Child
Together with Mary his mother so mild.
- 10 Falling with reverence low on the knee,
They worship the Infant, of highest degree;
And open their coffers; a present of myrrh,
With gold, and frankincense (the gum of the fir).
- 11 Then, being warnèd of God, in a dream,
Concerning King Herod, his malice and scheme,
These Easterling Sages withouten delay
Depart to their country by other-some way.

85

Ever-Virgin undefiled

¶ Two Stanzas of *O Maria, Jungfrau rein*, versified by G. R. W.
Tune of *Jesu, zu dir rufen wir* (1712, or earlier), harmonized by C. W.

1. E - ver - Vir - gin un - de - filed, With thy dar - ling
2. Mer-cy's Mo - ther, heav'n - ly bride, Look up - on us

gen - tle Child, Hail, Ma - ry! Thou - sand times by
at this tide, Hail, Ma - ry! Win us com - fort,

old and young Thou - sand - fold thy praise be sung! Hail, Ma - ry!
joy of heart! Bid, and all our griefs de - part. Hail, Ma - ry!

86 Whenas the Word Divine had found

¶ Words of two *Theotokia* ("Ἀσπιλον τῶν ἀκανθῶν ἐν μέσῳ) for October 26, and the other (Τῶν Χερουβὶμ φανείσα) for Septuagesima Sunday, versified by G. R. W. Melody and Setting of *There is a Ladie sweet and kind*, by Thomas Forde (1607).

When-as the WORD di - vine had found One spotless flow'r 'mid thorny
ground, One li - ly of the valley low, One Vir - gin blossom white as snow,

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a lute accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

2 Then, Maiden-Mother of our God,
The self-same WORD, by path untrod,
The heav'nly Bridegroom, chose to bide
Within the cloister of thy side.

3 Sweet Lady, Godde's Mother clean,
Whose candle shineth passing sheen,
O'er that of Cherub, Seraph bright,
And all the armies in the height,

4 With these, entreat thou, blameless
one,
Thy Child, the Eternal Father's Son,
For grace, that all we may secure
The blessing that shall aye endure.

87 Joy! Joy! from every Steeple

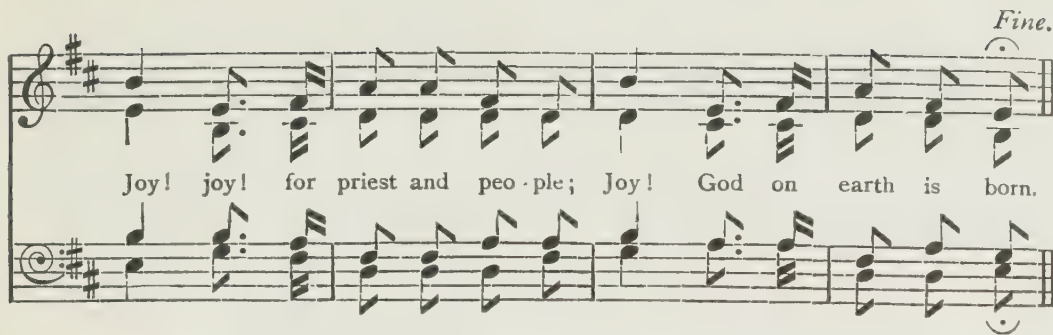
¶ Words by G. R. W. Melody of *Andro and his cutty gun*, harmonized by C. W.

Dorian Mode.

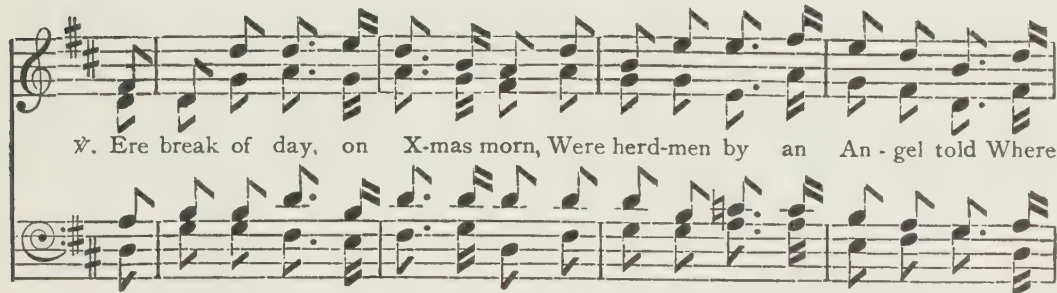
R. Joy! joy! from ev - ery stee - ple; Joy! ring the bells to - morn;

The musical score is in Dorian mode, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a lute accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

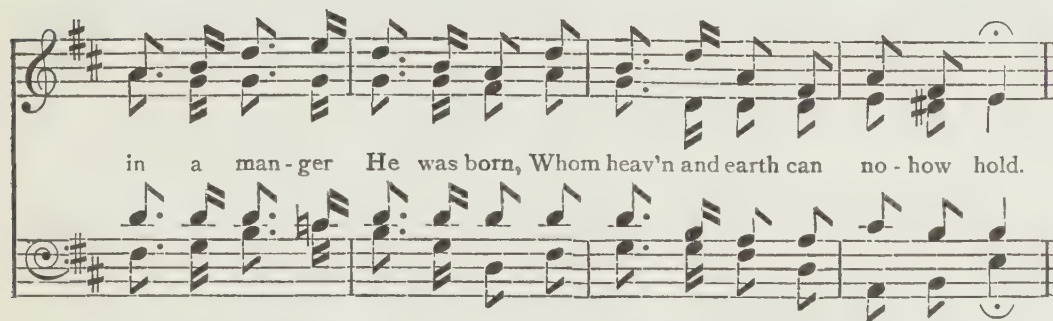
Fine.



Joy! joy! for priest and peo-ple; Joy! God on earth is born.



ψ. Ere break of day, on X-mas morn, Were herd-men by an An-gel told Where



in a man-ger He was born, Whom heav'n and earth can no-how hold.

- ψ. Then did the armies of the sky
 Chaunt, "*In excelsis gloria,*
 All glory be to God on high,
Qui natus est ex Maria." ℞.
- ψ. And, "Peace, good-will to men on earth,"
 Thereto these Seraph glee-men sung
 Upon the midnight of his birth,
 When heav'n itself with music rung. ℞.
- ψ. Then, on the Feast of Christmas-day,
 When all are glad, or should be so,
 My masters, with me sing and say,
Benédicamus Domino! ℞.
- ψ. In heart to Bethlem let us run,
 To see the marvel come to pass,
 And cry before the gentle Son
 Of Mary. *Deo gracias!* ℞.

88 There Joseph on his Sleeping lay

† Words from the *Cursor mundi* (14th cent.). Melody of *Gude Wallace*, harmonized by G. W.

1. There Jo-seph on his sleep-ing lay, An An-gel thus to him gan say,
"Rise up, Jo-seph, and busk and go With Ma-ry and her Child al-so.

For you be-ho-vès now all three, In land of E-gypt for to flee.

2 "Rise up, rise up, ere it be day,
And follow forth the wildrin way;
Herod, that is the Childe's fa,
From now will seek him for to sla.
There shall ye dwell still with the Barn
Till that I eft come you to warn."

89 Listen, Lordings, unto me

† Words, a Cento of old material. Melody of *Westron wynde*, *when wyll thou blow* (Royal App. MS. 58, time of King Henry VIII), harmonized by G. R. W.

Li-sten, lord-ings, un-to me! A tale I shall you tell; The

which up-on this night of glee In Da-vid's town be-fell.

- 2 Joseph came from Nazareth
With Mary, that sweet Maid :
A-weary were they nigh to death,
And for a lodging pray'd.
- 3 In the inn they found no room ;
A scanty bed was made :
Ere dawn the Fruit of Mary's womb
Was in the manger laid.
- 4 Forth He came as light through glass ;
He came to save us all :
Within the stable ox and ass
Before their Maker fall.
- 5 Shepherds lay afield that night,
To keep the silly sheep ;
An host of Angels in their flight
Came down from heav'n's high steep.
- 6 "Nowel! Nowel! Unto you
A little Child is born,
More purer than the drops of dew,
And brighter than the morn."

90 I heard an Infant weeping

† Words of *Dum virgo vagientem*, versified by G. R. W. Tune of *Ein Kindlein in der Wiegen* (Corner's *Nachtigall*, 1649), harmonized by C. W.

I heard an In-fant weep-ing, And yearning sore for rest; But, ere he fell a-

- sleep-ing, Thus sung his Mo-ther blest: Babe Je-su, lul-la-by!

- 2 My Lamb, from God forth-faring,
My Life, my guiding Star,
Fair Lily, of my bearing,
Than jewel rarer far :
Babe Jesu, lullaby!
- 3 Jesu, more sweet than honey,
My fountain of delight,
Beyond the worth of money,
The Dayspring from the height.
- 4 O joyaunce of thy Mother,
Her heart's-ease, all in all,
Creator, Son and Brother,
Hear Mary's madrigall :
- 5 Where to the ox is lending
The tenor to mine air,
And ass his voice is blending,
The burden for to bear.
- 6 But if thou would'st a sweeter
And more melodious chant,
To mend our faulty metre,
Bid Angels make descant.

91 One Yule-night, as abed I lay

♯ Words by G. R. W. Melody of *Der wechter der bliest an den tag* (Nürnberg, A.D. 1542), harmonized by C. W.

Dorian Mode.

One Yule-night, as a - bed . . I lay, The watch with lan - tern

went his way. He, blow - ing loud his horn of buck,

Sung out, "Twelve on the clock is struck; Good peo - ple

all, God rest you mer - ry, one and all!"

2 But, when another hour was flown,
And when again the horn was blown,
Me thought no tune of any bird
Had on land never yet been heard,
For, loud and clear,
The Watchman cried as ye shall hear:—

3 "News! Welcome news I think to tell:
Rejoice, awake and sing Nowell!

For why at Bethlehem this morn
 Our Lord God, deigning to be born,
 On earth doth dwell.
 His name is this, Emmanuel.

4 "Ere daylight in the Eastern skies
 I saw a wonder Star arise :
 It pointeth to that house afar
 Where Jesus and his Mother are.
 Man, know thou this :
 Yon Virgin's Babe is King of bliss."

92 Dawn of Jacob's Star inciteth

¶ Words of Ἀνέτειλε τὸ ἄστρον and Σηλαίω ὑπογαίω (two Troparia for December 22), translated by G. R. W. Tune of a Galiardo, with Setting by Dr. John Bull (1563-1628).

For Tenor or Treble voice.

1. Dawn of Ja - - cob's star in - cit - eth
 2. Of a Mai - - den in a by - er*

Eas - ter - lings to pay their due To Babe Je sú. As
 Has - teth Christ to spring to birth. Let heav'n-ly mirth At -

Saint Ma - théw En - di - - teth.
 tune, O earth, Thy Qu - - yer! *

* Elizabethan way of spelling *byre* and *quyre*.

PASSION-TIDE

93

Coenam cum discipulis

¶ The text. "It may probably be of the twelfth century" (Neale).
The Melody and Setting by Adam Gumpeltzhaimer (1619).

1. Coe - nam cum di - sci - pu - lis, Chri - ste, ce - le -
Et mor - tem a - po - sto - lis Pa - lam nun - ci -
2. Ec - ce ca - ro te - ne - ra Pi - i sal - va -
Ad co - lum - nam ne - qui - ter Co - ar - ta - tur

C.F.

bra - - sti
a - - sti, Et au - cto - rem sce - le - ris
to - - ris. Sic fla - gel - lis cae - di - tur
lo - - ris.

Iu - dam de - mon - stra - - sti, Et e - gres - sus
Im - pi - i tor - to - - ris, Quod e - ma - nant

pro - te - nus Hor - tu - lum in - tra - - sti.
ri - vu - li un - di - que cru - o - - ris.

¶ Two verses of *Coenam cum discipulis*, translated by J. M. Neale.
The Melody is here entrusted to the upper voice.

1 On the wood his arms are stretch'd
And his hands are riven :
Through the tender flesh of Christ
Mighty nails are driven ;
In like wise his blessèd feet
Are to torture given,
As the hands that had so oft
In our battle striven.

2 Streams of blood are trickling down
From those holy sources :
Hither ! weak and sinful soul !
And renew thy forces :
This the medicine, that shall cure
Terrors and remorse ;
This the writing, that for us
Freedom's deed endorses.

EASTER AND ASCENSION

94 Magdalen, cease from Sobs and Sighs

† Words of *Pone luctum, Magdalena*, translated by G. R. W.
Melody of *Nicht ruben Magdalena kundt* (Cöln, 1623), harmonized
by C. W.

Mag - da - len, cease from sobs and sighs; Wipe the tear - drop from

off thine eyes: Si - mon the le - per's feast is o'er;

Christ to - day needs thy nard no more. Now thou - sand

times may'st thou re - joice; Now thou - sand times up -

lift thy voice. Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu -

ya, Al - le - lu - ya; Al - le - lu - ya, Al -

le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya.

- 2 Magdalen, bind upon thee now
 Garland of gladness o'er thy brow:
 Banish'd afar is grief and pain:
 Welcome is sunshine after rain.
 For Jesu Christ the world hath freed,
 Triumphant over Death indeed.

℞. Alleluya (vij).

- 3 Magdalen, joy! Dispel thy gloom;
 Jesus hath left his three-day tomb.
 Lo, the sad scene is past away:
 Foughten hath he and won the day.
 Him whom thou mournest 'mid the dead,
 Go greet him ris'n, as he foresaid.

℞. Alleluya (vij).

- 4 Magdalen, up! With wonder scan
 Thy risen God, the Son of man.
 Gaze on his features debonaire,
 View the five wounds which he doth bear;
 Those glist'ring pearls, with virtue rife,
 Those trophies of his victor-strife.

℞. Alleluya (vij).

- 5 Magdalen, rear aloft thy head!
 Back from the darkness Light hath sped.
 Throb may thy pulse with joy to-day;
 Death and his might are done away.
 So let thy sometime grief retire,
 For now thou seest thine heart's desire.

℞. Alleluya (vij).

95

Tell it out, the Story

¶ Words of Psalm xcvi. 10-13, versified by G. R. W., for the Melody of *Webe, Windgen, webe*, an old Belgian Song, set by Samuel Scheidt (c. 1587-1654).

Tell it out, the sto - ry, Wher - e'er the hea - then

be, THE

GOD OF GLO - RY WAS REIGN - ING FROM THE TREE.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 He (and time shall prove it)
Hath fashion'd earth so vast
That none can move it,
For he hath set it fast.</p> <p>3 He (let every steeple
Proclaim it in good sooth)
Shall judge the people
In equity and truth.</p> <p>4 Heav'n and earth be cheery,
And let the sea's abyss
Be no more dreary,
Nor aught that therein is.</p> | <p>5 Bless, ye fields, your Maker,
And trees, with one accord,
Of wood-land acre,
Rejoice before the Lord.</p> <p>6 For he cometh truly,
To judge mankind on earth,
And guerdon duly
Each act of whatso worth.</p> <p>7 Tell it out, the story,
Where'er the heathen be,
THE GOD OF GLORY
WAS REIGNING FROM THE TREE.</p> |
|---|---|

96 Come, ye faithful, raise the Strain

¶ Words by St. John Damascene (Αἴσωμεν πάντες λαοί, κ.τ.λ.), translated by J. M. Neale. Tune and Setting by J. H. Schein (1586-1630).

Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-um-phant glad-ness!
God hath brought his Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness:

Loosed from Pha-raoh's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh-ters,
Led them with un-moist-'ned foot Thro' the Red Sea wa-ters.

Al-le-lu-ya, Al-le-lu-ya, Al-le-Al-le-lu-ya.

Σήμερον ἔαρ ψυχῶν.

Ἡ βασιλὶς τῶν ὥρων.

2 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst his prison,
And from three days' sleep in death,
As a sun, hath risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From his light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying. [Alleluya.]

3 Now the Queen of Seasons, bright
With the Day of Splendour,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render:
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
Jesu's Resurrection. [Alleluya.]

Πύλαι θανάτου, Χριστέ.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That thy Peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing. [Alleluya.]

97 Sun, if thou think thy Sphere

† Chanson du Roy Louis XIII. Tune of *Tu crois, O beau soleil*,
harmonized by C. W.: words by G. R. W.

Sun, if thou think thy sphere Hath ne-ver in the world his peer, Je -

sus, who lent thee light, Is thou-sand-fold more bright. Thy

be but dim In the splen-dour of him.
rays be but dim In the splen-dour of him.
be but In the
but dim In the splen-dour of him.

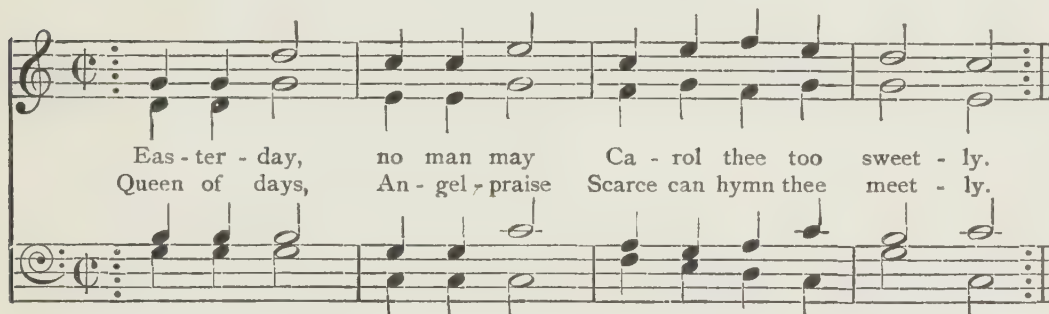
2 Stint, nightingale! And hush
Carolling, linnnet, merle and thrush.
For after Jesu's voice
In nought else I rejoice.
The charms of his name
Put your music to shame.

3 No longer, month of May,
Brag of thy vesture green and gay:
For eye hath never scann'd
The sights that he hath plann'd,
The which be in store
For his own, evermore.

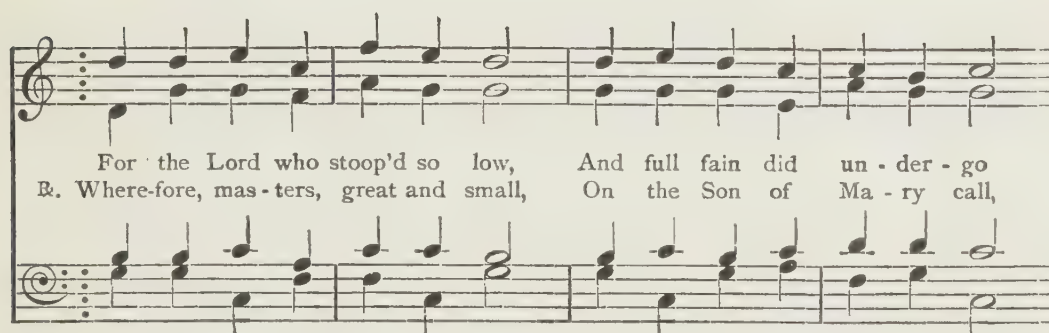
98

Easter-day, no man may

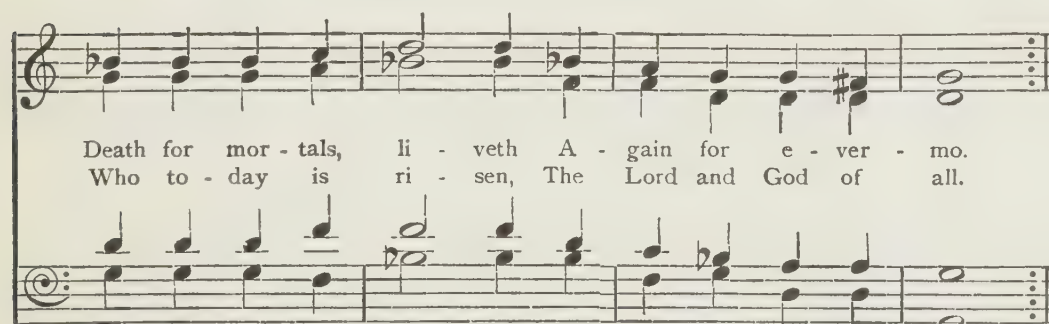
† Original words written by G. R. W., for an old Allemande, *Also gebt's, also steht's*; harmonized by Samuel Scheidt (c. 1587-1654).



Eas-ter - day, no man may Ca - rol thee too sweet - ly.
Queen of days, An - gel praise Scarce can hymn thee meet - ly.



For the Lord who stoop'd so low, And full fain did un - der - go
R. Where-fore, mas - ters, great and small, On the Son of Ma - ry call,



Death for mor - tals, li - veth A - gain for e - ver - mo.
Who to - day is ri - sen, The Lord and God of all.

2 Through the sparr'd and well-barr'd
Portals of his prison,
Goddès Son, victory won,
From the dead is risen.
Ere that day had clear'd the gloom,
E'en as from the Virgin womb,
Watch and seal defying,
Our Saviour left the tomb.
℞. Wherefore, masters, great and
small, etc.

3 For mankind, bear 't in mind,
On the Tree he mounted:
And, to quell powers of hell,
Was transgressor counted.
On Good Friday he was slain,
But to-day he lives again,
That his ransomed people
With him in bliss may reign.
℞. Wherefore, masters, great and
small, etc.

99 Now Spring is come, and Earth renew'd

† Words by G. R. W. Tune of *Ein meidlein zu dem brunnen gieng* (16th cent.), harmonized by G. R. W.

Hypo-dorian Mode.

(a)

1. Now Spring is come, and earth re-new'd With fo-li-age and flow-er,
Which, gend-red by the Sun, is dew'd With time-ly A-pril show-er:

No lon-ger ra-geth Eas-tern gale, That held for weeks to-

ge-ther: But bal-my Wes-tern winds un-veil, O'er

meads of herb and hea-ther, Fair wea-ther, fair wea-ther.

[(a) may be sung to verses 1, 3 and 5: (b) to verses 2, 4 and 6.]

(b)

2. 'Tis cuc-koo-time: now tur - tle - dove With plain-tive note is woo - ing
His mate up - on the elm a - bove, And stin - teth not his coo - ing.

C. F.

The lave-rock wing - eth up - ward road With ca - rol blithe and

mer - ry; The night - in - gale en - tu - neth ode 'Mid

ap - ple bloom and per - ry, Or cher - ry, or cher - ry.

- 3 The busy bees flit here and there,
Now sunbeam waxeth stronger,
And garden-plot and tree go bare
Of drapery no longer:
The air is fraught with savour sweet,
The fruits of earth are springing:
The mountain is with joy replete;
The valley-land is ringing
With singing, with singing.
- 4 Now cattle graze in pasture green;
The ewes do feed beside them,
Whose lambkins frolic morn and e'en;
Such pleasure doth betide them:
The fish with glittery scales, that swim
The deep pool and the shallow,
Rise playful to the river-brim,
Where grows the reed, the sallow,
And mallow, and mallow.

- 5 Then, O my soul, as everything
At Easter-tide is glad'ned,—
And as the world itself doth sing,
Which winter-time had sad'ned;—
As frozen earth is thaw'd by breath
Of western breeze that bloweth,—
As seed, awake from sleep of death,
In gay apparel showeth,
And groweth, and groweth,—
- 6 Then, with yon lark and nightingale,
O'er field and woody acre,
Bear thou thy part, and chanting hail
The triumph of thy Maker,
Who died to rescue thee from sin,
And from thy foe infernal;
Who rose again, that man might win
The joy of Spring supernal,
Eternal, eternal.

100 On Easter-morn, ere Break of Day

† Words of Αἱ Μυροφόροι γυναῖκες, and Φωτίζου, φωτίζου, sung by the Greek Church at *Lauds* on Easter-day, translated by G. R. W. Melody of *On a bank of flowers ae simmer day*, harmonized by C. W.

On Eas-ter morn, ere break of day The three Saint Ma-ries
To-ward the tomb where Je-sus lay, Al-rea-dy three days

sped dead. Light seem'd the bur-den that they bore Of

myrrh and spice, a good-ly store, When came they fast, The

Sab-bath past, To salve his Bo-dy o'er.

2 But at his grave they saw a sight,
The stone was roll'd away;
And thereon sat an Angel bright,
Which unto them did say:
"Fear not: Go tell the Eleven that he
Precedes them into Galilee,
O'er is the strife;
The Lord of Life
Hath won the victorie."

3 Rise, New Hierusalem, and shine,
For Christ thy Light is risen!
Syon, exult! Thy Lord divine
Hath burst his three-day prison.
Thou, Mother, too, of God, be glad
Because thy Son, whom Jewry had
On Friday slain,
Doth live again,
In robe of glory clad.

101 farewell, Night with Mist o'er-shrouded

† After *Ite noctes, ite nubes*, words by G. R. W. Highland Melody,
harmonized by C. W.

Dorian Mode.

Fare - well, night with mist o'er-shrou-ded! Fare - well, star and

twi - light gloom! Wel - come, sun - shine un - be-cloud - ed!

Win - ter make for May - day room! Heav'n and earth,

Isle and o - cean, Frith and firth, Sing for mirth.

2 Fertilized by April shower,
Wood and meadow, clap the hand!
Blossom, desert, into flower,
Deck thy face, O pasture-land!
From the fell,
Merrie rillet,
'Fresh thou well
Dale and dell.

3 Know ye not that Christ is risen?
He hath harried death and hell,
Leading spirits forth from prison
Long constrain'd therein to dwell.
Raising his
Ransomed people
From th' abyss
Up to bliss.

102 The Teams are waiting in the field

† Words by J. M. Neale (1818-1866). Melody of *Cherry Chase* (time of Queen Elizabeth), harmonized by C. W.

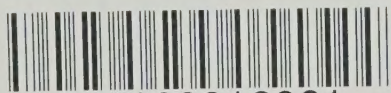
The teams are wait - ing in the field, The plow - men all a - row; As
brisk and gay as birds in May, They make a good - ly show.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

2 The farmer stands, and sees all hands
Turn'd out and ready now;
Yet, ere they start, with all our heart
We'll say, God speed the plow!

3 We plow the field; but He must yield
His sunshine and his rains:
In hope we plow, in hope we sow,
That He may bless our pains.

4 'Tis even weight, and furrow straight,
That bears away the bell;
So off! and now God speed the plow,
And send the plowman well!



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Music

