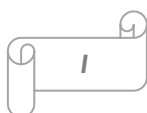


# CHRISTMAS CAROLS AND MID-WINTER SONGS



Revised for Christmas 2018



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(THANKS TO DAVID GOUGH)

## BOAR'S HEAD CAROL

The Boar's Head in hand bear I,  
Bedecked with bay and rosemary,  
I bid you my masters be merry,  
Quot estis in convivio.

*Chorus (sung twice between each verse):*

*Caput apri defero,  
Reddens laudes Domino.*

The Boar's Head as I understand,  
Is the rarest dish in all the land,  
Which thus bedecked with a gay garland,  
Let us servire cantico.

Our steward hath provided this,  
In honour of the King of bliss,  
Which on this day to be served is,  
In Reginensis Atrio.

*Trad - A 16th century carol*

*Caput apri defero, Reddens laudes  
Domino. - I bring the Boar's head, sing  
thanks to the Lord  
Quot estis in convivio - all who are feasting  
together.  
servire cantico - serve whilst singing.  
Reginensis Atrio - within the Queen's Hall*

## THE HOLLY AND THE IVY

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

*Chorus:*

*The rising of the sun,  
And the running of the deer,  
The playing of the merry organ,  
Sweet singing all in the choir.*

The holly bears a blossom,  
As white as any flower,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
To be our sweet Saviour.

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

The holly bears a prickly,  
As sharp as any thorn,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
On Christmas Day in the morn.

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

Versions of this carol have appeared in  
broadside dating back as far as the early  
1700s

## SUSSEX CAROL

On Christmas night all Christians sing,  
To hear the news the Angels bring,  
On Christmas night all Christians sing,  
To hear the news the Angels bring,  
News of great joy, News of great mirth,  
News of our merciful King's birth.

Then why should men on earth be so sad,  
Since our Redeemer made us glad,  
Then why should men on earth be so sad,  
Since our Redeemer made us glad,  
When from our sin he set us free,  
All for to gain our liberty.

When sin departs before his grace,  
Then health and life come in its place,  
When sin departs before his grace,  
Then health and life come in its place,  
Angels and men with joy may sing,  
All for to see the new born King.

All out of darkness we have light,  
Which made the angels sing this night,  
All out of darkness we have light,  
Which made the angels sing this night,  
Glory to God; and peace to men,  
Now and forever more. Amen.

The tune was noted down by Dr Culwick in 1904 from his mother who had heard it sung many years previously in the streets of Dublin.

## SANS DAY CAROL

Now the holly bears a berry as white as the milk,  
And Mary she bore Jesus who was wrapped up in silk.

*Chorus:*

*And Mary she bore Jesus our Saviour for to be,  
And the First tree in the greenwood, it was the holly, holly, holly,  
And the First tree in the greenwood, it was the holly.*

Now the holly bears a berry as green as the grass,  
And Mary she bore Jesus who died on the cross.

Now the holly bears a berry as black as the coal,  
And Mary she bore Jesus who died for us all.

Now the holly bears a berry as blood it is red,  
And Mary she bore Jesus who rose from the dead.

The Sans Day or St Day Carol got its name because the melody and first three verses were taken down by Rev. G.H. Doble after Thomas Beard was heard to sing it at St Day in Cornwall. St Day was a Breton saint who has many followers in Cornwall.

## HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

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

*Chorus:*

*Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new born King!*

Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of a Virgin's womb,  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail the incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as man with man to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that we no more may die,  
Born to raise us from the earth,  
Born to give us second birth,  
Risen with healing in his wings,  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Hail, the Son of Righteousness!  
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

Words: Charles Wesley, 1739

## AWAY IN A MANGER

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

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,  
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes;  
I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky  
And stay by my cradle 'til morning is nigh.

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

## TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the (first - twelfth) day of Christmas my true love sent to me:

A partridge in a pear tree  
Two turtle doves and  
Three French hens  
Four calling birds  
Five gold rings  
Six geese a laying  
Seven swans swimming  
Eight maids a milking  
Nine drummers drumming  
Ten pipers piping  
Eleven ladies dancing  
Twelve lords leaping

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED (PENTONVILLE)

While Shepherds watched their flocks by  
night,  
All seated on the ground,  
All seated on the ground,  
The Angel of the Lord came down,  
And Glory shone around,  
And Glory shone around,  
The Angel of the Lord came down,  
And Glory shone around,  
And Glory shone around.

"Fear not" said he, for mighty dread,  
Had seized their troubled mind,  
Had seized their troubled mind,  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,  
To you and all mankind,  
To you and all mankind,  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,  
To you and all mankind,  
To you and all mankind".

"To you in David's town this day,  
Is born of David's line",  
Is born of David's line,  
"A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be a sign,  
And this shall be a sign,  
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord  
And this shall be a sign,  
And this shall be a sign.

All glory be to God on high,  
And on the earth be peace,  
And on the earth be peace,  
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men,  
Begin and never cease,  
Begin and never cease,  
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men,  
Begin and never cease,  
Begin and never cease.

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED (CRANBROOK)

While shepherds watched their flocks by  
night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around  
And glory shone around  
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind,  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind  
To you and all mankind  
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day,  
Is born of David's line,  
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign  
And this shall be the sign  
And this shall be the sign.

"All glory be to God on high,  
And on earth be peace,  
Good will henceforth from heaven to men,  
Good will henceforth from heaven to men,  
Begin and never cease  
Begin and never cease  
Begin and never cease."

Words: Nahum Tate, 1700, the tune is by T  
Clark circa 1805. Tate's words have been  
the inspiration to a huge number of  
variations. The tune for this one is almost  
universally known as "On Ilkley Moor Bah  
Tat".

### WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED (WINCHESTER)

While shepherds watched their flocks by  
night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

Fear not! said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind.  
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.

“To you, in David’s town, this day  
Is born of David’s line  
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign.

The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the seraph and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels praising God on high,  
Who thus addressed their song:

All glory be to God on high,  
And to the Earth be peace;  
Good will henceforth from Heav’n to men  
Begin and never cease!

### DOWN IN YON FOREST

Down in yon forest there is a hall,  
The bells of paradise I heard them ring,  
Covered all over in purple pall,  
I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

And in that hall there is a bed,  
The bells of paradise I heard them ring,  
Covered over with a cover so red,  
I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

And at the bed-side there is a stone,  
The bells of paradise I heard them ring,  
Which the sweet Virgin Mary knelt upon,  
I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

At the bed foot there grows a thorn,  
The bells of paradise I heard them ring,  
Which never bore flower since it was born,  
I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

And under that bed there is a flood,  
The bells of paradise I heard them ring,  
One half runs water the other runs blood,  
I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

And over that hall the moon shines so  
bright,  
The bells of paradise I heard them ring,  
Denoting our saviour was born this night.  
I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

A carol from Castleton in Derbyshire - it  
first appeared in print in the late fourteenth  
century but it is likely to have been in  
circulation before then.



## BABES IN THE WOOD

O, don't you remember, a long time ago,  
Those two little babies their names I don't  
know,  
They strayed far away, one bright  
summer's day,  
Those two little babies got lost on their  
way.

*Chorus:*

*Pretty babes in the wood, pretty babes in  
the wood,  
O, don't you remember those babes in the  
wood.*

Now the day being long and the night  
coming on,  
Those two little babies sat under a stone,  
They sobbed and they sighed, they sat  
there and cried,  
Those two little babies they lay down and  
died.

Now the robins so red, how swiftly they  
sped,  
They put out their wide wings and over  
them spread,  
And all the day long in the branches they  
throng,  
They sweetly did whistle and this was their  
song.

From Bob Copper's "A Song for Every  
Season" He reminisces that this song was  
always sung during supper on Christmas  
night.

## THE KING (TWELFTH NIGHT SONG)

Joy, health, love and peace,  
Be all here in this place,  
By your leave we will sing,  
Concerning our King.

Our King is well dressed,  
In the silks of the best,  
In ribbons so rare,  
No king can compare.

We have travelled many miles,  
Over hedges and stiles,  
In search of our King,  
Unto to you we bring.

We have powder and shot,  
To conquer the lot,  
We have cannon and ball,  
To conquer them all.

O Christmas is past,  
Twelfth Night is the last,  
And we bid you adieu,  
Great joy to the New.

Trad - Sung on St Stephens's day (26th  
Dec) when groups travelled from door to  
door carrying a holly bush on which was a  
dead wren - the "king of birds".

## GOD REST YOU MERRY

God rest you merry gentlemen, let nothing  
you dismay,  
Remember Christ our Saviour was born  
upon this day,  
To save poor souls from Satan's power  
when we are gone astray.

*Chorus:*

*O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and  
joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy*

From God that is our Father, the blessed  
angels came,  
Unto some certain shepherds with tiding of  
the same,  
That there was born in Bethlehem, the Son  
of God by name.

The shepherds at those tidings rejoiced  
much in mind,  
And left their flocks a feeding in tempest  
storms of wind,  
And straight they came to Bethlehem, the  
Son of God to find.

Now when they came to Bethlehem where  
our sweet Saviour lay,  
They found Him in a manger, where oxen  
fed on hay,  
The Blessed Mary kneeling down, unto the  
Lord did pray.

Now to the Lord sing praises all you within  
this place,  
Like we true loving brethren, each other to  
embrace,  
The merry time of Christmas is drawing on  
a-pace.

God bless the ruler of this house and send  
him long to reign,  
And many a merry Christmas, may live to  
see again,  
Among your friends and kindred, that live  
both far and near.

A version of this carol can be found in the  
Roxborough Ballads, vol 3, circa 1770. It is  
thought to have originated in Cornwall but  
this abridged version comes from London.

## MY DANCING DAY

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day,  
I would my true love did so chance,  
To see the legend of my play,  
And call my true love to my dance.

*Chorus:*

*Sing O my love, O my love, my love, my  
love  
This have I done for my true love.*

Then was I born of virgin pure,  
Of her I took fleshly substance,  
Thus was I knit to man's nature,  
To call my true love to my dance.

In Manger laid and wrapped I was,  
So very poor this was my chance,  
Betwixt an ox and a silly poor ass,  
To call my true love to my dance.

A traditional carol that can be found in a  
number of broadsides published in the  
earlier 1800s. However the text is thought  
to date from before the seventeenth  
century.

## SEE AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW

See Amid The Winter's Snow,  
Born for us on earth below,  
See the gentle Lamb appears,  
Promised from eternal years.

*Chorus:*

*Hail that ever blessed morn!  
Hail redemption's happy dawn!  
Sing through 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.

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

“As we watched at dead of night,  
Lo, we saw a wondrous light,  
Angels singing ‘Peace on earth’  
Told us of the Saviour's birth.”

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

Word by Edward Caswall in 1851, the tune  
by John Goss appeared in *Bramley and  
Stainer's Christmas Carols New and Old.*

## SWEET CHIMING BELLS (WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED)

While Shepherds watched their flocks by  
night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The Angel of the Lord came down,  
And Glory shone around.

*Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas  
bells,  
Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas  
bells,  
They cheer us on our Heavenly way,  
Sweet chiming bells.  
They cheer us on our Heavenly way,  
Sweet chiming bells.*

“Fear not” said he, for mighty dread,  
Had seized their troubled minds,  
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring,  
To you and all mankind”.

“To you in David's town this day,  
Is born of David's line”,  
“A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be a sign”.

All glory be to God on high,  
And on the earth be peace,  
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men,  
Begin and never cease.

Ernie Scriven in *A Short History of Sketty  
Methodism, 1832-1976* reminisces over a  
cold Christmas morning in 1921 or 22. At  
the time, this carol was a well-established  
favourite in his local South Wales  
community. He particularly remembers the  
double forte rendering of the chorus and  
goes on to recall that “it was fun to sing”.



## O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL

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

*Chorus:*

*Rejoice! Rejoice!  
Emmanuel shall come to thee,  
O Israel.*

O come, thou son of David, come,  
And lead us to our heavenly home,  
Make safe the path that leads on high,  
And bar the way to misery.

O come, O come, you God of might,  
Who to your tribes on ancient Sinai's  
height,  
In ancient times did give the law,  
In cloud and majesty and awe.

A thirteenth century hymn, translated from the latin by J.M.Neale (1818-1866). The tune was first printed in 1856 and is thought to have been adapted by T.Helmore from a French missal. (Most modern hymnbooks prefer a later translation by T.A.Lacey.)

## CHRISTMAS IS NOW DRAWING NEAR AT HAND

Christmas is now drawing near at hand,  
Come praise the Lord and be at His  
command,  
And God a portion for you will provide,  
And give a blessing to your soul besides.

Down in the garden where flowers growing  
ranks,  
Down on your bended knee and give the  
Lord thanks,  
Down on your knees and pray both night  
and day,  
Leave off your sins and live upright I pray.

So proud and lofty is some sort of sin,  
Which many take delight and pleasure in,  
Whose conversation God doth much  
dislike,  
And yet He shakes His sword before He  
strikes.

So proud and lofty do some people go,  
And dress themselves like players in a  
show,  
They patch and paint and dress with idle  
stuff,  
As if God had not made them fine enough.

Even little children learn to curse and  
swear,  
And can't rehearse one word of Godly  
prayer,  
Oh teach them better, oh teach them to  
rely,  
On Christ the sinner's friend who reigns on  
high.

This carol was often sung during the approach to Christmas. The tune is traceable back to the sixteenth century.

### IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

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

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

Yet with the woes of sin and strife the world  
has suffered long,  
Beneath the heavenly hymn have rolled  
two thousand years of wrong,  
And warring humankind hears not the  
tidings which they bring,  
O hush the noise and cease your strife and  
hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on, by  
prophets seen of old,  
When with the ever-circling years shall  
come the time foretold,  
When the new heaven and earth shall own  
the Prince of Peace their King,  
And all the world send back the song which  
now the angels sing.

### O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and  
triumphant,  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;  
Come, and behold him, born the King of  
angels.

*O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him,  
Christ the Lord.*

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,  
Glory to God, in the highest.

*O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him,  
Christ the Lord.*

Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this happy  
morning,  
Jesus, to thee be glory given,  
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing.

*O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him,  
Christ the Lord.*

Words by Edward Hamilton Sears, 1849.

## SILENT NIGHT

Silent night, holy night, All is calm, all is  
bright,  
Round yon virgin, mother and child,  
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,  
Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in  
heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night, Shepherds quake  
at the sight,  
Glories stream from heaven afar,  
Heavenly hosts sing alleluia,  
Christ, the Saviour, is born. Christ, the  
Saviour, is born!

Silent night, holy night, Son of God, love's  
pure light,  
Radiant beams from thy holy face,  
with the dawn of redeeming grace,  
Jesus, Lord at thy birth, Jesus, Lord at thy  
birth.

## DING DONG! MERRILY ON HIGH

Ding dong! merrily on high,  
In heav'n the bells are ringing,  
Ding dong! verily the sky,  
Is riv'n with angel singing.

*Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!*  
*Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!*

E'en so here below, below,  
Let steeple bells be swungen,  
And "Io, io, io!"  
By priest and people sungen.

*Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!*  
*Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!*

Pray you, dutifully prime,  
Your matin chime, ye ringers,  
May you beautifully rhyme,  
Your evetime song, ye singers.

*Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!*  
*Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!*

### WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE

We 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!*

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

Frankincense to offer have I,  
Incense owns a Deity nigh,  
Prayer and praising,  
All men raising,  
Worship him, God Most High.

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

Glorious now behold him arise,  
King and God and Sacrifice,  
Alleluia, Alleluia;  
Heaven and Earth replies.

Words and music by Dr John Henry  
Hopkins, Jr. of Pennsylvania, circa 1857

### THE FIRST NOWELL

The first Nowell the angel did say,  
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as  
they lay,  
In fields as they lay, keeping their sheep,  
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

*Chorus:*

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

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

And by the light of that same star,  
Three wise men came from country far,  
To seek for a king was their intent,  
And to follow the star wherever it went.

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.

Then entered in those wise men three,  
Full reverently upon their knee,  
And offered there in his presence,  
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

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.

Traditional English Carol - Seventeenth  
Century.

## GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas looked out on the  
Feast of Stephen,  
When the snow lay round about, deep and  
crisp and even,  
Brightly shone the moon that night, though  
the frost was cruel,  
When a poor man came in sight, gathering  
winter fuel.

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

"Bring me food and bring me wine, bring  
me pine logs hither,  
Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear  
them thither."  
Page and monarch, forth they went, forth  
they went together,  
Through the cold wind's wild lament and  
the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind  
blows stronger,  
Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no  
longer."  
"Mark my footsteps, my good page, tread  
now in them boldly,  
Thou shall find the winter's rage freeze  
your blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod, where the  
snow lay dinted,  
Heat was in the very sod which the saint  
had printed,

Therefore, Christian men, be sure, wealth  
or rank possessing,  
Ye who now will bless the poor shall  
yourselves find blessing.

Words: John Mason Neale, 1853

## ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY

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

*Chorus:*

*Come and worship, Christ, the new-born  
King,  
Come and worship, Worship Christ, the  
new-born King.*

Shepherds in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing;  
Yonder shines the infant Light.

Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar,  
Seek the great Desire of Nations,  
Ye have seen his natal star.

Saints before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In his temple shall appear.

Written by J. Montgomery and first  
published in his newspaper Iris on  
December 24th 1816



### IN THE BLEAK MID-WINTER

In the bleak mid-winter, frosty winds made moan,  
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone,  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,  
In the bleak mid-winter, so long ago.

Angels and Archangels may have gathered there,  
All the hosts of Heaven thronged the midnight air,  
But a lowly mother in her gentle bliss,  
Comforts the Beloved with a soft caress.

What can I give Him poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd, I would give a lamb,  
If I were a wise man, I would play my part,  
What can I give Him? I will give my heart.

In the bleak mid-winter, frosty winds made moan,  
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone,  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,  
In the bleak mid-winter, so long ago.

### GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN, REJOICE

Good Christian men, rejoice,  
With heart and soul and voice,  
Give ye heed to what we say,  
Jesus Christ is born today,  
Ox and ass before him bow,  
And he is in the manger now,  
Christ is born today!  
Christ is born today!

Good Christian men, rejoice,  
With heart and soul and voice,  
Now ye hear of endless bliss,  
Jesus Christ is born for this!  
He hath opened heaven's door,  
And man is blessed evermore,  
Christ was born for this!  
Christ was born for this!

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

A variation, as sung by Bert Jansch.  
Tune by Gustav Holst.

Words: John Mason Neale, 1853

## MOUNT MORIAH

“Glory to God”, the angels sing,  
Glad tidings, lo, I bring,  
Glad tidings, lo, I bring,  
In David’s city lies a babe,  
And Jesus is the child,  
And Jesus is the child,  
And Jesus is the child.

“Glory to God”, let man reply,  
For Christ, the Lord, is come,  
For Christ, the Lord, is come,  
Behold him in a manger lie,  
A stable is His room,  
A stable is His room,  
A stable is His room.

Glory to God”, let all the earth,  
Join in the heavenly song,  
Join in the heavenly song,  
And praise Him for our Saviour’s birth, In  
every land and tongue  
In every land and tongue,  
In every land and tongue,

And praise Him for our Saviour’s birth,  
In every land and tongue,  
In every land and tongue,  
In every land and tongue,

And praise Him for our Saviour’s birth  
In every land and tongue,  
In every land and tongue,  
In every land and tongue,

One of the Sheffield village carols. Its origins are unknown although Ian Russell (2008) in “The Sheffield Book of Village Carols” suggests a possible listing in Julian’s Dictionary of Hymnology with a publication date of 1821 and words attributed to Miss D.A. Thrupp

## HO! REAPERS

(THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD)

Ho reapers of the whitened harvest  
Oft feeble, faint and few  
Come wait upon the blessed master,  
Our strength he will renew.

*For they that wait upon the Lord  
Shall renew their strength  
They shall mount up with wings  
They shall mount up with wings as eagles  
They shall run and not be weary  
They shall walk and not faint  
They shall run and not be weary  
They shall walk and not faint  
They shall run and not be weary  
They shall walk and not faint*

Too oft a-weary and discouraged  
We pour a sad complaint  
Believing in a living saviour  
Why should we ever faint?

Rejoice, for he is with us always  
Lo even to the end  
Stand up, take courage and go forward,  
All needed grace he’ll send

The song appears in Sankey’s ‘Sacred Music & Solos’ (c1880). The tune is credited to James McGranahan and the words to ‘GMJ’, which is thought to be a pseudonym McGranahan sometimes used.

## HARK, HARK, WHAT NEWS

Hark! Hark! What news those angels  
bring?  
Glad tidings of a new born King,  
Glad tidings of a new born King,  
Born of maid, a virgin pure,  
Born without sin, from guilt secure,  
Born without sin, from guilt secure.

Hail mighty Prince, eternal King,  
Let Heaven and earth rejoice and sing,  
Let Heaven and earth rejoice and sing,  
Angels and men, with one accord  
Break forth in song to praise the Lord,  
Break forth in song to praise the Lord.

Behold, He comes and leaves the skies,  
Awake ye slumbering mortals rise,  
Awake ye slumbering mortals rise,  
Awake to joy and hail the morn,  
A Saviour of this world was born,  
A Saviour of this world was born.

A Saviour of this world was born,  
A Saviour of this world was born,  
A Saviour of this world was born.

## JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world, the Lord is come,  
Let earth receive her King,  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing,  
And heaven and nature sing,  
And heaven and heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! The Saviour reigns,  
Let us our songs employ,  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and  
plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

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

A Yorkshire village carol written by John  
Hall of Sheffield who unfortunately died in  
the poor house. The carol is still sung  
annually in the pubs around Yorkshire.

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719

## THE CHERRY TREE CAROL

When Joseph was an old man, an old man  
was he,  
He married Virgin Mary, the queen of  
Galilee,  
He married Virgin Mary, the queen of  
Galilee.

Joseph and Mary walked through an  
orchard green,  
There were berries and cherries as thick as  
might be seen  
There were berries and cherries as thick as  
might be seen

And Mary spoke to Joseph, so meek and  
so mild,  
"Joseph gather me some cherries, for I am  
with child,  
Joseph gather me some cherries, for I am  
with child."

And Joseph flew in anger, in anger flew he,  
"Let the father of the baby gather cherries  
for thee,  
Let the father of the baby gather cherries  
for thee."

Then up spoke the baby Jesus from in  
Mary's womb,  
"Bend down ye tallest cherry tree that my  
mother might have some,  
Bend down ye tallest cherry tree that my  
mother might have some."

And bent down the tallest branch, 'till it  
touched Mary's hand,  
Said she, "Look now Joseph I have  
cherries by command,"  
Said she, "Look now Joseph I have  
cherries by command."

## DECK THE HALLS

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

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

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

## THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE

It was at an inn in Manchester, 'The Cornstalks' was the sign,  
A famous public where commercials used to sleep and dine,  
A traveller one Christmas eve, so long had been his use,  
Called in to spend his holiday and choose his Christmas goose.

*All around the green wood so early in the morn  
The merry, merry huntsman blows his silver bugle horn.*

Well, he sipped his glass of sherry wine; he smoked his mild cigar,  
And chatted with the landlord and customers at the bar,  
And not a thought of wickedness did enter in his head,  
Until the chambermaid appeared to light him up to bed.

And then he grew so amorous he kissed her on the stairs,  
He squeezed her by the chamber door before he said his prayers,  
He gave to her a guinea to prevent her feeling vexed,  
And then he blew the candle out ... and you can guess the next.

Next morn this gay Lothario discharged his little bill,  
He tipped the boots and tossed the landlord for a parting gill,  
And where he went to afterwards I really couldn't say,  
Suffice, he came to choose his goose the very next Christmas day.

He strolled into the coffee room, as jaunty as could be,  
Where many a rooster like himself was waiting for his tea,  
He ordered up the very best the landlord could produce,  
And as the waiter turned he said "Now don't forget my goose!"

Right speedily a tray was brought with eatables galore,  
And by that self-same chambermaid he'd kissed twelve months before,  
But nothing loth, he raised the cloth, whereupon the goods were piled,  
Instead of eatables he found a big fat bumping child.

Enraged at hearing others laugh, "Now what's this here?" says he,  
"Come sit you down beside me and I'll tell you sir," says she,  
"Last Christmas you so generous was, now do not think it strange,  
You gave to me a guinea, Sir, and now I've brought your change."

This song is most definitely not a carol! The story is widespread - this version comes from Yorkshire but an older version was collected in 1906 in Wiltshire.

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS

We singer make bold, as in days of old,  
To celebrate Christmas and bring you good  
cheer,  
Glad tidings we bring of Messiah, our King:

*Chorus:*

*So we wish you a merry Christmas,  
We wish you a merry Christmas,  
We wish you a merry Christmas,  
And a happy New Year*

The Shepherds amazed as upwards they  
gazed,  
Behold holy angels to them drawing near,  
Singing “good will to men” as onwards they  
came:

Yes join heart and hand and keep God’s  
command,  
By living to serve Him throughout the New  
Year,  
In an innocent way be merry today:

## WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

We wish you a merry Christmas,  
We wish you a merry Christmas,  
We wish you a merry Christmas,  
And a happy New Year.

*Chorus:*

*Glad tidings we bring  
To you and your king  
We wish you a Merry Christmas  
And a happy New Year*

We all want some figgy pudding,  
We all want some figgy pudding,  
We all want some figgy pudding,  
And a cup of good beer.

*Glad tidings we bring  
To you and your king  
We wish you a Merry Christmas  
And a happy New Year*

We won't go until we've got some,  
We won't go until we've got some,  
We won't go until we've got some,  
So bring it out here!

*Glad tidings we bring  
To you and your king  
We wish you a Merry Christmas  
And a happy New Year*

We wish you a merry Christmas,  
We wish you a merry Christmas,  
We wish you a merry Christmas,  
And a happy New Year.

## NOWELL AND NOWELL

Nowell and Nowell, the angels did say,  
While shepherds there in the fields did lay,  
Laying in one night and folding their sheep,  
On a winters night both cold and bleak.

*Chorus:*

*Nowell and Nowell, Nowell and Nowell,  
Born is the King of Israel,  
Nowell and Nowell, Nowell and Nowell,  
Born is the King of Israel.*

And then there did appear a star,  
To wise men three in country far,  
And to the earth it gave a great light,  
And there it continued a day and a night.

The star it shone all in the north west,  
O'er Bethlehem City it took its rest,  
And there it did both stand and stay,  
Right over the house where our Lord lay.

There entered in those wise men three,  
With reverence upon their knee,  
And offered up in rich portent,  
Both gold and Myrrh and Frankincense.

Betwixt an ox manger and an ass,  
There our blessed Messiah was,  
To save our souls from sin and thrall,  
He is the Redeemer of us all.

A Cornish carol collected by Cecil Sharp in  
1913

## AWAKE, ARISE GOOD CHRISTIANS

Awake, arise good Christians,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
Remember Christ our Saviour,  
Was born upon this day,  
The self-same moon was shining,  
That now is in the sky,  
When a holy band of angels,  
Came down from God on high.

*Chorus:*

*Hosanna, Hosanna,  
To Jesus we sing,  
Hosanna, Hosanna,  
Our Saviour and King.*

"Fear not we bring glad tidings,  
For on this happy morn,  
The promised one, our Saviour,  
In Bethlehem town was born",  
Up rose the simple shepherds,  
All with a joyful mind,  
"And let us go in haste" they say,  
"This Holy Child to find".

And like unto the shepherds,  
We wander far and near,  
And bid you wake good Christians,  
The joyful news to hear,  
Awake arise good Christians,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
Remember Christ our Saviour,  
Was born upon this day,

*Repeat chorus.*

From the tradition of Yorkshire village  
carols, and still sung annually in the pubs  
around Dungworth, Ecclesfield, Worrall,  
Oughtibridge, etc.

GEORGE DUNN'S WASSAIL (HERE WE COME A-WASSAILING)

Here we come a-wassailing among the  
leaves so green  
Here we come a-wandering so fair to be  
seen

*Chorus*

*Love and Joy come to you  
And your Wassailing to you  
Praise God and send you  
A happy New Year.  
A happy New Year.  
A happy New Year.  
Praise God and send you  
A happy New Year.*

We are not daily beggars who beg from  
door to door  
But we're your neighbours' children whom  
you have seen before

*Chorus*

We have got little purses of stretching  
leather skin  
We want some of your money to line it well  
within

*Chorus*

God bless the master of the house,  
likewise the mistress too  
And all the little children that round the  
table go

*Chorus*

And all your kin and kindred that dwell both  
far and near  
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a  
happy New Year

*Chorus*

A traditional song which The Oxford Book of Carols suggests originated in the north of England. However Steve Roud in The Roud Folk Song Index cites more than 120 instances of the song from all over England. This version comes from the singing of George Dunn (1887- 1975), a chain maker from Quarry Bank in the Black Country. It was published in various forms in the 1800s including Ritson's "Ancient Songs and Ballads" (1829). However it is thought that he copied it from an earlier source written during the reign of James 1st or Charles 1st. The Oxford Book of Carols speculates that Shakespeare may well have heard a version sung outside his house on Christmas night!



## UNDER THE MISTLETOE

A grand and jolly old custom you will find at  
Christmas time  
In every house you go there's a bunch of  
mistletoe,  
You'll find it hanging upon the wall and every  
charming miss,  
Is always hovering round it for a kiss,  
At first you kiss the master then the daughters  
3 or 4,  
And then you kiss the maiden aunt, who's  
never been kissed before.

*Under the mistletoe, under the  
mistletoe,  
Young maids, old maids, they dearly  
love to go,  
For did you ever ever hear a girl say no,  
When you whisper 'come and kiss me',  
Under the mistletoe.*

The sweet and spoony old couple now they  
quite enjoy the fun,  
They wander to and fro, underneath the  
mistletoe,  
And when the couple are man and wife the  
following Christmastide,  
Before them all he'll boldly kiss the bride,  
Another Christmas day comes round and then  
the happy pair,  
They're at the same old game but now they're  
kissing a son and heir.

*Under the mistletoe...*

And there's a grumpy old bachelor who's in  
digging's all alone,  
The servant gives a grin, as she brings the  
turkey in,  
A feeling then overcomes him that he's seldom  
felt before,  
He sees the mistletoe up above the door,  
He gives the girl a Christmas box, then steals a  
kiss with glee,  
It's only once a year, you know he likes it and  
so does she.

*Under the mistletoe...*

The sweet kiss under the mistletoe will always  
be the thing,  
It gives the modest miss excuses for a kiss,  
You kiss her under the parlour stairs her dignity  
she'll show,  
She likes it underneath the mistletoe,  
A bunch of mistletoe's the thing to bring you  
perfect bliss,  
I always carry some myself, would anyone like  
a kiss.

*Under the mistletoe...*

Words and music by A. J. Mills & Harry  
Castling. The popularity of the pantomime  
came to overshadow the music hall at  
Christmas. As a consequence there were only  
a few songs, like *Under the Mistletoe*, for those  
who remained faithful to the old traditions. The  
song is best sung accompanied - preferably by  
a large glass of port'.

Wassail and wassail all over the town  
The cup it is white and the ale it is brown  
The cup it is made of the good ashen tree  
And so is the malt of the best barley

*For it's your wassail and it's our wassail  
And its joy be to you and a jolly wassail*

Oh master and missus, are you all within?  
Pray open the door and let us come in  
O master and missus a-sitting by the fire  
Pray think on us poor travellers, a traveling  
in the mire

*For it's your wassail and it's our wassail  
And its joy be to you and a jolly wassail*

Oh where is the maid with the silver-  
headed pin  
To open the door and let us come in  
Oh master and missus, it is our desire  
A good loaf and cheese and a toast by the  
fire

*For it's your wassail and it's our wassail  
And its joy be to you and a jolly wassail*

There was an old man and he had an old  
cow  
And how for to keep her he didn't know  
how  
He built up a barn for to keep his cow warm  
And a good drop of cider will do us no harm

*No harm, boys, harm; no harm, boys,  
harm;  
And a good drop of cider will do us no  
harm.*

The girt dog of Langport he burnt his long  
tail  
And this is the night we go singing wassail  
O master and missus now we must be  
gone  
God bless all in this house until we do  
come again

*For it's your wassail and it's our wassail  
And its joy be to you and a jolly wassail*

Trad: The ceremony that accompanies this  
carol was usually performed on 5th  
January which is the Eve of Epiphany or on  
Old Christmas Day. The "girt dog of  
Langport" probably refers to the danes.

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Who comes this way so blithe and gay,  
Upon the Merry Christmas Day,  
So merrily, so cheerily,  
With his peaked hat and reindeer sleigh,  
With lots toys for girls and boys,  
As pretty as you ever did see,  
Oh welcome Santa Claus's man,  
Kris Kringle with his Christmas tree.

*Oh Ho Ho, (Ho, Ho), Ho, Ho, (Ho, Ho), Ho,  
Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho!*

*Jingle, jingle, jinga, jinga, jing*

*Right merry shall we be.*

*Jingle, jingle, he comes this way,*

*Comes with a Christmas tree.*

*And welcome, welcome, welcome Kris,*

*Right welcome shall you be.*

*For here he is yes, yes he is,*

*'Tis Kris with the Christmas tree,*

*The Christmas tree, the Christmas tree,*

*The Christmas tree, the Christmas tree.*

Hear sleigh bell ring with a merry ching,  
As off its reefs the reindeers spring,  
Gee up, Gee ho, how swift they go,  
Over the ice and the drifts of snow,  
For he must call on one and all,  
His master's pretty pets you see,  
For he is Santa Claus's man,  
Kris Kringle with his Christmas tree.

With cakes and plums, trumpets and  
drums,  
And lots of pretty things he comes,  
So now be quick your places take,  
And all a merry circle make,  
For now he's near he'll soon appear,  
And his jolly face we'll see.  
Oh welcome Santa Claus's man,  
Kris Kringle with his Christmas tree.

*A song associated with the villages with a  
carolling tradition around Sheffield.*

## THE WHOLE YEAR ROUND.

*For every season of the year  
The landlord keeps a special beer  
What better reason could be found  
To drink the whole year round  
To drink the whole year round*

Its freshness will your senses fill  
Its flavour light and dry  
It's made to celebrate the spring  
So raise your glasses high  
So raise your glasses high

### *Chorus*

This sharp and fruity summer brew  
High spirited and bold  
You cool our thirsty voices with  
Your colour bright and gold  
Your colour bright and gold

### *Chorus*

The changing moods of autumn that  
Combine within this glass  
Help us endure approaching storms  
And smile upon the past  
And smile upon the past

### *Chorus*

To keep at bay the cold and chill  
This dark and warming ale  
We'll drink, good friends, together 'till  
We've sung our winter's tale  
We've sung our winter's tale

### *Chorus*

## O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

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

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

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

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

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

## HUNTING THE WREN

We'll hunt the wren, says Robin the Bobin  
We'll hunt the wren, says Richie the Robin  
We'll hunt the wren, says Jack of the land  
We'll hunt the wren says everyone

Where, oh where? Says Robin ....

In yonder green bush says Robin ....

How get him down? Says Robin ...

With sticks and stones, says Robin ....

How get him home? Says Robin....

The brewer's big cart, says Robin ....

How'll we eat him? Says Robin....

With knives and forks, says Robin ....

Who'll come to the dinner? Says Robin ...

The king and the queen, says Robin ....

Eyes to the blind, says Robin to Bobbin  
Legs to the lame, says Richie the robin  
Pluck to the poor, says Jack of the land  
Bones to the dogs, says everyone

The wren, the wren is king of the birds  
St. Stephen's Day he's caught in the furze  
Although he is little, his family is great  
We pray you, good people to give us a  
treat

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED (HAIL CHIME ON)

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

*Chorus:*

*Hail, Chime on, Chime on  
Merry, merry Christmas bells, chime on  
Hail, Chime on, Chime on  
Merry, merry Christmas bells, chime on*

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind,  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day,  
Is born of David's line,  
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign.

The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith,  
Appeared a shining throng,  
Of angels praising God, who thus,  
Addressed their joyful song.

"All glory be to God on high,  
And on earth be peace,  
Good will henceforth from heaven to men,  
Begin and never cease."

JACOB'S WELL

At Jacob's well, a stranger sought,  
His drooping frame to cheer,  
His drooping frame to cheer,  
Samaria's daughter little thought,  
That Jacob's God was near,  
Samaria's daughter little thought,  
That Jacob's God was near.

This had she known, her fainting mind,  
For richer draughts had sighed,  
For richer draughts had sighed,  
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,  
Those richer draughts denied,  
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,  
Those richer draughts denied.

This ancient well, no glass so true,  
Britannia's image shows,  
Britannia's image shows;  
Now Jesus travels Britain through,  
But who the stranger knows?  
Now Jesus travels Britain through,  
But who the stranger knows?

Yet Britain must the stranger know,  
Or soon her loss deplore,  
Or soon her loss deplore;  
Behold, the living waters flow,  
Come drink and thirst no more!  
Behold, the living waters flow,  
Come drink and thirst no more!  
Behold, the living waters flow,  
Come drink and thirst no more!

One of the Yorkshire carols sung in the village pubs in the hills to the west of Sheffield. The words are attributed to Hugh Bourne (1772 - 1852) and the tune was penned by James Leach (1762 - 1798)

## JOGGING ALONG.

In the winter-time when it's cold and wet  
and nasty,  
You need someone to cheer you up so I'll  
tell you what to do,  
Give yourselves a party, with lots to eat  
and lots to drink,  
Then just leave the rest to Father  
Christmas.

### *Chorus*

*Jogging along with my reindeer, up above  
so high,  
Jogging along with my reindeer, riding  
through the sky,  
And every time I pass a house with little  
boys and girls,  
I just chose a present and clamber down  
the chimney.*

Well I live on top of the world, where  
nobody ever can find me,  
It's cold and frosty all the time so I work to  
keep me warm,  
Banging away in my toyshop, with never a  
pause and never a stop,  
For I have to see that things are ready for  
Christmas.

### *Chorus*

Now when Christmas comes around, I  
harness up my reindeer,  
I load my sleigh and I'm on my way,  
singing through the stars,  
I sit on your roof 'till you're fast asleep then  
down to your bedroom I do creep,  
To fill your stockings and wish you a merry  
Christmas.

### *Chorus*

Well, some people they will say that there's  
really no such person,  
They watch the telly, they read the news  
but they don't hear nothing of me,  
'Cause I never let anyone see me, but if  
your good, now really good,  
Perhaps one day you might just hear me  
singing.

*Chorus twice.*

John Kirkpatrick

## HAIL! SMILING MORN

Hail smiling morn, smiling morn,  
That tips the hills with gold, that tips the  
hills with gold,  
At whose rosy fingers open wide the gates  
of Heaven, the gates of Heaven  
At whose rosy fingers open wide the gates  
of Heaven.

*(Repeat)*

All the green fields of nature doth unfold,  
All the green fields of nature doth unfold,  
At whose bright presence darkness flies  
away

Flies away (flies away)  
Flies away (flies away)  
Darkness flies away  
Darkness flies away  
At whose bright presence darkness flies  
(darkness flies) away  
Flies (darkness flies) away  
Flies (darkness flies) away  
Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!  
Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!

*(Repeat)*

## SHEPHERDS ARISE

Shepherd arise, be not afraid,  
With hasty steps repair,  
To David's City, sin on earth,  
With our blessed infant there,  
With our blessed infant there,  
With our blessed infant there.

Sing, sing all earth,  
Sing, sing all earth,  
Eternal praises sing,  
To our redeemer,  
To our redeemer,  
And our Heavenly King.

Laid in a manger, view the child,  
Humility, divine,  
Sweet innocence sounds meek and mild,  
Grace in his features shine,  
Grace in his features shine,  
Grace in his features shine.

For us a Saviour came on earth,  
For us His life He gave,  
To save us from eternal death,  
And to raise us from the grave,  
To raise us from the grave,  
To raise us from the grave.

A 16th Century carol from Sussex, passed down through the generations by members of the Copper Family of Rottingdean

## SOUND YOUR INSTRUMENTS OF JOY

Sound, sound your instruments of joy,  
Sound, sound your instruments of joy,  
Sound, sound your instruments of joy,  
To triumph, shake each string,  
To triumph, shake each string,  
Let shouts of universal joy,  
Welcome, welcome, welcome the new born King.

See, see the gladdening dawn appears,  
See, see the gladdening dawn appears,  
See, see the gladdening dawn appears,  
Bright angels deck the morn,  
Bright angels deck the morn,  
Behold the great I Am is here,  
The King, the King, the King of glory's born.

Surprising scenes, stupendous love,  
Surprising scenes, stupendous love,  
Surprising scenes, stupendous love,  
The Lord of Light descends,  
The Lord of Light descends,  
He left his glorious realms on high,  
To be, to be, to be the sinners friend.

Let Heaven and earth and sea proclaim,  
Let Heaven and earth and sea proclaim,  
Let Heaven and earth and sea proclaim,  
The wondrous love of God,  
The wondrous love of God,  
And all the universal plain,  
Sing praise, sing praise, sing praises to our God.

*Repeat 1st verse.*

This carol is thought to be from the West Country. A Vicar reported that the choir sang as their ancestors did, they stood round in a circle, the leader gave out the first line and off they went at full tilt, more or less making up their own harmonies.

## THE MISTLETOE BOUGH

The mistletoe hung in the old castle hall,  
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;  
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,  
And keeping their Christmas holiday.  
The baron beheld with a father's pride  
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride.  
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be  
The star of the goodly company.

*Oh, the mistletoe bough,  
Oh, the mistletoe bough.*

'I'm weary of dancing now,' she cried,  
'Here, tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide;  
And Lovell, be sure thou'rt the first to trace  
The clue to my secret hiding place.'  
Away she ran and her friends began  
Each tower to search, each nook to scan;  
And young Lovell cried, 'Oh, where doest  
thou hide?  
I am lonely without thee, my own dear  
bride.'

*Oh, the mistletoe bough,  
Oh, the mistletoe bough.*

They sought her that night and they sought  
her next day,  
They sought her in vain till a week passed  
away;  
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest  
spot,  
Young Lovell sought wildly but found her  
not.  
Then years flew by, and their grief at last  
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;  
And when Lovell appeared the children  
cried:  
'See the old man weeps for his fairy bride.'

*Oh, the mistletoe bough,  
Oh, the mistletoe bough.*

At length an old chest that had long lain hid  
Was found in the castle; they raised the lid,  
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,  
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.  
Oh sad was her fate, in sportive jest  
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest;  
It closed with a spring, and her bridal  
bloom  
Lay withering there in a living tomb.

*Oh, the mistletoe bough,  
Oh, the mistletoe bough.*

A creepy Winter's tale, certainly not a carol  
but it does mention Christmas and  
mistletoe! Regularly sung by Wil Noble  
during the Dungworth sessions.



## A SONG FOR THE TIME

*There's a song for the time when the sweet  
bells chime,  
Calling rich and poor to pray,  
On this glad morn, when Christ was born,  
On that holy Christmas Day.*

The squire came forth from his rich old hall,  
And the peasants by two and by three,  
The woodman let his hatchet fall,  
And the shepherd left his tree.

Through the churchyard snow, in a goodly  
row,  
They came forth old and young,  
And with one consent in prayer they bent,  
And with one consent they sang.

We'll cherish it now in the time of strife,  
As a holy and peaceful thing,  
For it tells of His love, coming down from  
above,  
And the peace he deigns to bring.

In those good old days of prayer and  
praise,  
'Twas a season of right goodwill,  
For they kept His birthday holy then,  
And we'll keep it holy still.

One of the Yorkshire carols.

## DIADEM

All hail the power of Jesus' name  
Let angels prostrate fall, let angels  
prostrate fall,  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,  
crown Him,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye Saints redeemed of Adam's race,  
Let ransomed from the fall, let ransomed  
from the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,  
crown Him,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,  
The wormwood and the gall, the  
wormwood and the gall,  
Go spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,  
crown Him,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball, on this terrestrial  
ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,  
crown Him,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at His feet may fall, we at His feet may  
fall,  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,  
crown Him,

And crown Him Lord of all.  
And crown Him Lord of all,  
And crown Him Lord of all,  
And crown Him Lord of all,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Words by Rev. Edward Perronet (circa  
1779); tune by James Ellor of Droylsden  
(1819 - 1899)

## THE GOOD OLD WAY

Lift up your heart Emmanuel's friend,  
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends,  
Let nothing cause you to delay,  
But hasten in the good old way.

### *Chorus*

*For I have sweet hope of glory in my soul  
I have a sweet hope of glory in my soul  
And I know I have and I feel I have,  
A sweet hope of glory in my soul.*

Our conflicts here though great they be,  
Shall not prevent our victory,  
If we but strive and watch and pray,  
Like soldiers in the good old way.

Though Satan may his powers employ,  
Our happiness for to destroy,  
Yet never fear we'll gain the day,  
By marching in the good old way.

Ye valiant souls for heaven contend,  
Remember glory is at the end,  
Our God will wipe our tears away,  
When we have run the good old way.

And far beyond this mortal shore,  
We'll meet with those who have gone  
before,  
And shout to think we have gained the day.  
By marching in the good old way.

Lift up your heart Emmanuel's friend,  
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends,  
Let nothing cause you to delay,  
But hasten in the good old way

This is not a carol but its anthem-like nature makes it great to sing. It was written by John Cennick (1718-1775) of Berkshire but it had to go to America to acquire a chorus. It returned to England and was published in several works including the Ranters' "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" (c1820) and W.H. Gill's "Manx National Songs" (1896). This version has been adapted from The Waterson's "Penny for Spice and Ale" album.

## WHITE CHRISTMAS

I'm dreaming of a White Christmas,  
Just like the ones I used to know  
Where the tree tops glisten and children listen  
To hear sleigh bells in the snow  
I'm dreaming of a white Christmas  
With every Christmas card I write  
May your days be merry and bright  
And may all your Christmases be white

*Repeat all, then repeat the last 2 lines*

## WHEN A CHILD IS BORN

A ray of hope flickers in the sky.....,  
A tiny star lights up way up high,  
All across the land, dawns a brand-new morn,  
This comes to pass when a child is born.

A silent wish sails the seven seas,  
The winds of change whisper in the trees,  
& the walls of doubt crumble tossed and torn,  
This comes to pass when a child is born

A rosy dawn settles all around,  
You've got the feel, you're on solid ground,  
For a spell or two no-one seems forlorn,  
This comes to pass when a child is born.

### *4th Verse is hummed*

It's all a dream and illusion now,  
It must come true, sometime soon somehow,  
All across the land, dawns a brand-new morn,  
This comes to pass when a child is born.  
This comes to pass when a child is born.

## THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY

Come they told me, pa rum pum pum pum  
A new born king to see, pa rum pum ...  
Our finest gifts we bring, pa rum pum ...  
To lay before the king, pa rum pum ...  
Rum pum pum pum, rum pump um pum  
So to honour him, pa rum pum pum pum  
When we come

Baby Jesus, pa rum pum pum pum  
I am a poor boy too, pa rum pum ...  
I have no gifts to bring, pa rum pum ...  
That's fit to give our king, pa rum pum ...  
Rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum  
Shall I play for you, pa rum pum pum pum  
On my drum

Mary nodded, pa rum pum pum pum  
The ox and lamb kept time, pa rum pum ....  
I played my drum for him, pa rum pum ...  
I played my best for him, pa rum pum ...  
Rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum  
Then he smiled at me, pa rum pum pum pum  
Me and my drum  
Me and my drum  
Rum pum pum pum

## I SAW THREE SHIPS COME SAILING IN (slightly corrupted version)

1. I saw three ships come sailing in,  
on Christmas day, on Christmas day  
I saw three ships come sailing in,  
on Christmas day in the morning.
2. And what was in those ships all three, . .
3. Our Savior, Christ, and His Lady, . . .
4. Pray, whither sailed those ships all  
three, . . .
5. O, they sailed to Bethlehem, . . .
6. And all the bells on earth shall ring, . . .
7. And all the Dolphin Men shall sing, . . .
8. The Dolphin Men shall eat and drink, . .
9. And then they'll all fall fast asleep, . . .
10. And that is how we'll celebrate, . . .
11. But Boxing Day we'll get up and dance,  
on Boxing Day, on Boxing Day  
But Boxing Day we'll get up and dance,  
on Boxing Day in the morning

## MARY'S BOY CHILD

Long time ago in Bethlehem,  
So the Holy Bible says,  
Mary's boychild, Jesus Christ,  
Was born on Christmas Day.

### *Chorus:*

Hark now! Hear the Angels sing,  
A King was born today,  
And man will live forever more  
Because of Christmas Day

While shepherds watch their flocks by night  
They see a bright new shining star.  
They hear a choir sing a song  
The-music-seemed to come from afar.

### *Chorus*

Now Joseph and his wife, Mary  
Came to Bethlehem that night.  
They found no place to bear the child  
Not a single room was in sight.

### *Chorus*

And then they found a little nook  
In a stable all forlorn.  
And in a manger, cold and dark,  
Mary's little boy was born.

### *Extended Chorus:*

Hark now! Hear the Angels sing,  
A King is born today,  
And man will live forever more  
Because of Christmas Day.  
Trumpets sound and Angels sing...  
Listen to what they say,  
That man will live forever more  
Because of Christmas Day.

## JINGLE BELLS

### *Chorus:*

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

Dashing through the snow  
In a one-horse open sleigh  
O'er the fields we go  
Laughing all the way  
Bells on bob tails ring  
Making spirits bright  
What fun it is to ride and sing  
A sleighing song tonight

### *Chorus*

Now the ground is white  
Go it while you're young  
Take the girls tonight  
And sing this sleighing song  
Just get a bob-tailed bay  
Two-forty as his speed  
Hitch him to an open sleigh  
And "crack!" you'll take the lead

### *Chorus*

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Much of this song book is 'borrowed' from the Grand Union Folk Club's own Christmas Carols booklet, including most of the research footnotes. Thanks to Bill Wilkes for his permission to use it. I have added few extra ones, mostly picked up at the Dungworth and Handsworth Carol sessions.

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