F. 2.6

"Avel! Avel! Avel! Avel!

THIS IS THE SALUTATION OF THE ANGEL GABRIEL."

A COLLECTION OF



THE TUNES TO WHICH THEY ARE SUNG,

Shiefly Maraditional;

TOGETHER WITH A FEW OF MORE MODERN DATE.

HARMONIZED AND ARRANGED FOR ONE OR MORE VOICES.

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PREFACE.

THE word Carol is from the Italian Carola, a song of devotion; or from cantare, to sing, and rola, an interjection.

The following specimens have been gathered from various sources—sometimes from the lips of the rustic singers; sometimes from old MSS.; and sometimes from printed books, such as those of Davies Gilbert, Sandys, &c. In the tunes derived from the last-mentioned sources some liberties have been taken with the barring, but by so doing several fine old melodies have been restored to their original form. The old words of the carols have been retained in most cases. Notwithstanding the occasional ruggedness of the verse, and sometimes primitive ideas, I preferred the homeliness of the old carol-poetry to modern imitations. A few Christmas Hymns have been included in my pages, at the desire of several kind friends who take an interest in this little brochure.

The good old custom of carol singing is now making excellent way in our English villages; and pleasant it is to see the revival of this delightful practice. The Festival of the Nativity should be celebrated with "tidings of comfort and joy" throughout the width and breadth of the land. The time is drawing nigh when the glorious "Noel! Noel!" shall echo far and near, reminding us of the days of St. Paul and St. James, when the early Christians "were wont to meet together, and sing among themselves a hymn to Christ as to God."

"Wake me, that I the twelvemonth long
May hear the song
About me in the world's throng;
That treasured joys of Christmas-tide
May with mine hour of gloom abide;
The Christmas carol ring
Deep in my heart when I would sing;
Each of the twelve good days
Its earnest yields of duteous love and praise,
Ensuring happy months and hallowing common ways."

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.

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A COLLECTION OF CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

NOEL, NOEL!

From a M.S. of the 15th Century.



* Noel (French) is a corruption from the Latin Natalis, and indicated the Festival of our Lord's nativity, as well as the cry of joy at Christmas.





The shepherds saw the angels bright,

They shone with such a heav'nly light,

"O God's dear Son is born to night!"

In excelsis gloria.

We thank thee Lord for thy great grace,
The heavnly bliss to see thy face,
Grant we sing to thee solace!
In excelsis gloria.

4

Traditional (Devonshire)





And thus within the garden he
Commanded was to stay;
And unto him in commandment
These words the Lord did say:
"The fruit that in the garden grows
To thee shall be for meat,
Except the tree in midst thereof,
Of which thou shalt not eat.
CHORUS. Now let good, &c.

"For in that day thou dost it touch,
Or dost it then come nigh,
And if that thou dost eat thereof,
Then thou shalt surely die."
But Adam he did take no heed
To that same holy thing,
But did transgress God's holy laws,
And sore was wrapp'd in sin.
CHORUS. Now let good, &c.

Now mark the goodness of the Lord,
Which He to mankind bore;
His mercy soon he did extend
Lost man for to restore;
And then, for to redeem our souls
From death, and hell, and thrall,
He said his own dear Son should come
The Saviour of us all.
CHORUS. Now let good, &c.

And now the tide is nigh at hand,
In which our Saviour came;
Let us rejoice and merry be,
In keeping of the same.
Let's feed the poor and hungry sort,
And such as do it crave;
And when we die, in Heav'n be sure
Our reward we shall have.
CHORUS. Now let good, &c.









.



"Mary," he said, "be not afraid,
But do believe in me:
The power of the Holy Ghost
Shall overshadow thee;
Thou shalt conceive e'en without grief,
For so the Lord told me;
God's own dear Son from Heav'n shall come,
And shall be born of thee"
CHORUS. Then sing, &c.

This came to pass as God's will was,
E'en as the angel told.

About midnight an angel bright
Came to the Shepherds fold,

And told to them both where and when
Born was the child, our Lord,

And all along this was their song,

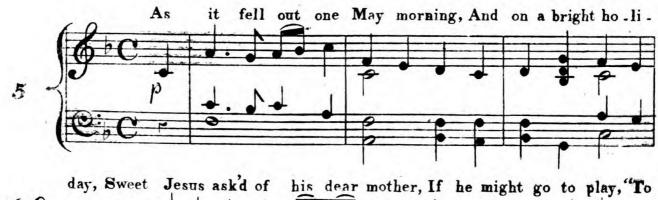
"All glory be given to God."

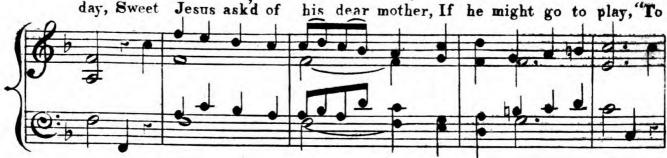
CHORUS. Then sing, &c.

Good people all, both great and small,
The which do hear my voice,
With one accord let's praise the Lord,
And in our hearts rejoice;
Let us be bound in kindred love
Whilst we our lives do spend,
Whilst we have space let's pray for grace,
And so let my Carol end
CHORUS. Then sing, &c.

THE HOLY WELL.

Traditional (Derbyshire)









Sweet Jesus went down to yonder town,
As far as the Holy Well,
And there did see as fine children
As any tongue can tell.
He said, "God bless you ev'ry one,
May Christ your portion be;
Little Children shall I play with you?
And you shall play with me!"

But they made answer to him, "No",
They were lords' and ladies' sons;
And he the meanest of them all,
Was born in an ox's stall.
Sweet Jesus turned him around,
And he neither laugh'd nor smil'd,
But the tears came trickling from his eyes
Like water from the skies.

Sweet Jesus turned him about,
To his mother's dear home went he,
And said "I've been in yonder town,
As after you may see.
"I have been in yonder town,
As far as the Holy Well;
There did I meet as fine children
As any tongue can tell.

"I bid God bless them ev'ry one,
And Christ their bodies see;
Little children shall I play with you?
And you shall play with me.
"But then they answer'd me, 'No,'
They were lords' and ladies' sons;
And I the meanest of them all,
Was born in an ox's stall."

"Though you are but a maiden's child, Born in an ox's stall, Thou art the Christ, the king of Heav'n, And the Saviour of them all. "Sweet Jesus, go down to yonder town, As far as the Holy Well, And take away those sinful souls, And dip them deep in hell."

"Nay, nay," sweet Jesus mildly said,
"Nay, nay, that must not be,
For there are too many sinful souls
Crying out for the help of me"
O then bespoke the angel Gabriel,
Upon our good St. Stephen,
Although you're but a maiden's child,
You are the King of Heav'n.



A Saviour! sinners here around,
Sing shout the wondrous word;
Let ev'ry bosom hail the sound,
A Saviour! Christ the Lord.
CHORUS. Noel, ficel, &c.

For not to sit on David's throne
With worldly pomp and joy;
He came to earth for sin t'atone,
And Satan to destroy.
CHORUS. Noel, noel, &c.

To preach the word of life divine,
And feed with living bread,
To heal the sick with hand benign,
And raise to life the dead.
CHORUS. Noel, noel, &c.

He preach'd, he suffer'd, bled and died,
Uplift 'twixt earth and skies;
In sinners stead was crucifi'd,
For sin to sacrifice
CHORUS. Noel, noel, &c.

Well may we sing a Saviour's birth,,
Who need the grace so giv'n,
And hailihis coming down to earth,
Who raises us to Heav'n
CHORUS. Noel, noel, &c.



If trav'llers through the darknome night,
Rejoice the day to see;
If pris'ners bound in woeful plight,
Are glad when they get free:
If sick and dying men rejoice
To see physician's face,
Then sinners listen, tune your voice,
And hail the Saviour's grace.

From Heav'n the Son of God descends,
And takes the form of man;
To reconcile his foes as friends,
Was all his gracious plan:
For now the promis'd Saviour's born,
To Israel long foretold;
A lovely babe, the great one's scorn,
See a rough stable hold.

But though he comes in lowly guise,
'Tis David's royal Son;
And he that in a manger lies,
Shall fill his Father's throne:
Come own the sins of all the year,
Of all your lives, and pray;
Don't add more crimes and vengeance dare,
Abusing Christmas Day.

REMEMBER, O THOU MAN.



The angels all did sing, O thou man, &c.

The angels all did sing on shepherd's hill;

The angels all did sing praise to our heavily king,

And peace to man living, with a good will.

The shepherds 'mazed were, O thou man, &c.

The shepherds 'mazed were to hear the angels sing;

The shepherds 'mazed were, how it should come to pass

That Christ, our Messias should be our king.

To Bethlem they did go, O thou man, &c.

To Bethlem they did go, the shepherds three;

To Bethlem they did go, to see wh'er it were so,

Whether Christ were born or no, to set man free.

As the angels did say, O thou man, &c.

As the angels did say, so't came to pass;

As the angels did say, they found a babe to lie,

In manger wrapt in hay, so poor he was.

In Bethlem he was born, O thou man, &c.

In Bethlem he was born, for mankind's sake;
In Bethlem he was born, for us that were forlorn,

And therefore took no scorn our flesh to take

Give thanks to God always, O thou man, &c.

Give thanks to God always, most joyfully;

Give thanks to God always, for this our happy day

Let all men sing and say, Holy, holy.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY.

Old French Carol Tune.





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 prickle,
As sharp as any thorn;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Christmas day in the morn,
On Christmas &c.

The Holly bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all.
The Holly and the Ivy,
Now both are full well grown;
Of all the trees that spring in wood,
The Holly bears the crown,
The Holly bears &c.

Tune of the 16th Century.



Shine, happy star, ye angels, sing Glory on high to Heav'ns King:
Run, shepherds, leave your nightly watch,
See Heav'n come down to Bethlehem's cratch.

Worship, ye sages of the east,

The king of gods in meanness dress'd,

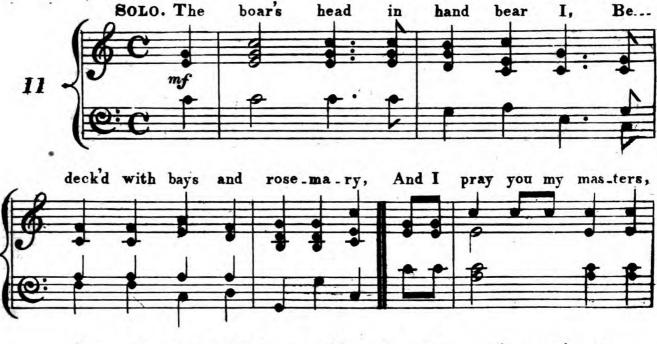
O blessed maid, smile and adore

The God thy womb and arms have bore.

Star, angels, shepherds, and wild sages, Thou virgin glory of all ages, Restord frame of Heav'n and Earth, Joy in your dear Redeemer's birth!

THE BOAR'S-HEAD CAROL. *

16th Century.







Solo. The boar's head as I understand,
Is the bravest dish in all the land;
When thus bedeck'd with a gay garland,
Let us servire cantico.

CHORUS. Caput apri, &c.

SOLO. Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the king of Bliss;
Which on this day to be served is
In regimensi atrio.
CHORUS. Caput apri, &c.

^{*} This fine old Carol possesses historical interest, as being still sung annually, on Christmas Day, at Queen's College, Oxford.

THIS NEW CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Traditional (Cornwall)



The mighty Jehovah, by the prophets foretold,

That the sweet Babe of Heav'n mortal eyes should behold;

Both King, Prince, and Prophet, nay, our Saviour beside,

Let His name through all ages be ever glorify'd.

As the shepherds were feeding their flocks in the field, The sweet birth of our Saviour unto them was reveal'd, By blest angels of glory, who those tidings did bring, And directed the shepherds to their heav'nly king.

When the wise men discover'd the bright heav'nly star,
Then with gold and rich spices, straight they came from afar,
In obedience to worship with a heavenly mind.
Knowing that He was born for the good of mankind.

Let us learn of those sages, who were wise, to obey,
Nay, we find thro' all ages they have honour'd this day,
Ever since our Redeemer's bless'd nativity,
Who was born of a virgin to set sinners free.

AS JOSEPH WAS A-WALKING.

Traditional (Somersetshire)







He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall.

"He neither shall be clothed In purple nor in pall, But in the fair white linen That usen babies all. "He neither shall be rocked...
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden manger
That resteth on the mould."

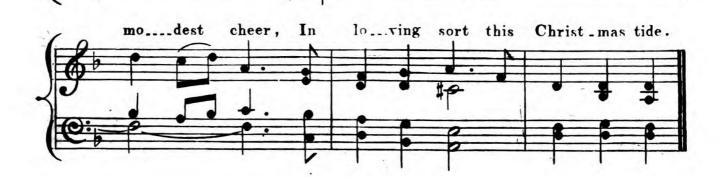
As Joseph was a-walking,
There did an angel sing;
And Mary's child at midnight
Was born to be our king.

Then be ye glad, good people, This night of all the year, And light ye up your candles, For His star it shineth clear.

ALL YOU THAT IN THIS HOUSE BE HERE.

Traditional (Wiltshire.)





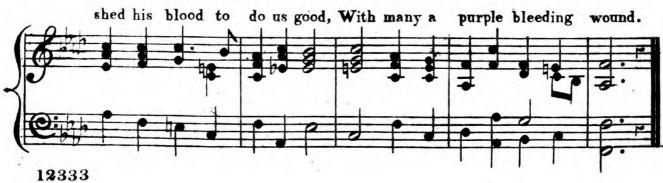
And whereas plenty God hath sent,
Give frankly to your friends in love:
The bounteous mind is freely bent,
And never will a niggard prove.

Our table spread within the hall,
I know a banquet is at hand,
And friendly sort to welcome all
That will unto their tacklings stand.

Then, butler fill me forth some beer,
My song hath made me somewhat dry;
And so again, to this good cheer,
I'll quickly fall, courageously.

And for my master I will pray,
With all that of his household are,
Both old and young, that long we may
Of God's good blessings have a share.

GOD'S DEAR SON WITHOUT BEGINNING. Traditional (West of England.) with .. out be ginning, Whom the wicked God's dear Son Jews did scorn; The on .. ly wise with out all sin ning On this bles.sed day born; To and thrall, When Sa.tan's we in chains were bound, And



No princely palace for our Saviour,
In Judea could be found,
But sweet Mary's meek behaviour,
Patiently upon the ground
Her babe did place, in vile disgrace,
Where oxen in their stalls did feed,
No midwife mild had this sweet Child,
Nor woman's help at mother's need

No kingly robes nor golden treasure
Deck'd the birth-day of God's Son;
No pompous train at all took pleasure
To this king of kings to run;
No mantle brave could Jesus have,
Upon His cradle for to lye;
No music's charms in nurse's arms,
To sing the Babe a lullaby.

Then with Angel love inspired,
Three wise princes from the East,
To Bethlehem as they desired,
Came whereas our Lord did rest:
And there they laid before the maid,
Before her Son, our God and king,
Their offerings sweet as was most meet,
Unto so great a pow'r to bring.

Now to Him that redeem'd us,
By His death on Holy rood;
And us einners so esteem'd us
To buy dearly with His blood;
Yield lasting fame that still the name
Of Jesus may be honour'd here;
And let us say that Christmas day
Is still the best day in the year.

JOYFUL MIRTH.

Old German Tune.



No place but in an ox's stall,

The place of his nativity,
Indeed this should instruct us all,

To learn of him humility.

Twas in the city of David then,

As holy scriptures make appear,

And in the time of taxing, when

They came both far and near.

The Virgin Mary then by name,
And Joseph most exceeding kind,
When they into the city came,
No habitation could they find.
But in a stable mean where they
Continued to the blessed morn;
Let us rejoice and keep this day,
Whereon the Lord of Life was born.

Upon this day let none be found,
To practise any idle game,
And tho' thy mirth should much abound,
In innocence let it remain.
Relieve your neighbours that are poor,
You are commanded so to do,
Out of the bounty of your store,
That they may all rejoice with you.

Thus in your mirth with one accord,
See that you do all evil shun,
And sing your praises to the Lord,
For sending his beloved Son.
He that descended from above,
Who freely for our sins has died,
Make him the pattern of our love,
So many joys be sanctified.

JOYFUL MIRTH.





GOD REST YOU MERRY GENTLEMEN.*

FOR FOUR VOICES.

Traditional.



* The most common and generally popular of all Carol tunes. The traditional copies differ considerably.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessed morn;
The which his mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn.
O tidings, &c.

From God, our Heavenly Father,
A blessed Angel came,
And unto certain Shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.
O tidings, &c.

Fear not, then said the Angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power, and might;
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite.
O tidings, &c.

The Shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This blessed babe to find.
O tidings, &c.

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

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.
O tidings, &c.

GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN.





Traditional (Lancashire)



Awake, awake, good people all, Awake and you shall hear, Our Lord, our God died on the cross, For us whom he loved so dear.

O fair, O fair Jerusalem, When shall I come to thee? When all thy grief is at an end The joy that we may see.

And for the saving of our souls, Christ died upon the cross We ne'er shall do for Jesus Christ, As he hath done for us.

My song is done, I must begone, I can stay no longer here, God bless you all both great and small, And send you a happy New Year!



They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the East beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great delight,
And so it continued both day and night.
CHORUS. Noel, &c.

And by the light of that same Star,
Three Wise Men came from country far;
To seek for a king was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.
CHORUS. Noel, &c.

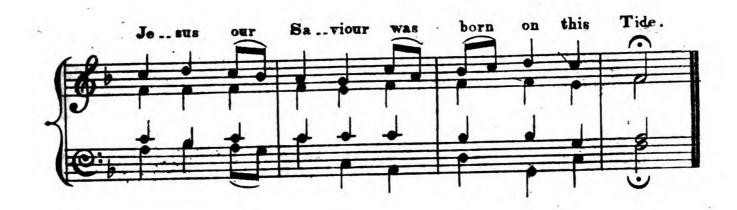
This Star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right o'er the place where Jesus lay.
CHORUS. Noel, &c.

Then enter'd in those Wise Men three Most reverently upon their knee, And offered there, in his presence, Both gold, and myrrh, and frankincense CHORUS. Noel. &c.

Then let us all, with one accord,
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
That hath made Heaven and earth of nought,
And with his blood mankind hath bought.
CHORUS. Noel, &c.

.11





The King of all Glory to the world being brought, Small store of fine linen to wrap him was bought; When Mary had swaddled her young Son so sweet, Within an ox-manger she laid Him to sleep.

CHORUS. Rejoice, &c.

Then God sent an Angel from Heaven so high,
To certain poor Shepherds in fields where they lie,
And bid them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.
CHORUS. Rejoice, &c.

Then presently after, the Shepherds did spy
A number of Angels appear in the sky
Who joyfully talked, and sweetly did sing,
To God be all glory, our Heavenly King.
CHORUS. Rejoice, &c.

Three certain Wise Princes, they thought it most meet
To lay their rich offerings at our Saviour's feet;
Then the Shepherds consented, and to Bethl'hem did go,
And when they came hither, they found it was so.

CHORUS. Rejoice, &c.



And what was in those ships all three, On Christmas day, on Christmas day? And what was in those ships all three, On Christmas day in the morning? Our Saviour Christ and his ladie, On Christmas day, on Christmas day; Our Saviour Christ and his ladie, On Christmas day in the morning?

Pray whither sailed those ships all three, On Christmas day, on Christmas day? Pray whither sailed those ships all three, On Christmas day in the morning?

O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day in the morning.

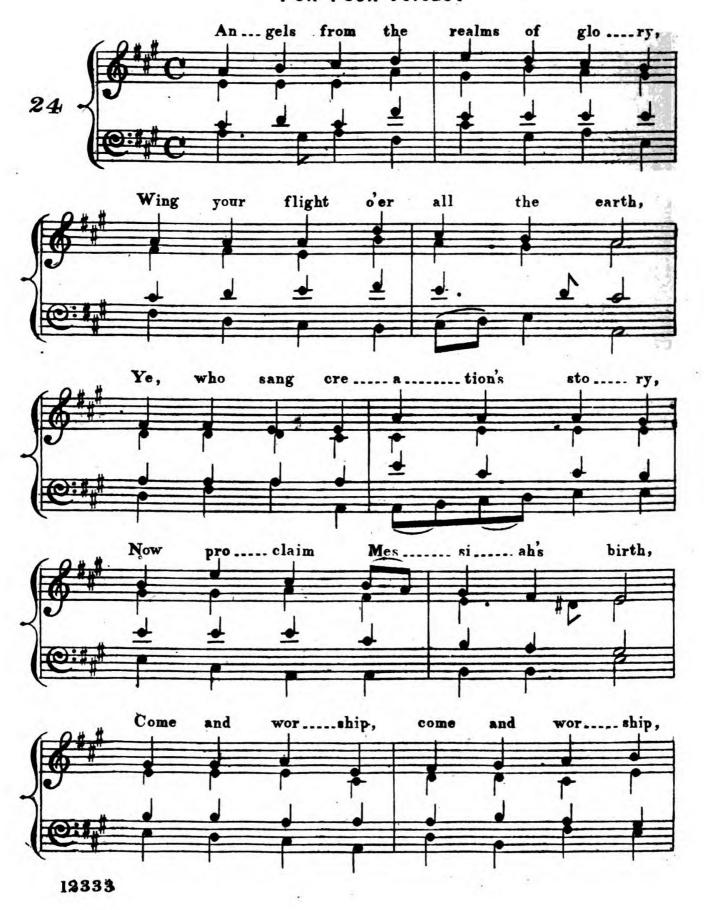
And all the bells on earth shall ring, On Christmas day, on Christmas day; And all the bells on earth shall ring, On Christmas day in the morning.

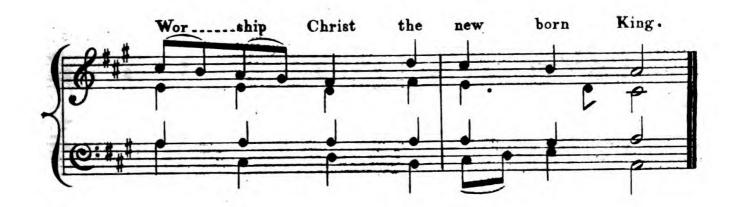
And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing, On Christmas day, on Christmas day; And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing, On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the Souls on Earth shall sing, On Christmas day, on Christmas day; And all the Souls on Earth shall sing, On Christmas day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas day in the morning.

ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY. FOR FOUR VOICES.





Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flock by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship &c.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Waiting long with hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship &c.

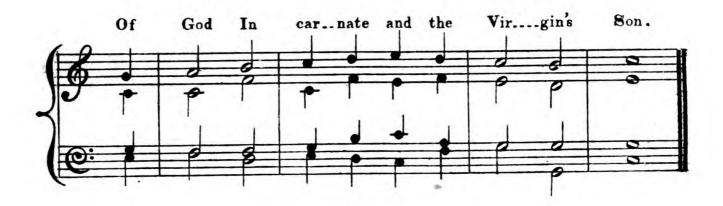
Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now repeals the sentence,
Mercy calls you, break your chains:
Come and worship &c.

CHRISTIANS AWAKE!

FOR FOUR VOICES.

D! WAINWRIGHT.





Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you, and all the nations upon earth,
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake, and straightway the celestial choir In hymns of joy unknown before conspire; The praises of redeeming love they sang, And Heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang, God's highest glory was their anthem still, Peace upon earth and unto men good will.

To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man,
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn;
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first apostles of the Saviour's fame.

MENDELSSOHN.





Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus our Emmanuel.
Hark!the herald, &c.

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and Life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings.

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

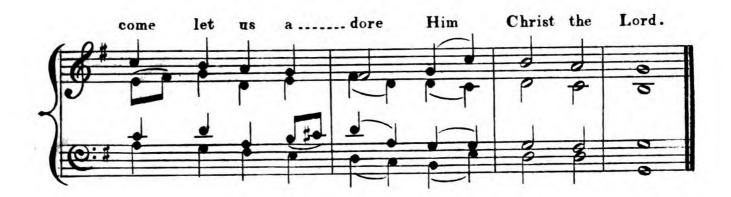
Hark! the herald, &c.

O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL.

FOR FOUR VOICES.

ADESTE FIDELES.





Though true God of true God,
Light of light eternal,
The womb of a virgin he hath not abhorred,
Son of the Father,
Not made, but begotten,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord

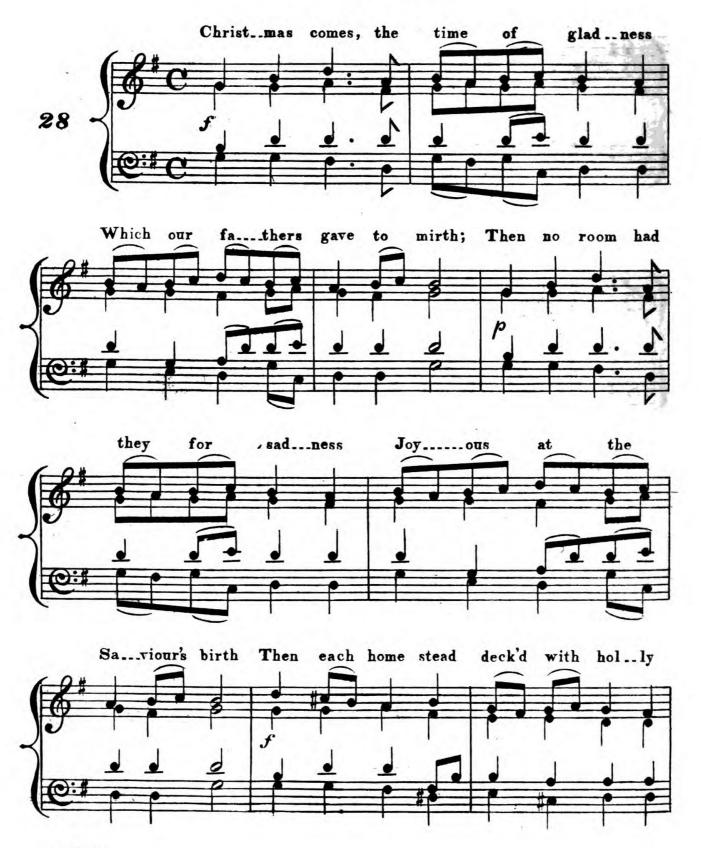
Raise, raise, choirs of angels!
Songs of loudest triumph,
Through heaven's high arches be your praises poured.
Now to our God be
Glory in the highest;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Amen! Lord, we bless thee,
Born for our salvation

O Jesu! for ever be thy name adored,
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing:

O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord

CHRISTMAS COMES. FOR FOUR VOICES.



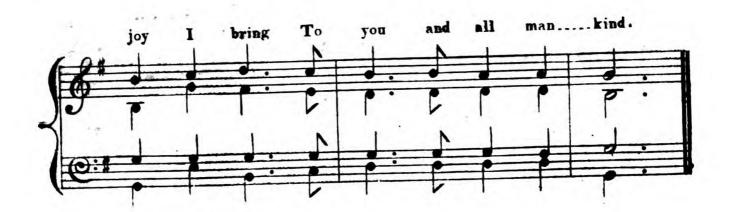




Then kind looks, with pleasure beaming
Blazing hearth, and festive fare;
Hearts with social feeling teeming,
Welcome joy and banish care.
While with early salutations,
Loud the parish bells were rung;
And in tones of gratulations,
Many a village carol sung.



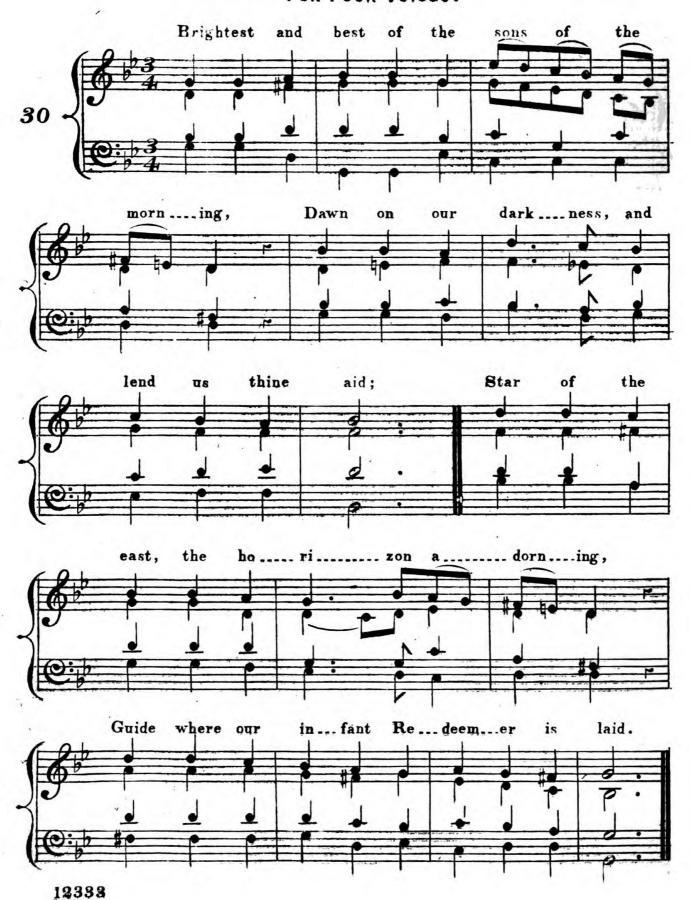
* A popular version of "God rest you merry Gentlemen," in the Major Key.



"To you in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:
The heav'nly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the scraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace,
Goodwill henceforth from Heav'n to men,
Begin, and never cease.

52 BRIGHTEST AND BEST OF THE SONS OF THE MORNING. FOR FOUR VOICES.



Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;

Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;

Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,

Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offring divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;

Star of the east, the horizon adorning,

Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

THE GOLDEN CAROL OF MELCHIOR,

BALTHAZAR, AND GASPAR,

The Three Kings of Cologne.

FOR FOUR VOICES.

Traditional.



Oh! ever thought be of His' Name,
On Christmas in the morning,
Who bore for us both grief and shame,
Afflictions sharpest scorning.
And may we die, (when death shall come,)
On Christmas in the morning,
And see in heav'n our glorious home,
The Star of Christmas morning.

THE SUNNY BANK.



Traditional



I spyd three ships come sailing by, Come sailing by, come sailing by, I spy'd three ships come sailing by, On Christmas day in the morning.

And who should be with these three ships, With these three ships, with these three ships, And who should be with these three ships, But Joseph and his fair lady.

Oh he did whistle, and she did sing, And all the bells on earth did ring For joy, that our Saviour he was born, On Christmas day in the morning.

SING WE MERRY CHRISTMAS.* FOR FOUR VOICES.



Haste we to His Temple,
Wreath our garlands green;
Deck each arch and column,
Stall and altar_screen.
Gloria in excelsis
Hark, the angels sing!
Gloria in supremis
To our infant king.

5 JA 64

Priest and choir and people,
Join in concert all;
Sing your loudest praises
At our Festival.

Joy for us poor exiles,
On this happy morn;
Jesus Christ Emmanuel
Of David's line was born.

12333 * Words and Music by the Rev. C. T. Beweit.