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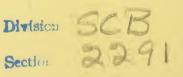
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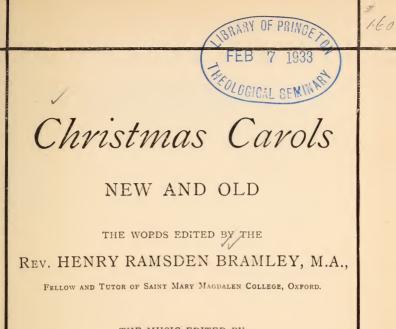
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SIR JOHN STAINER, M.A., Mus. Doc.,

OF THE SAME COLLEGE.

Price Four Shillings.

LONDON & NEW YORK NOVELLO, EWER AND CO. LONDON: NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., PRINTERS.





HE following collection of Christmas Carols, new and old, has been formed with the purpose of providing a single source, easily accessible, from which those who are so disposed may make choice of songs, suitable in

words and music, for the sacred and joyous season of our Lord's Nativity.

The time-honoured and delightful custom of thus celebrating the Birthday of the Holy Child seems, with some change of form, to be steadily and rapidly gaining ground. Instead of the itinerant ballad-singer or the little bands of wandering children, the practice of singing Carols in Divine Service, or by a full choir at some fixed meeting, is becoming prevalent.

Among the Carols here given are some which are best suited for the old simple mode of rendering; others which require more ample means for their performance. Some, from their legendary, festive, or otherwise less serious character, are unfit for use within the Church.

In choosing Carols for this purpose, the Editors would recommend that the selection should be confined to those which are numbered as follows: I—9 inclusive, I3—I7, I9—22, 26, 27, 29—32, 34, 36, 38, 4I, 43, 44, 46—48, 50, 53—55, 57, 58, 60, 62, 65, 66, 70. The rest may fitly be reserved for less sacred places and occasions.

With this brief account of the purpose and nature of their undertaking they again submit the result to those orthodox lovers of music who desire to keep the Feast of Christmas with mirth which shall not overstep the bounds of reverence; referring those who may wish for further information upon the subject of Christmas Carols to the larger Preface prefixed to the Library Edition of this work.



In Bethlehem, in Jewry, This blessed Babe was born, And laid within a manger, Upon this blessed morn; The which His Mother Mary, Did nothing take in scorn. O tidings, &c.

3 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 a pure Virgin bright, To free all those who trust in Him From Satan's power and might." O tidings, &c.

 The shepherds at those tidings Rejoicèd much in mind, And left their flocks a-feeding, In tempest, storm, and wind: And went to Bethlehem straightway, The Son of God to find. O tidings, &c.

6 And when they came to Bethlehem Where our dear Saviour lay, They found Him in a manger, Where oxen feed on hay; His Mother Mary kneeling down, Unto the Lord did pray. O tidings, &c.

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

 $\mathbf{2}$ The Manger Throne. FOR VERSES 1, 4, 5. mf 1. Like sil lamps tant shrine, The ver in а dis mf spark -ling bright; The bells stars are of the с of ring out, For the Son of Ma-ry was born to-night; The gloom is past, and the morn at last Is rient light. coming with o The stars of heaven still shine as at first 4 They gleamed on this wonderful night; The bells of the city of God peal out, And the Angels' song still rings in the height; And love still turns where the Godhead burns,

Hid in Flesh from fleshly sight.

5 Faith sees no longer the stable-floor, The pavement of sapphire is there,

The clear light of Heaven streams out to the world: And Angels of God are crowding the air;

And Heaven and earth, through the spotless Birth, Are at peace on this night so fair.



3 Now a new Power has come on the earth, A match for the armies of Hell: A Child is born who shall conquer the foe, And all the spirits of wickedness quell; For Mary's Son is the Mighty One Whom the prophets of God foretell.



(6)



- 2 At Bethlehem city in Jewry it was That Joseph and Mary together did pass, All for to be taxed with many one moe, Great Cæsar commanded the same should be so. Aye and therefore, &c.
- 3 But when they had entered the city so fair, A number of people so mighty was there, That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small, Could find in the inn there no lodging at all. Aye and therefore, &c.
- 4 Then were they constrained in a stable to lie, Where horses and asses they used for to tie: Their lodging so simple they took it no scorn, But against the next morning our Saviour was born. Aye and therefore, &c.
- 5 The King of all kings to this world being brought, Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was sought; But when she had swaddled her young Son so sweet, Within an ox manger she laid Him to sleep. Aye and therefore, &c.
- 6 Then God sent an angel from Heaven so high, To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie, And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay, Because that our Saviour was born on this day. Aye and therefore, &c.
- 7 Then presently after the shepherds did spy Vast numbers of angels to stand in the sky; They joyfully talkèd and sweetly did sing, To God be all glory, our heavenly King. Aye and therefore, &c.
- 8 To teach us humility all this was done, And learn we from thence haughty pride for to shun: A manger His cradle who came from above, The great God of mercy, of peace, and of love.

Aye and therefore, &c.

Come, ye lofty.

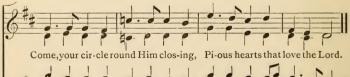
4













Come, ye poor, no pomp of station Robes the Child your hearts adore: He, the Lord of all salvation, Shares your want, is weak and poor: Oxen, round about behold them; Rafters naked, cold, and bare, See the shepherds, God has told them

That the Prince of Life lies there.

3.

Come, ye children, blithe and merry, This one Child your model make; Christmas holly, leaf, and berry, All be prized for His dear sake; Come, ye gentle hearts, and tender, Come, ye spirits, keen and bold; All in all your homage render, Weak and mighty, young and old.

4.

High above a star is shining, And the Wisemen haste from far: Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining: For you all has risen the star.

Let us bring our poor oblations,

Thanks and love and faith and praise: Come, ye people, come, ye nations,

All in all draw nigh to gaze.

5

Hark! the Heaven of heavens is ringing "Christ the Lord to man is born!"

Are not all our hearts too singing, "Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?"

Still the Child, all power possessing,

Smiles as through the ages past; And the song of Christmas blessing.

Sweetly sinks to rest at last.



(10)

2.

Exalt His Name; With joy proclaim, God loved the world, and through His Son forgave us; Oh! what are we, That, Lord, we see Thy wondrous love, in Christ who died to save us!

3.

Your refuge place In His free grace, Trust in His Name, and day by day repent you; Ye mock God's Word, Who call Him Lord, And follow not the pattern He hath lent you.

4.

O Christ, to prove For Thee my love, In brethren Thee my hands shall clothe and cherish; To each sad heart Sweet Hope impart, When worn with care, with sorrow nigh to perish.

5.

Come, praise the Lord; In Heaven are stored Rich gifts for those who here His Name esteemèd; Alleluia, Alleluia; Rejoice in Christ, and praise Him, ye redeemèd.

(11)



(12)



2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

Then entered in those Wisemen three, Full reverently upon their knee, And offered there, in His Presence, Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense. Nowell, &c.

6.

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



(14)

5



2.

To enrich my desolation, To redeem me from damnation, Wrapt in swathing-bands Thou liest, Thou in want and weakness sighest: Might transcending, &c.

3.

Low abased, where brutes are sleeping, God's belovèd Son is weeping; Judge supreme, true Godhead sharing, Sinner's likeness for us wearing! Might transcending, &c.

4.

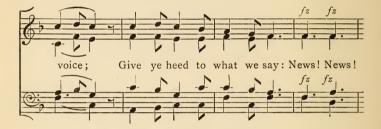
Jesu, Thine my heart is solely, Draw it, take it to Thee wholly: With Thy sacred Fire illume me, Let it inwardly consume me. Might transcending, &c

5.

Hence let idle fancies vanish, Hence all evil passions banish; Mæke me like Thyself in meekness, Bind to Thee my human weakness. Might transcending, &c

Good Christian men, rejoice.









(16)

8



2.

Good Christian men, rejoice With heart, and soul, and voice; Now ye hear of endless bliss: Joy! Joy! Jesus Christ was born for this! He hath oped the heav'nly door, And man is blessed evermore. Christ was born for this!

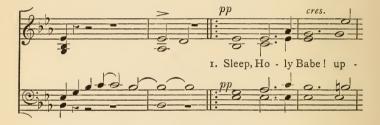
3.

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

Sleep, Iboly Babe!

9









(18)





2.

Sleep, holy Babe! Thine Angels watch around, All bending low with folded wings, Before the Incarnate King of kings, In reverent awe profound.

3.

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

4.

Sleep, holy Babe! ah! take Thy brief repose: Too quickly will Thy slumbers break, And Thou to lengthened pains awake, That Death alone shall close.



⁽²⁰⁾

Tenor Solo. "Hither, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, telling, Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?" Treble Solo. "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Underneath the mountain:

> Right against the forest fence, By Saint Agnes' fountain."

3.

Tenor Solo. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine-logs hither; Thou and I will see him dine, When we bear them thither."
Chorus. Page and monarch forth they went, Forth they went together; Through the rude wind's wild lament, And the bitter weather.

4.

Treble Solo. "Sire, the night is darker now, And the wind blows stronger; Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no longer." Tenor Solo. "Mark my footsteps, my good page Tread thou in them boldly: Thou shalt find the winter's rage Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5.

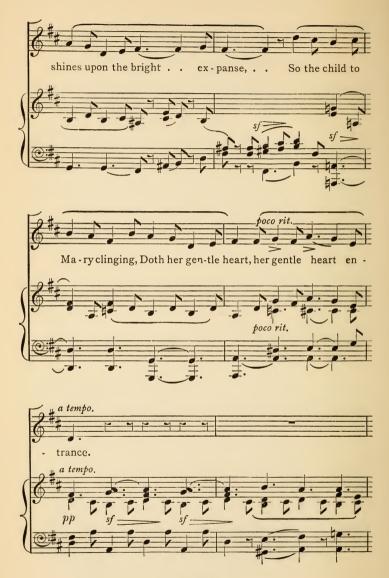
Chorus. In his master's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dinted; Heat was in the very sod Which the saint had printed. Therefore, Christian men, be sure Wealth or rank possessing, Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall yourselves find blessing

(21)

When J view the Mother holding. 11 pp1. When I view the Mother holding In herarms the heaven - ly 1 Boy, . Thousand bliss-ful thoughts unfolding, Melt myheart with s† cres. poco rit. sweet-est joy, with sweet est joy. poco rit. cres. . (22)



(23)



(24)



(25)



(26)



27)



(28)

The next good joy that Mary had, It was the joy of two; To see her own Son Jesus Christ Making the lame to go. Making the lame to go, Good Lord; And happy, &c.

2.

3.

The next good joy that Mary had, It was the joy of three; To see her own Son Jesus Christ Making the blind to see. Making the blind to see, Good Lord; And happy, &c.

4.

The next good joy that Mary had, It was the joy of four; To see her own Son Jesus Christ Reading the Bible o'er. Reading the Bible o'er, Good Lord; And happy, &c.

5.

The next good joy that Mary had, It was the joy of five; To see her own Son Jesus Christ Raising the dead to life. Raising the dead to life, Good Lord And happy, &c.

6.

The next good joy that Mary had, It was the joy of six; To see her own Son Jesus Christ Upon the Crucifix. Upon the Crucifix, Good Lord; And happy, &c.

7.

The next good joy that Mary had It was the joy of seven; To see her own Son Jesus Christ Ascending into Heaven. Ascending into Heaven, Good Lord; And happy, &c.



(30)





These good news an Angel told To the shepherds by their fold, Told them of the Saviour's Birth, Told them of the joy for earth. God is born, &c.

3.

Born is now Emmanuel, He, announced by Gabriel, He, Whom Prophets old attest, Cometh from His Father's Breast. God is born, &c.

4.

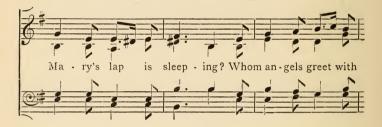
Born to-day is Christ the Child, Born of Mary undefiled, Born the King and Lord we own; Glory be to God alone.

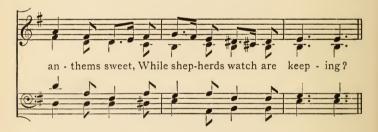
God is born, &c.

С

What Child is this?









(32)



Why lies He in such mean estate, Where ox and ass are feeding? Good Christian, fear: for sinners here The silent Word is pleading: Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through, The Cross be borne, for me, for you: Hail, hail, the Word made flesh, The Babe, the Son of Mary!

2.

3.

So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh, Come peasant, King to own Him; The King of kings, salvation brings; Let loving hearts enthrone Him. Raise, raise, the song on high, The Virgin sings her lullaby; Joy, joy, for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Mary!

15 Glorious, beauteous, golden=bright.









2.

But the stars' sweet golden gleam Faded quickly as a dream, 'Mid the wondrous glory-stream, That illumined all the earth, When Christ's angels sang His birth.



But that light no more availed, All its splendour straightway paled In His light whom angels hailed: Even as the stars of old, 'Mid the brightness lost their gold.

5.

Now no more on Christmas night, Is the sky with angels bright, But for ever shines the Light; Even He whose birth they told To the shepherds by the fold.

(35)

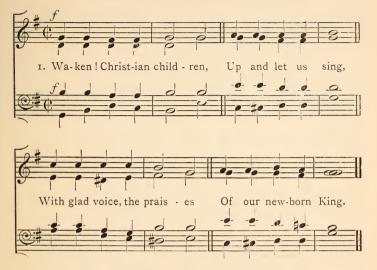








Waken! Christian children.



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

16

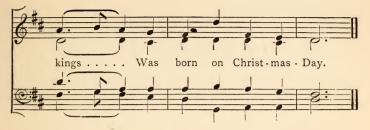
- 3 Come, nor fear to seek Him, Children though we be; Once He said of children, "Let them come to Me."
- 4 In a manger lowly, Sleeps the Heavenly Child; O'er Him fondly bendeth Mary, Mother mild.
- 5 Far above that stable, Up in Heaven so high, One bright star out-shineth, Watching silently.

- 6 Fear not then to enter, Though we cannot bring Gold, or myrrh, or incense Fitting for a King.
- 7 Gifts He asketh richer, Offerings costlier still,
 Yet may Christian children Bring them if they will.
- 8 Brighter than all jewels Shines the modest eye; Best of gifts He loveth Infant purity.
- 9 Haste we then to welcome, With a joyous lay, Christ, the King of Glory, Born for us to-day.

(37)



(38)



These tidings shepherds heard Whilst watching o'er their fold; 'Twas by an Angel unto them That night revealed and told. Glad tidings, &c.

3.

Then was there with the Angel An host incontinent* Of heavenly bright soldiers, All from the highest sent. Glad tidings, &c.

4.

They praised the Lord our God. And our celestial King: All glory be in Paradise, This heavenly host do sing. Glad tidings, &c.

5.

All glory be to God, That sitteth still on high, With praises and with triumph great, And joyful melody. Glad tidings, &c.

* Immediately.

18 Carol for Christmas=Eve. mf 1. Lis-ten, lord-ings, un - to me, a tale I will you tell; ÷ C :. Which, as on this night of glee, in David's town be - fel. · · · Jo-seph came from Na-za-reth, with Ma - ry, that sweet maid : CHORUS. 7 were they, nigh to death; and for a lodg ing pray'd. Sing Wea 11 :: 7 00 high, sing high, sing low, sing low, sing low, ;;

(40)



In the inn they found no room; a scanty bed they made: Soon a Babe from Mary's womb was in the manger laid. Forth He came as light through glass; He came to save us all. In the stable ox and ass before their Maker fall.

Sing high, sing low. &c.

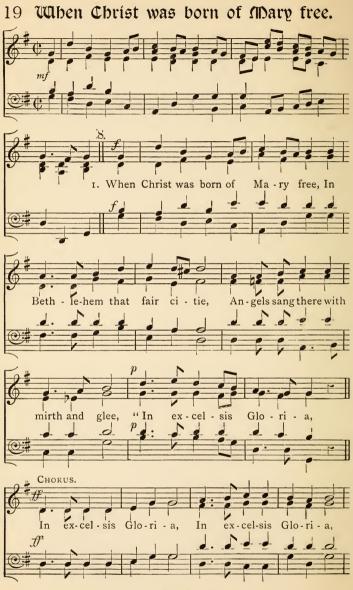
3.

Shepherds lay afield that night, to keep the silly sheep, Hosts of Angels in their sight came down from heaven's high steep. Tidings! tidings! unto you: to you a Child is born, Purer than the drops of dew, and brighter than the morn. Sing high, sing low, &c.

4.

Onward then the Angels sped, the shepherds onward went, God was in His manger bed, in worship low they bent. In the morning, see ye mind, my masters one and all, At the Altar Him to find who lay within the stall. Sing high, sing low, &c.

(41)



(42)





Herdsmen beheld these Angels bright, To them appearing with great light, Who said God's Son is born to-night. "In excelsis Gloria."

3.

The King is come to save mankind, As in Scripture truths we find, Therefore this song we have in mind, "In excelsis Gloria."

4.

Then, dear Lord, for Thy great grace, Grant us in bliss to see Thy face, That we may sing to Thy solace, "In excelsis Gloria." 20

'Twas in the Minter cold.

A CHRISTMAS MORNING HYMN.











- 2 Then in the manger the poor beast Was present with his Lord; Then swains and pilgrims from the East Saw, wondered, and adored. And I this morn would come with them This blessed sight to see, And to the Babe of Bethlehem Bend low the reverent knee.
- 3 But I have not, it makes me sigh, One offering in my power;
 'Tis winter all with me, and I Have neither fruit nor flower.
 O God, O Brother, let me give My worthless self to Thee;
 And that the years which I may live May pure and spotless be:
- Grant me Thyself, O Saviour kind, The Spirit undefiled,
 That I may be in heart and mind As gentle as a child;
 That I may tread life's arduous ways As Thou Thyself hast trod,
 And in the might of prayer and praise Keep ever close to God.
- 5 Light of the everlasting morn, Deep through my spirit shine; There let Thy presence newly born Make all my being Thine: There try me as the silver, try, And cleanse my soul with care, Till Thou art able to descry Thy faultless image there.



(46)







And thus within the garden he Was set, therein to stay; And in commandment unto him

- These words the Lord did say:
- "The fruit which in the garden grows To thee shall be for meat,

Except the tree in midst thereof, Of which thou shalt not eat." Now let good Christians, &c.

3.

"For in the day thou shalt it touch Or dost to it come nigh,

If so thou do but eat thereof, Then thou shalt surely die."

But Adam he did take no heed Unto that only thing,

But did transgress God's holy Law, And so was wrapt in sin.

Now let good Christians, &c.

- 4

Now mark the goodness of the Lord, Which He to mankind bore;

His mercy soon He did extend, Lost man for to restore:

Lost man for to restore:

- And therefore to redeem our souls From death and hell and thrall,
- He said His own dear Son should be The Saviour of us all. Now let good Christians, &c.

5.

Which promise **now** is brought to pass: Christians, believe it well:

And by the death of God's dear Son, We are redeemed from Hell.

- So if we truly do believe,
- And do the thing that's right,

Then by His merits we at last Shall live in Heaven bright.

Then let good Christians, &c

б.

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 souls, And such as do it crave; And when we die, in heaven we Our sure reward shall have. Then let good Christians, &c.



price! Burn-ing Were sal - va - tion's wert Thou to be 0 -0price! Burn-ing Were sal - va - tion's wert Thou to he va - tion's price ! Burn - ing wert Thou to Were sal be = (1 & 2.)6 Were sal - va - tion's price! Burn ing wert Thou to be Ex friend iles fàr from Pa dise. us, ra 1. -0-Ex - iles friend far from Pa dise. us, ra 0 0 Éx - iles far from Pa friend us, ra dise. -0 friend us, Ex - iles far from Pa · ra dise. 2. 3.

On a Mother's breast Thou sleepest, Mother, yet a Virgin still: [est, Sad, with eyes bedimmed Thou weep-

Weak the Strong, of strength the Giver: Small, Whose arms creation span;

Eyes, which Heaven with gladness Bound, Who only can deliver; fill.

O what works, &c.

Born is He Who ne'er began.

O what works, &c.



(50)



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

3.

The holly bears a berry, As red as any blood; And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To do poor sinners good. O the rising of the sun, &c.

4.

The holly bears a prickle, As sharp as any thorn; And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, On Christmas Day in the morn. O the rising of the sun, &c.

5.

The holly bears a bark, As bitter as any gall; And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, For to redeem us all. O the rising of the sun, &c.

6.

The holly and the ivy Now both are full well grown, Of all the trees that are in the wood. The holly bears the crown. O the rising of the sun, &c.

(51)



- 2 Awake, awake, good people all, Awake, and you shall hear, The Lord our God died on the Cross, For us He loved so dear.
- 3 O fair, O fair Jerusalem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sorrows have an end, The joy that I may see?
- 4 The fields were green as green could 8 When from His glorious seat [be, Our blessed Father watered us With His heavenly dew so sweet.
- 5 And for the saving of our souls 9 Christ died upon the cross, We ne'er shall do for Jesus Christ, As He hath done for us.

- The life of man is but a span, And cut down in its flower, We're here to-day, to-morrow gone, The creatures of an hour.
- Instruct and teach your children well, The while that you are here;
- It will be better for your soul, When your corpse lies on the bier.
- To-day you may be alive and well, Worth many a thousand pound; To-morrow dead and cold as clay, Your corpse laid underground.
- With one turf at thine head, O man, And another at Thy feet; Thy good deeds and thy bad, O man, Will all together meet.
- 10 My song is done, I must be gone, I can stay no longer here; God bless you all, both great and small, And send you a joyful new year!

(52)

The Virgin and Child.*







* Note.—The words of the Alto part are those immediately below it. The words of the Tenor are those immediately above it. Words occasionally written above the Treble stave are to be sung by the Trebles. Words occasionally written below the Bass stave are to be sung by the Basses.

25

(53)





The Child then spake, whilst she did sing, And to the maiden said, "Right sure I am a mighty King, Though in a crib my bed: For angels bright, Down to Me light; Thou canst not say me nay: Then why so sad? Thou mayest be glad To sing by by, lullay."

4.

"Now, sweetest Lord, since Thou art Why liest Thou in a stall? [King, Why didst Thou not Thy cradle bring To some great royal hall? Methinks 'tis right, That king or knight Should lie in good array; And them among, It were no wrong To sing by by, lullay."

5.

" My Mother Mary, Thine I be, Though I be laid in stall, Both lords and dukes shall worship Me, And so shall monarchs all; Ye shall well see That princes three Shall come on the twefth day : Then let Me rest Upon thy breast, And sing by by, lullay." 6.

"Now tell me, sweetest Lord, I pray, Thou art my love and dear,

- How shall I nurse Thee to Thy mind, And make Thee glad of cheer? For all Thy will I would fulfil,
 - I need no more to say; And for all this I will Thee kiss, And sing by by, lullay."

7.

" My Mother dear, when time it be Then take Me up aloft, And set Me up upon thy knee, And handle me full soft; And in Thy arm, Thou wilt Me warm, And keep Me night and day: And if I weep, And may not sleep, Then sing by by, lullay."

8.

"Now, sweetest Lord, since it is so, That Thou art most of might, I pray Thee grant a boon to me, If it be meet and right; That child or man That will or can, Be merry on this day; To bliss them bring, And I shall sing, Lullay, by by, lullay."

The Incarnation.

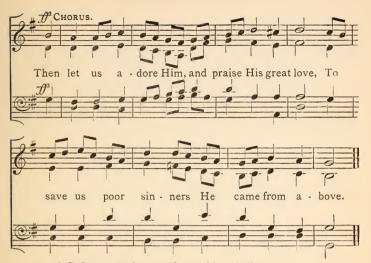








(56)



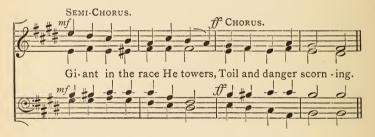
- A Babe on the breast of a maiden he lies, Vet sits with the Father on high in the skies; Before Him their faces the Seraphim hide, While Joseph stands waiting, unscared, by His side. Then let us adore Him, &c.
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- 3 Lo! here is Immanuel, here is the Child, The Son that was promised to Mary so mild; Whose power and dominion shall ever increase, The Prince that shall rule o'er a kingdom of peace. Then let us adore Him, &c.
- 4 The Wonderful Counsellor, boundless in might, The Father's own Image, the Beam of His Light; Behold Him now wearing the likeness of man, Weak, helpless, and speechless, in measure a span. Then let us adore Him, &c.
- 5 O wonder of wonders, which none can unfold; The Ancient of days is an hour or two old; The Maker of all things is made of the earth, Man is worshipped by angels, and God comes to birth. Then let us adore Him, &c.
- 6 The Word in the bliss of the Godhead remains, Yet in Flesh comes to suffer the keenest of pains; He is that He was, and for ever shall be, But becomes that He was not, for you and for me. Then let us adore Him, &c.

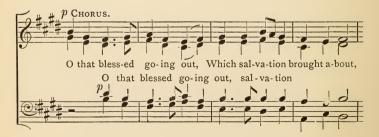
Christmas Day.

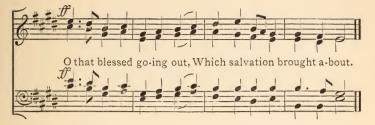
27











Let this glorious holiday Find such holy spending That the simple-hearted may Joy without offending, And sweet charity may stay, With our concourse blending. O that blessed going out, Which salvation brought about.

3.

Give we glory to this Feast, For man's restoration: Now the guilty is released, Freed from condemnation: By the widow's son deceased, See Elisha's station! O that blessed, &c.

4.

O how bright is this day made, Day with radiance glowing, Which the Light of Light displayed, Light in darkness shewing; Chasing thus death's gloomy shade, Brightness o'er us throwing! O that blessed, &c.

Risen to-day in splendour bright, Shining to all ages, Beams the Sun, whose distant light Touched the Prophet's pages; Now, to end the reign of night, Christ His power engages. O that blessed, &c.

^{5.}

The Cherry Tree Carol.







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

28

3.

Mary said to Joseph,

With her sweet lips so mild, "Pluck those cherries, Joseph, For to give to my Child." "O then," replied Joseph, With words so unkind, "I will pluck no cherries For to give to thy Child."

5.

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

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

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

7.

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

8.

As Joseph was a-walking He heard Angels sing, "This night there shall be born Our heavenly King.

9.

"He neither shall be born In house nor in hall, Nor in the place of Paradise, But in an ox-stall. "He shall not be clothèd In purple nor pall; But all in fair linen, As wear babies all.

II.

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

12.

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

13.

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

14.

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

(61)



* This chord will be required for verses 3 and 4.
† This chord must be omitted in verses 2, 3, 5 and 6.

(62)

Bethlehem, King David's city,

Birth-place of that Babe we find, God and Man, endued with pity,

And the Saviour of mankind: Yet Jewry land, with cruel hand,

Both first and last His power denied; When He was born they did Him scorn,

And shewed Him malice when He died.

3.

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.

4.

No kingly robes nor golden treasure Decked the birth-day of God's Son; No pompous train at all took pleasure To the King of kings to run;

No mantle brave could Jesus have Upon His cradle cold to lie;

No music's charms in nurse's arms

To sing that Babe a lullaby.

5.

Yet, as Mary sat in solace By our Saviour's cradle side,

Hosts of Angels from God's Palace, Singing sweet through Heaven so wide;

Yea, Heaven and earth, at Jesu's Birth, With sweet melodious tunes abound:

And every thing to Jewry's King,

Through all the world gives cheerful sound

б.

Now to Him that hath redeemed us By His Death on holy Rood,

And as sinners so esteemed us,

As to buy us with His Blood,

Yield lasting fame, that still the Name Of Jesus may be honoured here;

And let us say that Christmas Day Is still the best day in the year.



* Treble or Tenor, or alternately.

(64)



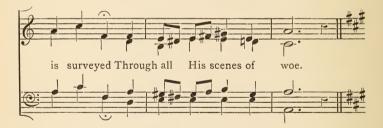


- 2 Lo, within a manger lies He who built the starry skies; He, who throned in height sublime, Sits amid the Cherubim! Hail, thou ever-blessed, &c.
- 3 Say, ye holy Shepherds, say, What your joyful news to-day; Wherefore have ye left your sheep On the lonely mountain steep? Hail, thou ever-blessed, &c.
- 4 "As we watched at dead of night, Lo, we saw a wondrous light; Angels singing peace on earth, Told us of a Saviour's Birth." Hail, thou ever-blessed, &c.
- 5 Sacred Infant, all Divine, What a tender love was Thine; Thus to come from highest bliss Down to such a world as this! Hail, thou ever-blessed, &c.
- 6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child, By Thy face so meek and mild. Teach us to resemble Thee, In Thy sweet humility! Hail, thou ever-blessed, &c.

(65)









(66)



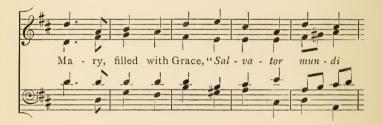


- 2 A Saviour ! sinners all around Sing, shout the wondrous word; Let every bosom hail the sound, A Saviour ! Christ the Lord Noel, Noel, &c.
- 3 For not to sit on David's throne With worldly pomp and joy, He came for sinners to atone, And Satan to destroy. Noel, Noel, &c.
- 4 To preach the Word of Life Divine, And feed with living Bread, To heal the sick with hand benign, And raise to life the dead. Noel, Noel, &c.
- 5 He preached, He suffered, bled and died, Uplift 'twixt earth and skies; In sinners' stead was crucified, For sin a sacrifice. Noel, Noel, &c.
- 6 Well may we sing a Saviour's birth, Who need the grace so given, And hail His coming down to earth, Who raises us to Heaven. Noel, Noel, &c.

32 In Bethlebem, that noble place.











2.

On Christmas night an Angel told The shepherds watching by their fold, In Bethlehem, full nigh the wold, "Salvator mundi natus est." Be we merry, &c.

3.

The shepherds were encompassed right, About them shone a glorious light, "Dread ye naught," said the Angel bright, "Salvator mundi natus est." Be we merry, &c.

4.

"No cause have ye to be afraid, For why? this day is Jesus laid On Mary's lap, that gentle maid:" "Salvator mundi natus est." Be we merry, &c.

5.

"And thus in faith find Him ye shall Laid poorly in an ox's stall." The shepherds then lauded God all Quia Salvator natus est. Be we merry, &c.

33 A Cradle=song of the Blessed Virgin.









O Lamb, my love inviting,
O Star, my soul delighting,
O Flower of mine own bearing,
O Jewel past comparing! My Darling, &c.

3.

My Child, of Might indwelling, My Sweet, all sweets excelling, Of Bliss the Fountain flowing, The Dayspring ever glowing. My Darling, &c.

4.

My Joy, my Exultation, My spirit's Consolation; My Son, my Spouse, my Brother O listen to Thy Mother. My Darling, &c.

5.

Say, wouldst Thou heavenly sweetness Or love of answering meetness? Or is fit music wanting? Ho! Angels raise your chanting! My Darling, &c.



(72)

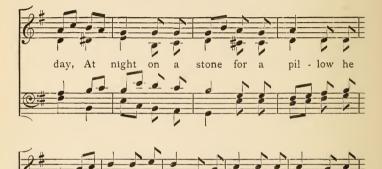


- 2 Once again the Holy Night Breathes its blessing tender; Once again the Manger Light Sheds its gentle splendour; O could tongues by Angels taught
 - Speak our exultation In the Virgin's Child that brought All mankind Salvation?
- 3 Welcome Thou to souls athirst, Fount of endless pleasure; Gates of Hell may do their worst, While we clasp our Treasure; Welcome, though an age like this Puts Thy Name on trial, And the Truth that makes our blic
 - And the Truth that makes our bliss Pleads against denial!

- Yea, if others stand apart, We will press the nearer: Yea, O best fraternal Heart, We will hold Thee dearer;
 - Faithful lips shall answer thus To all faithless scorning,
 - "JESUS CHRIST is GOD with us, Born on Christmas morning."
- 5 So we yield Thee all we can, Worship, thanks, and blessing; Thee true GOD, and Thee true Man,
 - On our knees confessing; While Thy Birthday morn we greet With our best devotion,
 - Bathe us, O most true and sweet ! In Thy mercy's ocean.
- 6 Thou that once, 'mid stable cold, Wast in babe-clothes lying, Thou whose Altar-veils enfold, Power and Life undying, Thou whose Love bestows a worth On each poor endeavour, Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth In our praise for ever.

Jacob's Ladder.





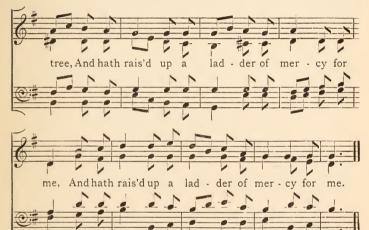




35

(74)

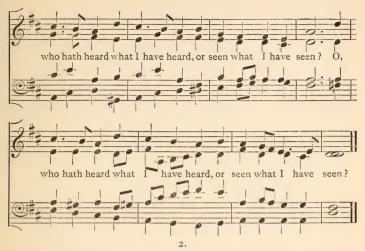




- 2 This ladder is long, it is strong and well-made, Has stood hundreds of years and is not yet decayed; Many millions have climbed it and reached Sion's hill, And thousands by faith are climbing it still. Halleluiah to Jesus, &c.
- 3 Come let us ascend: all may climb it who will; For the Angels of Jacob are guarding it still: And remember each step, that by faith we pass o'er, Some Prophet or Martyr hath trod it before. Hallelujah to Jesus, &c.
- 4 And when we arrive at the haven of rest We shall hear the glad words, "Come up hither, ye blest, Here are regions of light, here are mansions of bliss:" O, who would not climb such a ladder as this? Hallelujah to Jesus, &c.



(76)



O ne'er could nightingale at dawn salute the rising day With sweetness like that bird of song in his immortal lay: O ne'er were wood-notes heard at eve by banks with poplar shade So thrilling as the concert sweet by heavenly harpings made; For love divine was in each chord, and filled each pause between: O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

3.

I roused me at the piercing strain, but shrunk as from the ray Of summer lightning: all around so bright the splendour lay. For oh, it mastered sight and sense, to see that glory shine, To hear that minstrel in the clouds, who sang of Love Divine, To see that form with birdlike wings, of more than mortal mien: O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen!

4

When once the rapturous trance was past, that so my sense could bind, I left my sheep to Him whose care breathed in the western wind; I left them, for instead of snow, I trod on blade and flower, And ice dissolved in starry rays at morning's gracious hour, Revealing where on earth the steps of Love Divine had been; O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

5.

I hasted to a low-roofed shed, for so the Angel bade; And bowed before the lowly rack where Love Divine was laid: A new-born Babe, like tender Lamb, with Lion's strength there smiled, For Lion's strength, immortal might, was in that new-born Child; That Love Divine in childlike form had God for ever been: O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?



^{*} This note is required for verses 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8.

Our wassail-cup is made Of the rosemary tree, And so is your beer Of the best barley. Love and joy, &c

3.

2.

We are not daily beggars That beg from door to door, But we are neighbours' children Whom you have seen before. Love and joy, &c.

4.

Good Master and good Mistress, As you sit by the fire, Pray think of us poor children Who are wandering in the mire. Love and joy, &c.

ĵ٠

We have a little purse Made of ratching* leather skin; We want some of your small change To line it well within.

Love and joy, &c.

6.

Call up the butler of this house, Put on his golden ring; Let him bring us a glass of beer, And the better we shall sing. Love and joy, &c.

7.

Bring us out a table, And spread it with a cloth; Bring us out a mouldy cheese, And some of your Christmas loaf. Love and joy, &c.

8.

God bless the master of this house, Likewise the mistress too; And all the little children

That round the table go. Love and joy, &c

* Leather that will stretch.

(79)

F









2.

"Peace I leave with you," was again Thy dying Gift to earth;

Sweet echo of the lingering strain Of Christmas morn, the glad refrain

Of Anthems at Thy Birth; When Angel choirs hymned forth to us, "In terrâ Pax hominibus!" 3.

O Olive Branch! O Dove of Peace! Brooding o'er stormy waters! When shall the flood of woe decrease?

When shall the dreary conflict cease,

And earth's sad sons and daughters With glad hearts hail Thy word to us, "In terra Pax hominibus!"



(82)



Dives and Lazarus.

39











(84)

And down at Dives' door: [down Some meat, some drink, brother Dives, They had no power to bite at all,

Bestow upon the poor.

3.

- Thou'rt none of my brother, Lazarus, As it fell out upon a day, That lies begging at my door,
- Nor bestow upon the poor.

4.

[Then Lazarus laid him down and down

And down at Dives' wall:

Some meat, some drink, brother Dives, Or with hunger starve I shall.]

5.

Thou'rt none of my brother, Lazarus, As it fell out upon a day, That lies begging at my wall;

Nor meat nor drink will I give to thee, There came two serpents out of Hell, But with hunger starve you shall.]

6.

[Then Lazarus laid him down and [Rise up, rise up, brother Dives, down,

And down at Dives' gate;

Some meat, some drink, brother Dives, For Jesus Christ His sake.]

That lies begging at my gate;

Nor meat nor drink will I give to thee, One drop of water, Lazarus, For Jesus Christ His sake.]

8.

[Then Dives sent out his merry men, Oh! had I as many years to abide To whip poor Lazarus away;

But flung their whips away.]

- Then Lazarus laid him down and Then Dives sent out his hungry dogs, To bite him as he lay:
 - But licked his sores away.

10.

Poor Lazarus sickened and died : Nor meat nor drink will I give to thee, Then came two Angels out of Heaven,

His soul therein to guide.

II.

- [Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus, And come along with me;
- There's a place in Heaven prepared for thee.
 - To sit upon an Angel's knee.]

T2.

Rich Dives sickened and died;

His soul therein to guide.

13.

And come along with me;

- There's a place in Hell prepared for thee.
 - To sit upon a serpent's knee.]

14.

Thou'rt none of my brother, Lazarus, Then Dives looked with burning eyes, And saw poor Lazarus blest:

To quench my flaming thirst!

15.

As there are blades of grass, They had no power to strike a stroke, Then there would be an end: but now Hell's pains will never pass.

16.

[Oh! were I but alive again, For the space of one half hour, I would make my peace and so secure That the Devil should have no power!]

(85)

from far away.

40



(86)



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

3.

- Under a bent when the night was deep, "And as we gazed this thing upon, The snow in the street. &c.
- There lay three shepherds tending their sheep.

Minstrels and maids. &c.

- "O ye shepherds what have ye seen,
 - The snow in the street, &c.
- To stay your sorrow and heal your teen?"
 - Minstrels and maids, &c.

"In an ox stall this night we saw, The snow in the street, &c. A Babe and a Maid without a flaw. Minstrels and maids. &c.

- "There was an old man there beside:
 - The snow in the street, &c.
- His hair was white, and his hood was wide.
 - Minstrels and maids, &c.

The snow in the street, &c.

- Those twain knelt down to the little One.
 - Minstrels and maids, &c.

8.

"And a marvellous song we straight did hear,

The snow in the street. &c.

- That slew our sorrow and healed our care."
 - Minstrels and maids, &c.

News of a fair and a marvellous thing, The snow in the street, &c.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, we sing. Minstrels and maids, &c.

N.B.-In the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 9th verses, the melody in the first bar will need the following slight modification, in order to fit it to the accent of the words;

1

And a corresponding change must be made in the subsequent parts of the melody where the same words recur.

41 Carol for Christmas Day. Moderato. mf this night bright an - gels sing, I. All Nev - er was such mf d cres. rol-ling: Hark! a voice which loud-ly cries, "Mortals, mor-tals, ca Lo! to glad - ness Turns your sad - ness; wake and rise. 0 cres From the earth is ris'n a Son, Shines all night, though day . be done." day be

2 Wake, O earth, wake everything, Wake and hear the joy I bring: Wake and joy; for all this night, Heaven and every twinkling light, All amazing, Still stand gazing; Angels, Powers, and all that be, Wake, and joy this Sun to see!













⁽⁹⁰⁾

dim. Calm - ness and rest from worldly things He sought. Soon was His presence missed within His home, 2 His Mother gentle marked His every way:

- Forth then she came to seek where He did roam. Full of sweet words His trouble to allay.
- \$ 3 Through chilling snow she toiled to reach His side, Forcing her way 'mid branches black and sere; Hastening, that she His sorrows might divide, Share all His woe, or calm His gloomy fear,
- "Speak, gentle Lord;" she cried with reverent love, Solo. A Tell me, I pray, what griefs around Thee press, Though I of earth, and Thou from Heaven above, I am Thy Mother: what doth Thee distress?"
 - Sweet was her face as o'er His head she bent: Longing to melt His look of saddest grief. With lifted eyes His ear to her He lent; Her kindly solace brought His soul relief.
 - f 6 Then did He smile, a smile of love so deep, Winter hims If grew warm beneath its glow, From drooping branches scented blossoms peep, Up springs the grass, the sealed fountains flow.
 - 7 Summer and spring did each with other vie, Offering to Him the fragrance of their store; Chanting sweet notes the birds around Him fly. Wondering why earth had chequered so her floor.
 - Then round His Mother lilies white entwined. Fresh as her love, and chaste as she was pure; About His head the Passion-flowers did bind, Type of the sufferings He must soon endure.
 - Hid in the wreath was many a cruel thorn: Yet on His brow He placed it, full of joy; Full well He knew why He on earth was born, How by His blood He should our woes destroy,
 - Know then, dear brother, in these Christmas hours f IO Sorrow, like snow, will melt, if He but smile: And if He clothe thy wintry path with flowers, Amidst thy mirth, think on His thorns awhile.
- * When the melody is sung as a Tenor Solo the bar between the asterisks may be thus sung :

(91)

t v. 8. A | bout His | head,

t v. 10. A | midst Thy | mirth,

Chorus. pp 5

Solo. 8

Chorus. pp 9

43 Wilbat soul=inspiring music.







(92)





2.

Strange forms float hovering o'er us,

New sounds fall on our ear; God's Angel bids us welcome,

- His voice says, "Never fear! Born to you in David's city
- Lies the Saviour, all Divine,
- David's Root and David's Offspring,
- Promised Seed of David's line; He is swathed and in a manger:

Take this for a sign."

3.

Straight, crowds of heavenly warriors,

Outshining every star,

- Stand forth round that one Herald Proclaiming peace afar;
- Choirs of Angels and Archangels, Seraphim and Cherubim,
- Thrones and Princedoms, Dominations, [dim;

Powers and Might which wax not Spirit-hosts in ranks celestial,

Raise one joyous hymn.

4.

"Lord God, to Thee be glory, In heights all height above;

Peace dwell on earth beneath us, Towards men goodwill and love!

Heaven and earth are now united, Man may see his Father's face:

Mary's Son, God's Word incarnate,

Is an endless Fount of Grace:

Therefore Righteousness may Mercy

And Truth Peace embrace."

5٠

Speed, Shepherds, leave your sheepfolds,

To Bethle'm haste away:

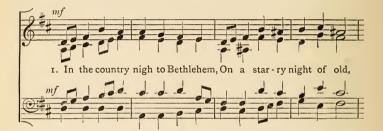
- Fall on your knees before Him, Salute Him while ye may:
- Bring your offerings, bring your treasure,

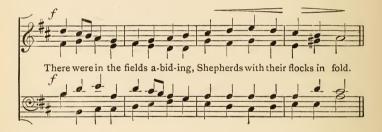
Open wide each simple store:

- Pipe and dance in rustic measure. In His Manger Him adore:
- Every deed to give Him pleasure Be yours evermore.

44 In the Country nigh to Bethlehem.











2 Haply, through their long night-watches, They made hill and valley ring With the songs of holy gladness Which King David used to sing.
Songs of praise to God their Shepherd, Who defended them from ill, And their weary, wandering footsteps Guided to the waters still.

3 As they watched, a burst of glory Shone around them from above, And a mighty glorious Angel Calmed their fears with words of love:
"Fear not, for behold I bring you Tidings full of greatest joy, Joy eternal, full of gladness, Joy which nothing can destroy.

4 "Unto you in David's city, As was told by Prophet's word, Christ is born, your God and Saviour, Christ is born, your King and Lord." Suddenly a host of Angels Raised their voices high and sang, Till the vaulted arch of Heaven With the echoing chorus rang:

5 "Glory, glory, in the highest, Unto God, and peace on earth; To all nations joyful bring we Tidings glad of Jesus' birth." Lift we now our hearts and voices, Join we all the cheerful cry, Learned by shepherds from the Angels: "Glory be to God on high!"

(95)

G



(96)



2.

Melchior.

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

3.

Caspar.

Frankincense to offer have I, Incense owns a Deity nigh. Prayer and praising, all men raising, Worship Him, God most High. O Star of wonder, &c.

4.

Balthazar.

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

5.

Glorious now behold Him arise. King and God and sacrifice, Alleluia, Alleluia; Earth to the heavens replies. O Star of wonder, &c.











2.

Low at the cradle-throne we bend, We wonder and adore; And think no bliss can ours transcend, No rapture sweet before. The Holy One, &c.

3.

For us the world must lose its charms Before the manger-shrine, Where folded in Thy Mother's arms, Thou sleepest, Babe Divine! The Holy One, &c.

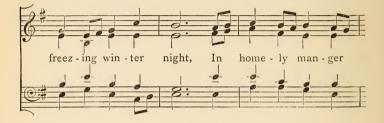
4.

Angels are thronging round Thy bed, Thine infant grace to see; The stars are paling o'er Thy head, The Day-spring dawns with Thee. The Holy One, &c.

۶·

Thou art the very Light of Light, Enlighten us, sweet Child, That we may keep Thy Birthday bright, With service undefiled. The Holy One, &c. 47 New Prince, new pomp.









(100)





Despise Him not for lying here, First what He is enquire: An orient pearl is often found In depth of dirty mire. Weigh not His crib, His wooden dish, Nor beasts that by Him feed; Weigh not His Mother's poor attire, Nor Joseph's simple weed.



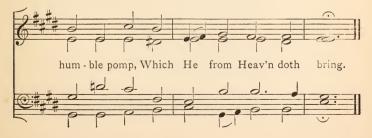
(IOI)











A Babe is born.



- 2 At Bethlehem, that blessed place, The Child of bliss then born He was; Him aye to serve God give us grace, O Lux beata Trinitas.
- 3 There came three kings out of the East, To worship there that King so free; With gold and myrrh and frankincense, A solis ortus cardine.
- 4 The shepherds heard an Angel cry, A merry song that night sang he, Why are ye all so sore aghast, Jam lucis orto sidere?
- 5 The Angel came down with a cry, A fair and joyful song sang he, All in the worship of that Child, *Gloria Tibi Domine.*

48



В



(106)



^{2.}

Now Gabriel sweeping through the sky, Missus a Deo nuntius, These tidings beareth from on high, Lætissimis pastoribus, Behold your God on earth doth lie, Invenietis protinus.

3.

On Mary's bosom He is stayed, *Et albo lacte pascitur*, By her to sleep is gently laid, *Somno corpus reficitur*, Sprung from a pure and spotless Maid, *Hic Puer vobis nascitur*.





(108)





5.

Lantern or torch they needed not, Stella clara tunc lucebat, They found an ass within the cot, Rauca voce qui clamabat, Oxen were lowing; all the grot Magno lumine fulgebat.

б.

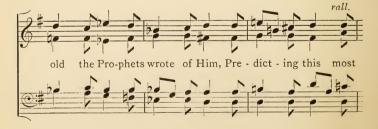
They entered then the hallowed cave, *Jesum hic adoraverunt*, The best of all they had they gave, *Puerumque oraverunt*, Pardon for that was lacking crave *Subitoque abierunt*.

50 Let Music break on this blest morn.

















* These two lines are to be sung by the Trebles only, if the Carol be accompanied.

(III)











(112)



(113)

1

Carol for new year's Day.





(114)



(115)



⁽¹¹⁶⁾



(117)

The Angel Gabriel.

52



(118)







2.

- Mary anon looked him upon, And said, "Sir, what are ye?
- I marvel much at tidings such As thou hast brought to me:
- Married I am to an old man, So fell the lot to me:
- Therefore, I pray, depart away; I stand in doubt of thee." Then sing we, &c.

3.

"Mary," he said, "be not afraid, But now believe in me:

The power of God the Holy Ghost Shall overshadow thee.

- Thou shalt conceive, but not to grieve As the Lord told unto me;
- God's own dear Son from heaven shall come,

And shall be born of thee."

Then sing we, &c.

4.

This came to pass as God's will was, Even as the Angel told.

About midnight an Angel bright Came to the shepherds' fold,

And told them then both where and when

Born was the Child, our Lord; And all along this was their song:

"All glory be to God."

Then sing we, &c.

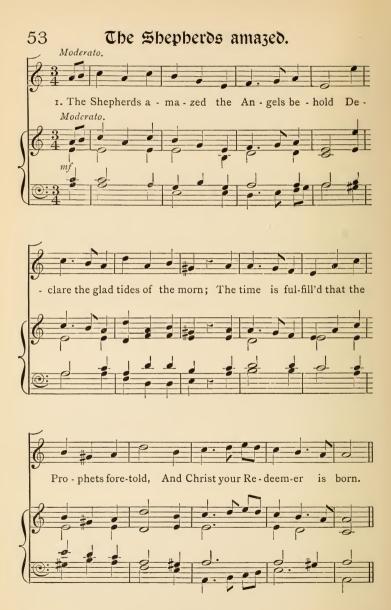
5.

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;
- In love abound to all around,

While we our life-time spend;

While we have space let's pray for So let my carol end. [grace: Then sing we, &c.



(120)





^{2.}

Behold, in a manger the Lord He is laid, [bring; Who came our salvation to Go seek Him, ye shepherds, and be not afraid,

He is your Redeemer and King. All glory and honour, &c. 3.

- In Bethlehem city the Prophets agree [Son;
- A Virgin should bring forth a
- Go haste to the stable, ye shepherds, and see,
 - For as it was said it is done.

All glory and honour, &c.

4.

The shepherds obeyed, and the Babe did espy,

The Angels most sweetly did sing;

Let's join in their songs to the great God on high,

For sending our Saviour and King.

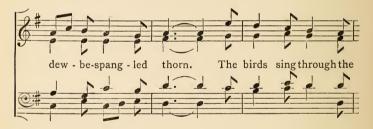
All glory and honour, &c.

(121)

Thoel! Thoel!











In an humble feeding-trough, Within a lowly shed, With cattle at His infant feet, And shepherds at His head, The Saviour of this sinful world In innocence first lay, And Wise-men made their offering Upon an Holy day.—Noel, &c. 3. He will save the perishing, Will waft the sighs to heaven Of guilty men, who truly seek And weep to be forgiven. An Intercessor still He shmes, And men to Him should pray, Before His Altar meekly, Upon this Holy Day.—Noel, &c.

Flowers, we see, bloom fair again, Though all their life seems shed, Thus we shall rise to life once more, Though numbered with the dead. Then may our station be near Him, To whom we worship pay, And offer hearty praises, Upon this Holy day.—Noel, &c.

(123)



(124)





⁽¹²⁶⁾



(127)

I



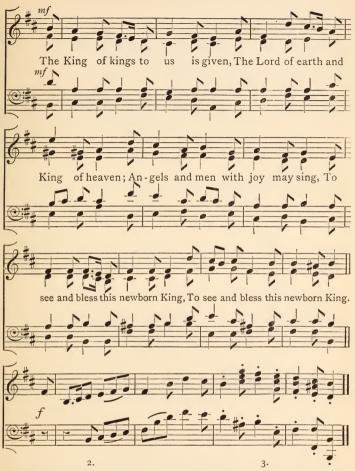
(128)



(129)



(130)



Angels with joy sing in the air, No music may with theirs compare; While prisoners in their chains re-

joice To hear the echo of that voice. So now on earth can men be sad, When Jesus comes to make us glad; From sin and hell to set us free, And buy for us our liberty? Let sin depart, while we His grace, And glory see in Jesus' face; For so shall we sure comforts find When thus this day we bear in mind. And from the darkness we have light, Which makes the Angels sing this night:

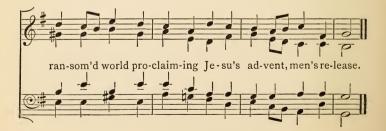
"Glory to God, His peace to men, Both now and evermore." Amen.

57 The Christmas Celebration.









(132)

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

3.

See the shepherds, heaven-greeted, Worship, while the Angels sing; See the Magi, star-directed, Their most costly treasures bring;

See earth's simple ones and wise ones Bending o'er their Baby-King.

4.

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

5.

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

2.



⁽¹³⁴⁾

If Angels, on that happy morn The Saviour of the world was born, Poured forth seraphic songs; Much more should we of human race Adore the wonders of His grace,

To whom that grace belongs.

3.

How wonderful, how vast His love, Who left the shining realms above,

Those happy seats of rest; How much for lost mankind He bore, Their peace and pardon to restore,

Can never be exprest.

4.

While we adore His boundless grace.
And pious joy and mirth take place
Of sorrow, grief, and pain,
Give glory to our God on high,
And not among the general joy
Forget good-will to men.

5.

O then let Heaven and earth rejoice. Creation's whole united voice,

And hymn the Sacred Day, When sin and Satan vanquished fell, And all the powers of death and hell,

Before His sovereign sway.

The Tholy Well.

59



As any tongue can tell.

He said "God bless you every 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 turnèd Him around,

And He neither laughed nor smil'd, But tears came trickling from His eyes,

Like water from the skies.

4.

Sweet Jesus turnèd Him about,

To His mother's dear home went He, And said "I've been in yonder town,

As after you may see.

Yea, I have been in yonder town, As far as the Holy Well;

There did I meet as fine children As any tongue can tell.

5.

"I bid God bless them ev'ry one, And Christ their portion be;

Little children, shall I play with you? And you shall play with me.

But they made answer to me, 'No,' They were lords' and ladies' sons;

And I, the meanest of them all,

Was born in an ox's stall."

"Though Thou art but a maiden's Child, Born in an ox's stall,

Thou art the Christ, the King of Heav'n, 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,

There are too many sinful souls

Crying out for the help of Me." Then spake the Angel Gabriel,

"Upon a good set steven,*

Although Thou'rt but a maiden's Child, Thou art the King of Heav'n."

* Appointed time.

(137)

^{7.}



(138)











(140)









(141)



⁽¹⁴²⁾





1 I

(144)





⁽¹⁴⁶⁾





O sisters too, how may we do, For to preserve this day, [sing, This poor Youngling for whom we By, by, lully, lullay? Herod the king in his raging, Charged he hath this day His men of might, in his own fight, All children young to slay.

4. Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thce, And ever mourn and say, For Thy parting nor say nor sing, By, by, lully, lullay.

(148)

The Morning Star.

62



(149)



(150)

di di na tus ho e, ho . õ Chris - tus ho di tus e, na 0 . --1 ho - di - e, Chris - tus na tus Chris - tus ho di e, na tus 0 Ŧ



(151)









(152)









(154)

63 The Shepherds went their hasty way.



⁽¹⁵⁵⁾



(156)



(157)



(158)



(159)

I



(160)



(161)



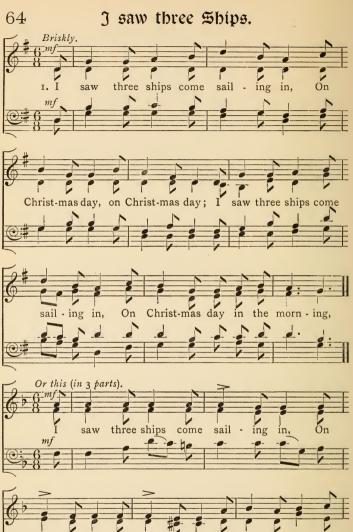




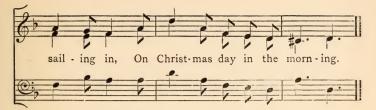


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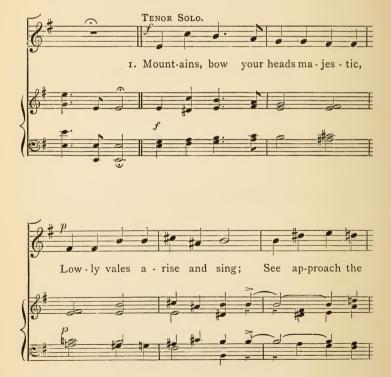
Christ-mas day, on Christ-mas day; I saw three ships come



- 2 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?
- 3 The Virgin Mary and Christ were there, On Christmas day, on Christmas day; The Virgin Mary and Christ were there, On Christmas day in the morning.
- 4 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?
- 5 O they sailed into Bethlehem, On Christmas day, on Christmas day; O they sailed into Bethlehem, On Christmas day in the morning.
- 6 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.
- 7 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.
- 8 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.
- 9 Then let us all rejoice amain, On Christmas day, on Christmas day; Then let us all rejoice amain, On Christmas day in the morning.

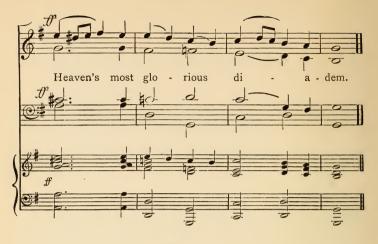
65 Mountains, bow your heads majestic.







(167)



^{2.}

Soprano Solo. Sweetly smiles the Rose of Sharon, Lofty cedars kiss the ground, Deserts bloom with great rejoicing, Isles with glorious mirth resound. Chorus. Christ has brought us our redemption,

> Righteous Saviour, faithful Lord; Christ has come to save the sinner From the edge of Judgment's sword.

3.

Tenor Solo.	Heavenly throngs His Birth attending,
	Angels chant Emmanuel's praise,
	Joy pervades the shining myriads,
	That above their anthems raise:
Chorus.	Earth, with holy joy abounding,
	Haste to welcome Zion's King;
	And as tokens of affection,
	Richest treasures hither bring.

(168)

Soprano Solo. Hark, ye deaf, to words of comfort; See, ye blind, the source of light; Speak, ye dumb, the Saviour's praises; Rise, ye dead, from realms of night! Chorus. Flee, ye fiends, before His Presence;

Peace, be still, thou sounding sea; Winds be hushed, in silence slumber; Rest, ye billows, tranquil be.

5.

Tenor Solo.	Christ is come, the weak to succour;
	Not to break the bruised reed;
	Christ is come to bear the burden
	Of the poor that pine in need.
Chorus.	Balm to every wound He offers,
	Comfort to the restless mind;
	Captives from their chains He severs,
	He is come lost sheep to find.

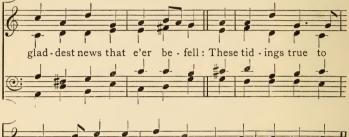
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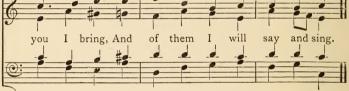
Sop. & Ten.,	Earth, before Thy Lord triumphant,
unis.	Bow the head and bend the knee,
	Christ, that over death and Satan
	Hath obtained the victory;
Chorus.	Sing His praises, tell His story,
	Bid thy heart with rapture swell;
	Let thine own remotest corners
	Praise His conquest over hell.

4.

Luther's Carol.







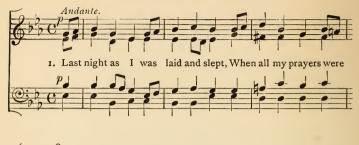
- 2 "To you this day is born a Child, Of Mary, chosen Virgin mild: That blessed Child, so sweet and kind Shall give you joy and peace of mind.
- 3 "'Tis Christ our Lord and God indeed, Your help and stay in every need: Himself your Saviour He will be, From sin and death to set you free.
- 4 "All blessedness to you He bears, Which God the Father's love prepares: The Heavenly Kingdom ye shall gain, And now and ever with us reign.
- 5 "Now hear the sign, and mark with care The swadlding clothes and crib so bare; There shall ye find this Infant laid Who ail the world upholds and made."

(170)

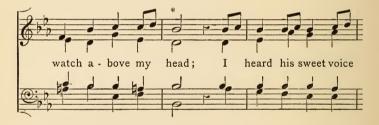
- 6 Then let us all our gladness shew, And with the joyful shepherds go, To see what God for us has done, And given with His glorious Son.
- 7 Awake, my soul, my heart behold Who lieth in that manger cold, Who is that lovely Baby-Boy? 'Tis Jesus Christ, our only joy.
- 8 Now, welcome, ever-blessed Guest, To sinful souls with guilt opprest; In mercy come to our distress! How can we thank Thy gentleness?
- 9 Ah! Lord, who all things didst create, How cam'st Thou to this poor estate, To make the hay and straw Thy bed, Whereon the ass and ox are fed?
- 10 Nay, were the world ten times so wide, With gold and gems on every side, Yet were it all too small to be A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.
- II Thy samite and Thy silk array Are swathing-bands and coarest hay, Whereon Thou shinest, King most bright, As though Thou sat'st in heavenly light.
- 12 And all this woe hath come to Thee, That Thou might'st shew the truth to me; For all the goods and gifts of earth To Thee are vile and nothing worth.
- 13 Ah! Jesu, my heart's treasure blest, Make Thee a clean, soft cradle-nest; And rest and dwell within my heart, That I from Thee may never part.
- 14 So shall I evermore rejoice, And bounding sing, with heart and voice, A lullaby which Thou wilt own, The spirit's song of sweetest tone.
- 15 To God on high all glory be, Who gave His only Son for me; For which the Angels carol clear, And sing us such a glad New Year.

(171)

The Boy's Dream.









In verse 4, two crotchets must be substituted for this minim.
 (172)



2.

"Thy body be at rest, dear boy, Thy soul be free from sin; I'll shield thee from the world's annoy, And breathe pure words within. The holy Christmas-tide is nigh, The season of Christ's Birth: All glory be to God on high, And peace to men on earth.

3.

"Myself and all the heavenly host Were keeping watch of old, And saw the shepherds at their post, And all the sheep in fold. Then told we with a joyful cry, The tidings of Christ's Birth: Gave glory unto God on high, And peace to men on earth.

4.

"He bowed to all His Father's will, And meek was He and lowly; And year by year His thoughts were still Most innocent and holy. He did not come to strive or ery, But ever from His Birth Gave glory unto God on high, And peace to men on earth."

5.

"Like Him be true, like Him be pure, Like Him be full of love; Seek not thine own, and so secure Thine own which is above: And still when Christmas-tide draws nigh, Sing thou of Jesus' Birth; All glory be to God on high, And peace to men on earth."





2 That night when 'mid the cattle herd, Pure as the snow that falls, The Voice that breathed our Father's love Was hushed among the stalls, It was the dreary winter-tide, And dark the hour He came; But such a brightness round Him burned, The East was all aflame.

3 He made a wonder where He lay: Quickened with love and fear, The barren straw did swell with grain, Ripe in the fruitful ear.
All round the shed the frozen bees Went singing, singing sweet; The lowly herd, bowed down with fear, Fell kneeling at His feet.

And Mary on her sleeping Son In solemn gladness smiled: Remember! 'twas the sacred time When Christ was but a Child.
And yet upon His heaving breast, By troubled visions tossed,
Still folded in a mystic sign His tender arms He crossed.

5 Though Mary Mother loosed the clasp, Her care it was but loss;
For still the silent Sleeper's arms Would form that mystic cross.
The daylight dawned, and Jesus woke And on His mother smiled;
Remember! 'twas the hallowed time, When Christ was but a Child.









That blessed Babe and holy Child of love Came down from heaven that we may reign above: The happy news was brought on angels' wings, Of our redemption by the King of kings.

An earthly wonder not to be denied Born of a Virgin mother and a bride; Not like a prince, in worldly pomp and state, But poor and low, to make us heavenly great.

4.

The night before that happy day of grace The Virgin mother had no resting place: She and her pious Joseph were so low They knew not whither or which way to go.

5.

For they were forced to wander up and down And could not find a lodging in the town; But in an ox's stall where beasts are fed The mother of our Lord was brought to bed.

6.

No costly silks, no robes of rich attire, Nor gaudy show, which rich ones do admire; But in a manger the great Lord of life Was nourished by a mother, maid, and wife.

 $7 \cdot$

Three wise-men by a star were thither brought And found the blessed Babe they long had sought: The best of spices and rich costly things They humbly offered to the King of kings.

8.

And rather than the Lord of life betray They worshipped Him and went another way: Which so enraged the wicked Herod then, (A Jewish king, but very worst of men),

9.

He caused young harmless infants to be killed; All under two years old, their blood was spilled; Sad cries and groans were heard in every street, With mangled bodies, bleeding hands and feet.

(177)

Young tender babes with limbs in pieces torn, On soldiers' spears with spite and horrow borne: Dear parents' tears could not their rage prevent, Nor pity move the tyrant to repent.

II.

The Black Decree went all the country round, To kill and murder children sick and sound: They tore young children from their mothers' breast. Thinking to murder Christ among the rest.

12.

But God above, Who knew what would be done, Had sent to Egypt His beloved Son; Where with His earthly parents He was fed, Until one bloody tyrant he was dead.

13.

* [What pains and labours did not Christ endure, To save our souls, and happiness secure! Was always doing good, to let us see By His example, what we ought to be.

14.

He made the blind to see, the lame to go, He raised the dead, which none but He could do; He cured the lepers of injected evils, And by His mighty power cast out devils.

15.

He honoured marriage with a heavenly sign, By turning water to the best of wine; Five thousand hungry souls by Him were fed, With two small fishes and five loaves of bread.

16.

Sufficient plenty and a welcome treat The wondering guests with thanks and praises eat, Who gathering up the fragments of the feast, Their wonder, like the loaves, was much increased.

^{*} The remaining verses may be omitted.

Twelve baskets full, not half so much before, Instead of wasting, still increasing more! But yet for all the wonders that He wrought, Ungrateful Jews still His destruction sought:

18.

And, that their wicked purpose might not miss. Bribed Judas, who betrayed Him with a kiss; Which being done, away they took Him then, And used Him as the very worst of men.

19.

Spit in His face, and with reproachful scorn, They put upon His head a crown of thorn: Cried with one voice, and would not be denied, To Pilate that He should be crucified.

20.

This wicked judge, with base injustice now, To please the crowd, did their request allow, Against his conscience, he, to end the strife, Condemned to death the blessed Lord of life.

21.

Then to a cross the Saviour of mankind Was led, a harmless Lamb, as was designed: To save our souls, condemned by Adam's fall, Without His death we had been ruined all.

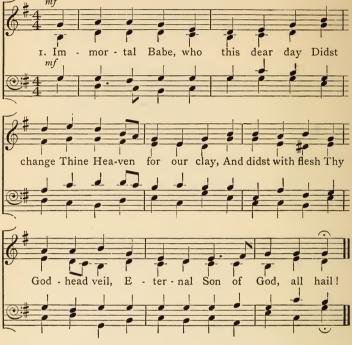
22.

His blessed hands and feet, with bitter pain, Were nailed to the cross, with sad disdain; With hateful spear they pierced His tender skin And let out blood to wash away our sin.

23.

Thus blessed Jesus freely did resign His precious soul to save both thine and mine Then let us all His mercies highly prize, Who for our sins was made a sacrifice.]

For Christmas Day.



2.

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

3.

4.

(180)

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

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

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AIR.	The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. James Higgs, Mus. Bac	Maria Tiddeman	Traditional	Traditional (Yorkshire)	Traditional	The Rev. Sir Fred. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.	The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.	Gertrude Hine	Traditional (Derbyshire). Harm.	George C. Martin	Joseph Barnby	John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc	Traditional (Yorkshire)	Henry Gadsby	W. H. Monk
SOURCE OF WORDS.	William Morris Martin Luther, Translation by H.R.B.,	- : :	T. Neale		Bishop Hall. C. A.D. 1597	Old English	Mrs. Alderson	Kate Bartlett	Traditional			Translated from the Latin by the Rev. H. R. Bramley	Traditional	W. Chatterton Dix I	Traditional
FIRST LINE.	From far away we come to you From highest Heaven I come to	Glorious, beauteous, golden-bright God rest you, merry Gentlemen	God's dear Son without beginning Good Christian men, rejoice Good King Wenceslas looked out	Here we come a wassailing (The) Wassail Song)	[Immortal Babe Who this dear] day (For Christmas Day)]	In Bethlehem, that noble place	(In terrâ pax) ···· ··· ···	In the country nigh to Bethlehem	I saw three ships come sailing in	I sing the Birth was born to night	(The story of the Shepherd)	Jesu, hail! O God most holy	(Joseph was an old man (The) Cherry Tree Carol)	(Joy fills our inmost heart to-day) (Emmanuel, God with us))	Last night as I was laid and slept (The Boy's Dream) }
No.	XL. LXVI.	XV. I.	XXIX. VIII. X.	XXXVII.	LXX.	XXXII.	XXXVIII.	XLIV.	LXIV.	LV.	XXXVI.	VII.	XXVIII.	XLVI.	LXVII.

 LXIX. Let Christians all (The Black Decree) L. Let music break on this blest morn II. Estensi break on this blest morn II. Esten, lordings, unto me XVIII. Listen, lordings, unto me LXI. Lullay, Thou little thy Child (The Coventry Carol) LXV. Mountains, bow your heads majestic LVII. Now to God on high be glory LVI. Now to God on high be glory LXIV. Now to God on high be glory LVII. On the Shepherds (The Angel and the Shepherds) XXIII. On the Birthday of the Lord XXIV. (On yesternight I saw a sight, (The Virgin and Child) 	et Christians all (The Black) Decree)	TraditionalGrace DickinsonW. C. DixThe Rev. H. R. Bramley		176
	in this blest morn in this blest morn anger Throne) unto me ttle tiny Child v Your heads in thigh be glory Bhepherds (The)	 3ramley	 G. Ouseley, J	OII
	ps in a distant (anger Throne) unto me ttle tiny Child v Carol) w your heads (high be glory) Shepherds (The)	: :	C. Steggall, Mus. Doc (The Rev. Sir Fred. A. G. Ouseley,) Bart.	
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	v Carol) v Carol) v vour heads migh be glory shepherds (The			40
	w your heads 	Coventry Mysteries	Ancient Melody. Adapted and harmonized by J. S	148
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	Traditional	Traditional	The Rev. H. R. Bramley	Traditional	Traditional	Ashmolean Library	" A Good Christmas Box"	S. T. Coleridge	Translated from the Latin by the Rev.	H. K. Bramley Traditional (London)	The Rev. C. J. Black	Translated from the Latin by the Rev.	The Rev. S. C. Hamerton, M.A.	The Kev. John Henry Hopkins, J. W. C. Dix	Imitation of the original by H. R. B	Harleian MS.	I ranslated from the Latin by the Nev. H R Bramley	Translated from the Latin by the Rev. H. R. Bramley
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	The first good joy that Mary	had (The seven joys of Mary) The first Nowell the Angeldid say	The great God of Heaven is come	The Holly and the Ivy	I he Lord at first had Adam made The Moon shines bright	The Old Year now away is fled	The Shepherds amazed	The Shepherds went their hasty	The Virgin stills the crying(Cra-	Tis the day (Noel! Noel!)	'Twas in the winter cold, when	Wake all music's magic powers	Waken, Christian children	We three Kings of Urient are What Child is this, Who laid to rest	What soul-inspiring music	When Christ was born of Mary free	When I view the Mother holding	XXIII. (Why, Most Highest, art Thou) Iying (Jesus in the Manger)
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