

# Christmas Songbook List

- 1) Angels we have heard on high
- 2) Away in a manger
- 3) Break Forth, O Beauteous Heavenly Light
- 4) Coventry Carol
- 5) Deck the halls
- 6) Ding dong merilly
- 7) God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen
- 8) Good King Wenceslas
- 9) Hark the herald angels sing
- 10) In the bleak midwinter
- 11) It came upon a midnight clear
- 12) Joy to the world
- 13) Lo, how a rose e'er blooming
- 14) O Little Town of Bethlehem
- 15) O Come, All Ye Faithful
- 16) Riu, Riu, Chiu
- 17) Silent night
- 18) The Angel Gabriel
- 19) The First Nowell
- 20) The Holly and the Ivy
- 21) We Three Kings
- 22) What Child is This

# Angels We Have Heard on High

traditional French Carol  
trans. Jams Chadwick (1813-1882), alt.

*Gloria*, traditional French carol  
arr. Edward Shippen Barnes, alt.

1. An - gels we have heard on high sweet - ly sing - ing o'er the plains,  
2. Shep - herds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why your joy - ous strains pro - long?  
3. Come to Beth - le - hem and see Him whose birth the an - gels sing;

and the moun - tains in re - ply ech - o back their joy - ous strains.  
Say what may the ti - dings be, which in - spire your heav - 'nly song.  
come a - dore on ben - ded knee Christ, the Lord, the new - born King.

Glo - - - - - ri - a -

in ex - cel - sis De - o. De - - - - - o.

# Away in a Manger

words: v. 1 & 2 anonymous, 1885  
v. 3 attr. to John Thomas McFarland, 1887

tune: *Mueller*, James Ramsey Murray  
harm. by Edward L. Stauff

1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for his bed, the lit - tle Lord  
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, the ba - by a - wakes, but lit - tle Lord

Je - sus laid down his sweet head. The stars in the sky looked  
Je - sus, no cry - ing He makes. I love thee, Lord Je - sus, look

down where He lay, the lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.  
down from the sky, and stay by my cra - dle till mor - ning is nigh.

# Break Forth, O Beauteous Heavenly Light

words by Johann Rist  
trans. John Troutbeck

music *Ermuntre Dich*, Johann Schop  
harm. J. S. Bach

1. Break forth, O beau - teous heav'n - ly light, And ush - er in the morn - ing; O  
2. All bles - sing, thanks and praise to thee, Lord Je - sus Christ, be gi - ven; Thou

shep - herds, shrink not with a - fright, But hear the an - gel's war - ning. This  
hast our bro - ther deigned to be, Our foes in sun - der ri - ven. O

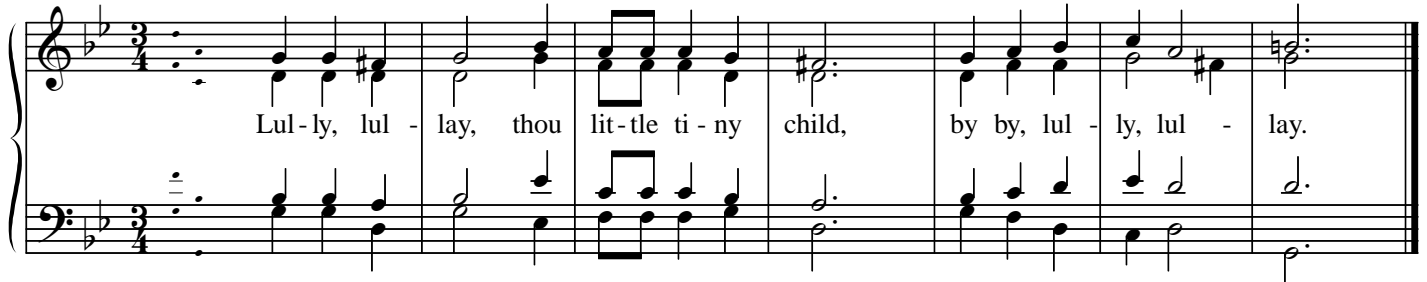
Child, now weak in in - fan - cy, Our con - fi - dence and joy shall be, The  
grant us through our day of grace With con - stant praise to seek Thy face; Grant

power of Sa - tan brea - king, Our peace e - ter - nal ma - king.  
us ere long in glo - ry With prai - ses to a - dore thee.

# Coventry Carol

15th century

15th century  
harm. Martin Fallas Shaw



Lul-ly, lul - lay, thou lit-tle ti - ny child, by by, lul - ly, lul - lay.



O sis - ters too, how may we do for to pre - serve this day this  
Her - od the king, in his rag ing, char - ged he hath this day his  
That woe is me, poor child, for thee! And ev - er morn and day, for



poor young ling, for whom we do sing? By by, lul ly lul - lay.  
men of might, in his own sight, all young chil dren to slay.  
thy par - ting nei-ther say nor sing by by, lul ly, lul - lay!

# Deck the Hall

words: traditional English

tune: *Nos Galan*, traditional Welsh

Deck the hall with boughs of hol - ly,  
 See the blaz - ing Yule be - fore us, fa la la la la la la la.  
 Fast a - way the old year pas - ses,

Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly,  
 Strike the harp and join the chor - us, fa la la la la la la la la.  
 Hail the new, ye lads and las - ses,

Don we now our gay ap - par - el,  
 Fol - low me in mer - ry meas - ure, fa la la la la la la la la.  
 Sing we joy - ous all to - geth - er,

Troll the an - cient Yule - tide car - ol,  
 While I tell of Yule - tide treas - ure, fa la la la la la la la la.  
 Heed - less of the wind and weath - er,

# Ding Dong Merrily on High

words by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848-1934)

tune: 16th cent. French  
harm. by Edward L. Stauff

1. Ding dong! Mer - ri - ly on high in heav'n the bells are  
 2. E'en so here be-low, be - low, let stee - ple bells be  
 3. Pray ye du - ti - ful - ly prime your ma - tin chime, ye -

ring - ing.  
 swung - en.  
 ring - ers;

Ding dong! Ve - ri - ly the sky is riv'n with an - gel  
 And i - o, i - o, i o by priest and peo - ple  
 may ye beau - ti - ful - ly rime your eve - time song, ye

sing - ing.  
 sung - en.  
 sing - ers.

Glo - - - - -

o - - - - - ri - a, ho - san - nah in the high - est!

# God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen

words: traditional English

tunr: traditional English  
harm. by Charles W. Douglass

1. God rest ye mer - ry, gen - tle - men, let noth - ing you dis - may, re -  
 2. From God, our heav'n - ly fa - ther, a bles - sed an - gel came, and  
 3. "Fear not, then" said the an - gel, "Let noth - ing you af - fright. This  
 4. Now to the Lord sing prais - ses, all you with - in this place, and

mem - ber Christ our Sav - iour was born on Christ - mas day to save us all from  
 un - to cer - tain shep - herds brought ti - dings of the same: how that in Beth - le -  
 day is born a Sav - iour of a pure vir - gin bright to free all those who  
 with true love and broth - er - hood each oth - er now em brace. This ho - ly tide of

Sa - tan's power when we were gone a stray. O ti - dings of com - fort and  
 hem was born the Son of God by name. might. grace.  
 trust in Him from Sa - tan's pow'r and  
 Christ - mas doth bring re - deem - ing

joy, com - fort and joy, O ti - dings of com - fort and joy!



# Good King Wenceslas

words by J. M. Neale

tune: *Tempus Adest Floridum*, 1582  
harm. by Edward L. Stauff

1. Good King Wen - ces - las looked out on the Feast of Ste - phen  
 2. "Hi - ther, page, and stand by me, if thou know'st it, tell - ing:  
 3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hi - ther:  
 4. "Sire, the night is dark - er now, and the wind blows strong - er.  
 5. In his mas - ter's steps he trod, where the snow lay dint - ed.

when the snow lay round a - bout, deep and crisp and e - ven.  
 yon - der pea - sant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ling?"  
 thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thi - ther."  
 Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no long - er."  
 Heat was in the ver - y sod which the saint had print - ed.

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cru - el,  
 "Sire, he lives a good league hence, un - der - neath the moun - tain,  
 Page and mon - arch, forth they went, forth they went to ge - ther  
 "Mark my foot - steps, my good page; tread thou in them bold - ly:  
 There - fore, Chris - tian men, be sure, wealth or rank pos - ses - sing,

when a poor man came in sight, gath - 'ring win - ter fu - - el.  
 right a - gainst the for - est fence, by Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain.  
 through the rude wind's wild la - ment and the bit - ter wea - ther.  
 thou shalt find the win - ter's rage freeze thy blood less cold - ly.  
 ye who now will bless the poor shall your - selves find bles - sing.

# Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

words by Charles Wesley

music: *Mendelssohn*, Felix Mendelssohn  
 adapt. William H. Cummings

1. Hark! The her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King; peace on earth and  
 2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored; Christ the ev - er last - ing Lord! Late in time be -  
 3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace! Hail the Sun of right - eous - ness! Light and life to

mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!" Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise,  
 hold him come, off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb. Veiled in flesh the God - head see;  
 all he brings, ris'n with heal - ing in His wings. Mild he lays his glo - ry by,

join the tri - umph of the skies; with th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in  
 hail th'in - car - nate de - i - ty; pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Em -  
 born that man no more may die, born to raise the sons of earth, born to give them

Beth - le - hem!" Hark! The her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King!"  
 man - u - el. sec - ond birth.

# In the Bleak Midwinter

words by Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

music: *Cranham*, Gustav Holst

1. In the bleak mid win - ter, fros - ty wind made moan,  
 2. God, hea - ven can - not hold him, nor the earth sus - tain;  
 3. An - gels and arch an - gels may have ga - thered there,  
 4. What can I give him, poor as I am?

earth stood hard as i - ron, wa - ter like a stone.  
 heaven and earth shall flee a - way when he comes to reign.  
 che - ru - bim and se - ra - phim thron - ed the air.  
 If I were a shep - herd, I would bring a lamb.

Snow had fal - len, snow on snow, snow on snow, snow,  
 In the bleak mid - win - ter a sta - ble place suf - ficed: the  
 But his mo - ther on - ly, in her mai - den bliss,  
 If I were a wise man, I would do my part. Yet

in the bleak mid - win - ter, long, long a go.  
 Lord the bleak God al - migh - ty, Je - sus Christ.  
 wor - shipped the be - migh - ty, with a sus - tain - ing  
 what can I give him: give my heart.

# It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

words: Edmund H. Sears

music: Carol, Richard S. Willis

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, that glo - rious song of old, from  
 2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come with peace - ful wings un - furled, and  
 3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load whose forms are ben - ding low, who  
 4. For lo, the days are hast - 'ning on, by pro - phet bards fore - told, when

an - gels bend - - ing near the earth to touch their harps of gold. "Peace  
 still their heav - en - ly mu - sic floats o'er all the wea - ry world. A -  
 toil a - long the climb - ing way, with pain - ful steps and slow, look  
 with the ev - er cir - cling years comes round the age of gold when

on the earth, good will to men, from heav - en's all gra - cious King." The  
 bove its sad and low - ly plains they bend on hov - 'ring wing, and  
 now, for glad and gol - den hours come swift - ly on the wing. O  
 peace shall o - ver all the earth its an - cient splen - dors fling, and

world in sol - emn still - ness lay to hear the an - gels sing.  
 ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds to the bles - sed an - gels sing.  
 rest be - side the wea - ry road, and hear the an - gels sing.  
 the whole world send back the song which now the an - gels sing.

# Joy to the World

words by Isaac Watts, alt.

tune: *Antioch*, George Frederick Handel  
adapt. & arr. by Lowell Mason

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come. Let earth re-ceive her King.  
 2. Joy to the earth! The Sav-iour reigns. Let men their songs em-ploy  
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace and makes the na-tions prove

Let while ev - 'ry and heart pre - pare Him and room, and  
 the fields - 'ry and floods, of rocks, His right - eous - plains and re -  
 glo - ries of His hills right - eous - ness and

heav'n and na - ture sing, and heav'n and na - ture  
 peat the sound - ing joy, re - peat the sound - ing  
 won - ders of His love, and won - ders of His

and re - heav'n and na - ture sing and  
 and peat the sound - ing joy re -  
 and won - ders of His love and

sing, and hea - ven and hea - ven and na - ture sing.  
 joy, re - peat, and re - peat - ven and the sound - ing joy.  
 love, and won - ders, won - - - ders of His love.

heav'n and na - ture sing  
 peat the sound - ing joy  
 won - ders of His love

# Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

anonymous German

traditional German

trans. by Theodore Baker

arr. by Michael Praetorius

from ten - der stem hath sprung!  
the rose I have in mind.

1. Lo, how a rose e'er bloom - ing  
2. I - sa - iah 'twas fore - told it,  
from ten - der stem hath sprung!  
the rose I have in mind. Of With

from ten - der stem hath sprung!  
the rose I have in mind.

as men of old have sung.  
the Vir - gin Moth - er kind.

Jes - se's lin - eage com - ing  
Ma - ry we be - hold it,  
as men of old have sung. It  
the Vir - gin Moth - er kind. To  
came, a flow - 'ret  
show God's love a -

as men of old have sung.  
the Vir - gin Moth - er kind.

bright, a - mid the cold of win - ter when half spent was the night.  
right she bore to men a Sav - iour when half spent was the night.

# O Little Town of Bethlehem

words by Phillips Brooks

music: *St. Louis*, Lewis H. Redner

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie. A -  
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and gath - ered all a - bove, while  
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly the won - drous gift is giv'n. So  
 4. O ho - ly child of Beth - le - hem, de - scend to us, we pray. Cast

bove thy deep and dream - less sleep the si - lent stars go by, yet  
 mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their watch of won - d'ring love. O  
 God im - parts, to hu - man hearts the ble - sings of His Heav'n. No  
 out our sin and en - ter in, be born in us to day. We

in thy dark streets shi - neth the ev - er - last - ing light; the  
 morn - ing stars, to - geth - er pro - claim the ho - ly birth! And  
 ear may hear His com - ing, but in this world of sin, where  
 hear the Christ - mas an - gels the great glad ti - dings, tell, O

hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to night.  
 prais - es sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth.  
 meek souls will re - ceive him still, the dear Christ en - ters in.  
 come to us, a - bide with us, our Lord Em - man - u - el.

# O Come, All Ye Faithful

Latin, John F. Wade

John F. Wade, 1751

trans. by Frederick Oakeley and others

1. O Come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant, o  
 2. God from Light from Light e - ter - nal,  
 3. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,  
 4. See how the shep - herds, sum - moned to his cra - dle,  
 5. Child, for us sin - ners poor and in the man - ger,  
 6. Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this hap - py mor - ning,

come ye, o come ye to Beth - le - hem. Come and be hold him,  
 lo! he ab hors not the Vir - gin's womb. On - ly be got - ten  
 sing, all ye ci - ti - zens of hea - ven a bove! Glo - ry to God, all  
 lea - ving their flocks, draw nigh to gaze. We too will thi - ther  
 we would em brace thee with love and awe. Who would not love thee,  
 Je - sus, to thee be all glo - ry giv'n. Word of the Fa - ther,

born the King of an - gels. O come  
 Son of the Fa - ther; O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -  
 glo - ry in the high - est. O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -  
 bend our joy - ful foot - steps.  
 lov - ing us so dear - ly?  
 now in flesh ap - pear - ing.

dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord!



# RIU, RIU, CHIU (Villancico a 4)

16

Anonymous

ed. by Paco Marmol & Manolo Casaus

Ri - u, ri - u, chi - u la — guar da ri - be - ra, Dioguar - dó del lo - bo a nues -

tra cor - de - ra, Diosguar - dó del lo - bo a — nues - tra cor - de - ra.

Ri - u, ri - u, chi - u, la — guar - da ri - be - ra,  
Ri - u, ri - u, chi - u, la — guar - da ri - be - ra,  
Ri - u, ri - u, chi - u, la — guar - da ri - be - ra, Dios guar -  
Ri - u, ri - u, chi - u, la — guar - da ri - be - ra, Dios guar -

Dios guar - dó el lo - bo de nues - tra cor - de - ra,  
Dios guar - dó el lo - bo, el lo - bo de nues - tra cor - de - ra,  
dó el lo - bo, el lo - bo de nues - tra cor - de - ra,  
dó el lo - bo, el lo - bo de nues - tra cor - de - ra,

**SOURCE:** *Cancionero de Uppsala: Villancicos de diverso autores* (Venetiis, 1556)  
Spanish has been modernized.

Fine

Dios guar - dó el lo - bo de nues - tra cor - de - ra.

Dios guar - dó el lo - bo, el lo - bo de nues - tra cor - de - ra.

Dios guar - dó el lo - bo, el lo - bo de nues - tra cor - de - ra.

Dios guar - dó el lo - bo el lo - bo de nues - tra cor - de - ra.

### SOLO LAS COBLAS

El lo - bo ra - bio - so la qui - so mor - der, mas Dios po - de -

ro - so la su - po de - fen - der, quí - so - la ha - cer que no

pu - die - se pe - car, ni aún o - ri - gi - nal es - ta Vir - gen no tu vie - ra.

D.S. al Fine

2.- Este qu'es nacido es el gran monarca,  
Christo patriarca, de carne vestido;  
hanos redimido con se hacer chiquito,  
a un qu'era infinito, finito se hiziera.

3.- Muchas profecias lo han profetizado,  
Ya un nuestros dias lo hemos al consado  
Adios humanado vemos en el suelo,  
Yal hombre nelcielo porquel le quistera.

4.- Yo vi mil garzones que andaban cantando,  
por aquí volando, haciendo mil sonos,  
diciendo a gascones: "Gloria sea en el cielo  
y paz en el suelo", pues de sus nasciera.

5.- Este viene a dar a los muertos vida  
y viene a reparar de todos la caída;  
es la luz del día aqieste mozuolo;  
este es el cordero que San Juan dixera.

6.- Mira bien queos quadre que ansina lo oyera,  
Que Dios no pudiera hacer la mas que madre,  
El quera su padre hoy della nascio  
Y el que la drio su hijo so dixera.

7.- Pues que ya tenemos lo que deseamos,  
todos juntos vamos, presentes llevemos;  
todos le daremos muestra voluntad,  
pues a se igualar con el hombre viniera.

# Silent Night

w6rds by Joseph Mohr  
trans. John F. Young

tune by Franz Gruber, alt.  
harm. by Carl H. Reinecke

1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, all is calm, all is bright  
 2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, shep - herds quake at the sight,  
 3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light

round yon vir - gin moth - er and child. Ho - ly in - fant so ten - der and mild,  
 glo - ries stream from heav - en a - far, heav'n - ly hosts sing al - le - lu - ia.  
 ra - diant beams from thy ho - ly face with the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,

sleep in heav - en - ly peace,  
 Christ the Sav - iour is born,  
 Je - sus, Lord at thy birth,

sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
 Christ the Sav - iour is born!  
 Je - sus, Lord at thy birth.

# The Angel Gabriel

words: Basque carol  
para. Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-1924)

music: *Gabriel's Message*  
Basque carol  
harm. Edward L. Stauff

1. The an - gel Ga - bri - el from hea - ven came, his  
2. "For know a bles - sed Mo - ther thou shalt be, all  
3. Then gen - tle Ma - ry meek - ly bowed her head, "To  
4. Of her, Em - man - u - el, the Christ, was born in

wings as drif - ted snow, his eyes a - flame; "All  
ge - ne - ra - tions laud and hon - or thee, thy  
me be as it plea - seth God," she said, "my  
Beth - le - hem, all on a Christ - mas morn, and

hail," said he, "thou low - ly mai - den Ma - ry, most  
Son shall be Em - man - u - el, by seers fore - told, most  
soul shall laud and mag - ni - fy his ho - ly Name." Most  
Chris - tian folk through - out the world will ev - er say "Most

high - ly fa - vored la - dy," Glo - - - - ri - a!  
high - ly fa - vored la - dy," Glo - - - - ri - a!  
high - ly fa - vored la - dy, Glo - - - - ri - a!  
high - ly fa - vored la - dy," Glo - - - - ri - a!

# The First Nowell

traditional English, 18th cent.

traditional English, 17th cent.  
harm. John Stainer, alt.

1. The first Now - ell, the an - gel did say, was to cer - tain poor  
 2. They look - ed up and saw a star shin - ing in the  
 3. And by the light of that same star three wise men  
 4. This star drew nigh to the north west, o'er Beth - le -  
 5. Then en - tered in those wise men three, full rev - er - ent -

shep - herds in fields as they lay, in fields where they lay keep - ing their  
 east be yond them far, and the earth it gave great  
 came from coun - try far. To seek for a king was their in -  
 hem it took its rest, and there of - fered there in did both stop and  
 ly up on their knee, and of - fered there in His pre -

sheep on a cold win - ter's night that was so deep. Now - ell, Now -  
 light, and so it con - tin - ued both day and night. went.  
 tent, and to fol - low the star where - ev - er it lay.  
 stay right o - ver the place where Je - sus lay.  
 sence their gold and myrrh and frank - in - cense.

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

# The Holly and the Ivy

words: traditional English

music: traditional English  
harm. Edward L. Stauff

1,6. The hol-ly and the i - vy, When they are both full grown, Of  
 2. The hol-ly bears a blos - som, As white as lil - y flow'r, And  
 3. The hol-ly bears a ber - ry, As red as an - y blood, And  
 4. The hol-ly bears a pri - ckle, As sharp as an - y thorn, And  
 5. The hol-ly bears a bark, As bit - ter as the gall, And

all trees that are in the wood, The hol - ly bears the crown: O, the  
 Mar - y bore sweet Je - sus Christ, To be our dear Sav - iour:  
 Mar - y bore sweet Je - sus Christ, To do poor sin - ners good:  
 Mar - y bore sweet Je - sus Christ, On Christ - mas Day in the morn:  
 Mar - y bore sweet Je - sus Christ, For to re - deem us all:

ris - ing of the sun, And the run - ning of the deer The

play - ing of the mer - ry or - gan, Sweet sing - ing in the choir.

# We Three Kings

words by John Henry Hopkins, Jr., alt.

music by John Henry Hopkins Jr.

1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are bear - ing gifts we tra - verse a far.  
 2. Born a king on Beth - le - hem's plain, gold I bring to crown him a gain,  
 3. Frank - in - cense to of - fer have I, in - cense owns a de - i - ty nigh;  
 4. Myrrh have I, its bit - ter per - fume breathes a life of gath - er - ing gloom:  
 5. Glo - rious now be - hold him a - rise, king and God of sac - ri - fice.

Field and foun - tain, moor and moun - tain, fol - low - ing yon - der star.  
 king for ev - er, ceas - ing ne - ver, o - ver - us all to reign.  
 prayer and prais - ing, all men rais - ing, wor - ship him, God on high.  
 sor - row - ing, sigh - ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, sealed in the stone - cold tomb.  
 Al - le lu - ia, al - le lu - ia! Sounds through the earth and skies.

O star of won - der, star of night, star with roy - al beau - ty bright,

west - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, guide us to thy per - fect light.

# What Child is This

William C. Dix

tune: *Greensleeves*, traditional English

1. What child is this who, laid to rest, on Ma - ry's lap is sleep - ing? Whom  
 2. Why lies He in such mean es - tate where ox and ass are feed - ing? Good  
 3. So bring Him in - cense, gold and myrrh, come peas - ant, king to own him. The

an - gels greet with an - thems sweet while shep - herds watch are keep - ing?  
 Chris - tian, fear: for sin - ners here the si - lent Word is plead - ing.  
 King of kings sal - va - tion brings, let lov - ing hearts en throne Him.

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

haste, haste to bring him laud, the babe, the son of Ma - ry.