1. Sans Day Carol
(Traditional Cornish Carol)

Now the holly bears a berry as white as the milk
And Mary she bore Jesus all wrapped up in silk

Chorus:
And Mary she bore Jesus our Savior for to be
And the first tree in the greenwood it was the holly, holly, holly
And the first tree in the greenwood it was the holly

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

Now the holly bears a berry as blood it is red
Then trust we our savior who rose from the dead

Chorus
2. In the Bleak Midwinter
(Music by Gustave Holst - Words by Christina Rossetti)

In the bleak midwinter frosty wind made moan
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone
Snow had fallen snow on snow, snow on snow
In the bleak midwinter long long ago

Our God heav’n cannot hold him nor the earth sustain
Heav’n and earth shall flee away when he comes to reign
In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed
The lord our God almighty Jesus Christ

What can I give him poor as I am
If I were shepherd I would bring a lamb
If I were a wise man I would do my part
Yet what can I give him give my heart
3. O Come O Come Emmanuel
(15th c. French tune - 18th c. words)

O come o come Emmanuel
Redeem thy captive Israel
That into exile drear is gone
Far from the face of God’s dear son

Chorus:
Rejoice, Rejoice, Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel

O come thou branch of Jesse draw
The quarry from the lion’s claw
And from the dread caverns of the grave
From nether hell, thy people save

Chorus

O come o come thou Dayspring bright
Pour on our souls thy healing light
Dispel the long night’s lingering gloom
And pierce the shadows of the tomb

Chorus

O Come thou Lord of David’s Key
The royal door flung wide and free
And safeguard us the heav’nward road
And bar the way to death’s abode

Chorus

O Come o come Adonai
Who in thy glorious majesty
From that high mountain clothed with awe
Gavest thy folk the elder law

Chorus
Un flambeau Jeanette-Isabellla
(Traditional French Carol / Christmas Day Jig (Lizzy Hoyt - SOCAN))

Un flambeau, Jeanette, Isabelle
Un flambeau! Courons au berceau!  
C’est Jésus, bonnes gens du hameau.  
Le Christ est né; Marie appelle!
Ah! Ah! Que la Mère est belle,  
Ah! Ah! Que l’Enfant est beau!

Qui vient la, frappant de la porte?  
Qui vient la, en frappant comme ça?  
Ouvrez-donc, j’ai pose sur un plat  
Des bons gateaux, qu’ici j’apporte
Toc! Toc! Ouvrons-nous la porte!  
Toc! Toc! Faisons grand gala!

C’est un tort, quand l’Enfant sommeille,  
C’est un tort de crier si fort.  
Taisez-vous, l’un et l’autre, d’abord!  
Au moindre bruit, Jésus s’éveille.
Chut! chut! Il dort à merveille,  
Chut! chut! Voyez comme il dort!

Doucement, dans l’étable close,  
Doucement, venez un moment!  
Approchez! Que Jésus est charmant!  
Comme il est blanc! Comme il est rose!
Do! Do! Que l’Enfant repose!  
Do! Do! Qu’il rit en dormant!

Bring a torch, Jeanette, Isabelle!
Bring a torch, to the stable run
Christ is born. Tell the folk of the village
Jesus is born and Mary’s calling.
Ah! Ah! beautiful is the Mother!
Ah! Ah! beautiful is her child

Who is that, knocking on the door?  
Who is it, knocking like that?
Open up, we’ve arranged on a platter
Lovely cakes that we have brought here
Knock! Knock! Open the door for us!
Knock! Knock! Let’s celebrate!

It is wrong when the child is sleeping,
It is wrong to talk so loud.
Silence, now as you gather around,
Lest your noise should waken Jesus.
Hush! Hush! see how he slumbers;
Hush! Hush! see how fast he sleeps!

Softly now unto the stable,
Softly for a moment come!
Look and see how charming is Jesus,
Look at him there, His cheeks are rosy!
Hush! Hush! see how the Child is sleeping;
Hush! Hush! see how he smiles in dreams!
5. **Coventry Carol**  
(16th c. music - 15th c. words)

Lully lulla thou little tiny child, by by lully lullay

O sisters too how may we do  
For to preserve this day  
The poor youngling for whom we do sing  
By by lully lullay

Herod the king in his raging  
Charged he hath this day  
His men of might in his own sight  
All young children to slay

That woe is me poor child for thee  
And ever morn and day  
For thy parting neither say nor sing  
By by lully lullay

Lully lulla thou little tiny child by by lully lullay

6. **Christmas Eve**  
(Blacksmith Reel - Christmas Eve - Cup of Tea (Traditional Irish tunes))
7. Silent Night
(Music by Franz Gruber - Words by Joseph Mohr)

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

Silent night, holy night, Shepherds quake at the sight
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heav’nly hosts sing Allelujia
Christ the Savior is born, Christ the Savior is born

Silent night, holy night, Son of God love’s pure light
Radiant beams from they holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace
Jesus Lord at thy birth, Jesus Lord at thy birth
8. Good King Wenceslas  
(Music from Piae Cantiones, 1582 - Words by John Mason Neale)

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

“Hither page and stand by me if thou knowst it telling  
Yonder peasant who is he, where and what’s his dwelling?”  
“Sire he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain  
Right against the forest fence by Saint Agnes fountain”

“Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither  
Thou and I will see him dine when we bear them thither”  
Page and monarch forth they went, forth they went together  
Through the rude wind’s wild lament and the bitter weather

“Sire the night is darker now and the wind blows stronger  
Fails my heart I know not how, I can go no longer”  
“Mark my footsteps good my page Tread thou in them boldly  
Thou shalt find the winter’s rage freeze thy blood less coldly”

In his masters steps he trod where the snow lay dinted  
Heat was in the very sod which the saint had printed  
Therefore all good men be sure wealth or rank possessing  
Ye who now will bless the poor Shall yourselves find blessing
Bel astre que j’adore,
Soleil qui luit pour moi,
C’est toi seul que j’implore,
Je veux n’aimer que toi.
C’est ma plus chère envie,
Seigneur, en ce beau jour,
Où je ne dois la vie
Qu’à ton immense amour.

Et vous, choeurs angéliques,
Qui du Seigneur naissant
Chantez dans vos cantiques
L’heureux évènement,
Venez pour moi, saints anges,
Redire au doux Sauveur
Vos hymnes de louange,
Les chants de mon bonheur !

Du fond de cette crèche,
J’entends, rempli de foi,
Ta voix qui ne me prêche
Que cette douce loi.
Divine et pure flamme,
Descends du haut des cieux,
Remplis, remplis mon âme,
Oh ! viens combler mes vœux !

Bel Astre Que J’Adore
(Traditional French carol)

Beautiful star that I adore
Sun that shines for me,
It’s you alone that I implore,
I want to love only you.
It’s my deepest desire,
Lord, on this beautiful day,
That I owe my life
Only to your great love.

And you, angelic choirs,
Who sing in your hymns
The happy event
Of the Lord being born,
Come for me, sainted angels,
Tell the sweet Savior again
Your hymns of praise,
The songs of my happiness!

From the bottom of this manger,
I hear, filled with faith,
Your voice which preaches to me
Only this sweet law.
Divine and pure love,
Descend from the heavens,
Fill, fill my soul
Oh! come fulfill my vows!
10. Ding Dong Merrily on High
(16th c. tune - Words by George R. Woodward)

Ding dong merrily on high in heav’n the bells are ringing
Ding dong verily the sky is riv’n with angels singing
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis

E’en so here below below let steeple bells be swungen
And i o i o i o by priest and people sungen
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis

Pray you dutifully prime your matin chime ye ringers
And you beautifully rime your evetime song ye singers
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis
11. A Christmas Song
(Traditional Gascon carol)

Wind through the olive trees softly did blow
Round little Bethlehem long long ago
Sheep on the hillside lay white as the snow
Shepherds were watching them long long ago

Then from the happy skies angels bent low
Singing their songs of joy long long ago
For in his manger bed cradled we know
Christ came to Bethlehem long long ago