

## **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

#### 4. Un flambeau Jeanette-Isabella

(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!

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

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

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!

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!

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!

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!

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 Alleluia  
Christ the Savior is born, Christ the Savior is born

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

## 8. Good King Wenceslas

(Music from Piaie 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

## 9. Bel Astre Que J'Adore

(Traditional French carol)

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, chœurs 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 !

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