

My Lord Has Come

Text: Will Todd

Shepherds, called by angels,
Called by love and angels;
No place for them but a stable.
My Lord has come.

Sages, searching for stars,
Searching for love in heaven;
No place for them but a stable.
My Lord has come.

His love will hold me,
His love will cherish me,
Love will cradle me.

Lead me, lead me to see him,
Sages and shepherds and angels;
No place but a stable.
My Lord has come.

The Three Kings

Text: Laurence Housman

“Who knocks tonight?”
The weary porter said.
Three kings stood at the gate,
Each with a crown on head.
The serving man bowed down;
The inn was full, he knew.
Said he, “In all this town
Is no fit place for you!”
A light the manger lit:
There lay the Mother meek.
Said they, “This place is fit:
Here is the rest we seek!”
They loosed their latchet strings
So stood they all unshod.
Come in, ye Kings!
And kiss the Feet of God.

Twelve Carols

Text: L. N. Guiney

Tryste Noel

The Ox he op'neth wide the Doore,
And from the Snowe he calls her inne;
And he hath seen her smile therefor,
Our Ladye without sinne.
Now soone from sleepe
A starre shall lepe,
And soone arrive both Kind and Hind.
Amen.
But O the place could I but finde.

The Ox hath hush'd his voice, and bent
Trew eye of pity o'er the Mow,
And on his lovelier neck forespent,
The Blessed lays her Browe.
Around her feel Full warm and sweete,
His bowerie breath doth meekly dwell.
Amen.
But sore am I with vain travel.

The Ox is host in Juda's stall,
And host of more than only one,
For close she gathereth withal,
Our Lord, her lyttel Sonne.
Glad Hind and King their gifts may bring,
But would tonight my teares were there,
Amen, Between her bosom and His Hayre.

Lullay, Lullay

On yesternight I saw a sight,
A star as bright as day,
And all along I heard a song,
Lullay, Lullay, Lullay.

A lonely Mayden sat and sang,
And to her Child she spake,
“Lullay lullay, thou lytel child,
It makes my heart to ache
To see thee there, so cold and bare,
A King upon this hay,
So hush thy wail, I will not fail
To sing lullay, lullay”

Now, sweetest Lord, since thou art king
Why liest thou in a stall,
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 “lullay, lullay.”

The Angel Gabriel

The angel Gabriel from God was sent to Galilee,
Unto a virgin, fair and free, whose name was called Mary.
And when the angel thither came he fell down on his knee,
And looking on the virgin's face said, “Hail, all hail, Mary!”

*Then sing we all, both great and small, Noel, Noel, Noel.
We may rejoice to hear the voice of angel Gabriel.*

Mary anon looked him upon and said, “Sir, what are ye?
I marvel much at tidings such as thou hast brought to me.
Promised I am to Joseph so fell the lot to me:
Therefore I pray depart away, I stand in doubt of thee.”

I Sing of a Mayden

I sing of a mayden that is makeless,
The King of all kings, to her sone she ches.
He came all so stillé there his mother was,
As dew in Aprillé that fall'th on the grass.

He came all so stillé to his mother's bower,
As dew in Aprillé that fall'th on the flower.
He came all so stillé there his mother lay,
As dew in Aprillé that fall'th on the spray.

Regina Caeli Letare

Holy mayden blyssid thou be,
Godes sonne is born of thee,
The father of heaven worship we,
Regina caeli laetare.

Hail wyfe, hail mayden, hail bride of bliss,
Hail daughter, hail sister, hail full of pité,
Hail chosen to the personys three
Regina caeli laetare.

Thou art empress of heaven so free,
Worthy mayden in majesté,
Now worship we the trenyté,
Regina caeli laetare.

O Come, All Ye Faithful

Text: Anon., Latin c. 8th Century
Translated: Frederick Oakely *et al.*

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O come, ye, to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him, born the King of angels:
O come let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

God of God, Light of light,
Lo, he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God, Begotten, not created:
O come let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God in the highest.
O come let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this happy morning,
Jesus to thee be glory giv'n.
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing.
O come let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

There is no rose

Text: Mediaeval

There is no rose of such virtue
as is the rose that bare Jesu,

For in this rose containèd was
Heav'n and earth in little space.
By that rose we may well see
That he is God in person three,
So leave we all this worldly mirth
And follow we this joyful birth.

As Sunne Through Glass

Text: Mediaeval

In Bethlem in that fair city,
A child is born of a maiden free,
That shall a lord and prince be,
A solis ortus cardine.

As sunnè shineth through the glass,
So Jesu in his mother was,
Thee to serve now grant us grace,
O lux beata trinitas.

Now God is comen to worshipen us;
Now of Mary is born Jesus;
Make we merry amongès us;
Exsultet celum laudibus.

Sweet Was the Song

Text: W. Ballet, 17th Century

Sweet was the somg the Virgin sang
When she to Bethlem Judah came,
And was delivered of a son
That blessed Jesus hath to name.
Lullaby, sweet babe sang she...

My son and eke a saviour born,
Who hath vouchsafed from on high
To visit us that were forlorn.

Lullaby, sweet babe sang she,
And rocked him sweetly on her knee.

Hark How all the Welkin Rings

Text: Charles Wesley

Hark how all the Welkin rings,
Glory to the King of Kings,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
Universal nature say
Christ the Lord is born today.

Come, desire of nations, come,

Fix in us they humble home;
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

Now display thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore,
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours and ours to thine.

Sleep in Peace

Text: Hebridean

Sleep from the isles of summer sun attend you,
Sleep of the grey and crooning wind defend you:
White seagulls round your bed,
Crying above your head,
Till all your fears are fled,
What are they saying?

*Run like the wave,
Flow like the aird,
Sleep in peace.*

Peace from the heart of Mary Virgin find you,
Peace from the touch of mantled Brigit bind you:
Peace of the quiet earth
Guarded the Christchild's birth,
You on the restless firth
Soon will be sleeping.

Christmas Song

Text: Dave Matthews

She was his girl, he was her boyfriend.
She'd be his wife and make him her husband.
A surprise on the way any day, any day
On healthy little giggle, dribbling baby boy
The wise men came, three made their way
To shower him with love while he lay in the hay.

Shower him with love...
Love was all around.

Not very much of his childhood was known
Kept his mother, Mary, worried, always out on his own.
He met another Mary, who for a reasonable fee,
Less than reputable was known to be.

His heart was full of love...
Love was all around.

When Jesus Christ was nailed to his tree, he said,
"Oh Daddy-o I can see how it all soon will be
I came to shed a little light on this darkening scene.
Instead I fear I spill the blood of our children all around."

So I'm told, or so the story goes,
The people he knew were less than golden hearted,
Gamblers and robbers, drinkers and jokers,
All soul-searchers like you and me.
Rumors insisted he soon would be
For his deviations taken into custody
By the authorities less informed than he,
Drinkers and jokers, all soul-searchers,

Searching for love...
Love was all around.

Preparations were made for his celebration day.
He said, "Eat this bread but think of it as me.
Drink this wine and dream it will be
the blood of our children all around.
Father up above why in all this anger
do you fill me up with love?"

Love...
Love was all around.

I'll Be Home for Christmas

Text: Kim Gannon & Walter Kent

I'll be home for Christmas, you can plan on me,
Please have snow and mistletoe and presents on the tree.
Christmas Eve will find me where the love-light gleams.
I'll be home for Christmas, if only in my dreams.

Silent Night

Text: Franz Gruber

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.

Silent night, Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,
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!

Joy to the World

Text: Issac Watts

Joy to the world, the Lord is come.
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing...

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love...

Let it Snow

Text: Jule Styne

Oh, the weather outside is frightful,
But the fire is so delightful,
And since we've no place to go,
Let it snow!

It doesn't show signs of stopping,
And I brought some corn for popping,
The lights are turned way down low,
Let it snow!

When we finally kiss goodnight,
How I'll hate going out in the storm,
But if you really hold me tight,
All the way home, I'll be warm.

The fire is slowly dying,
And my dear, we're still goodbye-ing,
But as long as you love me so,
Let it snow!

A Merry Christmas

Text: Traditional English

We wish you a Merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year.
Good tidings we bring
To you and your kin;
We wish you a Merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year.

Now bring us some figgy pudding,
And bring some out here.
Good tidings we bring
To you and your kin;
We wish you a Merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year.

For we all like figgy pudding,
So bring some out here.

Good tidings we bring
To you and your kin;
We wish you a Merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year.

And we won't go till we've got some,
So bring some out here.
Good tidings we bring
To you and your kin;
We wish you a Merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year.