The Cowley Carol Book

For Christmas, Easter, and Ascension-tide

Compiled and arranged by

The Rev. G. R. Woodward, M.A.
Author of "Songs of Sion"

Revised and enlarged edition

A. R. MOWBRAY & CO. LTD.
London: 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, W.1
Oxford: 9 High Street

1922

Preface

In answer to a request that he should compile a small volume of Carol's for use in the Church of S. John the Evangelist, Cowley, the Editor of this work put forth, in the Autumn of 1901, a series of thirty-nine Carols, entitled, The Cowley Carol Book. This publication has been well received, and already a Second Edition is called for. The Editor has gladly availed himself of this opportunity to enlarge and improve his book. All the words contained in the first will be found in the second issue, but additions have been made. Here and there some of the harmonies, however, have been altered slightly, or written anew.

The contents and treasures of those most admirable collections of Carols for Christmas-tide, 1853, and Carols for Easter-tide, 1854, by the Rev. J. M. Neale and the Rev. T. Helmore, have again been freely drawn upon. In the New Edition (containing sixty-five Carols in all) no fewer than twenty-one can claim Dr. Neale for their Author. His words are given unaltered, except in one case (No. 50) where, owing to the exigencies of the music, a short Latin phrase has been substituted for two Alleluyas. Concerning the words of the other Carols, some, as Nos. 40 and 42, are in Latin; others, as Nos. 2 and 32, are of old English origin. For the remainder the Editor is himself responsible. They are, for the most part, translations of Latin or German Carols, ranging from the XIth to the XVth Century. In half a dozen instances, for some fine old melody's sake, the Editor has written words of his own. Fault has been found with the Latin lines which occur here and there interspersed amongst the English verse; but the Editor ventures to think that the rhythm and association of the original tongue is sufficient excuse for his not having altered the arrangement.

The source of the tunes, as well as of the words, is, given, as far as possible, over the head of each Carol. From Peter of Nylund's Piae Cantiones again many of the loveliest airs in this book have been gathered. In Nos. 1 and 65 (3rd Tune), the chief melody is assigned, as was the custom of the XVIIth Century, to the Tenor voice. Mr. W. S. Rockstro recommends a more general return to this practice. Nos. 11, 12 (1st Tune), 14, 22, 43, and 63, have more the character of Chorales than of Carols. Their venerable age, intrinsic merit, and skilful treatment by J ohn Seb. Bach almost compelled their admission into the first edition. It was proposed to remove them from the present issue (they being more fit for insertion in a forthcoming volume of German Chorales), but the publishers begged that they might be retained.

It is the Editor's duty and pleasure to thank Mr. B. Luard Selby, Mr. W. Sibbett, Mr. E. W. Goldsmith, and especially the Rev. G. H. Palmer, and Dr. Charles Wood, for much valuable help and good taste in harmonizing the melodies. The fact that Dr. Charles Wood has revised and passed the proof-sheets of the music is a guarantee of its correctness. Among the faithful departed, the Editor records his gratitude for the learning and labours of the Revs. John Mason Neale, Thos. Helmore, Wm. John Blew, John Rob. Lunn, and of all the other well-known or unknown authors of the words and tunes contained in this collection.

G. R. W.

Cadenabbia, Oct. 24, 1902.
## CONTENTS

### Christmas and Epiphany

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>First Line</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>A Babe is born in Bethlehem</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>A day, a day of glory</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>Ad cantum letde</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>An Infant lay within a sheet</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Blessed be that Maid Marie</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Childing of a Maiden bright</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Christ was born on Christmas Day</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Come, listen to my story</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>Come, rock the cradle for Him</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Earth to-day rejoices</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Earthly friends will change and falter</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>Eastern Monarchia, Sages three</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>From church to church the bells' glad tidings run</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Gabriel's message does away</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>God loved the world so that He gave</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Good King Wenceslas look'd out</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Hail! Babe, of God the very Son</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Hail! Jesu Christ, blessèd for eye</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Here is joy for every age</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>In dulce jubilo</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>In the ending of the year</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Lo! a wonder-star doth shine</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Make we joy now in this fest</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Nowell! Nowell! Good news I tell</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>O'er the hill and o'er the vale</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>On the birthday of the Lord</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>Patern parit filla</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Royal day that chased gloom</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Sweet was the song the Virgin sung</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>The noble stem of Jesse</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>There came three kings from eastern land</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>The Son of God is born for all</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>There comes a galley, laden</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>To us is born a little Child</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>To us is born a little Child</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>To-day the light of Angels bright</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>Touching grace we Princes three</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Union us is born a Son</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Up! good Christen folk, and listen</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Whom of old the shepherds praised</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>Would'st thou magnify the story</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Young and old must raise the lay</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Ascension

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>First Line</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>63</td>
<td>Christ before th' Eleven</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>God is gone up on high to-day</td>
<td>81, 82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>To-day we tell the story</td>
<td>83, 84, 85</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1 **First Tune**  

**A Babe is Born in Bethlehem**  
*Puer natus in Bethlehem*

- The Father's Word on high doth take  
  A mortal form for mortals' sake.  
  *Alleluia.*

- Through Gabriel his greeting mild  
  The Virgin hath conceiv'd a child.  
  *Alleluia.*

- Born of His mother, maid Marie,  
  No earthly father knoweth He.  
  *Alleluia.*

- He took our flesh, to man akin,  
  In all things like us, save in sin.  
  *Alleluia.*

- Soothly to make man's feeble race  
  Like God, and like Himself by grace.  
  *Alleluia.*

- Both ox and ass, though beasts they be,  
  Yet in that Child their Master see.  
  *Alleluia.*

- In narrow crib He lieth low,  
  King everywhere and evermore.  
  *Alleluia.*

- An Angel gave the swains a sign  
  Whereby to ken the Babe divine.  
  *Alleluia.*

- From Saba come kings to their King;  
  Gold, frankincense, and myrrh they bring.  
  *Alleluia.*

- Into the house full fain they press,  
  The kingly Babe each to be bless.  
  *Alleluia.*

- Now, Yule-tide come, sing high, sing low,  
  *Breves cantamus Domino.*  
  *Alleluia.*

- To Thee, good Lord, be glory paid,  
  Thou Babe of Mary mother-nain.  
  *Alleluia.*

7 To Holy Trinity give praise,  
  With *Deo gratias* always.  
  *Alleluia.*

---

1 **Second Tune**  

**A Babe is Born in Bethlehem**  
*Puer natus in Bethlehem*

- The Descant of the preceding harmonized as a new Melody by  
2

Blessed be that Maid Marie

An Old English Carol (Sloane MS., 2593) modernized. Melody, from William Bale's Lute Book, harmonized by Dr. Chas. Wood.

Blessed be that Maid Marie; Born He was of her body; Very God ere time began.

Born in time the Son of Man. 

Re: the EUs

Estus est de Virgine.

3

Childing of a Maiden Bright

Quem nunc Virgo peperit


Child-ing of a maid-en bright Life to-day hath brought to light;

And hath put that prince of might With his flock of heads to flight: Chr is tus res tus Ad die e.

Who so aught hath done amies, 
An it rue him sore for this, 
Mary's Babe will shrieve i-wis, 
Gentle as a lamb He is:

Miserere, Domine.

Ego benedicite.

3 He at Bethlehem was born, 
Salem gave Him crown of thorn, 
Life of want and death of scorn—All for love of man torieta.

On this Infant may we call, 
Born for man in oxen stall: 
He vouchsafe us bliss withal 
In His everlasting hall:

Cum Maria Virginis.
4. Christ was born on Christmas Day

Words written by Dr. Neale for the old German Melody of Resonet in laudibus, from Plae Cantiones, in the VIJ or Mixo-Lyrian Mode.
Harmonized chiefly by Rev. G. R. Woodward.

1. Christ was born on Christmas Day; Wreathe the holy, twine the bay;  
2. He is born to set us free, He is born our Lord to be,

3. Let the bright red berries glow Ev'rywhere in ever.  
4. Christian men, rejoice and sing; 'Tis the birthday

6. Midnight scarcely pass'd and o'er, Drawing to this holy morn,

7. Sing out with bliss, His
Come, Listen to my Story

Words written by the Editor of The Cowley Carol Book for the tune of The Noble Shirbe—an English Melody of the XVI Cent. at latest and harmonized chiefly by the Rev. J. R. Lunn.

Come, listen to my story, Christus natus ha-di-e: Born

2. Came angels down, a number, On the midnight of His birth: "Ye shepherds, wake from slumber: Peace, goodwill on earth, And bliss on high," the Angels cry, "To you is born and given, Eya! of maid Marie, Th' Almighty Lord of heaven."

3. Then rode three kings together, Over desert, hill, and dale; Nought caring for the weather, Sleet, and snow, and hail. They came from far, led by a star, With beams that never vary: Eya! full fain they are To see the Babe of Mary.

4. Away then banish sorrow; Nata Regi posuit: Sith Christ is born this morrow, Benedicte. With Angels elks and shepherds meek, And with yon Eastern Sages, Eya! let us go seek The new-born King of ages.
6 Earth to-day rejoices

Words by Dr. Neale, to the tune of Ave maria stella lucis mitseris, a Parryian Mode Melody to be found in Piae Cantiones. Harmony by the Editor of this Work.

War and strife are done, God and man are one.

2 Reconciliation,

Alleluia, Alleluia,
Peace that lasts for aye,
Gladness and salvation,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Come on Christmas Day,
Gideon's fleece is wet with dew.
Solomon is crown'd anew:
War and strife are done,
God and man are one.

3 Though the cold grows stronger,

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Though the world loves night,
Yet the days grow longer,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Christ is born our Light.
Now the Dial's type is learnt,
Burns the Bush that is not burnt:
War and strife are done;
God and man are one.

7 First Tune From Church to Church

Congaudeat turba fidelium


From church... to church the bells' glad tiding run:

Vir gin hath con-coiv'd, and borne a Son In Beth le benz.

2 And Angel hosts, the midnight of His birth, West:

Sang, "Glory be to God, and peace on In Bethlehem.

3 "Now go we forth, and see this wond'ring [born King
The Shepherds said, "and seek the new-
In Bethlehem.

4 Then Herod sought the Royal Son to say:
Who rather should have come to kneel
In Bethlehem.

5 The Star went leading on from East to West:

The Wise men follow'd, till they saw it In Bethlehem.

6 Their frankincense, and myrrh, and gold they bring [King
To hail the God, the Mortal, and the
In Bethlehem.

7 With threefold gifts the Threefold God three praise, [praise,
Who thus vouchsafed the sons of man to In Bethlehem.
THE COWLEY CAROL BOOK

7 Second Tune

From Church to Church

Congaudeat turba fidelium

*The preceding differently harmonized by Mr. Wilfrid G. A. Shebbeare.*

From church to church the bells' glad tidings run: A Virgin hath conceived, and borne a Son in Bethlehem.

1 And angel hosts, the midnights of His birth,
Sang "Glory be to God, and peace on earth,"

In Bethlehem.

2 "Now go we forth, and see this wondrous thing,"
The Shepherds said, "and seek the new-born King"

In Bethlehem.

3 Then Herod sought the Royal Son to slay,
Who rather should have come to kneel and pray

In Bethlehem.

4 The Star went leading on from East to West:
The Wise men followed, till they saw it rest

In Bethlehem.

5 Their frankincense, and myrrh, and gold they bring,
To hail the God, the Mortal, and the King

In Bethlehem.

6 With threefold gifts the Threefold God three praise,
Who thus vouchsafed the sons of man to raise,

In Bethlehem.

CHRISTMAS AND EPIPHANY

8 Gabriel's Message

*Words written by Dr. Neale for Angelus emittitur. A Melody, in the Hypo-Dorian Mode, from Piae Cantiones. Harmony by the Editor of this Book.*

Gabriel's message does away Satan's curse and Satan's sway: This was wrought by Christmas Day: Therefore sing,—Glory to the Infant King!

1 He that comes despised shall reign;
He that cannot die, be slain;
Death by death its death shall gain:
Therefore sing,—
Glory to the Infant King!

2 Like its like shall overthrow:
By a Tree prevail'd the foe;
From a Tree shall healing grow:
Therefore sing,—
Glory to the Infant King!

3 Man was lost a garden in;
In a garden man shall win;
Woman's faith end woman's sin:
Therefore sing,—
Glory to the Infant King!

4 Weakness shall the strong confound;
By the hands, in babe-clothes wound,
Adam's sin shall be unbound:
Therefore sing,—
Glory to the Infant King!

5 By the sword that was his own,
By that sword, and that alone,
Shall Goliath be overthrown:
Therefore sing,—
Glory to the Infant King!

6 Art by art shall be assail'd;
To the Cross shall Life be nay'd;
From the grave shall hope be hail'd:
Therefore sing,—
Glory to the Infant King!
9 God Loved the World
Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt

Words and tune from the Trier Gesangbuch, 1871. Harmonized by B. Luard Selby.

God loved the world so that He gave His only
Son the world to save. Then sing for

joy, sing for joy, Near and far, O and

A, Bless ye the Lord. Alleluia. Last verse.

2 Our Saviour He, and chieuest good,
Like to our own, took flesh and blood.
Then sing for joy, etc.

3 The same that sitteth thron'd on high,
A Babe in lowly erth doth lie.
Then sing for joy, etc.

4 See, the Almighty Lord of all
Doth on the garb of common thrall.
Then sing for joy, etc.

5 Choosing Him povertv below,
To make man rich for evermo.
Then sing for joy, etc.

6 What! God the serf, and man the knight!
Sure, this of love the very highest.
Then sing for joy, etc.

7 The gate of Eden once was barr'd,
But now no need of Cherub-guard.
Then sing for joy, etc.

8 Wherefore, I pray you, merry make,
And carol for the Baby's sake.
Then sing for joy, etc.

10 Good King Wenceslas

Words by Dr. Neale. Melody of Tempus adest floridum, from Piae Cantiones, harmonized by the Editor of these Carols.

Good King Wenceslas look'd out, On the Feast of Stephen;

When the snow lay round a-bout, Deep, and crisp, and even:

Brightly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cruel,

When a poor man came in sight, Gather-ring winter fuel.

2 "Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'rt it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what 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:
Though 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.

4 "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."

5 In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow laid dinted;
Heat was in the very sod,
Which the Saint had printed.

Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Weal or woe in the Abbey
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.
Hail! Jesu Christ, Blessed for Aye

Gelobet seynt du, Jesu Christ

1. Hail! Jesu Christ, blessed for aye, Born for man true
2. Man to-day: The Sons of God all shout for glee Be arms enfold: Behold an Infant weak and small, Whose
3. In pity of our state forlorn, Poor on earth the
4. Thus hath He done for human kind; Set on mercy

Choral of the XV Cent., or earlier. An Hypo-mixo-Lydian

flesh and blood: more your King: Alleluia.

Lord is born, To make man rich in realms of light, In fellowship of

Angels bright: Alleluia.

Angels bright: Alleluia.

Angels bright: Alleluia.
12 First Tune

* Words translated from the German by the Editor. XIV Cent.

In dulci iubilo

In dulci iubilo

Now sing we all i - o

He, my love, my wonder, live in presence

* In vers. 4 omit this chord.

---

2 O Jesu parvule,
I yearn for thee alway:
Listen to my ditty,
O puer optime,
Have pity on me, pity:
O princeps glorie,
Take me post te.

3 O Patris Charitas,
O Nati lentus;
All with us was over,
Per nostra cruenta;
But then thou didst recover
Colorum gaudia:
O that we were there!

4 Ubi sunt gaudia
If that they be not there?
Angels there are singing,
Nova cantica.
Sweet bells the while a-ringing
In regis curia:
O that we were there!
12 Second Tune

In Dulci Jubilo

† The same as preceding, harmonized by R. L. de Pearsall.

In dul - ci ju - bi - lo. Now sing we all.

In ven. * omit this chord.

O flos parvae,
I yearn for thee alway,
Listen to my ditty,
O puer optime,
Have pity on me, play:
O princeps glorie,
Trhah me post te.

2 O Patriis, etc.
O Nati lexias;
All with us was oer;
Ver nestrin crimina;
But then thou didst recover;
Celerum gaudent;
O that we were there!

3 O Patriis Charitas,
O Nativitas;
Per nostra crimina;
In regis curis;
O that we were there!

4 Ubi sunt gaudio?
If that they be not there?
Angels there are singing;
Nunc cantica;
Sweet bells the while a-ringing
In regis curis;
O that we were there!

5 Angel-hosts His praises sing,
Three wise men their off'rings bring,
Ox and ass adore the King,
Cum Virgine;
Ox and ass adore the King,
Cum Virgine Maria.

6 Wherefore let us all to-day
Banish sorrow far away,
Singing and exulting aye,
Cum Virgine;
Singing and exulting aye,
Cum Virgine Maria.


In the end - ing of the year Life and light to man ap - pear:
And the Ho-ly Babe is here, De Vir- gi - na;

And the Ho-ly Babe is here, De Vir-gine Ma - ri - a.

In hoc anno circulo.

4 On the straw He lays His head,
Hath a manger for His bed,
Thirsts and hungers and is fed
De Virgine;
Thirsts and hungers and is fed
De Virgine Maria.

5 Angel-hosts His praises sing,
Three wise men their off'rings bring,
Ox and ass adore the King,
Cum Virgine;
Ox and ass adore the King,
Cum Virgine Maria.

6 Wherefore let us all to-day
Banish sorrow far away,
Singing and exulting aye,
Cum Virgine;
Singing and exulting aye,
Cum Virgine Maria.
14 First Tune

**Nowell! Nowell!**

† Words written by the Editor for the old German Choral Melody, 
_Ach! Gott und Herr._ Harmonized by J. S. Bach.

No-well! No-well! Good news I tell, And eke a won-der story: A

Vir-gin mild hath borne a Child, Je-sus, the King of glo-ry.

A Ave Marie! O well is thee,
Thou daughter dear of Anna; 3 Then mass be sung, and bells be rung,
Before thy Son, that Holy One, Th' Ancient of days, mankind to raise,
Archangels sing Osanna. Abhorreth not the manger.

15 Second Tune

**Nowell! Nowell!**

† Another harmony for the same by J. S. Bach.

No-well! No-well! Good news I tell, And eke a won-der story: A

Vir-gin mild hath borne a Child, Je-sus, the King of

1. Young and old must raise the lay: That their heart en-ga-ges:

2. For the God, by all a-dored, Comes to His elect ed:

For the Child is born to-day Who is King of a-ges.
For the Babe that is the Lord Hastes to be re-ject ed.

3. If the purple proves the King,
Where is goodly raiment?
If man needeth ransom,
Who shall make the payment?

4. For the purple, here is grass; 7 Through the desert as we go,
For the throne, the manger ; Sorrowful and fearing,
For the couriers, ox and as From the Rock the waters flow,
Kneel before the Stranger. That shall work our cheering.

5. Joshua hastes to meet the foes, 8 Manna, wherewith all are fed,
Boastful and defiant; Comes for our salvation; 9 Young and old must raise the lay
David to His brethren goes, Born in Bethlem, House of Bread, That their heart engages;
And shall slay the giant. By interpretation.

Help is nigh to change our fate, 9 Young and old their deeds so frame,
Help we may rely on; That as He came bitter,
Solomon, with royal state, They, when He their lives shall claim,
Shall be crowned in Gihon. May to Him go thither.
16 O'er the Hill and o'er the Vale

Words by Dr. Neale, for the tune of In bernal tempore, in the Hypo-Dorian Mode. Harmony by the Editor of these Carols.

O'er the hill and o'er the vale, Come three kings to-ger-ber,
Car-ing noth for snow and hail, Cold and wind and wea-ther;

Now on Per-sis-sa sand-y plains, Now where Ti-gris swells with rains,

They their cam-els to-ger-ber; Now thro' Sy-rian lands they go,

Now thro' Mo-ab, faint and slow, Now o'er E-dom's bless-er,

2 O'er the hill and o'er the vale,
Each king bears a present:
Wise men go a Child to hail,
Monarchs seek a Peasant:
And a star in front proceeds,
Over rocks and rivers leads,
Shines with beams incessant:
Therefore onward, onward still!
Ford the stream and climb the hill;
Love makes all things pleasant.

3 He is God ye go to meet:
Therefore incense proffer:
He is King ye go to greet:
Gold is in your coffer:
Also Man, He comes to share
Ev'ry woe that man can bear—
Tempter, Raiser, Scoffer:
Therefore now, against the day,
In the grave when Him they lay
Myrrh ye also offer.

17 On the Birthday of the Lord


On the birth-day of the Lord An-gel-Quites with one ac-

ni De-o! God of Mar-ty maid is born, Christ is

Ma-ry's Son to-morn: Mo-ther she, yet maid-en aye.

2 Tidings true an Angel told
Certain shepherds on the wold,
Tidings great and full of glee—
Christ, and His nativity:
God of Mary maid is born, etc.

3 Born is our Em-man-u-el,
As foretold by Gabriel,
Witness'd of Eschiel,
From the Father forth-faring,
God of Mary maid is born, etc.

4 Christus natus hodie
Ex Maria Virgine:
Gender'd not of mortal seed,
God to-day is Man indeed.
God of Mary maid is born, etc.

5 Princes three in worship bent,
Incense, gold, and myrrh present:
King of kings, above, below,
Gloria uni Deo!
God of Mary maid is born, etc.
18 Royal Day that chasest gloom

Dies est lettice


19 The noble stem of Jesse

Flores de radice Jesse or Es ist ein Ros entsprungen

T Melody harmonized by Michael Praetorius (Mot. Stab. 1609).

2 As the sunbeam through the glass
Notheth, but not staineth;
Thus the Virgin, as she was,
Virgin still remaineth;
Blessed Mother! in whose womb
Lay the Light that exiles gloom,
God to earth descending;
Blessed Maid! whose spotless breast
Gives the King of Glory rest,
Nurture, warmth, and tend ing.

3 Christ, Who mad'st us out of dust,
Bread and spirit giving;
Christ, from Whose dear steps we must
Pattern take of living;
Christ, Who cannot once to save
From the curse and from the grave,
Healing, light'ning, cheering;
Christ, Who now wost made as we,
Grant that we may be like Thee,
In Thy next appearing!

4 This flower the Prophet Esay
Foresaw and did foretell,
Born of the Virgin Mother;
And man should love her well.
Yet, stem, to flower give place;
For from the same both angels
And men derive solace.
He is the modest field-flower
That in our vale is seen;
Or like the snow-white lily
Amid the briers keen.

No rose so sweet and fair;
No perfume aromatic
Can with His Name compare.

4 This flower with fragrant odour
Doth won the passer-by;
And fill his very being
With love right wondrously;
Sweet Flower, for thou I sigh;
Thy grace my fainting spirit
Alone can satisfy.
There came three kings
Es führt drei Könige Gottes Hand

1. In Köln Gesangbuch, 1623. Harmony by Mr. B. Luard Selby.

There came three kings from eastern land, Star-

led by God's Almighty hand, To Christ-ward

tho' Hierusalem, Un to the crib at

Bethlehem, God, thither too our footsteps

2. Within the star, so great and sheen,
A golden-crowed Child is seen:
His sceptre was a cross of gold,
His face like sun-light to behold.

God, evermore to man below
Light from your blissful star bestow.

3. From Morning-land, in haste the while,
They journey many a hundred mile:
O'er hill and dale, in frost and snow,
By land, by water, on they go.

God, may the road-way never be
Too rough and hard that leads to Thee.

4. Why, Herod, honour so the kings?
Their minds are set on other things:
Forth from the stately court in speed
They to the lowly crib proceed.

God, see we never swerve aside,
But keep Thy path, whate'er betide.

5. No sooner come within the stall
Than down upon the knee they fall,
And offer Him, in order meet,
Gold, myrrh, and incense passing sweet.

God, take our gifts, or great or small,
Heart, soul, life, limb, name, substance—all.

6. By frankincense the three proclaim
That God Almighty is His Name:
Myrrh to the Son of Man they bring,
But gold in token of the King.

God, keep us steadfast in this creed,
From heresy and schism freed.

7. Our Lady fain her guests did greet,
E'en bade them kiss her Infant sweet:
Plasticum, I wet full well,
To guide them home, o'er frith and fell.

God, when the vale of death we tread,
Give us that day this heavenly Bread.
21  The Son of God is born for all

Geboren ist Gottes Sönelein

† M. Praetorius, 1609, as given by Layzis. Melody, a variation of Puer nobilis nascitur (see No. 25 in this book). Harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

2 Rejoice to-day for Jesus' sake,
Within your hearts His cradle make:
A shrine, wherein the babe may take
His rest, in slumber or awake.

3 Beneath Him set His crib, of tree;
Let Hope the little mattress be,
His pillow Faith, full fair to see,
With coverlet of Charity.

4 In bodies pure and undefiled
Prepare a chamber for the Child:
To Him give incense, myrrh and gold,
Nor raiment, meat and drink withhold.

5 Draw nigh, the Son of God to kiss,
Greet Mary's Child (the Lord He is)
Upon those lovely lips of His:
Jesus, your hearts' desire and bliss.

6 Come rock His cradle cheerily,
As doth His mother, so do ye,
Who nurs'd Him sweetly on her knees,
As told it was by prophecy.

7 By, by, tullay before Him sing;
Go, wind the horn, and pluck the string,
Till all the place with music ring;
And bid one prayer to Christ the King.

8 Thus, Babe, I minister to Thee,
Even as Thine Angels wait on me:
Thy ruddy countenance I see,
And tiny hands outstretch'd to me.

9 Sleep, in my soul enshrined rest;
Here find Thy cradle neatly drest:
Forsake me not, when sore distrest,
Emmanuel, my Brother blest.

10 Now chant we merrily to
With such as play in organo;
And with the singers in choro
Benedicamus Domino.

22 First Tune  To us is born a little Child

Parcum nobis nascitur


2 Our King of Glory, Him have we,
The Lion-lord of victory:
The Father's sole-begotten Son
Lightning the ages as they run.
And therefore, etc.

3 That dear, through Him, to God we be,
From death deliver'd and set free:
Our death-wounds heal'd by His, despite
That dark old Dragon's deadly bite.
And therefore, etc.

4 Now, masters all, full sweetly sing
Osanna to our Baby-king;
That hath but manger for His bed,
And straw whereon to lay His head.
And therefore, etc.
To us is born a little Child
Parvulus nobis nascitur

1. The same as preceding. Set to the melody of Ach! bleib bei uns,

To us is born a little Child Of Mary, maid-
Whom Angels saud with service sweet, Let us His own...

Son, adored, With Holy Ghost, for evermore.

Our King of Glory, Him have we,
The Lion-lord of victory:
The Father's sole-begotten Son
Light'ning the ages as they run.
And therefore, etc.

That dear, through Him, to God we be,
From death deliver'd and set free:
Our death-wounds heal'd by His, despite
That dark old Dragon's deadly tile.
And therefore, etc.

Now, masters all, full sweetly sing
Osanna to our Baby-king;
That hath but manger for His bed,
And straw whereon to lay His head.
And therefore, etc.

2. Strange sight! Within a stable old,
   Lo! God is born in want and cold:
   O selfish world, this Babe, I say,
   Dost put thee to the blush to-day.
   O Jesu, etc.

3. The Child (so wide His mercies are)
   Peace, joy and bliss doth bring from far:
   Before His crib, in awe to Him,
   Your faces veil, ye Cherubim.
   O Jesu, etc.

4. Now Angels joyful hymns upraise,
   And God's own Son with cæleste praise:
   To Bethlehem the shepherds far-
   And firstlings of their flock they bear.
   O Jesu, etc.

5. With gladsome voice on Jesus call,
   Ye spirits of the righteous all:
   To-day is born Emmanuel—
   He make your souls at ease to dwell!
   O Jesu, etc.

6. With Holy Ghost Him praise above,
   Who gave His Son, in tender love;
   And bless Him for that lovely May,
   Of whom the Lord was born to-day.
   O Jesu, etc.
24. To-day the light of Angels bright

Nunc Angelorum Gloria

1. To-day the light of Angels bright
   For man below Doth
   No, no, I pray you well, Keep Christmas-tide With

   fill the world with gladness;
   See in joy be fore her Babe The Virgin-mother bending:
   Our
gloomy night in noon-day bright Hath ending.

2. Sing out with bliss, His name it is
   Emmanuel,
   God with us, now and ever:
   He doth away our sin to-day;
   Then, guilty souls,
   Henceforth despair ye never;
   Ring a peal of jubile.
   Ye heirs from every steeple,
   And your redeeming Lord extol,
   Ye people.

3. Tell us, ye shepherds, whom ye saw
   At Bethlehem;
   With Mary in the stable?
   Christ, very God and very Man,
   Of sinners all
   The Saviour merciable.
   Shineth light from heaven around,
   And peace mankind regaineth:
   That lovely May a Virgin say
   Remaineth.

4. Born is the King of kings in bay
   De Virgini:
   He keep us all from danger!
   Born for poor folk, the Lord to-day,
   De Maria,
   Doth lie in lowly manger:
   Therefore sing, Laud, honour, might,
   Glory to God in heaven,
   And peace on earth, good will to men
   Be given.

25. Unto us is born a Son

Puer nobis nascitur

1. Words and tune (XIV Cent.) from Plae Cantiones. Harmony by
   Rev. G. H. Palmer.
   To be sung in Unison.
   Unto us is born a Son, King of Quires supernatural:
   See on earth His

   life begun, Of lords the Lord eternal, Of lords the Lord eternal.

2. Christ, from heav'n descending low,
   Comes on earth a stranger:
   Ox and ass their Owner know
   Breadcrided in the manger.

3. This did Herod sore affray,
   And grievously bewild're:
   So he gave the word to slay,
   And slew the little childer.

4. Of His love and mercy mild
   This the Christmas story:
   And O that Mary's gentle Child
   Might lead us up to glory!

5. O and A and A and O,
   Cum cantibus in choro,
   Let our merry organ go,
   Benedicamus Domino.
26 Whom of old the shepherds

Quem pastores laudavere

Whom of old the shepherds praised, When the Seraph

them upraised, Saying, "Sirs, be not amazed;

Natus est Rex glorie. Rex glorie!

a Unto whom the Kings came faring,
Gold and myrrh and incense bearing,
Love unconfinedly declaring
Laet victorii.

b Him with Mary bless, nor tire,
Chanting with the angelic quire:

High uplift the strain, and higher,
Laus, honor et gloria.

4 To the Christ-child, King of heaven,
God, to man through Mary given,
Raise the lay from morrow even,
Dulce cum melodio.

27 Make we joy now in this fest

Old English Carol: words and tune from the Bodleian Library
(Selden MS.); cf. Add. MS., 5665, in the British Museum. Harmonised
by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

b, Make we joy now in this fest In quo Christus

\[ \text{\( A\)} \]

\[ \text{\( B\)} \]

\[ \text{\( C\)} \]

\[ \text{\( D\)} \]

\[ \text{\( E\)} \]

\[ \text{\( F\)} \]

b, Make we joy, etc. In quo Christus

b. Agnoscat omne sacerdum,
A bright star made three kings to come,
Him for to seek with their present's,
Verbum supernum protrudis.
\[ \text{\( F\)} \]

b. Make we joy, etc.

b. Maria ventre conceptis,
The Holy Ghost was by her with,
Of her in Bethlehem born He is,
Consors paterni luminis.
\[ \text{\( F\)} \]

b. Make we joy, etc.

b. O lux beata Trinitas,
He lay between an ox and ass,
Beside His mother maiden free,
Gloria Tibi, Domine.
\[ \text{\( F\)} \]

b. Make we joy, etc.
28 Earthly friends will change and falter

Words by Dr. Neale. Melody by Omnis mundus incipit, of the XIV Cent. Harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

Earthly friends will change and falter, Earthly hearts will vary:

He is born, that cannot alter, Of the Virgin Mary.

Born to-day, Raise the lay: Born to-day, Twine the bay: Jesus

Christ is born to suffer, Born for you: Born for you—Holy

Christmas and Epiphany.

strew: Jesus Christ was born to conquer, Born to save:

Born to save—Laurel wave: Jesus Christ was born to govern,

Born a King: Born a King—Bay-wreath, bring: Jesus Christ was born of Mary, Born for all. Well befall, hearth and hall! Jesus

Christ was born at Christ-mass, Born for all,
28 **Second Tune** Earthly friends will change and falter

† Another setting by M. Praetorius (Mus. Syon.), A.D. 1607

| 1 Earthly friends will change and falter, Earthly hearts will vary: |
| 2 He is born, that cannot alter, Of the Virgin Mary: |

(3) Born to-day, Raise the lay: |
(4) Born to-day, Twine the lay: |
(5) Jesus Christ is born to suffer, Born for you: |

(6) Born for you—Holy strew: Jesus Christ was born to conquer, Born to save: |
(7) Born to save—Lan-cel wave: Jesus Christ was born to govern, Born a King: |

(8) Born a King, Bay-wreaths bring: Jesus Christ was born of Mary, Born for all: |
(9) Well befall, Hearth and hall: Jesus Christ was born at Christmas, Born for all: |

---

29 **Up! good Christen folk, and listen**

† Words written for the melody of *O quam terræ, quam fœtærum*, from *Plae Cantiones*, and harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

Ding-dong, ding: Ding-a-dong, a-ding: Ding-dong, ding-dong: Ding-a-dong, ding.

Up! good Christen Folk, and listen: Tell the story How from glory
How the mer-ry God came down at Church bells ring.

And from steeple Bid good peo-ple Come a-dore the new-born King:
Bring-ing gladness, Cha-ting sad-ness, Show'ring blessings far, and wide.

Born of mo-ther, Blesst o'er oth-er, Ex Ma-ri-a Vir-gin-ne,
In a sta-ble (Tis no fa-ble), Christ-us na-tus ho-di-e.
30 Here is joy for every age
Ecce novum gaudium


Here is joy for every age, every generation;
Frise and peasant, chief and sage, every tongue and nation;
Every tongue and nation, every rank and station;
Hath today salvation: Alleluia.

2 When the world drew near its close,
Came our Lord and Leader;
From the Lily sprang the Rose,
From the Bush the Cedar;
From the judg'd the Pleadeth,
From the faint the Feeder:
Alleluia.

3 God, that came on earth this morn,
In a manger lying,
Hallow'd birth by being born,
Vanquish'd death by dying;
Ralled back the flying,
Ended sin and sighing:
Alleluia.

31 There comes a galley, laden
Es kommt ein Schiff geladen

Words by Joh. Tauder (A.D. 1290-1361), verified by the Rev. G. R. Woodward. Melody and harmony from the Catholick Gesangbuch, Köln, 1609, as given by Layriz.

There comes a galley, laden up
to the highest board; She bears a heavily
burthen, The Father's eternal Word.

2 She saileth on in silence,
Her freight of value vast;
With Charity for mainsail,
And Holy Ghost for mast.
3 The ship hath dropped her anchor,
Is safely come to land;
The Word eternal, in likeness
Of man, on earth doth stand.

4 At Bethlehem in a stable,
To save the world forlorn
(O bless Him for His mercy),
Our Saviour Christ is born.
5 And whoso'er with gladness
Would kiss Him and adore,
Must first endure with Jesus
Great pain and anguish sore.

6 Must die with Him moreover,
And rise in flesh again,
To win that life eternal,
Which doth to Christ pertain.
Sweet was the song the Virgin sung

At a moderate pace.

Sweet was the song the Virgin sung, When she, when she to

Bethlehem came, And was deliver'd of a Son,

That blessed Jesus hath to name. Lul-la, lul-la,

lu-la, lul-la-by, Lu-la, lu-la, lu-la, lul-la-by, sweet

Babe, sung she, My Son, and eke a Saviour born,

Who hast vouch-safed from on high To visit us,

us that were for-lorn; La-hu-la, sa-lu-la, la-lu-la-

And rocked Him sweetly on her knee.

dim. e rall.
33. **Lo! a wonder-star doth shine**  
*Stella nova radiat*  
Words, and melody (in the Plinyan Mode) from the Moeburg Gradual, A.D. 1360, as given in G. M. Dreyer’s *Anthologia Hymnica medii aevi*. Versified and harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

Lo! a wonder-star doth shine, *Com•ple•ta pro•ph•e•ti•a*:

Born is our Em•man•u•el, As ’twas fore-told by Ga•bri•el, De

Vir•gi•ne Ma•ri•a: Wherefore, mas•ters, one and all, I

pray you sing a new Cho•ral, *Cum ge•ne•tri•ce pi•a.*

34. **Hail! Babe, of God the very Son**  
*O Kind, o wahrer Gottes Sohn*  
Words and melody from the *Kölnisches Gesangbuch, 1625*. Versified and harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

Hail! Babe, of God the ve•ry Son; And crib, the throne of
And stall, a Par•a•dis•e of light; And straw, like ro•ses

Sol•o•mon; Ti•ny Child in stall, Bless us, one and

all; Child in straw and hay, Cheer us on.

2. From wonderland Thou comest, Child,  
With countenance fair, meek and mild,  
Of ruddy hue and milken white,  
That doth man’s heart and soul delight.  
*Tiny Child, etc.*

3. Gold are the curls upon Thine head,  
Thine eyes are bright. Thy lips are red;  
From crown of head to sole of foot,  
Than honeycomb Thou art more sweet.  
*Tiny Child, etc.*

4. Thy limbs of ivory, snow-white,  
Are inlaid with a sapphire bright;  
The Sapphire is Thy Godhead great,  
The Ivory Thy mortal state.  
*Tiny Child, etc.*

5. *Lo! hyacinths are in Thine hand;  
No sweeter perfume in the land;  
O Babe most fair, ’tis one and all  
As if the sun shone in the stall.*  
*Tiny Child, etc.*

5. The Godhead doth Thy bosom fire,  
Grant every man his heart’s desire;  
In heav’n no greater joy can be  
Than this, Thy countenance to see.  
*Tiny Child, etc.*
35

An Infant lay within a shed

Ach! lieber Herr Jesus Christ

German words (by Heinrich v. Lousenberg, before A.D. 1430)

Englished, and Melody (of the XV Cent, in the Phrygian Mode) harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

With voices sweet in awe to Him
There sang a Quire of Seraphim,
"Praise, worship, glory," loud they cry,
"To God whose kingdom fills the sky."

By there stood a Maid en mild, Saint Mary, mother to the Child.

By. My God, my Lord... Jesus, Tis He was cradled thus.

Presenting gifts in reverence,
Of gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Then Herod King, in mood unmind,
Assayed to slay the royal Child:
Fell many a babe at his command,
But Christ was safe in Egypt's land.

When thirty years were fully past,
This Infant, He was cross'd at last,
Was dead, and buried within,
That man eternal life might win.

But, on the third day, nothing else,
He rose again, as Gospel tells:
Ascended to His Father-land,
There sitteth He at God's right hand.

Before you Babe, of high degree,
They kneel and pray on bended knee,

Come, rock the cradle for Him

Lasst uns das Kindlein wegen

Words by the Rev. G. R. Woodward, in free imitation of the abovenamed Cradle-song, Köln, A.D. 1619. Melody and harmony from the Psalterium Harmonicum, 1642, as given by Blumner.

Come, rock the cradle for Him,
Come, in the cradle adore Him,
Dull care,
pray you, bury,

Sweet little Jesus, Sweet little Jesus.

And sing, for music-number
Will hail the Babe to slumber;
Your strain be sweet and airy,
Like that of blest Mary.
Sweet little Jesus, sweet little Jesus.

Do nothing to annoy Him,
But everything to joy Him;
For sin, by night or morrow,
Would cause Him pain and sorrow.
Sweet little Jesus, sweet little Jesus.

So at your hour of dying,
This Babe, in cradle lying,
(For He is King supernatural)
Shall grant you rest eternal.
Sweet little Jesus, sweet little Jesus.
37  A day, a day of glory
Words by Dr. Neale. Tune, an old French Carol. Harmonized by Dr. Charles Wood.

A day, a day of glory! A day that ends our woe!
A day that tells of triumph Against our vanquished foe!

Yield, summer's brightest sunrise, To this December morn:
Lift up your gates, ye Princes, And let the Child be born!

2 With Gloria in excelsis
Archangels tell their mirth:
With Kyrie igitur
Men answer upon earth:
And angels swell the triumph,
And mortals raise the born,
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born.

3 He comes, His throne the manger;
He comes, His shrine the stall;
The ox and ass His courtiers,
Who made and governs all:

The "House of Bread" His birth-place,
The Prince of wine and corn:
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born.

4 Then bar the gates, that henceforth
None thus may passage win,
Because the Prince of Israel
Alone hath entered in:
The earth, the sky, the ocean
His glorious way adorn:
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born.

38  Eastern monarchs, Sages three
Tres magi de gentibus

Latin text of the XV Cent. to be found in Leshentil's Gesangbuch, A.D. 1567; Melody, from the Andernach Gesangbuch, 1608, harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

Eastern monarchs, Sages three, Come with gifts in great plente, Worship Christ on bend-ed knee—Cum Vergine Maria.

2 Gold, in honour of the King,
Incense to the Priest they bring,
Myrrh, for time of burying—Cum Virgine Maria.

3 On that dreadful day, the last,
He forgive our sinful past!
To His mercy cling we last—Cum Virgine Maria.

4 On His might (it hath no end)
All created things depend,
To His will the world must bend—Cum Virgine Maria.

5 His the praise and glory be,
Laud and honour, victorie,
Power supreme! and so sing we Cum Virgine Maria.

6 On the feast-day of His birth,
Set on thrones above the earth,
Angels chant in holy mirth Cum Virgine Maria.

7 Thus, to bless the One in Three,
Let this present company
Raise the voice of melody—Cum Virgine Maria.
39 Would'st thou magnify the story

Alle, die ihr Gott zu ehren

Words by Paul Gerhardt, translated by the Editor of these Carols.
Melody and harmony: Ebeling, 1667, as given by Zahn.

Would'st thou magnify the story Of... the Babe, the

King of glory? Eya! Eya! Eya! Eya!

Eya! Eya! Eya! Eya! Stand and hearken,

good my brother, To the song of Jesu's mother,

Nigh the cradle of her Son: "Eya! Eya!

Eya! Eya! Sleep and slumber; Sleep, sleep, Jesu, darling mine.

2 "Sleep, my Bridegroom, Son, nay rather
Son of God th'eternal Father:
Eya! Eya!
See, Thy cradle I have made Thee,
On Thy pillow gently laid Thee—
Sleep, Thou beautifullest Child.
Eya! Eya! sleep and slumber;
Sleep, my Saviour and my Babe.

3 "Sleep, Thou best of dowries golden;
Sleep, Thou Pearl of price untolden;
Eya! Eya!
Sleep, my Solace, passing metre,
Than the milk and honey sweeter:
Sleep, of hearts Thou noble Guest.
Eya! Eya! sleep and slumber;
Sleep, Thou matchless Lily-flower."
Ad cantum leticie

1. Ad can-tum le-ti-cl-e Nos in-vi-tat ho-
   2. Na-tus est E-ma-nu-el, Quem pra-di-xit Ga-
   3. Er-go no-strae con-fi-o Pas-lens cum tri-

1. Spes et a-mor pa-tri-ce Ce-le-stis.
   2. Bo-di-o, Be-ne-di-cat Do-mi-no His fe-stis.

The same in English.

1. Love and hope of heavenly rest,
   And the song of such as rest
   To-day bid us do our best
   Endeavour.

2. Born is our Emmanuel,
   As foretold by Gabriel,
   Even as doth Saint Daniel
   Asever.

3. Wherefore let th' assembly all
   Bless, in carol and choral,
   Jesus on this festival,
   And ever.

Touching grace, we Princes three

Nos respectu gracie

1. From the Marbach Hymner at Colmar, XII Cent., as given by
   Mene. Melody from the Bohemian Brothers' Book, 1566. Verified
   and harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

2 Verbum instar seminis
   Partum format virginis:
   Nihil ibi criminis.
   Per gracion, etc.

3 Latet sol in sidere,
   Oriens in vesperi,
   Artifex in opere,
   Per gracion, etc.

4 Celsus est in humilit,
   Solidus in fragili,
   Figulus in fictili.
   Per gracion, etc.

5 Venit ad nos humili,
   Lucifer mirabilis,
   Pro nobis passibilit.
   Per gracion, etc.

Ergo nostra concilio,
   Omnium plurima gaudio,
   Benedicat Domino.
   Per gracion, etc.
EASTER

43

Christ the Lord hath risen

Christ ist erstanden

Words and Tune already well-known in the XII Cent.
Harmonized chiefly by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

1. Christ the Lord hath risen From His three day

prison: Meet it is to make merrie;

Jesus will our solace be. Alleluya.

By. Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya.

2. Jesus Christ is risen:

In battle royal, wonder-strife,
Life fought with Death for very life:
The Prince of life, but three days dead,
Now reigns in bliss, our living Head.
Alleluya, Alleluya.

3. Jesus Christ is risen:

Spake, Mary Magdalen, and say,
What savest thou upon the way?
I saw His grave, and there adored
The glory of the risen Lord.
Alleluya, Alleluya.

4. Jesus Christ is risen:

Within the cave, on either hand,
I spied a white-robed Angel stand:
The napkin, linen clothes thereto,
All neatly wrapt, were there to view.
Alleluya, Alleluya.

5. Jesus Christ is risen:

My Saviour Christ, my hope, my stay,
Hath risen from the tomb to-day:
Before you into Galilee
He goeth; there ye shall Him see.
Alleluya, Alleluya.

6. Jesus Christ is risen:

We know for certain, truth to tell,
That Christ arose from death and hell:
And while Thy Paschal song we sing,
Have pity on us, Victor-King.
Alleluya, Alleluya.
45 Give ear, give ear, good Christian men!

Words written by Dr. Neale to the tune of *Homo quidam, rex nobilis*, in the *Plae Cantiones*. Harmony by the Editor.

Give ear, give ear, good Christian men! The lay is worth a

bearing; We tell how grief hath ended woe, And

fear hath finish'd fearing, And pain, that lasted

for a day, Hath brought eternal cheering!

2 Was ever battle won like this,—
Where He that lost was gaining;
And He that fell was triumphing,
And He that died was reigning:
And He that held the reed of scorn
A sceptre was obtaining;

3 The winner then had such a fall
As crush'd him down for ever:
The wise was taken in his craft,
The strong in his endeavour:
And He, the Slain, was Victor still,
And He that slew Him, never.
47  Let the merry church bells ring

Words by Dr. Neale, to the tune of "Vanitatum vanitas" in the Piae Cantiones, and harmonized by the Editor.

Let the merry church bells ring, Hence with tears and sighing;
Frost and cold have fled from Spring, Life hath conquered dying;
Flow'rs are smiling, fields are gay, Sunny is the weather: With our rising
Lord today All things rise together.

2 Let the birds sing out again,
From their leafy chapel,
Praising Him, with whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple:
Sounds of joy come fast and thick,
As the breezes flutter;
Rex resonatus, non est hic;
Is the strain they utter.

3 Let the past of grief be past;
This our comfort giveth,
He was slain on Friday last,
But to-day He liveth;
Mourning heart must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it;
Since the very grave can say, Christus resurrexit.

48  Let us tell the story

Words by Dr. Neale, to the tune of "Ave maris stella, Divinitatis cela", a Phrygian-mode Melody, to be found in the Piae Cantiones. Harmony by Rev. G. H. Palmer.

Let us tell the story, How shame led on to glory;
How the foe despising, Joy was born from sighing,
Strength from weakness, liv'ring sprang from dying; The Lord is King—the
Lord bears sway; The Lord hath made this glorious day Of Easter.

2 Now upon Mount Sion
Upriseth Judah's Lion;
Now His might He showeth,
Mighty ones o'erthrown;
Conqu'ring and to conquer, forth He goeth:
And fear's above and earth below
One common Alleluia know
At Easter.

3 Ev'ry earthly battle
Is fought with armour's rattle,
And with war-steeds prancing,
And with helmets glancing,
And with pennons in the breezes dancing:
Another foe, another fight,
Was fought before the morning light
At Easter.

4 Single warfare waging,
Embattled hosts engaging,
Hie, by none assisted,
Hie, by all resisted,
Meth and conquer'd hell for conflict listed;
On Friday last His sword He drew;
The vanquish'd foe He overthrew
At Easter.
49 The morning of Salvation

Words by Dr. Neale, to the tune of In stadio labores, an Hypodorian Mode Melody, in Plae Cantiones. Harmony by the Editor of these Carols.

The morning of Salvation, And the queen of days is here, The feast of every nation, And the feast of every year: Pardon comes, falling never. Peace is gain'd, gain'd forever: Sin no more, God and man shall sever.

For Pharaoh and our foremen, Horse and chariot, prince and slave, His spearmen and his bowmen Hurried down to dare the wave, Helmets gleam'd, trumpets sounded: Grief and joy ran confused: Horses prance'd, chariots jump'd and bounded.

All night their efforts doubled: On they came with scoff and boast: Till God look'd forth, and troubled: All the bravest of their host. Then the strong met the Stronger; Vengeance then slept no longer; Then the Wrong'd triumph'd o'er the wronger.

True Moses of Thy people; Thy renown and hard-won fame They ring from every steeple, And in every church proclaims: Victor o'er hands infernal. King amidst pow'r's supernal, Lead us on, up to joys eternal.

50 The world itself keeps Easter Day

Words by Dr. Neale, to the tune, in the Parystian Mode, of O Christe, Rex piissime, in Plae Cantiones. Harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

The world itself keeps Easter Day, And Easter larks are singing: And Easter flowers are blooming gay, And Easter bunnies springing: Alleluia, Alleluia! The Lord of all things lives anew, And all His works are rising too. In nova facies tuat.

There stood three Marys by the tomb, On Easter morning early: When day had scarcely chased the gloom, And dew was white and peary:

Alleluia, Alleluia: With loving but with erring mind, They came the Prince of life to find, Cum pro voto invente.

But earlier still the angel sped, His news of comfort giving: And "why," he said, "among the dead Thus seek ye for the living?"

Alleluia, Alleluia: "Go, tell them all, and make them blest, Tell Peter first, and then the rest," Mandatum hoc suerte.

But one, and one alone remain'd, With love that could not vary; And thus a joy past joy she gain'd, That some time sister, Mary: Alleluia, Alleluia: The first the dear, dear form to see Of Him that hung upon the tree, Pro femur salute.

The world itself keeps Easter Day, Saint Joseph's Star is beaming; Saint Alice has her primrose gay, Saint George's Bells are gleaming; Alleluia, Alleluia: The Lord hath ris'n, as all things tell: Good Christians, see ye rise as well, Divinae victrix.
51

This joyful Easter-tide

My flesh in hope shall rest,
And for a season slumber;
Till trump from east to west
Shall wake the dead in number.

Hath sprung to life this
slain, Ne'er burst His three-day pris - on, Our faith had been in

But now hath Christ a ris - en, a -
ris - en, a -

Met were they to bear and judge
Of blasphemy and treason;
O'er the ocean he had coused,
Through wast, and toll, and danger;
And he worshipp'd for his God
One cradled in a manger.

While he spake against their gods,
And temples' vain erection,
Patiently they gave him ear,
And granted him protection;
Till, with bolder voice and mien,
He preach'd the Resurrection.

Evermore, etc.

52

'Twas about the dead of night

3 Death's flood hath lost his chill,
Since Jesus cross'd the river:
Lower of souls, from ill
My passing soul deliver.
Had Christ, that once, etc.

And Athens lay in slumber;

Moon-light on the temples slept, And touch'd the rocks with um - ber;

And the court of Mars were met in grave and rev - rend num - ber.

Ev - er - more and ev - er - more, Christians, sing Al - le - lu - ya.

4 Some they scoff'd, and some they spoke
Of blasphemy and treason;
Some replied with laughter loud,
And some replied with reason;
Others put it off until
A more convenient season.
Evermore, etc.

5 Athens heard and scorn'd it then,
Now Europe hath receive'd it,
Wise men mock'd and jeer'd it once,
Now children have believe'd it:
This, good Christians, was the day
That gloriously achiev'd it.
Evermore, etc.
Winter-tide hath past away

When the sheep in peril stood,
He came in search, that Shepherd Good,
Jesus, with faithful crook:
He full fain upon the road
Pangs of torture sore did brook,
Shedding forth His precious blood,
Paid the things that men for He took.

Lord is ris'n to-day,
All, Christendom to cheer:

See the meads with flow'r,
Sheep she's spring hath thaw'd
Still, and more; Larks are singing, woods are green.
Life with Christ doth reappear.

Jesus, to save mankind forlorn

Jesus, humain generis

The silly sheep, that stray'd of old,
Now, prithee, safe and sound would be born
On Christmas morn:
Wherefore let our
Mary

1 Jesus, to save mankind forlorn, Of gentle Mary
2 The silly sheep, that stray'd of old, Now, prithee, safe and sound would be born
3 Hook, that His Manhood hid awhile, Hath caught Leviathan by guile.
That monster vile:
Christ upon the tree doth quell
Our ancient foe, the prince of hell,
Lo! Wisdom bends her kindly eye
On man debarring the company
Of Angels high:
Lily of the valley here,
God sent His Son, our way to cheer.

5 Jesus, we bless Thy Holy Name,
Thou Word of God, of noble fame,
For aye the same:
In Thy bitter Cross we find
Sweet solace for the troubled mind.

6 Jesus, God's only-gotten Son,
Forgive the sins that we have done,
Full many a one:
Wash the stain of guilt away,
Lastest be punishment for aye.

7 Thy precious Blood, we know full well,
Doth save us from our foeman fell,
And laws of hell;
An It be the Father's will,
Thy people's tears remember still.

8 O Holy Ghost, with Father, Son,
To Thee be willing homage done,
While ages run:
Grant Thy servants from above
Thy sevenfold gift of heavenly love.
55 Holy Church must raise the lay
Carmen suo dilecto

A free translation by the Rev. G. R. Woodward of an XI Cent. Sequence, given by Daniel and Mone. The melody of Castitatis spectum from Plae Cantiones, harmonized by Mr. B. Luard Selby.

2 Man unto his wife shall cleave,
Quiting father, mother;
Christ His Father's home did leave,
For the love of other:
See, O Church, the Lord of heaven,
(Synagogue forsaken)
Unto thee His truth hath given,
Thee to wife hath taken.

9 From the Bridegroom's riven side
Blood and water flowing
Sacraments pre-signified,
Grace to man bestowing:
Wooden ark dost safely cherish
Noe's sons and daughters,
While the disobedient perish
In the deluge-waters.

4 Samson until midnight lay,
Gaza's guards despising:
While men slept, he bore away
Gates and bars, arising:
David to his brethren gouth,
And, on God reliant,
With a sling and stone o'erthroweth
Goliath the giant.

5 Adam in a garden fell:
In a garden Jesus
(Second Adam He) from hell
Mostly dost release us:
Therefore, fear no more, ye mortals,
Satan, arch-deceiver:
Christ doth open Eden's portals
To the true believer.
56 Let the song be begun

Words by Dr. Neale. Melody of Personent hodie from Plae Cantiones, in the Dorian Mode, harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

Let the song be begun, For the battle is done, And the victory won: And the foe is shatter'd, And the prison shatter'd:

Sing of joy, joy, joy; Sing of joy, joy, joy;
And to-day Raise the lay, Gloria in excelsis.

2 They that follow'd in pain
Shall now follow to reign,
And the crown shall obtain;
They were sore assaulted,
They shall be exalted:
Sing of rest, rest, rest;
Sing of rest, rest, rest;
And again Pour the strain,
Gloria in excelsis.

3 For the foe nevermore
Can approach to the shore,
When the conflict is o'er;
There is joy supernatural;
There is life eternal;
Sing of peace, peace, peace;
Sing of peace, peace, peace;
Earth and skies Bid it rise
Gloria in excelsis.

4 Then be brave, then be true,
Ye despair'd and ye few,
For the crown is for you;
Christ, that went before you,
Spreads His buckler o'er you;
Sing of hope, hope, hope;
Sing of hope, hope, hope;
And to-day Raise the lay
Gloria in excelsis.

57 Sing Alleluia, all ye lands

Words by Dr. Neale. Melody of Christus pro nobis passus est, from Loastus' Psalmodia, Wittenberg, 1561, Plae Cantiones, &c. Harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

Sing Al-le-lu-ya, all ye lands! Ye floods and oceans,

clap your hands! The King returns from glorious fight, Whose

arms have shatter'd Satan's might; Our gladdest song shall

therefore be That God was reigning from the Tree.

2 The sling and five smooth stones have slain
The giant on the battle-plain:
And Holofernes' faction dread
Hath sever'd Holofernes' head:
Our chief is crown'd, for slain was He,
When God was reigning from the Tree.

3 Alone, despair'd, and set at nought,
The press He trod, the fight He fought:
Alone He crush'd the Dragon down,
And so alone He wears the crown:
The Sun is bright, the clouds must flee,
For God was reigning from the Tree.

4 Jerusalem, arise and shine!
The glory of thy Lord is thine:
The Victor's crown, the royal throne,
Are all his gift, and all thine own:
For all of his thine own shall be,
Since God was reigning from the Tree.
58 Days grow longer, sunbeams stronger

© Words by Dr. Neale. Melody of O sacres, voce parens, from Piae Cantiones, harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

Days grow longer, sunbeams stronger, Easter-tide makes all things new;

Lent is banished, sadness vanishes; Christ hath risen, rise we too!

2 Christmas meetings, Twelfth-night greetings,
Whitsun sports are glad and gay;
Let the lightest and the brightest
Of our feasts be Easter Day.

3 Earthly story crowns with glory
Him who earthily rose o'er came;
Victor's laurel ends the quarrel,
Honour dwells about his name.

4 Vanquished legions, conquer'd regions,
Kings deposed and princes bound;
Exultation, acclamation
Fill his ears and float around.

5 Then unending and transcending
Be the glory of the Son;
For transcendent and resplendent
Was the victory He hath won.

6 Death hath yielded, life is shielded,
Satan bound, and Hell in chains;
Chief is terror, fled is error,
Grief is past, and joy remains.

59 Ye heav'n's, uplift your voice

Plaudite cell

© Words, apparently of the XIV or XV Cent., from Daniel's Thesaurus Hymnologicus, to the Melody of O mentes perfidas (In the Dorian Mode) from Piae Cantiones; versified and harmonized by the Editor of this Work.

Ye heav'n's, uplift your voice; Sun, moon, and stars, rejoice; And

Ye birds, with open throat
Your gentle heads upraised,
And let the growing seed
Enamel lawn and mead.

Ye roses, inter-set
With clumps of violet.
Ye lilies white, unfold
In beds of marigold.

2 Ye flow'rs of spring, appear;
Your gentle heads upraised,
And let the growing seed
Enamel lawn and mead.

3 Ye birds, with open throat
Prolong your sweetest note;
Awake, ye blissful quires,
And strike ye merry lyres:

For why, unburst by Death,
The Lord of life and breath,
Jesus, as He fore-said,
Is risen from the dead.

4 Ye mountains, skip for glee;
Ye fountains, joyful be;
Let hill and vale around
Re-echo to the sound.

For why, unburst by Death,
The Lord of life and breath,
Jesus, as He fore-said,
Is risen from the dead.

N.B.—This tune may be sung to the well-known hymn, "There is a blessed home."
60  The world itself is blithe and gay  
Die ganze Welt, Herr Jesu Crist 
† The words and melody from the Kölnerisches Gesangbuch, 1623. 
Versified and harmonized by the Editor of these Carols.

The world itself is blithe and gay, Alleluia, Alleluia, and keeps with Jesus.

Easter-day, Alleluia, Alleluia.

† The skies with Angel-musick ring, Alleluia; 
While holy Church on earth doth sing Alleluia.

2 Our fields are deckt in vernal hue, Alleluia; 
The trees begin to bloom anew, Alleluia.

Hark! birds are singing, far and near, Alleluia; 
The nightingale 'tis joy to hear, Alleluia.

5 Now sunbeams daily stronger grow, Alleluia, 
And lend the earth a brighter glow, Alleluia.

The world itself is blithe and gay, Alleluia, 
And keeps with Jesus Easter-day. Alleluia.
62

Jesu, Who in bitter pain

† Words written for the tune of O scholares discite in Piae Cantiones.
Harmony by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

Rise on Easter morning;

Give Thy people grace, that we May from sin and

Satan flee, Sped by good endeavour:

But, to comfort Christian men,

That on Dooms-day we may rise, See Thy Sign a-thwart the

Three days after, didst again

skies, Live with Thee for ever.
ASCENSION

Christ before th' Eleven

Christ führ gen Himmel

Words written for the Melody of Christ ist erstanden, in the Dorian Mode (see Carol 43). Harmony chiefly by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

ASCENSION

God is gone up on high to-day

Cæsus ascendit hodie

† XV Cent. From the Trier Gesangbuch, 1893. Harmony by the Rev. G. H. Palmer.

To be sung in Unison.

God is gone up on high to-day. Alleluia.

Jesus the King of bliss for aye. Alleluia.

Let the alleluyas ring on high. Alleluia.

Set at the Father's own right hand, Alleluia.
Sover of sky, and sea, and land.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

The words of David, all and some, Alleluia.
In very sooth, to pass are come.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

My Lord now with the Lord doth sit, Alleluia.
High on His heavenly throne, to wit Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Now Christ hath vanquished every foe, Alleluia.

Benedicamus Domino.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

To holy Trinity give praise, Alleluia.
With Dee gracious always.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.
64 Second Tune  God is gone up on high to-day  
*Celos ascendit hodie*

† The same, set to another Melody from Corner, 1625, as given by Bäumer, and harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

To be sung in Union.

Boys.  Men.

God is gone up on high to-day: Alleluia.

Alleluia. Jesus the King of bliss for aye: Alleluia, Alleluia.

3 The words of David, all and some, Alleluia, Alleluia.

In very sooth, to pass are come, Alleluia, Alleluia.

My Lord now with the Lord doth sit, Alleluia, Alleluia.

High on His heavenly throne, to wit, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Now Christ hath vanquish’d every foe, Alleluia, Alleluia.

*Benedicamus Domino.* Alleluia, Alleluia.

To holy Trinity give praise, Alleluia, Alleluia.

With Deo gratias always, Alleluia, Alleluia.

65 First Tune  To-day we tell the story  
*Rex omnipotens die hodierna*

† Melody of *Aus meines Herrsens Grande,* David Wolder, 1598. Harmonies from a German Geangbuch.

Boys.

To-day we tell the story. How, conquer’d death and hell. Jesus, the King of glory, went up in heav’n to dwell.

But forty days full clear, Of holy church and heaven. Ven Spake He unto’ th’Elev’n. And spake as ye shall hear.

5 “Receive,” said He, “My blessing, The kiss of peace thereto: Go forth, your Lord confessing. The wide world through and through: Go sinners bind, or free; Christ in baptismal water. All Adam’s sons and daughters In Name of Trinity.

3 “At Salem here abiding, Not many days at most, According to My tiding, Wait ye the Holy Ghost: Him shall the Father send: Then go, the Gospel preaching, First Jew, then Gentile teaching To earth’s remotest end.”

4 But lo! a cloud ‘gan sunder Christ from th’ Apostles’ eyes: Him they beheld in wonder Ascending to the skies: These men of Galilee, As upward they stand gazing Upon the sight amazing, Two white-robd’ Angels see.

5 “Good Sirs, why stand ye straining Into the clear blue sky? He sits in glory reigning At God’s right hand on high:

This self-same Jesus so Shall come in clouds of glory (It is no idle story), As ye have seen Him go.”

6 Sovereign of all Thy creatures, Whom earth, sky, sea, obey, Thou after Thine own features Mankind didst form of clay: Scoot Socrat, full of guile, Led captive we poor mortals, And shut for men the portals Of Paradise awhile.

7 But see, Thy crimson raiment Dost plainly testify That Thou hast made full payment For man’s iniquity: To Paradise again, From whence we were ejected, Uplift Thy folk elected, Draw, draw us in Thy train.

8 Christ, at Thy next appearing, To deem the quick and dead, May words to work our cheering To us by Thee be said: Where seemly Angels sing ’Mid realms of light supernal, May we in songs eternal Praise Thee, of heaven King.
To-day we tell the story

Rex omnipotens die homina

1. Sequence of the XI Cent., probably by Hymn CONTRACT. Melody of Von Gott will ich nicht lassen, from Joachim Magdeburg's Tischgesänge, 1572, as given by Layris.

2. "Receive," said He, "My blessing,
The kiss of peace thereto;
Go forth, your Lord confessing
The world through and through:
Go sinners bind, or free;
Cleanse in baptismal waters
All Adam's sons and daughters
In Name of Trinity.

3. "At Salem here abiding,
Not many days at most,
According to My tiding,
Wait ye the Holy Ghost:
Him shall the Father send;
Then go, the Gospel preaching,
First Jew, then Gentile teaching
To earth's remotest end."

4. But lo! a cloud 'gan sunder
Christ from th' Apostles' eyes:
Him they behold in wonder
Ascending to the skies:
These men of Galilee,
As upward they stand gazing
Upon the sight amazing,
Two white-robed Angels see.

5. "Good sirs, why stand ye straining
Into the clear blue sky?
He sits in glory reigning
At God's right hand on high:
This self-same Jesus so
Shall come in clouds of glory
(‘Tis no idle story)
As ye have seen Him go."

6. Sovran of all Thy creatures,
Whom earth, sky, sea, obey,
Thou after Thine own features
Mankind dist form of clay:
Soon Satan, full of guile,
Led captive us poor mortals,
And shut for men the portals
Of Paradise awhile.

7. But see, Thy crimson raiment
Doth plainly testify
That Thou hast made full payment
For man's iniquity:

8. Christ, at Thy next appearing,
To deem the quick and dead,
May words to work our cheering
To us by Thee be said:
Where seemly Angels sing
Mid realms of light supernal,
May we in songs eternal
Praise Thee, of heaven King.

To Paradise again,
From whence we were ejected,
Uplift Thy folk elected,
Draw, draw us in Thy train.

To-day we tell the story,

Rex omnipotens die homina