

[1] Once in royal David's city

Music: H.J. Gauntlett (1805-76), Vv. 1-5
harmonised by A.H. Mann (1850-1929);
V. 6 arr. David Willcocks (b.1919)
Words: C.F. Alexander (1818-95)

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ, her little Child.

He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heav'n above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

[2] My Dancing Day

Music: Trad. English, arr. Bob Chilcott (b. 1955)
Words: Trad. English

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day;
I would my true love did so chance
To see the legend of my play,
To call my true love to my dance.

Chorus:

Sing, O my love, O my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

Then was I born of a virgin pure;
Of her I took fleshly substance.
Thus was I knit to man's nature,
To call my true love to my dance.

(Chorus)

In a manger laid and wrapped I was,
So very poor, this was my chance,
Betwixt an ox and a silly poor ass,
To call my true love to my dance.

(Chorus)**[3] What Child Is This?**

Music: Trad. English, arr. Paul Halley (b. 1952)
Words: W.C. Dix (1837-98)

What child is this, who, laid to rest,
on Mary's lap is sleeping,
whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
while shepherds watch are keeping?

Refrain:

This, this is Christ the King,
whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
haste, haste to bring him laud,
the babe, the son of Mary.

Why lies he in such mean estate
where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christians, fear, for sinners here
the silent Word is pleading.

(Refrain)

So bring him incense, gold, and myrrh,
come, peasant, king, to own him;
the King of kings salvation brings,
let loving hearts enthrone him.

(Refrain)**[4] A Boy Was Born**

Music: Benjamin Britten (1913-67)
Words: 16th c. German,
tr. Percy Dearmer (1867-1936)

A Boy was Born in Bethlehem;
Rejoice for that, Jerusalem!
Alleluya.

He let himself a servant be,
That all mankind he might set free:
Alleluya.

Then praise the Word of God who came
To dwell within a human frame:
Alleluya.

[5] The holly and the ivy

Music: Stuart Thompson (b. 1969)
Words: Trad. English

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown:

Refrain:

The rising of the sun
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.
The holly bears a blossom,
As white as the lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet saviour.

(Refrain)

The holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good:

(Refrain)

The holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas Day in the morn.

(Refrain)

The holly bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all:

(Refrain)**[6] Who is He in Yonder Stall**

Music: Robert H. Young (b. 1923)
Words: Benjamin Russell Hanby (1833-67)

Who is He in yonder stall,
at whose feet the shepherds fall?
'Tis the Lord, O wondrous story,
'tis the Lord, the King of glory.
At his feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

Who is He, who stands and weeps,
at the grave where Laz'rus sleeps?
'Tis the Lord, O wondrous story,
'tis the Lord, the King of glory.
At his feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!
Who is He in Calvary's throes,
asks for blessings on His foes?
'Tis the Lord, O wondrous story,
'tis the Lord, the King of glory.
At his feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

Who is He who from the grave
comes to seek and help and save?
It is the Lord, O wondrous story,
'tis the Lord, the King of glory.
At his feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

[7] Nesciens mater virgo virum

Music: Jean Mouton (c. 1459-1522),
Words: Antiphon for the Octave of the Nativity

Nesciens mater virgo virum
peperit sine dolore salvatorem saeculorum;
ipsum Regem angelorum sola virgo lactabat,
ubera de caelo plena.

*(Not knowing a man, the Virgin Mother
Brought forth, without pain, the Saviour of the World,
The king of angels, suckled by the Virgin,
With milk from Heaven.)*

[8] Away in a Manger

Music: W.J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921),
arr. Bob Chilcott (b. 1955)
Words: Anon. (19th c. American)

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus lay down his sweet head;
The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,
And stay by my side till morning is nigh.
Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask thee to stay
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven to live with thee there.

[9] Ding dong! Merrily on high

Music: 16th c. French, arr. Mack Wilberg (b. 1955)
Words: G.R. Woodward (1848-1934)

Ding dong! merrily on high,
In heav'n the bells are ringing:
Ding dong! verily the sky
Is riv'n with angel 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;
May you beautifully rhyme
Your evetime song, ye singers.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

[10] O Holy Night

Music: Adolphe Adam (1803-56)
Words: John Sullivan Dwight (1813-93)

O holy night! the stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of our dear Saviour's birth;
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope the weary soul rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn;
Fall on your knees, Oh, hear the angel voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was born!
O night, O holy night, O night divine!

Truly He taught us to love one another;
His law is love and His gospel is peace.
Chains shall He break, for the slave is our brother,
And in His Name all oppression shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,
Let all within us praise His holy name;
Christ is the Lord, Oh, praise His name forever!
His pow'r and glory evermore proclaim!
His pow'r and glory evermore proclaim!

[11] Adam lay y-bounden

Music: Howard Skempton (b. 1947)
Words: Anon. English carol

Adam lay y-bounden,
Bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter
Thought he not too long.
And all was for an apple,
An apple that he took,
As clerkes finden written

In their book.
 Nor had one apple taken been,
 The apple taken been,
 Then had never Our Lady
 A-been heaven's queen.
 Blessed be the time
 That apple taken was.
 Therefore we may singen
Deo gratias!

[12] Ecce concipies

Music: Mark Sirett (b. 1952)
 Words: Luke 1: 31-33

Ecce concipies, et paries filium,
 et vocabis nomen eius Jesum.
 Hic erit magnus, et Filius Altissimi vocabitur.
 Super solium David,
 et super regnum eius sedebit,
 et regnabit in domo Jacob in aeternum:
 Et regni eius non erit finis.

(And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David: And he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end.)

[13] Rocking

Music: John Tavener (1944-2013)
 Words: Trad. Czech, tr. Percy Dearmer (1867-1936)

Little Jesus, sweetly sleep, do not stir;
 We will lend a coat of fur,
 We will rock you, rock you, rock you,
 We will rock you, rock you, rock you,
 See the fur to keep you warm,
 Snugly round your tiny form.

Mary's little baby, sleep, sweetly sleep,
 Sleep in comfort, slumber deep;
 We will rock you, rock you, rock you,
 We will rock you, rock you, rock you,
 We will serve you all we can,
 Darling, darling little man.

[14] Gabriel's Message

Music: Trad. Basque, arr. Gerald Brown
 Words: Trad. Basque (based on Luke 1.46-55)

The angel Gabriel from Heaven came,
 His wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame;
 "All hail," said he, "thou lowly maiden Mary,
 Most highly favour'd lady," Gloria.

"For known a blessed Mother thou shalt be,
 All generations laud and honour thee,
 Thy son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold.
 Most highly favour'd lady," Gloria.

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head,
 "To me be as it pleaseth God," she said,
 My soul shall laud and magnify His Holy Name."
 Most highly favour'd lady, Gloria.

Of her, Emmanuel, the Christ, was born
 In Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn,
 And Christian folk throughout the world will ever say

Most highly favour'd lady. Gloria!

[15] I Wonder as I Wander

Music: Trad. Appalachian, arr. Leonard Enns (b. 1948); Words: Trad. Appalachian

I wonder as I wander out under the sky
 how Jesus the Saviour did come for to die
 for poor or'n'ry people like you and like I.
 I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

When Mary birthed Jesus, all in a cow's stall,
 came wise men and farmers and shepherds and all
 and high from God's heav'ns, a star's light did fall;
 the promise of ages it then did recall.

If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing
 a star in the sky or a bird on the wing,
 or all of God's Angels in heav'n for to sing,
 He surely could have had it, 'cause he was the king.

I wonder as I wander out under the sky
 how Jesus the Saviour did come for to die
 for poor or'n'ry people like you and like I.
 I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

[16] There is a Flower

Music: John Rutter (b. 1945)
 Words: John Audelay (15th c.)

There is a flow'r sprung of a tree,
 The root thereof is called Jesse,
 A flow'r of price;
 There is none such in paradise.

This flow'r is fair and fresh of hue.
 It fadeth never, but ever is new;
 The blessed branch this flow'r on grew
 Was Mary mild that bare Jesu;
 A flow'r of grace;
 Against all sorrow it is solace.

The seed hereof was Goddes sand (gift),
 That God himself sowed with his hand,
 In Nazareth that holy land,
 Amidst her arbour a maiden found;
 This blessed flow'r
 Sprang never but in Mary's bower.

When Gabriel this maid did meet,
 With 'Ave Maria' he did her greet;
 Between them two this flow'r was set
 And safe was kept, no man should wit,
 Till on a day
 In Bethlehem
 It could spread and spray.

When that fair flow'r began to spread
 And his sweet blossom began to bed (bud),
 Then rich and poor of ev'ry land
 They marvelled how this flow'r might spread.
 Till kinges three
 That blessed flower came to see.
 Alleluia.

Angels there came from heaven's tower
 To look upon this freshele flow'r,
 How fair he was in his colour
 And how sweet in his savour;
 And to behold

How such a flow'r might spring in gold.

There is a flow'r sprung of a tree,
The root there of is called Jesse,
A flow'r of price
There is none such in paradise.

[17] Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

Music: Michael Praetorius (1571-1621) /
Jan Sandström (b. 1954)
Words: Theodore Baker (1851-1934)

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming
from tender stem hath sprung!

Of Jesse's lineage coming,
as men of old have sung.

It came, a floweret bright,
amid the cold of winter,

When half spent was the night.

[18] The First Nowell

Music: Paul Halley (b. 1952)
Words: Trad. English

The first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields as they lay, keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Refrain:

*Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
born is the King of Israel!*

They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the east beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

(Refrain)

And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a king was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

(Refrain)

This star drew nigh to the northwest,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

(Refrain)

Then entered in those wise men three
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in his presence
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

(Refrain)

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heav'nly Lord;
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with his blood mankind hath bought.

(Refrain)