CHRISTMAS-TIDE CAROLS

(FIRST SERIES)

THE WORDS BY
REV. BERNARD REYNOLDS
PREBENDARY OF S. PAUL'S

THE MUSIC
(Old Breton Melodies)
HARMONIZED BY
GEORGE C. MARTIN
ORGANIST OF S. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
WORDS ONLY, ONE PENNY.

25
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Hail! Christmas Bells.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Andante.

Hail! Christmas bells, to peace inviting! Send far and wide your welcome sound; Glad angel songs with ours uniting, Spread peace and happiness around. Spread peace and happiness around.

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Erst on this night the Virgin holy,
Sought shelter kind in David's town;
Tired were her feet and wandering slowly,
Where may she lay her burden down?
Where may she lay her burden down?

Kings were her sires of God anointed,
Room for the maid of royal kin!
What home for her hath been appointed?
'Tis but a cave beneath an inn,
'Tis but a cave beneath an inn.

Cold was the world's unkindly greeting,
Whilst angels flood the night with song:
Choir unto choir God's praise repeating,
Born upon earth to right all wrong,
Born upon earth to right all wrong.

Praises with them mankind is blending,
Praises on Christmas Eve we sing,
Praise let us give to Christ unending,
Praise with the angel host our King,
Praise with the angel host our King.

(3)
O'er her Child the Virgin weeps.

CHRISTMASTIDE.

She her faithful vigil keeps,
She will guard her Son from danger,
Though her heart with anguish leaps.

2 Tears are falling o'er His head,
Mother's tears of all the dearest;
Hands she clasps the round His bed,
For this night God's voice hath said—
"Seek the road that lieth nearest,
E'er the eastern sky is red."

3 "O my loved One!" hear her cry,
"Why should wicked men alarm Thee
Herod bids that Thou should'st die,
Soldiers stern in waiting lie,
If they saw Thee could they harm Thee,
Thou, the Son of God most High?"

4 Through black clouds the morning breaks;
To her heart her Child she presseth:
E'er from baby sleep He wakes
Hurried flight towards Egypt takes,
And the God of Israel blesseth
Who the lowly ne'er forsakes.

5 "Safe, oh safe," with joy she cries;
"Safe from Herod's wrathful madness,"
Wide around the desert lies,
Quivering under cloudless skies,
God hath filled her heart with gladness,
And her fear with darkness dies.
The Stars are bright.

HOLY INNOCENTS' DAY.

Andante e dolce.

The stars are bright o'er Bethlehem, As shine in

some fair diadem, The jewels loved by sons of Shem.

2 But mothers weep in Bethlehem,
As mothers wept in ancient Kem,
When God's dread angel passed o'er them.

3 For blood is sprinkled on the doors,
And blood is darkening on the floors,
And wrath, like Abel's blood, implores.

4 For he who weareth David's crown
Hath trodden David's children down,
And filled with wailing David's town.

5 Blessed Innocents for Jesus' sake,
Unwitting sacrifices make,
And in good angels' arms awake.

6 And God Who wipeth tears away
Hath placed them in the bright array
Of those who praise Him night and day.

7 And mothers weeping children dead,
Who died in their Redeemer's stead,
By God Himself are comforted.

(5)
On this day was born Jesus, very early,
Shepherds watching by their sheepfolds, saw a wondrous
ere 'twas light,
vision bright;
For the gates of heav'n were open'd,
	
and from out their portals fair,
The angelic
	
song of seraphs floated down the morning air.

(6)
2.

So for ever and for ever shall this Christmas Day be glad,
And with ivy and with holly are our homes and churches clad;
Lordly palace, humble cottage, both alike are blithe and gay
For 'tis glory be to Jesus, Who was born on Christmas Day.

3.

In his palace sat King Herod, and his face was stern and grim,
For there came three Eastern sages, and they wanted news from him
Of a King all kings surpassing, for His star appeared to them,
And across the golden desert had they sought Jerusalem.

4.

Scribe and priest before King Herod straight their antient scrolls unrolled,
And they found it had been written by prophetic seer of old
That in Bethlehem of Judah, of a Virgin should be born,
From the line of good King David, Christ to save this world forlorn.

5.

Then rejoice with mage and shepherd, at the good news angels bring,
Lift on high your alleluias, songs and carols let us sing;
Rich and poor, and young and aged, raise to heaven your joyful lay,
For 'tis glory be to Jesus, Who was born on Christmas Day.
Glad hymns with one accord.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Allegro.

Glad hymns with one accord, We raise to Christ our Lord,

We praise His wondrous birth Who came from heav'n to earth,

And left His Father's throne To come unto His own.

And all the world is gay, For Christ is born today.

(8)
2 E'en those who love Him not
   Good gifts from Him have got,
For all, both good and bad
At Christmas time are glad,
E'en though no song of praise
For His great love they raise.
And all the world is gay,
For Christ is born to-day.

3 From out the ice-bound north
Glad songs are sounding forth,
And torrid Asia's plain
Takes up the gladsome strain,
And ocean isles afar
With us rejoicing are.
And all the world is gay,
For Christ is born to-day.

4 For God's great gift to men
   Let us do good again,
And help the sick and sad,
And make the mourners glad;
And pray for those who fall
To God Who loveth all.
For all the world is gay,
For Christ is born to-day.

5 Around us while we sing
   Are poised on noiseless wing,
God's angel host unseen—
High heaven and earth between;
And in the music float
Of tuneful organ note.
For heaven and earth are gay,
For Christ is born to-day.

(9)
Outside the city gates.

S. STEPHEN'S DAY.

Allegro.

Outside the city gates... an eager crowd is

wending, With frantic rage possessed, their

garments wildly rend-ing, And only one is

calm... his hands to heaven extending.

(10)
2.
And heeding not their rage, small care for life he taketh,
But with his dying breath a prayer for them he maketh,
As o'er his bloodstained face the light of morning breaketh.

3.
He sees beyond the stars, such sight was ne'er beholden
By mortal eyes before; he sees the portal golden
Of heaven, and angel hosts his wondering soul embolden.

4.
Such hosts as Jacob saw on Bethel's lofty ladder:—
On earth another host, than wolves of Edom madder,
When men for man's blood thirst, no sight on earth is sadder.

5.
He thinketh nought of earth, all heaven is shining o'er him;
Nor word nor look for earth; yet one who stands before him,
Whose eager face he scans, shall recompense restore him.

6.
But once their eyes have met, and yet that look for ever
Shall haunt the soul of Saul—to be forgotten never,
That "angel's face" from him, nor life, nor death shall sever.

7.
While Christmas songs are sung, and Christmas bells are swinging,
Comes Blessed Stephen's Day: thus pain with gladness mingling,
The world with echo faint, a dirge is vainly ringing.

( II )
On Asia Minor's sunny shore.

S. JOHN'S DAY.

Andante con moto.

On Asia Minor's sunny shore

City stood of wondrous fame,

Marble reared by kings of yore

Great Diana's mighty name...

(12)
2 Where now the solemn sea-birds make
'Mid reed and rush their silent home;
And jackals hungry wanderings take,
As o'er the moonlit sands they roam.

3 But ere her lordliness was gone,
And ere her royal temple fell,
There lived the blest Apostle John,
Whom Jesus Christ had loved so well.

4 So old, a hundred winters' rime
Had silvered o'er his snow-white hair;
He seemed almost as old as Time,
And yet he bore no marks of care.

5 His aged hands in some good deed
Of charity and kindliness
Were active still where'er was need,
And when they could not work would bless.

6 Disciples crowded at his side,
And evermore he told to them
How Jesus loved, and worked, and died,
In desolate Jerusalem.

7 So, loved and loving till the last,
At length he laid him down to rest;
To Paradise he calmly past,
Once more to lie on Jesu's breast.

(13)
Across the desert sands by night.

HOLY INNOCENTS' DAY.

Allegretto.

Across the desert sands by night His journey Joseph taketh; At God's command his hasty flight; With anxious speed he maketh, And

(14)
2 For Herod seeks the child to slay
   And grudgeth e'en a manger,
Thus early Christ is driven away,
   A King, and yet a stranger;
   A Babe, and yet in danger.

3 At Herod's court the noise is heard
   Of soldiers swiftly arming:
Have heralds come to bring him word
   Of night-attack alarming?
   Of foes his country harming?

4 He hears that Christ the King is born;
   With craven fear he quaketh:
His armament God puts to scorn,
   Nor heeds the care he taketh,
   Nor heeds the speed he maketh.

5 But nought can harm that holy Child,
   For angels watch are keeping;
And nought can harm that mother mild,
   Who sadly goes and weeping,
   And folds her infant sleeping.

6 He slays the babes of Bethlehem,
   Her children, Rachel weepeth;
But God great honour gives to them
   Their souls He safely keepeth,
   Who slumbereth not nor sleepeth.
# Christmas Carols

**NEW AND OLD**

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**SIR JOHN STAINER, M.A., Mus. Doc.**

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