

THE NAXOS BOOK OF CAROLS

I. THE HOPE

1 O come, o come, Emmanuel

Veni, veni, Emanuel,
captivum solve Israel,
qui gemit in exilio,
privatus Dei Filio.
*Gaude! gaude! Emanuel
nascetur pro te, Israel.*

O come, O come, Thou Wisdom, come,
the Father's own beloved Son,
Thy Voice at the beginning heard:
teach us to love Thy faithful Word.
*Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
shall come to thee, O Israel.*

O come, Adonai, sovereign Lord,
Whom Moses on the mount adored,
to Israel Thou didst give the Law
in cloud, and majesty and awe.
Rejoice!...

O come, Thou Root of Jesse, show
the ensign of Thy folk below;
hear Thou Thy people when they call,
and kings who at Thy feet must fall.
Rejoice!...

O come, Thou Key of David, close
the door of Hell, so none oppose;
open at last Thy kingdom reign
and free the pris'ner from his chain.
Rejoice!...

O come, Thou Dayspring from on high,
Thou Sun of righteousness, be nigh,
disperse the gloomy clouds of night;
make death's dark shadows flee Thy Light.
Rejoice!...

O come, Thou King of nations, come,
Thou Cornerstone, Which makest one;
but dust and ashes at Thy feet,
now raise us to Thy mercy-seat.
Rejoice!...

O come, O come, Emmanuel,
and ransom captive Israel,
that mourns in lonely exile here
until the Son of God appear.
*Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
shall come to thee, O Israel.*

2 Of the Father's heart begotten

Of the Father's heart begotten
ere the worlds began to be
He is Alpha and Omega
He the source, the ending He
of the things that are, that have been,
and that future years shall see:
evermore and evermore.

At His Word was all created:
He commanded and 'twas done,
heav'n and earth and depths of ocean
in their threefold order one,
spirit, soul and body He made
in His image everyone
evermore and evermore.

Then Himself in human nature
deigned to take, and death to bear
that all Adam's countless children
might His life divine now share;
we whom by the Law were promised
no reward but bleak despair:
evermore and evermore.

O that birth for ever blessed
when the Virgin full of grace
by the Holy Ghost conceiving
bore the Saviour of our race,
and the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
first reveal'd His sacred Face
evermore and evermore.

O ye heights of heaven, adore Him,
angel hosts, His praises sing;
Powers, dominions, bow before Him,
and extol our God and King;
let no tongue on earth be silent:
every voice in concert ring:
evermore and evermore.

This is He whom seer and sibyl
chanted of with one accord,
Whose appearing long the prophets
ancient Israel assured;
now He shines, the long-expected;
let the world now praise the Lord:
evermore and evermore.

[Hail, Great Judge of souls departed,
Hail, Great King of ev'ry land,
to the Father's Throne ascended,
with a shout from His right hand
Thou shalt come and bring Thy justice:
evil shall no longer stand
evermore and evermore.]

[Old and young men join in chorus,
lips of infants bring Thee praise,
mothers, maidens, raise your voices,
sing in joy for endless days,
may the righteous song resounding
echo our harmonious lays
evermore and evermore.]

Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
and, O Holy Ghost, to Thee
hymn, and song, and high thanksgiving
and unwearied praises be:
power, dominion, and all honour;
Glory to our God, to Thee:
evermore and evermore.

3 O quickly come

O quickly come, dread Judge of all!
for awful though Thine advent be,
all shadows from the truth will fall,
and falsehood die, in sight of Thee.
O quickly come: for doubt and fear
like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

O quickly come, great King of all!
reign all around us and within:
let sin no more our souls enthrall,
let pain and sorrow die with sin.
O quickly come: for Thou alone
canst make Thy scattered people one.

O quickly come, true Life of all!
for death is mighty all around;
on ev'ry home his shadows fall,
on ev'ry heart his mark is found.

O quickly come: for grief and pain
can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

O quickly come, sure Light of all!
and drive the gloomy night away!
lest haply weakly souls should fall
with weary watching for the day.
O quickly come: for round Thy throne
no eye is blind, no night is known.

O Blessed Saviour, Love of Love!
O Father, Fount of life and light!
O Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove!
to Thee be glory, praise, and might.
God of our fathers, One in Three,
with angel hosts we worship Thee.

4 Verbum Patris umanatur, O, O

Verbum Patris umanatur, O, O,
dum puella salutatur, O, O,
salutata fecundatur,
viri nescia,
*eya, eya, eya,
nova gaudia.*

Novus modus geniture, O, O,
sed excedens ius nature, O, O,
dum unitur creatura
Creans omnia,
eya,...

Audi partum praeter morem, O, O,
virgo parit Salvatorem, O, O,
creatura Creatorem
Patrem filia,
eya,...

Homo Deus nobis datur, O, O,
datus nobis demonstratur, O, O,
dum pax terris nunciatur,
celis gloria.
eya,...

5 Lo! He comes

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
once the Lamb for sinners slain:
thousand thousand saints attending
swell the triumph of His train.
Hallelujah!
Christ appears on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him,
robed in dreadful majesty;
they who set at nought and sold Him,
pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
deeply wailing,
shall the true Messiah see.

Those dear tokens of His passion
still His dazzling body bears,
cause of endless exultation
to His ransomed worshippers:
with what rapture,
gaze we on those glorious scars.

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
high on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take Thy power and glory,
claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
Hallelujah!
come and make Thy glory known.

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II. THE MESSAGE

6 The holly and the ivy

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.

*The rising of the sun,
the running of the deer,
the playing of the merry organ,
sweet singing [all] in the choir.*

The holly bears a blossom
as white as any flower,
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
to be our sweet Saviour.
The rising of the sun...

The holly bears a berry
as red as any blood,
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
to do poor sinners good.
The rising of the sun...

The holly bears a prickle
as sharp as any thorn
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
on Christmas Day in the morn.
The rising of the sun...

The holly bears a bark
as bitter as any gall
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
for to redeem us all.
The rising of the sun...

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.

7 Lo, there a Rose is blooming

Lo, there a Rose is blooming
on green and tender stem,
from Jesse's root descending;
to prophecies an end.
Immaculate, this Flower
in deepest, darkest winter
springs forth at midnight hour.

The little Rose I speak of
Isaiah hath foretold:
'tis Maiden Mary's firstborn,
yet He hath been of old.
She bore this Flower for us,
obeying God's good purpose:
the virgin's Child Jesus.

A great and mighty wonder
that such a thing should be:
the Lord whose voice doth thunder,
yet Mary's baby He;
and one day He shall stand,
as Jesse's Root triumphant,
forever God and Man.

8 Alleluya – a new work

A new work is close at hand,
through might and grace of God's own Son,
to save the lost of every land *Alleluya!*
for now is free that first was bound:
we well may sing *Alleluya!*
Alleluya!

By Gabriel begun it was,
just as the sun shone through the glass,
so Jesus Christ conceived was *Alleluya!*
through Mary, full of grace, did pass:
now sing we here: *Alleluya!*
Alleluya!

Now is fulfill'd the prophecy,
of David and of Jeremy,
as also did Isaiah see *Alleluya!*
sing we therefore both loud and free:
Alleluya! Alleluya! Alleluya!

9 Ding! dong! merrily on high

Ding! dong! merrily on high
in heav'n the bells are ringing;
ding! dong! verily the sky
is riv'n with angels singing:
Gloria! Hosanna in excelsis!

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!

Pray you, dutifully prime
your matin chime, ye ringers;
may you beautifully rhyme
your evetime song, ye singers:
Gloria! Hosanna in excelsis!

10 While shepherds watched

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
all seated on the ground,
the angel of the Lord came down,
and glory shone around.

"Fear not", said he, (for mighty dread
had seized their troubled mind),
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
to you and all mankind."

"To you in David's town this day
is born of David's line
the Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
and this shall be the sign:

"The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
to human view displayed,
all meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
and in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
appeared a shining throng
of angels praising God, and thus
addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
and to the earth be peace,
Goodwill henceforth from heav'n to men
begin and never cease."

11 The Song of Angels

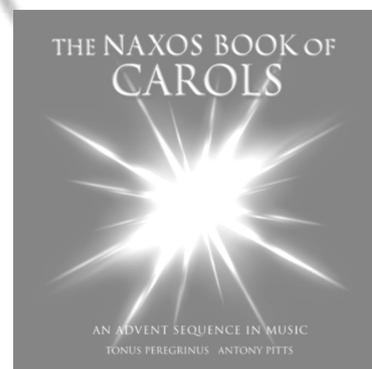
Thus angels sung, and thus sing we;
to God on high all glory be:
let Him on Earth His Peace bestowe,
and unto men His favour show.

12 Hark, the herald angels sing

Hark! the herald angels sing:
Glory to the newborn King!
peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
join the triumph of the skies;
with th'angelic host proclaim:
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
*Hark! the herald angels sing:
Glory to the newborn King!*

Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold Him come,
offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th'incarnate Deity!
pleased, as Man, with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark!...

Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
light and life to all He brings,
risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
born that man no more may die,
born to raise the sons of earth,
born to give them second birth.
Hark!...



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III. THE BABY

13 Silent night

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,
heav'nly hosts singing Alleluia:
Christ the Saviour 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!

14 Away in a manger

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
the little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the night 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 until 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.

15 Baby Jesus, hush! now sleep

Baby Jesus, hush! now sleep,
close Your eyes now, not a peep.
We will rock You, ever-faithful,
gently rock Your manger-cradle;
Baby Jesus, hush! now sleep,
close Your eyes now, not a peep.

O my darling, hush! now sleep,
safely in Your parents' keep.
We will rock You, ever-faithful,
gently rock Your manger-cradle;
O my darling, hush! now sleep,
safely in Your parents' keep.

Jesu, Saviour, hush! now sleep,
one day You'll see Mummy weep.
We will rock You, ever-faithful,
gently rock Your manger-cradle;
Jesu, Saviour, hush! now sleep,
one day You'll see Mummy weep.

16 O little town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem,
how still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
the silent stars go by:
yet in thy dark streets shineth
the everlasting Light:
the hopes and fears of all the years
are met in thee tonight.

O morning stars, together
proclaim the holy birth,
and praises sing to God the King,
and peace to men on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary;
and gathered all above,
while mortals sleep, the angels keep
their watch of wond'ring love.

How silently, how silently,
the wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
the blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
but in this world of sin,
where meek souls will receive Him, still
the dear Christ enters in.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
descend to us, we pray;
cast out our sin, and enter in:
be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
the great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
our Lord Immanuel.

17 Jesu, the very thought is sweet

Jesu! the very thought is sweet;
in that dear Name all heartjoys meet;
but oh! than honey sweeter far
the glimpses of His Presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this,
no sound is heard more full of bliss,
no thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
than Jesus, Son of God most High.

Jesu, the hope of souls forlorn,
how good to them for sin that mourn!
to them that seek Thee, oh how kind!
but what art Thou to them that find?

No tongue of mortal can express,
no pen can write the blessedness,
he only who hath proved it knows
what bliss from love of Jesus flows.

O Jesu, King of wondrous might!
O Victor, glorious from the fight!
sweetness that may not be express'd,
and altogether loveliest!

18 O come, all ye faithful

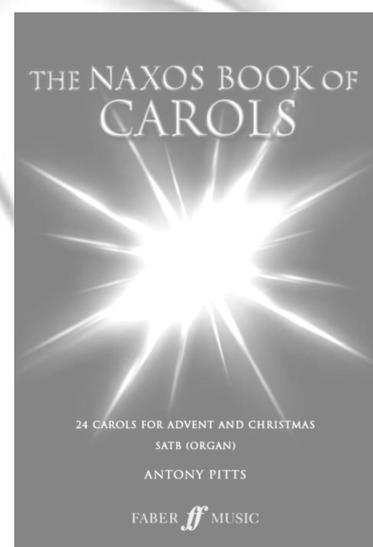
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, 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;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.



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IV. THE KING OF KINGS

19 Personent hodie

Personent hodie
voces puerulae
laudantes iucunde
Qui nobis est natus,
Summo Deo datus
et de virgineo
ventre procreatus.

In mundo nascitur,
pannis involvitur,
praesepi ponitur
stabulo brutorum,
Rector supernorum,
perdidit spolia
princeps infernorum.

Magi tres venerunt,
munera offerunt,
parvulum inquirunt,
stellulam sequendo,
ipsum adorando,
aurum, thus, et myrrham
ei offerendo.

Omnes clericuli,
pariter pueri
cantent ut angeli,
"Advenisti mundo,
laudes tibi fundo,
ideo gloria
in excelsis Deo."

20 In dulci jubilo

In dulci jubilo,
*let us rejoicing go,
to our dearest treasure there
in praesepio
bright shining our dear Saviour,
matris in gremio –
Alpha es et O.*

O Jesu parvule
*if we might with You stay;
comfort where You find us,
O Puer optime;
there by Your loving-kindness,
O Princeps Gloruae,
trahe me post Te.*

O Patris caritas,
O Nati lenitas
*we were lost for ever,
per nostra crimina,
but You have opened heaven,
coelorum gaudia –
there our heart's desire.*

Ubi sunt gaudia?
*To see You as You are;
there the angels singing the Good News,
nova cantica,
and there the bells are ringing
in Regis curia,
there at last we are!*

21 Good King Wenceslas

Good King Wenceslas looked out
on the Feast of Stephen,
when the snow lay round about,
deep and crisp and even;
brightly shone the moon that night,
though the frost was cruel,
when a poor man came in sight,
gathering winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
if thou knowest 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:
thou and I will see him dine,
when we bear them thither."
Page and monarch, forth they went,
forth they went together;
through the rude wind's wild lament
and the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
and the wind blows stronger;
fails my heart, I know not how:
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, good my page,
tread thou in them boldly:
thou shalt find the winter's rage
freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
where the snow lay dinted;
heat was in the very sod
which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
wealth or rank possessing,
ye who now will bless the poor
shall yourselves find blessing.

22 We three kings of Orient are

We three kings of Orient are,
bearing gifts we traverse afar,
field and fountain, moor and mountain,
following yonder star.
*O star of wonder, star of night,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to your perfect light.*

"Born a king on Bethlehem plain,
gold I bring to crown Him again,
King for ever, ceasing never,
over us all to reign."
O star of wonder...

"Frankincense to offer have I,
incense owns a Deity nigh;
prayer and praising all men raising,
worship Him, God most High."
O star of wonder...

"Myrrh is mine: its bitter perfume
breathes a life of gathering gloom;
sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
sealed in the stone-cold tomb."
O star of wonder...

Glorious now behold Him arise:
King and God and sacrifice;
Heaven sing "Alleluia",
"Alleluia" the earth replies.
O star of wonder...

23 I saw three ships come sailing in

I saw three ships come sailing in
on Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
I saw three ships come sailing in
on Christmas Day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three?

Our Saviour Christ and His Lady

Pray, whither sailed those ships all three?

O, they sailed into Bethlehem

And all the bells on earth shall ring

And all the souls on earth shall sing

And all the angels in heaven shall sing

Then let us all rejoice amain

24 Hail to the Lord's Anointed

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
to set the captive free;
to take away transgression,
and rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy
to those who suffer wrong;
to help the poor and needy,
and bid the weak be strong;
to give them songs for sighing,
their darkness turn to light,
whose souls, condemned and dying,
were precious in His sight.

He shall come down like showers
upon the fruitful earth,
and love, joy, hope, like flowers,
spring in His path to birth:
before Him on the mountains
shall peace, the herald go;
and righteousness in fountains
from hill to valley flow.

Kings shall bow down before Him,
and gold and incense bring;
all nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
for He shall have dominion
o'er river, sea, and shore:
far as the eagle's pinion
or dove's light wing can soar.

O'er every foe victorious
He on His throne shall rest,
from age to age more glorious,
all-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of Time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
that Name to us is Love.