

DING DONG! MERRILY ON HIGH

(Text G R Woodward)

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 rime  
your evetime song, ye singers.  
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

DAGEN ÄR KOMMEN

KÖR:  
Dagen är kommen,  
kärlek triumferar.  
Kom, låt oss skynda till Betlehem,  
Hälsad av änglar  
Krist är född till jorden.

O kom, låt oss tillbedja,  
o kom, låt oss tillbedja,  
o kom, låt oss tillbedja,  
vår Herre Krist.

Gud av Gud fader,  
ljus av ljusens källa,  
Människoson av Maria född.  
Så Gud sin kärlek  
för all världen visar.

KÖR OCH FÖRSAMLING:

Ordet blev kött  
och tog sin boning bland oss,  
kom till vår jord.  
Kristus är hans namn.  
Så Gud sig härlig,  
för all världen visar.

O kom, låt oss tillbedja,  
o kom, låt oss tillbedja,  
o kom, låt oss tillbedja,  
vår Herre Krist.

Sjung, Haleluja!  
Sjung ni änglaskaror.  
Sjung alla helgon,  
sjung jordens folk.  
Lov, tack och ära vare Gud i  
höjden.

O kom, låt oss tillbedja,  
o kom, låt oss tillbedja,  
o kom, låt oss tillbedja,  
vår Herre Krist.

Evige Fader,  
evig är din strålgans,  
evigt är ljuset från Betlehem.  
Här över barnet  
evig lyser glorian.

O kom, låt oss tillbedja,  
o kom, låt oss tillbedja,  
o kom, låt oss tillbedja,  
vår Herre Krist.

GOD REST YOU MERRY,

GENTLEMEN (Trad.)

God rest you merry, gentleman,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour  
Was born upon this day,  
To save us all from Satan's power  
When we were gone astray:  
O, tidings of comfort and joy,  
O, tidings of comfort and joy.

From God our heavenly Father  
A blessed angel came.  
And unto certain shepherd  
Brought tidings of the same, !  
How that in Bethlehem was born  
The Son of God by Name:

The shepherds at those tidings  
Rejoiced much in mind,  
And left their flocks a-feeding,  
In tempest, storm and wind,  
And went to Bethlehem straightway  
This blessed babe to find:

But when to Bethlehem they came,  
Whereat this infant lay,  
They found him in a manger,  
Where oxen feed on hay;  
His mother Mary kneeling,  
Unto the Lord did pray:

Now to the Lord sing praises,  
All you within this place.  
And with true love and brotherhood  
Each other now embrace;  
This holy tide of Christmas  
All other doth deface:

THE BLESSED SON OF GOD

(Text efter M Luther)

The blessed son of God only  
In a crib full poor did lie;  
With our poor flesh and our poor blood

Was clothed that everlasting good.  
Kyrieleison.

The lord Christ Jesu God's son dear,  
Was a guest and a stranger here;  
Us for to bring from misery,  
That we might live eternally.  
Kyrieleison.

All this did he for us freely.  
For to declare his great mercy;  
All Christendom be merry therefore,  
And give him thanks for ever more,  
Kyrieleison.

PATAPAN (Text La Monnoye)

Willie, take your little drum,  
with your whistle, Robin come!  
When we hear the fife and drum,  
Turelurelu, patapatapan.  
When we hear the fife and drum,  
Christmas should be frolicsome.

Thus the men of olden days  
Loved the King of kings to praise:  
When they hear the fife and drum,  
Turelurelu, patapatapan,  
When they hear the fife and drum,  
Sure our children won't be dumb!

God and men are now become  
More at one than fife and drum.  
When you here the fife and drum,  
Turelurelu, patapatapan,  
When you here the fife and drum,  
Dance, and make the village hum!

IN THE BLEAK MID-WINTER

(Text C Rossetti)

In the bleak mid-winter,  
Frosty wind made moan,  
Earth stood hard as iron,  
Water like a stone.  
Snow had fallen snow on snow,

Snow on snow,  
In the bleak mid-winter  
Long ago.

Our God, Heav'n cannot hold him,  
Nor earth sustain  
Heav'n and earth shall flee away.  
When He comes to reign.  
In the bleak mid-winter,  
A stable place suffic'd,  
The Lord God Almighty  
Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him, whom cherubim,  
Worship night and day,  
A breast full of milk,  
And a manger full of hay.  
Enough for Him, whom angels,  
Fall down before,  
The ox and ass and camel,  
Witch adore.

What can I give Him,  
Poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd,  
I would bring a lamb  
If I were a wise man,  
I would do my part  
Yet what I can I give Him.  
Give my heart.

#### A MERRY CHRISTMAS (Trad.)

We wish you a merry Christmas,  
and a happy New Year.  
Good tidings we bring  
To You and your kin;  
We wish you a merry Christmas,  
and a happy New Year.

Now bring us some figgy pudding,  
And bring some out here.  
Fore we all like figgy pudding,  
So bring some out here.  
And we won't go till we've got some,  
So bring some out here.

#### THE FIRST NOWELL (Trad.)

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

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:

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

They enter'd in those wise men three,  
Full rev'rently upon their knee,  
And offer'd there in his presence  
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense:

Then let us all with one accord  
Sing praises to our heav'nly Lord,  
That hath made heav'n and earth of  
naught,  
And with his blond mankind hath  
bought:

#### GLOUCESTERSHIRE WASSAIL (Trad)

Wassail, wassail,  
all over *the* town!  
Our toast it is white,

and our ale it is brown,  
Our bowl it is made  
of the white maple tree;  
With the wassailing bowl  
we'll drink to thee.

And here is to Dobbin  
and to his right eye.  
Pray God send our master  
a good Christmas pie,  
And a good Christmas pie  
that may we all see;  
With a wassailing bowl  
we'll drink to thee.

And here is to Colly  
and to her Long tail,  
Pray God send our master  
he never may fail  
A bowl of strong beer;  
I pray you draw near,  
And our jolly wassail  
it's then you shall hear.

Come, butler, come fill us  
a bowl of the best.  
Then we hope that your soul  
in heaven may rest;  
But if you do draw us  
a bowl of the small,  
Then down shall go butler,  
bowl and all.

#### SUSSEX CAROL (Trad.)

On Christmas night all Christians sing  
To hear the news the angels bring,  
News of great joy, news of great mirth,  
News of our merciful King's birth.

Then why should men on earth be so  
sad,  
Since our Redeemer made us glad?  
When from our sin he set us free,  
All for to gain our liberty?  
When sin departs before his grace.

Then life and health come in its place;  
Angels and men with joy may sing,  
All for to see the newborn King.

All out of darkness we have light.  
Which made the angels sing this night:  
'Glory to God and peace to men,  
Now and for ever more. Amen.'

#### IN DULCI JUBILO

In dulci jubilo.  
Let us our homage shew;  
Our heart's joy reclineth  
In praesepio,  
And like a bright star shineth  
Matris in gremio;  
Alpha es et O, Alpha es et O.

O Jesu parvule!  
My heart is sore for Thee!  
Hear me, I beseech Thee.  
O Puer optime!  
My prayer let it reach Thee,  
O princeps gloriae!  
Trahe me post Te!  
Trahe me post Te!

O Patris caritas!  
O nati lenitas!  
Deeply were we stained  
Per nostra crimina;  
But Thou hast for us gained  
Caelorum gaudia:  
O that we were there,  
O that we were there.

Ubi sunt gaudia,  
If that they be not there?  
There, are angels singing.  
Nova cantica;  
There, the bells are ringing  
In Regis curia:  
O that we were there!