





Bequest of
Rev. H. C. Scadding, D.D.
to the Library
of the
University of Toronto
1901

BEQUEST OF
REV. CANON SCADDING, D. D.
TORONTO, 1901.

A
GARLAND
OF
CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

Methinks I hear the Heavens resound,
And all the Earth exulting ring,
To usher in this glorious Day,
And hail the spotless infant King.
Amazing and stupendous Thought !
That God should in the Cradle lie !
But oh ! how much more wond'rous still,
That He for sinful Man should die.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne :
ROBERT ROBINSON, BEWICK'S HEAD,
38, PILGRIM STREET.

CAROL I.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

GOD rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay !
Remember Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day ;
To save our souls from Satan's fold,
Which long had gone astray,
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

From Him that is our Father,
The blessed Angels came !
And to the watchful Shepherds brought
The tidings of the same,
That there was born in Bethlehem,
The Son of God by name.
And 'tis tidings, &c.

Fear not, then, said God's Angels,
Let nothing you affright !
This night is born a Saviour,
Of a Virgin pure and bright ;
He's able to advance you,
And throw down Satan quite,
And 'tis tidings, &c.

'The Shepherds at the tidings,
 Rejoiced much in mind !
 And left their flocks a feeding,
 In tempest, storm, and wind ;
 Then straight they went to Bethlehem,
 The Son of God to find,
 And 'tis tidings, &c.

But when they came to Bethlehem,
 Whereat our Saviour lay,
 They found Him in a manger,
 Where oxen fed on hay ;
 Our blessed Lady kneeling by,
 Unto the Lord did pray.
 And 'tis tidings, &c.

At which with sudden gladness,
 The Shepherds then were fill'd,
 When as the Babe of Israel,
 Thus, when they beheld,
 Before His Mother thus to lie,
 The Scripture thus fulfill'd.
 And 'tis tidings, &c.

Now let me all of you intreat,
 That are within this place,
 That each dear loving Christian,
 The other would embrace ;
 For the happy time of Christmas,
 Is drawing on apace,
 With tidings of comfort and joy.

CAROL II.

GLORY IN THE HIGHEST.

WHEN Christ was born of Mary free
 In Bethlehem, in that fair city,
 Angels sang with mirth and glee,
 In excelsis gloria.

Herdmen beheld those Angels bright
 To them appearing with great light,
 And said, God's Son is born this night,
 In excelsis gloria.

This King is come to save mankind,
 For this in Scripture we do find,
 Therefore this song have we in mind,
 In excelsis gloria.

And now, O Lord, for Thy great grace,
 Grant us in bliss to see Thy face,
 Where we may sing to Thee solace,
 In excelsis gloria.

CAROL III.

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING.

THE first Nowell* the Angel did say
 Was to three poor Shepherds in the
 fields as they lay ;

* Nowell, Novell—a cry of joy—anciently used at yule-tide or Christmas—and on other festive occasions—the proclamation of Kings, &c. The latter word is sometimes used in the sense of News or Tidings.

In fields where they lay keeping their sheep
 In 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.
 Nowell, &c.

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,
 Nowell, &c.

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.
 Nowell, &c.

Then did they know assuredly
 Within that house the King did lie ;
 One entered in then for to see,
 And found the Babe in poverty.
 Nowell, &c.

Then enter'd in those Wise Men three
 Most reverently upon their knee,
 And offer'd there in His presence,
 Both gold and myrrh and frankincense.
 Nowell, &c.

Between an ox stall and an ass,
 This Child there truly born He was ;
 For want of clothing they did Him lay
 All in the manger, among the hay.
 Nowell, &c.

Then let us all with one accord
 Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
 That hath made Heaven and Earth of nought,
 And with His blood mankind hath bought.
 Nowell, &c.

If we in our time shall do well,
 We shall be free from Death and Hell,
 For God hath prepared for us all
 A resting place in general.
 Nowell, &c.

CAROL IV.

UPON CHRISTMAS DAY.

UPON Christmas Day in the Morning,
 Upon Christmas day in in the Morning,
 O then was born our Heavenly King ;
 Good Lord, was not this a joyful thing ?
 Sweet Jesus is His name.
 The Babe was born in Bethlehem,
 The Babe was born in Bethlehem,
 All the world rejoice and sing,
 Sweet Jesus is His name.

Upon New Year's Day in the Morning,
 Upon New Year's Day in the Morning,
 O then was circumcis'd our Heavenly King ;
 Good Lord, was not this a joyful thing ?

Sweet Jesus is His name.

The Babe was born, &c.

Upon Candlemas Day in the Morning,
 Upon Candlemas Day in the Morning,
 Our blessed Lady kept her purifying ;
 Good Lord, was not this a joyful thing ?

Sweet Jesus is His name.

The Babe was born, &c.

Upon Shrove Sunday in the Morning,
 Upon Shrove Sunday in the Morning,
 The Jews held counsel 'gainst our Heavenly King ;
 Good Lord, was not this a sorrowful thing ?

Sweet Jesus is His name.

The Babe was born, &c.

Upon Good Friday in the Morning,
 Upon Good Friday in the Morning,
 The Jews put to death our Heavenly King ;
 Good Lord, was not this a woful thing ?

Sweet Jesus is His name.

The Babe was born, &c.

O let us rejoice amain,
 O let us rejoice amain,
 Although He suffer'd bitter pain ;
 Upon the third day He rose again ;

Sweet Jesus is His name.

The Babe was born, &c.

Upon Easter Day in the Morning,
 Upon Easter Day in the Morning,
 Then arose from death our Heavenly King ;
 Good Lord, was not this a joyful thing ?
 Sweet Jesus is His name.
 The Babe was born, &c.

Then into Heaven ascended He,
 Then into Heaven ascended He,
 There to live with God in glory,
 With whom God send us all to be ;
 Sweet Jesus is His name.
 The Babe was born, &c.

CAROL V.

A CHILD THIS DAY IS BORN.

A CHILD this day is born,
 A Child of high renown.
 Most worthy of a sceptre,
 A sceptre and a crown.
 Novels, Novels, Novels,
 Novels, sing all we may,
 Because the King of all Kings
 Was born this blessed day.

The which the holy Prophets
 Spake of long time before,
 That from the fall of Adam
 He should us all restore.

Novels, &c.

This Child both God and Man
 From Heaven down to us came,
 He is the King of all Kings,
 And Jesus is His name.

Novels, &c.

These tidings Shepherds heard
 In field watching their fold,
 Was by an Angel unto them
 That night reveal'd and told.

Novels, &c.

Who standing near by them
 To them shined so bright,
 That they amazed were
 At that most glorious sight.

Novels, &c.

To whom the Angel spoke,
 Saying, Be not afraid,
 Be glad, poor silly Shepherds ;
 Why are you so dismayed ?

Novels, &c.

For, lo, I bring you tidings
 Of gladness and of mirth,
 Which cometh to all people by
 This Holy Infant's birth.

Novels, &c.

Now when this holy Army
 Of heavenly soldiers bright,
 Was unto God returned
 And vanish'd out of sight ;

Novels, &c.

The Shepherds hearts joyful
 At this great glorious news,
 That the King of all Kings
 Was risen amongst the Jews.

Novels, &c.

Without the least of hinderance
 Anon they went in then,
 And found the young child Jesus Christ
 Thus born in Bethlehem.

Novels, &c.

And as the Angel told them,
 So to them did appear ;
 They found the young child Jesus Christ
 With Mary his Mother dear.

Novels, &c.

Now such a place it was
 Where this was come to pass,
 For want of room this child was laid
 Betwixt an ox and ass.

Novels, &c.

Not sumptuously, but simply
 Was this young King array'd ;
 A manger was the cradle
 Where this young Child was laid.

Novels, &c.

No pride at all was found
 In this most holy Child,
 But He being void of all sin
 The Lamb of God most mild.

Novels, &c.

His body unto bitter pains
 He gave to set us free ;
 He is our Saviour Jesus Christ,
 And none but only He.

Novels, &c.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
 All glory be therefore,
 To whom be all dominion
 Both now and evermore.

Novels, &c.

CAROL VI.

THE TWELVE GOOD JOYS OF MARY.

FOR THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS.

THE first good joy that Mary had,
 It was the joy of one,
 To see our blessed Saviour,
 Her true and only Son ;
 Her true and only Son, good Lord,
 And blessed may we be,
 In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To all eternity.

The next good joy that Mary had,
 It was the joy of two,
 To see her own Son Jesus
 Read all His Bible through ;
 Read all his Bible through, good Lord,
 And blessed may we be,
 In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To all eternity.

The third good joy that Mary had,
 It was the joy of three,
 To see our Lord and Saviour
 To make the blind to see ;
 To make the blind to see, good Lord,
 And blessed may we be,
 In Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 To all eternity.

The fourth good joy that Mary had,
 It was the joy of four,
 To hear our blessed Saviour
 Declare Himself the Door ;
 Declare Himself the Door good Lord,
 And blessed may we be,
 In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To all eternity.

The fifth good joy that Mary had,
 It was the joy of five,
 To see our blessed Saviour,
 To raise the dead alive ;
 To raise the dead alive, good Lord,
 And blessed may we be,
 In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To all eternity.

The sixth good joy that Mary had,
 It was the joy of six,
 To see her own Son Jesus,
 His truths on earth to fix ;
 His truths on earth to fix, good Lord,
 And blessed may we be,
 In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To all eternity.

The seventh good joy that Mary had,
 Was the joy of seven,
 To see our blessed Saviour
 Give the Keys of Heaven ;
 To give the Keys of Heaven, good Lord,
 And blessed may we be,
 In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To all eternity.

The eighth good joy that Mary had,
 It was the joy of eight,
 To see our blessed Saviour
 All clothed in morning light ;
 All clothed in morning light, good Lord,
 And blessed may we be,
 In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To all eternity.

The ninth good joy that Mary had,
 It was the joy of nine,
 To see her own Son Jesus,
 Turn water into wine ;
 Turn water into wine, good Lord,
 And blessed may we be,
 In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To all eternity.

The tenth good joy that Mary had,
 It was the joy of ten,
 To see our blessed Saviour,
 Embrace young children ;
 Embrace young children, good Lord,
 And blessed may we be,
 In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To all eternity.

The eleventh good joy that Mary had,
 It was the joy of eleven,
 To see our Lord and Saviour
 Ascend up into Heaven ;
 Ascend up into Heaven, good Lord,
 And blessed may we be,
 In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To all eternity.

The twelfth good joy that Mary had,
 For ever shall remain,
 To meet her own Son Jesus
 In the Courts of Heaven again ;
 In the Courts of Heaven again, good Lord,
 And blessed may we be,
 In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To all eternity.

CAROL VII.

THE HOLY WELL.

AS it fell out one May morning,
 And upon one bright holiday,
 Sweet Jesus asked of his dear Mother,
 If He might go to play.

To play, to play, sweet Jesus shall go,
 And to play now get you gone,
 And let me hear of no complaint
 At night when you come home.

Sweet Jesus went down to yonder town,
 As far as the Holy Well,
 And there did see as fine children
 As any tongue can tell.

He said, God bless you every one,
 And your bodies Christ save and see ;
 Little children, shall I play with you,
 And you shall play with me.

But they made answer to Him, No ;
 They were lords' and ladies' sons ;
 And He, the meanest of them all,
 Was but a maiden's child, born in an ox's
 stall.

Sweet Jesus turned Him around,
 And He neither laugh'd nor smil'd,
 But the tears came trickling from His eyes
 Like water from the skies.

Sweet Jesus turned Him about,
 To His Mother's dear home went He,
 And said, I have been in yonder town,
 As after you may see.

I have been down in yonder town,
 As far as the Holy Well,
 There did I meet as fine children,
 As any tongue can tell.

I bid God bless them every one,
 And their bodies Christ save and see ;
 Little children, shall I play with you,
 And you shall play with me.

But they made answer to me, No,
 They were lords' and ladies' sons ;
 And I, the meanest of them all,
 Was but a maiden's child, born in an ox's
 stall.

Though You are but a maiden's child,
 Born in an ox's stall,
 Thou art the Christ, the King of Heaven,
 And the Saviour of them all.

Sweet Jesus, go down to yonder town,
 As far as the Holy Well,
 And there chastise those sinful souls,
 Lest they fall into Hell.

Nay, nay, sweet Jesus said,
 Nay, nay, that may not be,
 For there are too many sinful souls
 Crying out for the help of Me.

CAROL VIII.

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

IMMORTAL Babe, who this dear day
 Didst change thine heaven for our clay,
 And didst with flesh Thy godhead veil,
 Eternal Son of God, all hail!

Shine, happy star ; ye Angels, sing
 Glory on high to Heaven's King :
 Run, Shepherds, leave your nightly watch,
 See Heaven come down to Bethlehem's cratch.*

* Cratch—Crib or Cradle.

Worship. ye sages of the east,
 The King of gods in meanness dress'd,
 O blessed maid, smile and adore
 The God thy womb and arms have bore.

Star, Angels, Shepherds, and royal Sages.
 Thou Virgin glory of all ages ;
 Restored frame of heaven and earth,
 Joy in your dear Redeemer's birth.

CAROL IX.

A HYMN ON THE NATIVITY OF MY SAVIOUR.

I SING the Birth was born to-night,
 The Author both of life and light ;
 The Angels so did sound it.
 And like the ravish'd Shepherds said,
 Who saw the light, and were afraid,
 Yet search'd and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' eternal King,
 That did us all salvation bring,
 And freed the soul from danger ;
 He whom the whole world could not take,
 The Word, which Heaven and Earth did
 make.
 Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom will'd it so,
 The Son's obedience knew no No,
 Both wills were in one stature ;
 And as that wisdom had decreed,
 The Word was now made flesh indeed,
 And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,
 Who made Himself the price of sin,
 To make us heirs of glory !
 To see this Babe, all innocence ;
 A Martyr born in our defence,
 Can man forget the story.

A VERY PRETTY LITTLE

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

God bless the Master of this house,
 The Mistress also,
 And all the little Children
 That round the table go ;
 And all your Kin and Kinsmen,
 That dwell both far and near,
 I wish you a merry Christmas,
 And a happy New Year.

THE END.



