

Beautiful Star of Bethlehem

Beautiful star of Bethlehem
Shining afar through shadows dim
Giving your light for those who long have gone
And guiding the wise men on their way
Unto the place where Jesus lay
Beautiful star of Bethlehem, shine on

Chorus

*Beautiful star of Bethlehem
Shine upon us until the glory dawn
Give us thy light to light the way
Into the land of perfect day
Beautiful star of Bethlehem, shine on*

Beautiful star of hope, of light
Guiding the pilgrims through the night
Over the mountain till the break of dawn
And into the light of perfect day
It will give out a lovely ray
Beautiful star of Bethlehem, shine on

Beautiful star, the hope of rest
For the redeemed, the good and bless'd
Yonder in glory when the crown is won
For Jesus is now that star divine
Brighter and brighter, he will shine
Beautiful star of Bethlehem, shine on

Kyrie Eleison

German, 15th /16th century.

*When Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Kyrie eleison*

When Christ was born in Bethlehem
The angels sang 'Goodwill to men'
Mary's baby Jesus.

*When Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Kyrie eleison*

The shepherds in their field afar
Were guided by the shining star
Mary's baby Jesus.

*When Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Kyrie eleison*

The wise men came from far away
And costly gifts before him lay
Mary's baby Jesus.

*When Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Kyrie eleison*

Now let us all rejoice and sing
To Christ the everlasting King
Mary's baby Jesus.

The Oak Tree Carol

Trad. arr. Anna Tabbush

Here's a song for the oak, the brave old oak,
That hath ruled in the greenwood long,
Here's health and renown to his long broad crown,
And his fifty arms so strong;
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down
And the fire from the West fades out,
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When storms through the branches shout.

Chorus (after each verse):

So here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

In the days of old, when the spring with gold
Was lightening his branches grey,
Through the grass at his feet skipped maidens sweet
To gather the dews of May;
And all that day, to the rebeck gay,
They frolicked with lovesome swains;
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
But the tree it still remains.

He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry, merry sound to hear,
From the squire's great hall to the cottage small,
They were filled with good English cheer;
Now gold hath its sway, we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he,
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be tossed on the stormy sea.

Old Stainton Carol

arr. Carolyn Robson

Sing we all merrily, Christmas is here,
The day that we love best of days in the year.

Chorus:

Bring forth the holly, the box and the bay.
Deck out your cottage for glad Christmas day.

Sing we all merrily, sing of Christ's birth
Sing what the angels sang, "Peace upon earth!"

Parents and children in bright garments dress'd
Hasten to join and sing praise with the rest.

Sing we all merrily, draw round the fire,
Father and mother and grandson and sire.

Sing we all merrily, Christmas is here,
The day that we love best of days in the year.

Only Remembered

Traditional melody collected in the Ozarks.
Harmony arrangement © Craig Morgan Robson Sept 2004

Up and away like the dew in the morning
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun
Thus will we part from the earth and life's labours
Only remembered for what we have done

Chorus

*Only remembered, only remembered,
Only remembered for what we have done,
Only remembered, only remembered,
Only remembered for what we have done.*

Shall we be missed, while others survive us,
Reaping the fields we in Springtime have sown?
Nay, for the part that we played in life's labours,
Only remembered for what we have done.

Only the truth that on earth we have spoken
Only the seeds that on earth we have sown
These shall pass onward while others survive us,
Only remembered for what we have done.

Up and away like the dew in the morning
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun
Thus will we part from the earth and life's labours
Only remembered for what we have done

REJOICE MANKIND AND SING

Trad. arr. Sarah Morgan

Collected by George Gardiner from William Bone, Medstead.

Rejoice mankind and sing
For there's a saviour born
We'll make the earth with music ring
All on this joyful morn

Tw'as in the lonesome fields
They did watch their flocks by night
They heard the voice of angels shout
With glory shining bright

They sang their heavenly song
To those poor shepherds there
Which made them leave their flocks and run
When the angels did appear

To Bethlehem they did haste
Quite early in the morn
And there they found it was the place
Where Jesus Christ was born

Oh come and join in the choir
You're welcome in the morn
With Hallelujahs loud proclaim
There is a saviour born

Rolling Downward / The Angels Song

1. Rolling downward through the midnight,
Comes a glorious burst of heavenly song;
'Tis a chorus full of sweetness
And the singers are an angel throng.

CHORUS

*'Glory! Glory in the highest!
On the earth good-will and peace to men!
Down the ages send the echo;
Let the glad earth shout again!*

2. Wond'ring shepherds see the glory,
Hear the word the shining ones declare;
At the manger fall in worship,
While the music fills the quiv'ring air.

CHORUS

3. Christ the Saviour, God's Anointed,
Comes to earth our fearful debt to pay
Man of sorrows, and rejected,
Lamb of God, that takes our sin away.

The Wonderful Sucking Pig

Collected by Gardiner from Alfred Stride, Dibden, Hants. June 1907

*Words slightly revised and chorus added SM Feb 2005
(original words in Marrowbones)*

You all have heard of the Christmas Goose and the walloping Great Pie
But I think to myself it's not much use to tell such a precious lie
But I'll tell you of a wonder new, as true as I'm a sinner
About a wonderful sucking pig we had for Christmas dinner.

Chorus

So come on all both great and small and listen to my lay
As I tell you of the sucking pig we ate on Christmas Day!

The very first day this pig was born he cut some cunning capers –
He swallowed a field of turnip tops and forty ton of taters.
So then they pulled out all his teeth but it only made him snarly,
And he bolted a wagon load of swedes and a stack of oats and barley.

This sucking pug he grew so fat, you might think it a lark,
But when he was only three weeks old he was big as Noah's Ark.
His leg was like a greasy pole with a ton of bristles on it
And his curly tail when pulled out straight was longer than a comet.

To kill this wonderful sucking pig it took no end of trying,
And strike me down if I tell a lie, he was seventy years a-dying.
The men who had his leg for lunch, up to Hyde Park they took it
And they had to boil the Serpentine before that they could cook it.

You all have heard of the Christmas Goose and the walloping Great Pie
But I think to myself it's not much use to tell such a precious lie
But I'll tell you of a wonder new, as true as I'm a sinner
About a wonderful sucking pig we had for Christmas dinner.

Chorus twice