

A
SELECTION
OF THE
MOST POPULAR
CHRISTMAS
CAROLS.



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Christmas Carols.

I.

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born :
Rise to adore the Mystery of Love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above :
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold !
"I bring glad tidings of a Saviour's birth,
"To you and all the nations upon earth ;
"This day hath God fulfilled his promis'd word,
"This day is born a Saviour—Christ the Lord.

"In David's city, shepherds, ye will find
"The long-foretold Redeemer of mankind,
"Wrapt up in swaddling clothes, the Babe divine
"Lies in a manger—this shall be your sign."
He spake, and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy unknown before conspire.

The praises of redeeming love they sung,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rung ;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and mutual good will.
To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man.

Artless and watchful as these favour'd swains,
While virgin meekness in the heart remains ;
Trace we the Babe who has retrieved our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter cross ;
Tread in his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again take place.

Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To find redeemed a glad triumphant throng .
He that was born upon that joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display :
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's all-powerful King.

II.

SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
 And send your fears away ;
 News from the regions of the skies,—
 A Saviour's born to-day.

Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
 Comes down to dwell with you :
 To-day He makes his entrance here,
 But not as monarchs do.

Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,
 And see his humble throne ;
 With tears of joy in all your eyes,
 Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.

Glory to God, who reigns above !
 Let peace surround the earth ;
 Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
 At their Redeemer's birth.

Lord, and shall angels have their songs,
 And men no tunes to raise ?

O may we lose these useless tongues
 When we forget to praise !

Glory to God, who reigns above !
 That pitied us, forlorn :
 We join to sing our Maker's love,
 For there's a Saviour born.

III.

HARK ! hark, what news the angels bring !
 Glad tidings of a new-born King ;
 Born of a maid, a virgin pure,
 Born without sin, from guilt secure.

Hail, mighty Prince ! eternal King !
 Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing ;
 Angels and men, with one accord,
 Break forth in songs to praise the Lord.

Behold, He comes and leaves the skies !
 Awake, ye slumbering mortals, rise !
 Awake to joy, and hail the morn,
 The Saviour of the world is born.

With endless love, He comes to dwell
 On earth, to save mankind from hell !

In chorus, then, with joy and mirth,
We'll celebrate our Saviour's birth.

Echo shall waft the strains around,
While listening angels hear the sound;
And all the heavenly host above
Shall join to sing Redeeming Love.

IV.

LIFT up your heads in joyful hope,
Salute the happy morn;
Each heavenly power
Proclaims the glad hour,
Lo! Jesus, the Saviour, is born.

CHORUS.

Then let us join the heavens above,
Where hymning seraphs sing;
Join all the glad powers,
For their Lord is ours,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King!

Let joy abound, like rivers flow,
Flow on, and still increase;
Spread o'er the glad earth,
At Jesus's birth,
For heaven and earth are at peace!

All glory be to God on high!
To Him all praise is due:
The promise is sealed,
The Saviour's revealed,
And proves that the record is true.

Now the good will of heaven is shown
Towards Adam's helpless race:
Messiah is come
To ransom his own,
And save them by infinite grace.

V.

WHILE humble Shepherds watched their flocks
On Bethlehem's plains by night;
An angel of the Lord came down
And filled the plains with light.

- "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,
 "A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
 "And this shall be your sign :
 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
 "To human view displayed ;
 "All meanly wrapt in swaddling clothes,
 "And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraphs, and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels praising God, and thus
 Addressed their joyful song :

- "All glory be to God on high,
 "And on the earth be peace;
 "Good will henceforth from heaven to men
 "Begin and never cease."

VI.

WASSAIL CUP HYMN.

HERE we come a wassailing,
 Among the leaves so green ;
 Here we come a wandering,
 So fair to be seen.

CHORUS.

Love and joy come to you,
 And to your wassail too,
 And God send you a happy new year,
 A new year,
 And God send you a happy new year.

Our wassail cup is made of the rosemary tree,
 So is your beer of the best barley.

We are not daily beggars,
 That beg from door to door,
 But we are neighbours' children,
 Whom you have seen before.

Call up the butler of this house,
Put on his golden ring,
Let him bring us a glass of beer,
And the better we shall sing.

We have got a little purse,
Made of stretching leather skin,
We want a little of your money,
To line it well within.

Bring us out a table,
And spread it with a cloth,
Bring out a mouldy cheese,
Also your Christmas loaf.

God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table go.

Good master and mistress,
While you're sitting by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children,
Who are wandering in the mire.

VII.

THE first good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of *one*,—
To see her own Son Jesus Christ
Sucking at her breast bone.

Sucking at her breast-bone, good Lord,
And blessed may we be :
Praise 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 Christ
Making the lame to go.
Making the lame to go, good Lord, &c.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of *three*,—
To see her own Son Jesus Christ,
Making the blind to see.
Making the blind to see, good Lord, &c.

The next good joy that Mary had,
 It was the joy of *four*,—
 To see her own Son Jesus Christ
 Reading the Bible o'er.
 Reading the Bible o'er, good Lord, &c.

The next good joy that Mary had,
 It was the joy of *five*,—
 To see her own Son Jesus Christ
 Making the dead to live.
 Making the dead to live, good Lord, &c.

The next good joy that Mary had,
 It was the joy of *six*,—
 To see her own Son Jesus Christ
 Wearing the crucifix.
 Wearing the crucifix, good Lord, &c.

The next good joy that Mary had,
 It was the joy of *seven*,—
 To see her own Son Jesus Christ
 Ascending into heaven.
 Ascending into heaven, good Lord, &c.

IX.

ANGELS from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
 Ye, who sang Creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

SHEPHERDS, in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flock by night,
 God with man is now residing;
 Yonder shines the Infant light:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

SAGES, leave your contemplations,
 Brighter visions beam afar;
 Seek the great desire of nations,
 Ye have seen his natal star.
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

SAINTS, before the altar bending,
 Waiting long with hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord descending,
 In his temple shall appear :
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

SINNERS, wrung with true repentance,
 Doomed for guilt, to endless pains,
 Justice now repeals the sentence,
 Mercy calls you—breaks your chains :
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

X.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King :
 "Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 "God and sinners reconciled."

Christ, by highest heaven adored ;
 Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see :
 Hail the incarnate Deity !
 Pleased as man with men to appear,
 Jesus our Immanuel here.

Hail, the heaven-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.

Come—Desire of Nations—come,
 Fix in us thy humble home ;
 Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.

Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp thine image in its place !
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstate us in thy love !

XI.

HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long!
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

On Him the Spirit largely poured,
 Exerts its sacred fire;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.

He comes, the prisoner to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before Him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice,
 To clear the mental ray;
 And on the eye-balls of the blind
 To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And, with the riches of His grace,
 To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved Name.

XII.

SING, all in heaven, at Jesus' birth,
 Glory to God, and peace on earth:
 Incarnate Love in Christ is seen,
 Pure mercy and good-will to men.

Praise Him, extolled above all height,
 Who doth in worthless worms delight;
 God, reconciled in Christ, confess,—
 Your present and eternal peace.

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