

Canada Bay Community Choir  
Christmas Carol Songbook 2022  
Set 1

# Deck the Hall

words: traditional English

tune: *Nos Galan*, traditional Welsh

Deck the hall with boughs of hol - ly,  
See the blaz - ing Yule be - fore us, fa la la la la la la la la.  
Fast a - way the old year pas - ses,

Tis the sea - son and to be jol - ly,  
Strike the harp and join the chor - us, fa la la la la la la la la.  
Hail the new, ye lads and las - ses,

Don we now our gay ap - par - el,  
Fol - low me in mer - ry meas - ure, fa la la la la la la la la.  
Sing we joy - ous all to - geth - er,

Troll the an - cient Yule - tide car - ol,  
While I tell of the Yule - tide treas - ure, fa la la la la la la la la.  
Heed - less of the wind and weath - er,

# Ding Dong Merrily on High

words by George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848-1934)

tune: 16th cent. French  
harm. by Edward L. Stauff

1. Ding dong! Mer - ri - ly on high in heav'n the bells are  
2. E'en so here be-low, be - low, let stee - ple bells be  
3. Pray ye du - ti - ful - ly prime your ma - tin chime, ye -

ring - ing. Ding dong! Ve - ri - ly the sky is riv'n with an - gel  
swung - en. And i - o, i - o, i - o by priest and peo - ple  
ring - ers; may ye beau - ti - ful - ly rime your eve - time song, ye

sing - ing. Glo - - - -  
sung - en. - - - -  
sing - ers. - - - -

o - - - - ri - a, ho - san - nah in the high - est!

# Good King Wenceslas

words by J. M. Neale

tune: *Tempus Adest Floridum*, 1582  
harm. by Edward L. Stauff

1. Good King Wen - ces - las looked out on the Feast of Ste - phen  
 2. "Hi - ther, page, and stand by me, if thou know'st it, tell - ing:  
 3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine, where the snow lay strong - er:  
 4. "Sire, the night is dark - er now, and the wind blows hi - ther:  
 5. In his mas - ter's steps he trod, where the snow lay dint - ed.

when the snow lay round a - bout, deep and crisp and e - ven.  
 yon - der pea - sant, who is he? Where and what his dwel - ling?"  
 thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thi - ther."  
 Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no long - er."  
 Heat was in the ver - y sod which the saint had print - ed.

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cru - el,  
 "Sire, he lives a good league hence, un - der - neath the moun - tain,  
 Page and mon - arch, forth they went, forth they went to ge - ther  
 "Mark my foot - steps, my good page; tread thou in them bold - ly:  
 There - fore, Chris - tian men, be sure, wealth or rank pos - ses - sing,

when a poor man came in sight, gath - 'ring win - ter fu - - el.  
 right a - gainst the for - est fence, by Saint Ag - nes' foun - - tain.  
 through the rude wind's wild la - ment and the bit - ter wea - - ther.  
 thou shalt find the win - ter's rage freeze thy blood less cold - - ly.  
 ye who now will bless the poor shall your - selves find bles - - sing.

Slow 4 beats

# The Rose

128

S.A. *p Unis.*  
Some say

T.B.

Piano *p*

5  
S.A. love, it is a riv - er that drowns the ten - der

T.B.

Piano *D A G A*

8  
S.A. *mp*  
— reed. Some say love, it is a ra - zor that

T.B.

Piano *D D A*

11

S.A. *mf*  
leaves your soul to bleed. Some say love, it is a

T.B.

Piano  
G A D Dmaj7  
*mf*

14

S.A. *poco rit.* . . . *a tempo*  
hun - ger an end - less ach - ing need. I say -

T.B.

Piano  
Bm7 G A7(sus4) A7  
*P*

17

S.A.  
love, it is a flow - er and you, its on - ly seed.

T.B.

Piano  
D A G A D

21

S.A. *mp*  
It's the heart, a-fraid of break-ing that

T.B. *mp*

Piano *mp*

D A

24

S.A. *mp*  
nev-er learns to dance. It's the dream, a-fraid of

T.B. *mp*

Piano *mp*

G A D D

27

S.A. *mf*  
wak-ing that nev-er takes the chance. It's the

T.B. *mf*

Piano *mf*

A G A D

30 *mp*

S.A. one who won't be tak - en who can - not seem to

T.B. *mp*

Piano *mp*

F#m Bm7 Bm7/A G

33 *rit. . . . p a tempo*

S.A. give. And the soul, a - fraid of dy - ing that

T.B. *p*

Piano *p*

A D A

36 *mp* *Alto melody*

S.A. ne - ver learns to live. When the.

T.B. *mp*

Piano *mp*

G A D



39

S.A. night has been too lone-ly and the road has been too

T.B. D A G A

Piano

42

S.A. long, and you think that love is on-ly for the

T.B. D D A

Piano *mf*

45

S.A. luck-y and the strong. Just re-mem-ber in the

T.B. G A D F#m

Piano *mf*

S.A.

T.B.

Piano

48

rit. . . . . *a tempo*  
*Unis.*  
*mp*

win - ter — far be - neath — the bit - ter snow — lies the.

Bm<sup>7</sup> Bm<sup>7</sup>/A G A

*mp*

S.A.

T.B.

Piano

51

rit. . . . .

seed that with the sun's love, in the spring be - comes the

D A G A

S.A.

T.B.

Piano

54

rit. . . . .

*p a tempo*  
rose.

*pp*

# THE SILVER STARS ARE IN THE SKY

Words by JOHN WHEELER

(LULLABY CAROL)

Music By WILLIAM G. JAMES

**Very quiet and tenderly**

*so* Sopranos or solo

*so* *pp*

The sil-ver stars are in the sky, The red-gold moon is rid - ing high, O,

*p* Full choir

sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep! Once long a-go a - gainst her breast, A

*poco cresc.*

mo - ther hush'd a babe to rest Who was the Prince of Heav'n a - bove, The

*poco cresc.*

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For Australia And New Zealand:-

Warner/Chappell Music Australia, Pty Ltd.

(ABN 63 000 876 068)

Ground Floor, 39 Albany Street Crows Nest NSW 2065

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*p*

Lord of gen - tle - ness and love O, sleep, my lit - tle one sleep.

*p*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with lyrics: "Lord of gen - tle - ness and love O, sleep, my lit - tle one sleep." The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the first measure of the vocal line and below the first measure of the piano accompaniment. The music concludes with a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

*pp* Three voices, or soprano solo as before

The boo - book calls a - cross the night The brown moths flut - ter

*pp*

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "The boo - book calls a - cross the night The brown moths flut - ter". The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo) is placed above the first measure of the vocal line and below the first measure of the piano accompaniment. The music concludes with a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

in the light, O, sleep, my lit - tle one sleep!

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "in the light, O, sleep, my lit - tle one sleep!". The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The music concludes with a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

*p*

In Beth-le-hem long, long a-go When roads and pad-docks gleam'd with snow; On

*cresc.* *p*

this same night, That mo-ther mild lull'd in-to dreams Her Roy-al Child So,

*molto dim. e rit.*  
sleep!

sleep, my lit-tle one sleep! my lit-tle one sleep!

*molto dim. e rit.*  
sleep!

# Silent Night

words by Joseph Mohr  
trans. John F. Young

tune by Franz Gruber, alt.  
harm. by Carl H. Reinecke

1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, all is calm, all is bright  
2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, shep - herds quake at the sight,  
3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light

round yon vir - gin moth - er and child. Ho - ly in - fant so ten - der and mild,  
glo - ries stream from heav - en a - far, heav'n - ly hosts sing al - le - lu - ia.  
ra - diant beams from thy ho - ly face with the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,

sleep in heav - en - ly peace, sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
Christ the Sav - iour is born, Christ the Sav - iour is born!  
Je - sus, Lord at thy birth, Je - sus, Lord at thy birth.

## **Carol of the Birds**

Out on the plains the brolgas are dancing

Lifting their feet like war horses prancing

Up to the sun the woodlarks go winging

Faint in the dawn light echoes their singing

***Orana! Orana! Orana to Christmas Day***

Down where the tree ferns grow by the river

There where the waters sparkle and quiver

Deep in the gullies bell-birds are chiming

Softly and sweetly their lyric notes rhyming

***Orana! Orana! Orana to Christmas Day***

Friar birds sip the nectar of flowers

Currawongs chant in the wattle tree bowers

In the blue ranges lorikeets calling

Carols of bushbirds rising and falling

***Orana! Orana! Orana to Christmas Day***

## **CHRISTMAS DAY**

**by John Wheeler and William James**

The north wind is tossing the leaves.  
The red dust is over the town;  
The sparrows are under the eaves,  
And the grass in the paddock is brown  
As we lift up our voices and sing,  
To the Christ-child the heavenly King.

The tree ferns in green gullies sway;  
The cool stream flows silently by;  
The joy bells are greeting the day,  
And the chimes are adrift in the sky,  
As we lift up our voices and sing,  
To the Christ-child the heavenly King.



# The First Nowell

traditional English, 18th cent.

traditional English, 17th cent.  
harm. John Stainer, alt.

1. The first Now - ell, the an - gel did say, was to cer - tain poor  
 2. They look - ed - up and saw a star shin - ing in the  
 3. And by the light of that same star three wise men  
 4. This star drew nigh to the north west, o'er Beth - le -  
 5. Then en - tered in those wise men three, full rev - er - ent -

shep - herds in fields as they lay, in fields where they lay keep - ing their  
 east be yond them far, and to seek the earth it gave great  
 came from coun - try far. To seek for a king was their in -  
 hem it took its rest, and there it did both stop and  
 ly up - on their knee, and of - fered there in His pre -

sheep on a cold win - ter's night that was so deep. Now - ell, Now -  
 light, and so it con - tin - ued both day and night. went. lay.  
 tent, and to fol - low the star where - ev - er it went. lay.  
 stay right o - ver the place where Je - sus lay.  
 sence their gold and myrrh and frank - in - cense.

ell, Now - ell, Now ell. Born is the King of Is - ra - el.