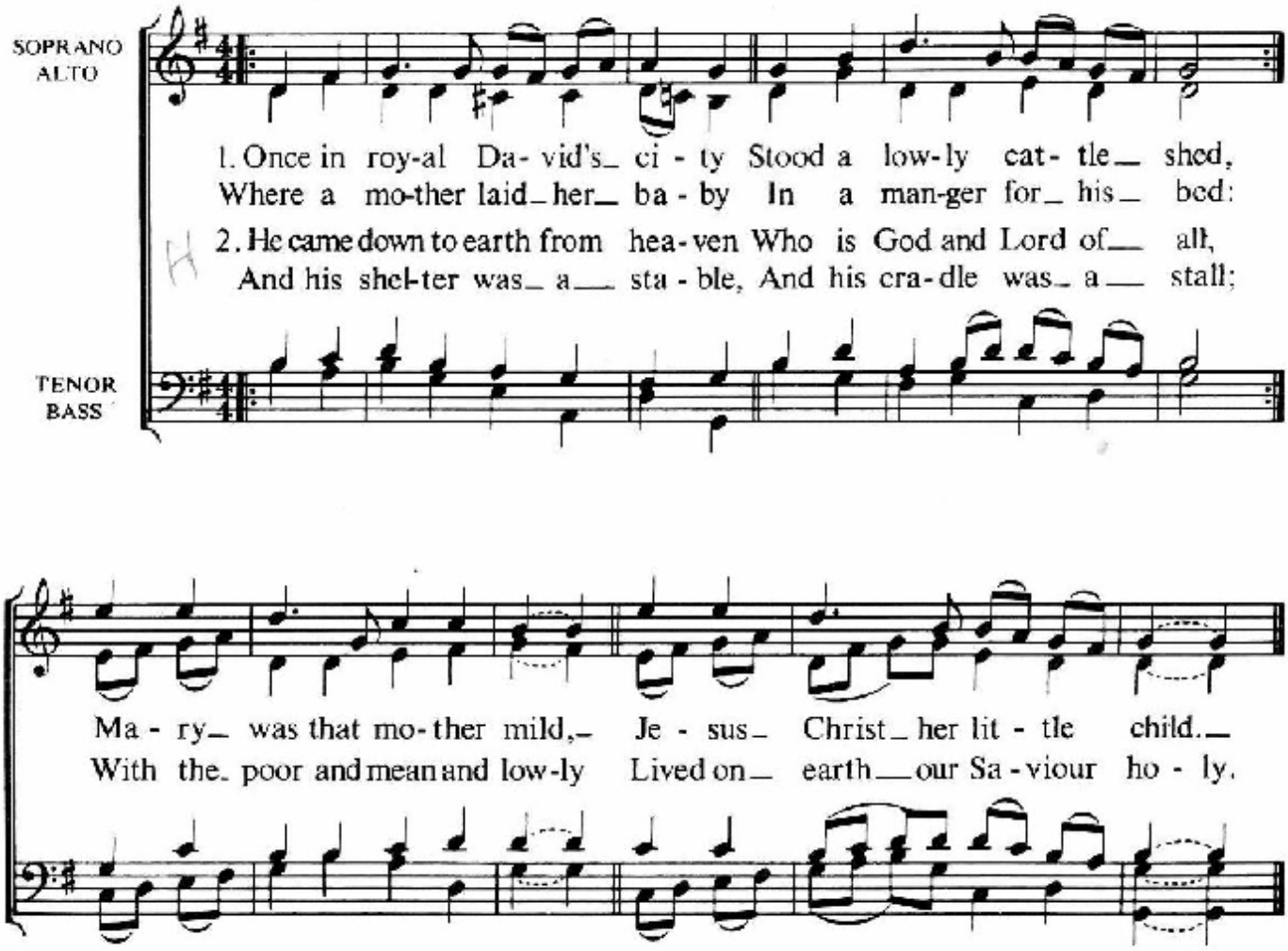
Players Carols 2020

1. Once in Royal David's City
2. O Holy Night
3. The First Nowell
4. Silent Night
5. In the Bleak Midwinter
6. O Little Town of Bethlehem
7. Cowboy Carol
8. While Shepherds Watched
9. Good King Wenceslas
10. Hark the Herald
11. O Come All Ye Faithful
12. We wish you a Merry Christmas

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

Words by C.F. ALEXANDER

H.J. GAUNTLETT
harmonized by A.H. MANN



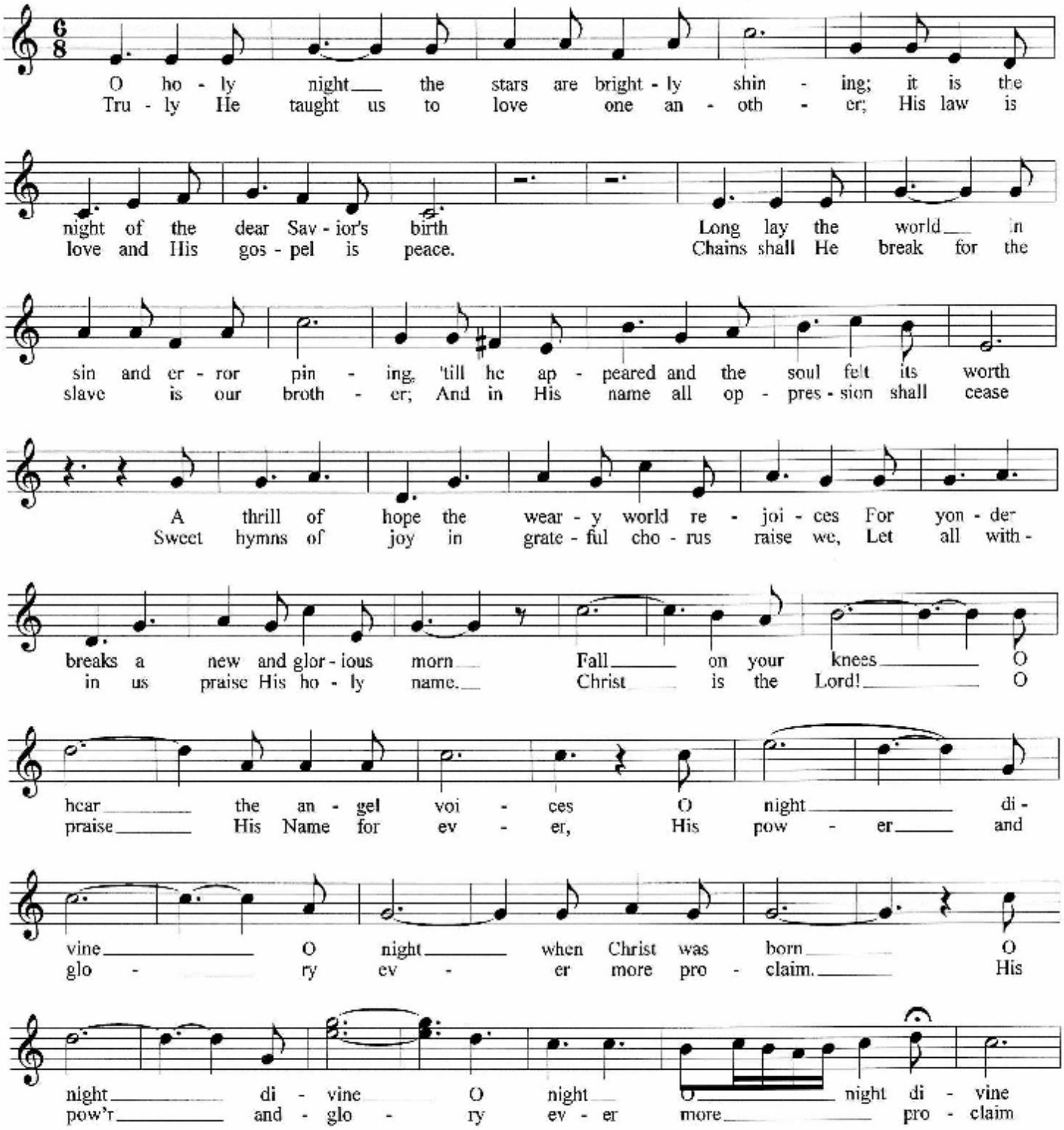
3. And through all his wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms he lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

4. For he is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us he grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew:
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

5. And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

6. Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

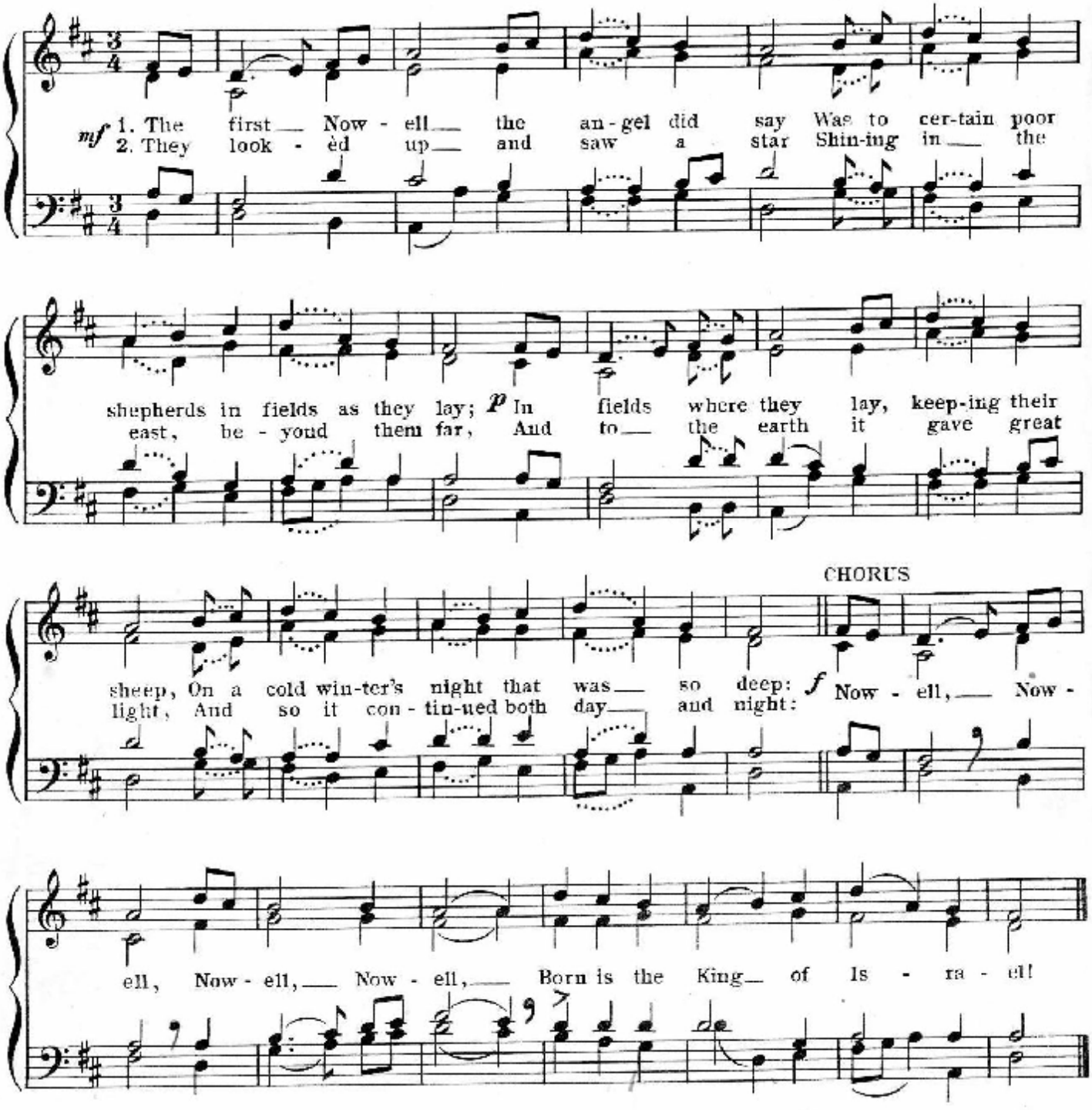
O HOLY NIGHT


O ho - ly night the stars are bright - ly shin - ing; it is the
Tru - ly He taught us to love one an - oth - er; His law is
night of the dear Sav - ior's birth Long lay the world in
love and His gos - pel is peace. Chains shall He break for the
sin and er - ror pin - ing, 'till he ap - peared and the soul felt its worth
slave is our broth - er; And in His name all op - pres - sion shall cease
A thrill of hope the wear - y world re - joi - ces For yon - der
Sweet hymns of joy in grate - ful cho - rus raise we, Let all with -
breaks a new and glor - ious morn Fall on your knees O
in us praise His ho - ly name. Christ is the Lord! O
hear the an - gel voi - ces O night di -
praise His Name for ev - er, His pow - er and
vine O night when Christ was born O
glo - ry ev - er more pro - claim. His
night di - vine O night O night di - vine
pow'r and - glo - ry ev - er more pro - claim

THE FIRST NOWELL

Traditional

Traditional



3. 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:

4. 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:

5. Then entered in those wise men three
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense:

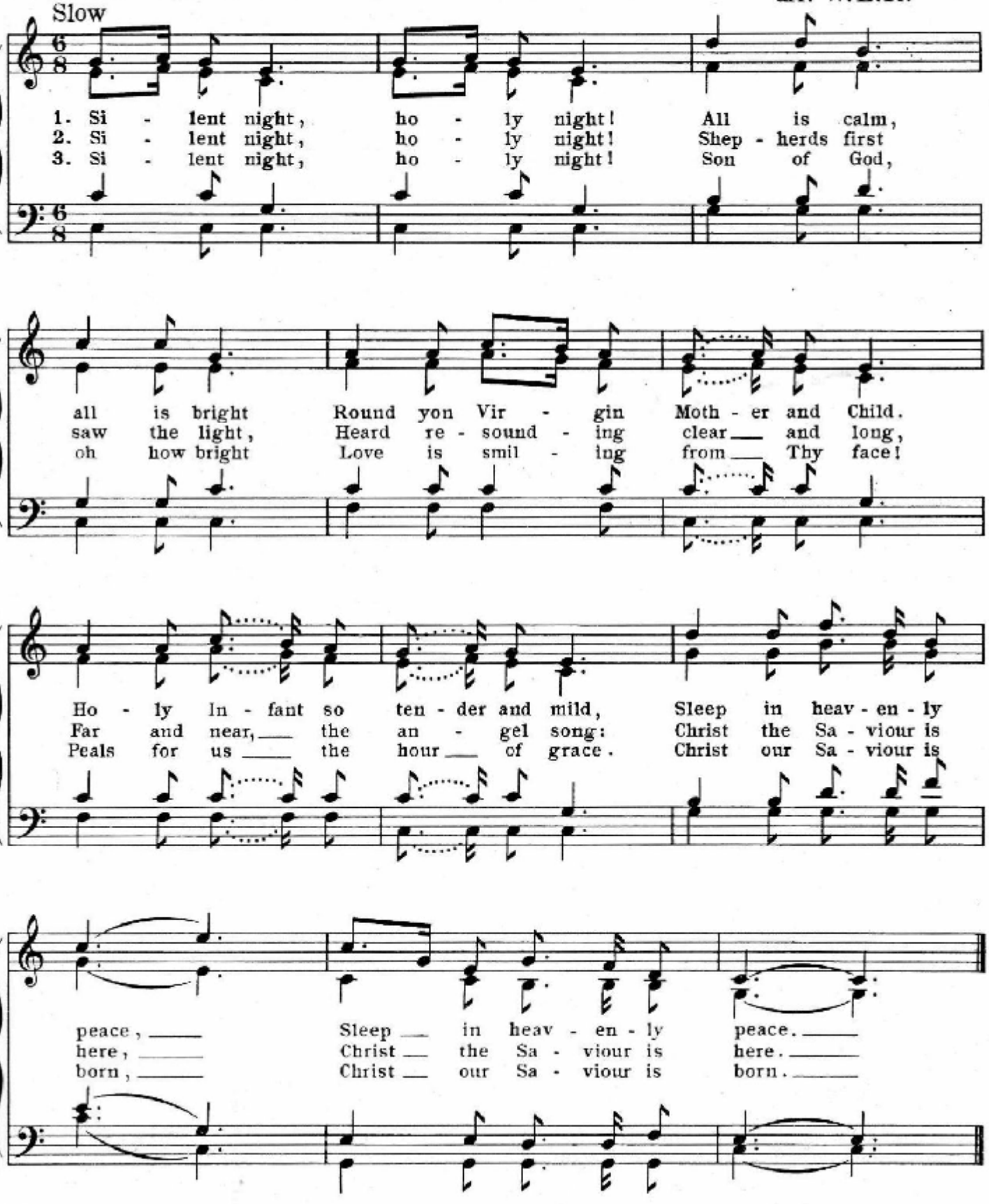
6. Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heav'nly Lord,
That hath made heav'n and earth of nought,
And with His blood mankind hath bought:

SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT

Joseph Mohr (1792 - 1848)

Franz Gruber (1787 - 1863)
arr. W.L.R.

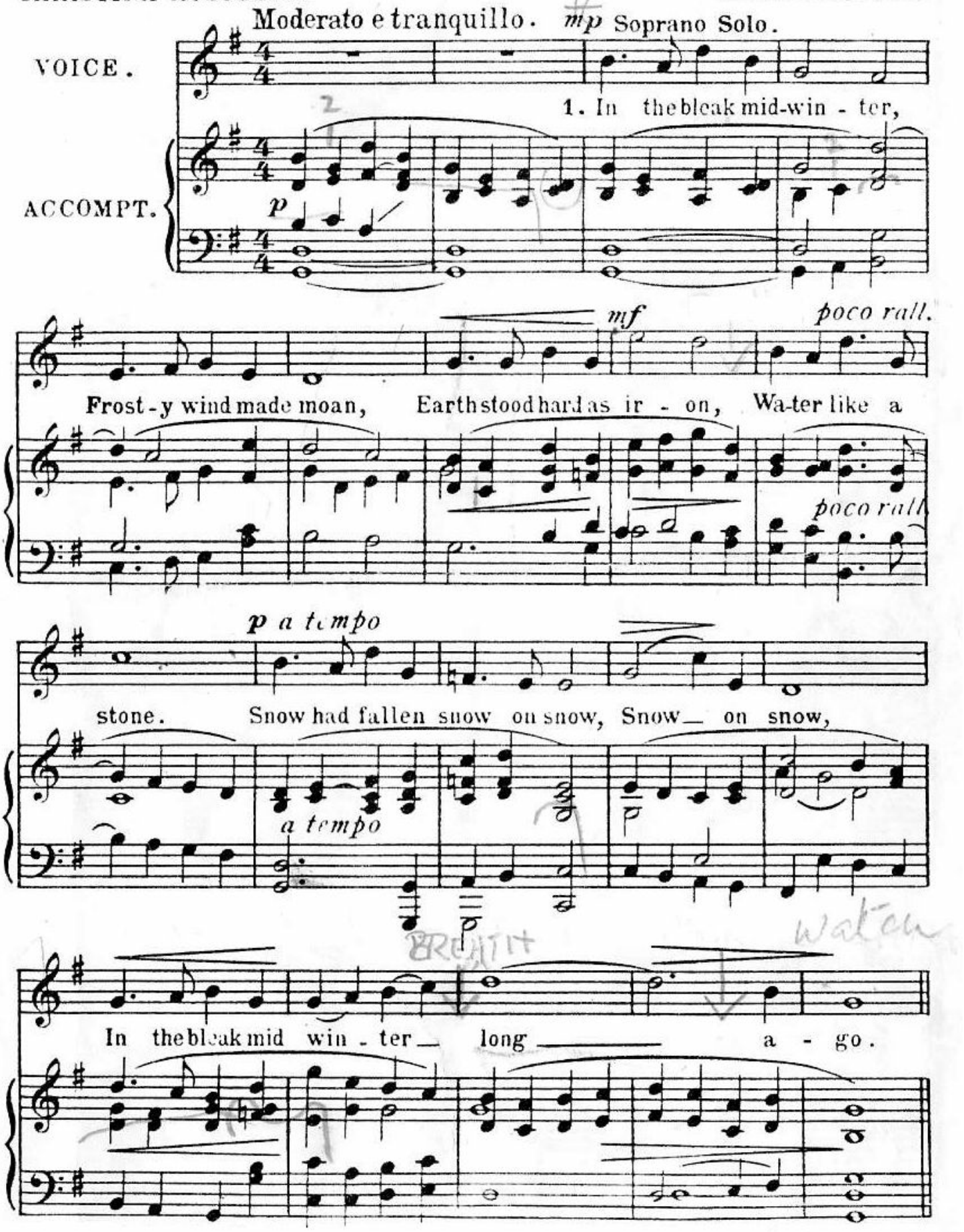
Slow

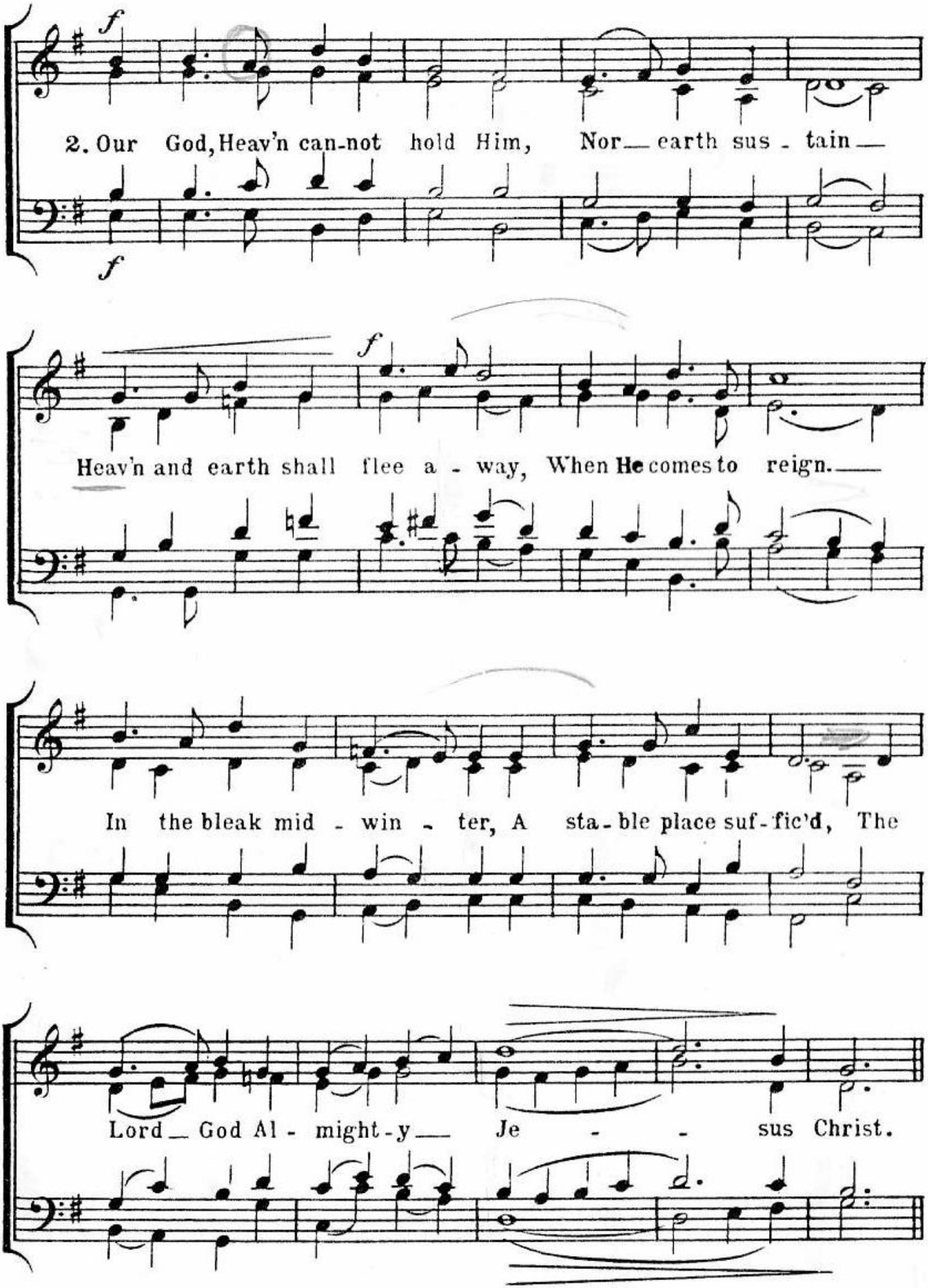


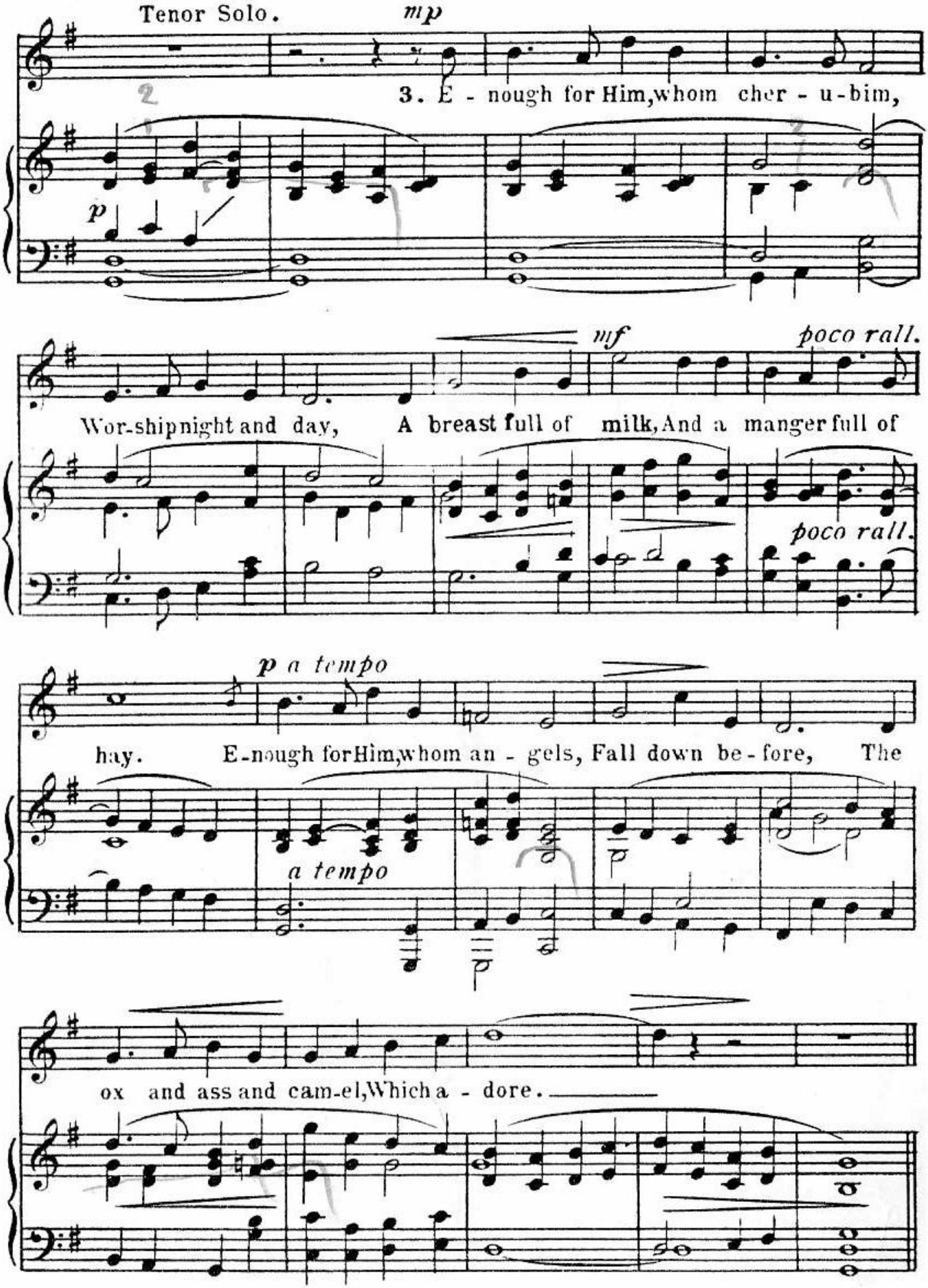
CAROL.

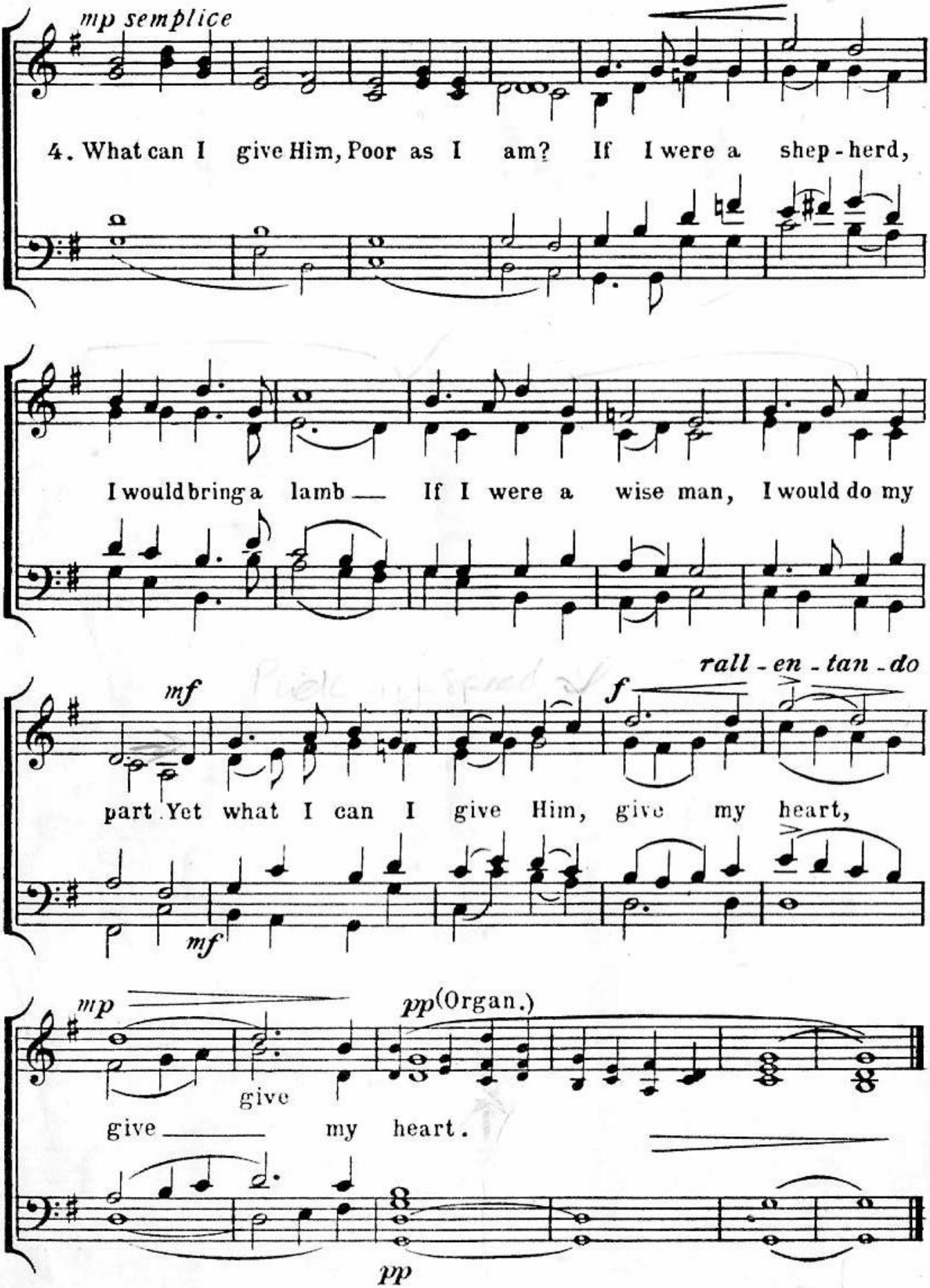
IN THE BLEAK MID-WINTER.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.* HAROLD DARKE.




f
2. Our God, Heav'n can-not hold Him, Nor earth sus - tain
f
f
Heav'n and earth shall flee a - way, When He comes to reign.
In the bleak mid - win - ter, A sta - ble place suf - fic'd, The
Lord God Al - might - y Je - sus Christ.

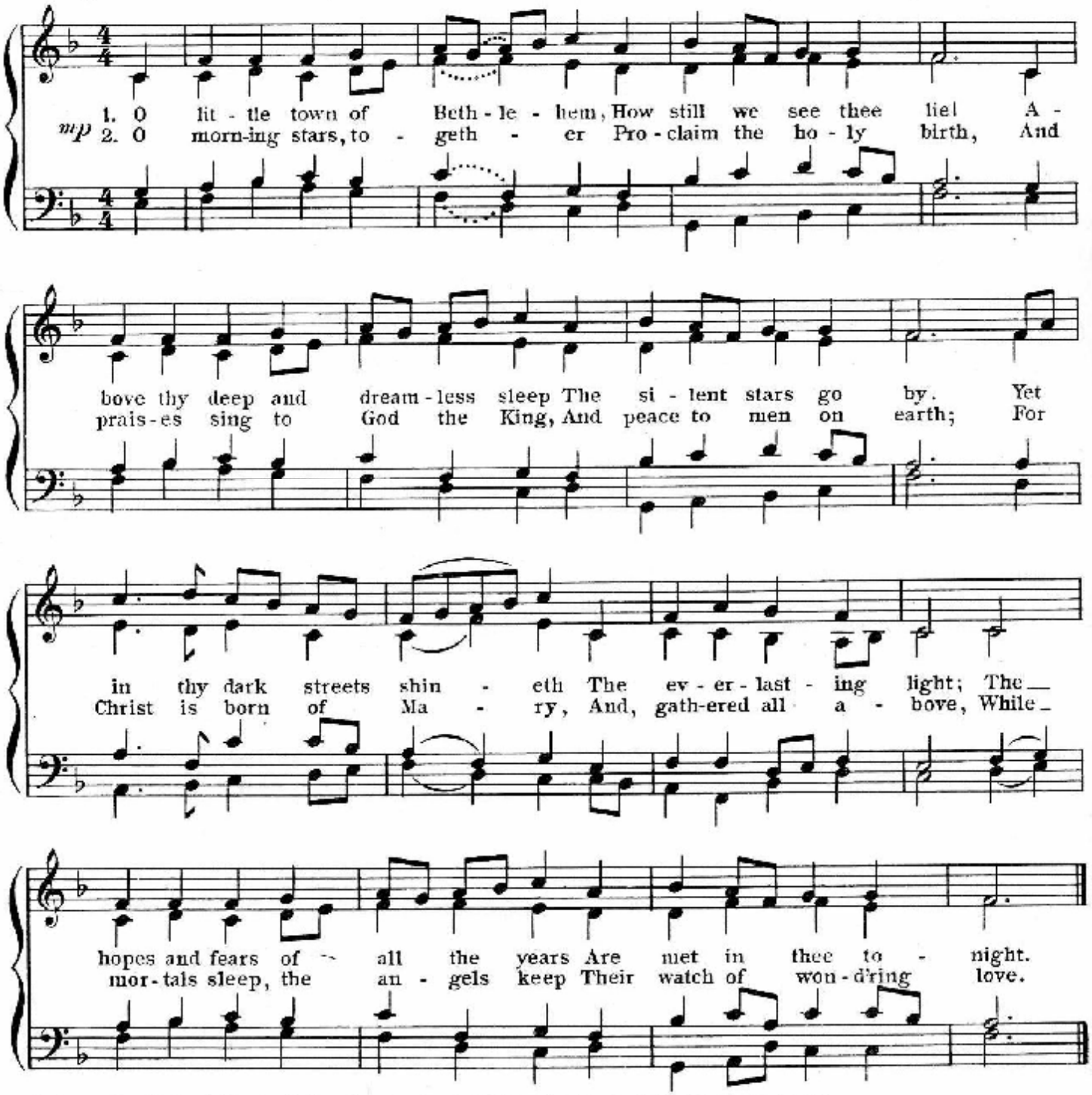

Tenor Solo.
mp
3. E - nough for Him, whom cher - u - bim,
p
mf
poco rall.
Wor-ship night and day, A breast full of milk, And a manger full of
poco rall.
p a tempo
hay. E-nough for Him, whom an - gels, Fall down be - fore, The
a tempo
ox and ass and cam-el, Which a - dore.


mp semplice
4. What can I give Him, Poor as I am? If I were a shep-herd,
I would bring a lamb — If I were a wise man, I would do my
mf
rall - en - tan - do
f
part. Yet what I can I give Him, give my heart,
mf
mp
pp (Organ.)
give
give — my heart.
pp

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

(First Tune)

Phillips Brooks (1835-1893) — Traditional, arr. R. Vaughan Williams



* *From the Oxford Book of Carols, by permission of The Oxford University Press*

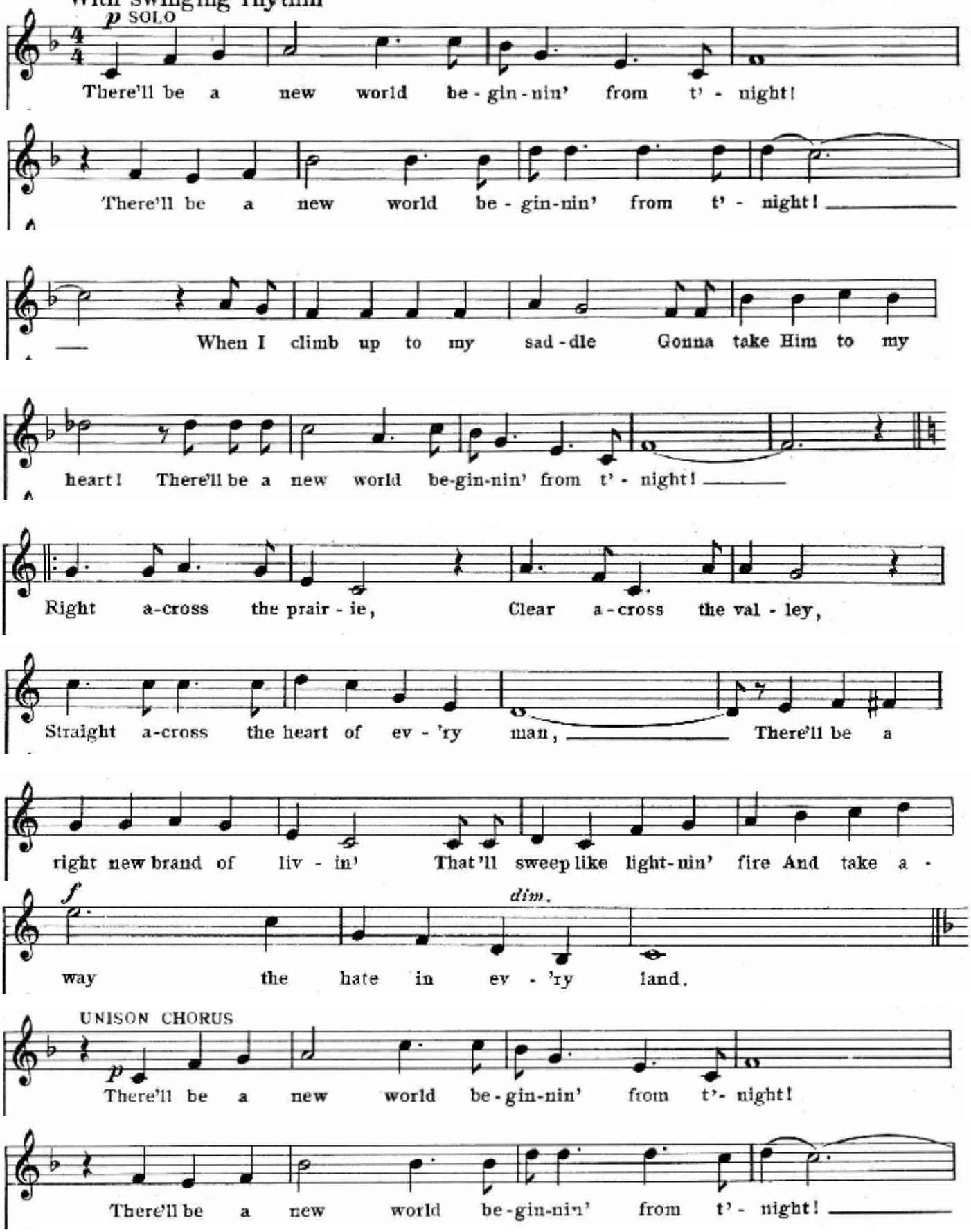
3. How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heav'n.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

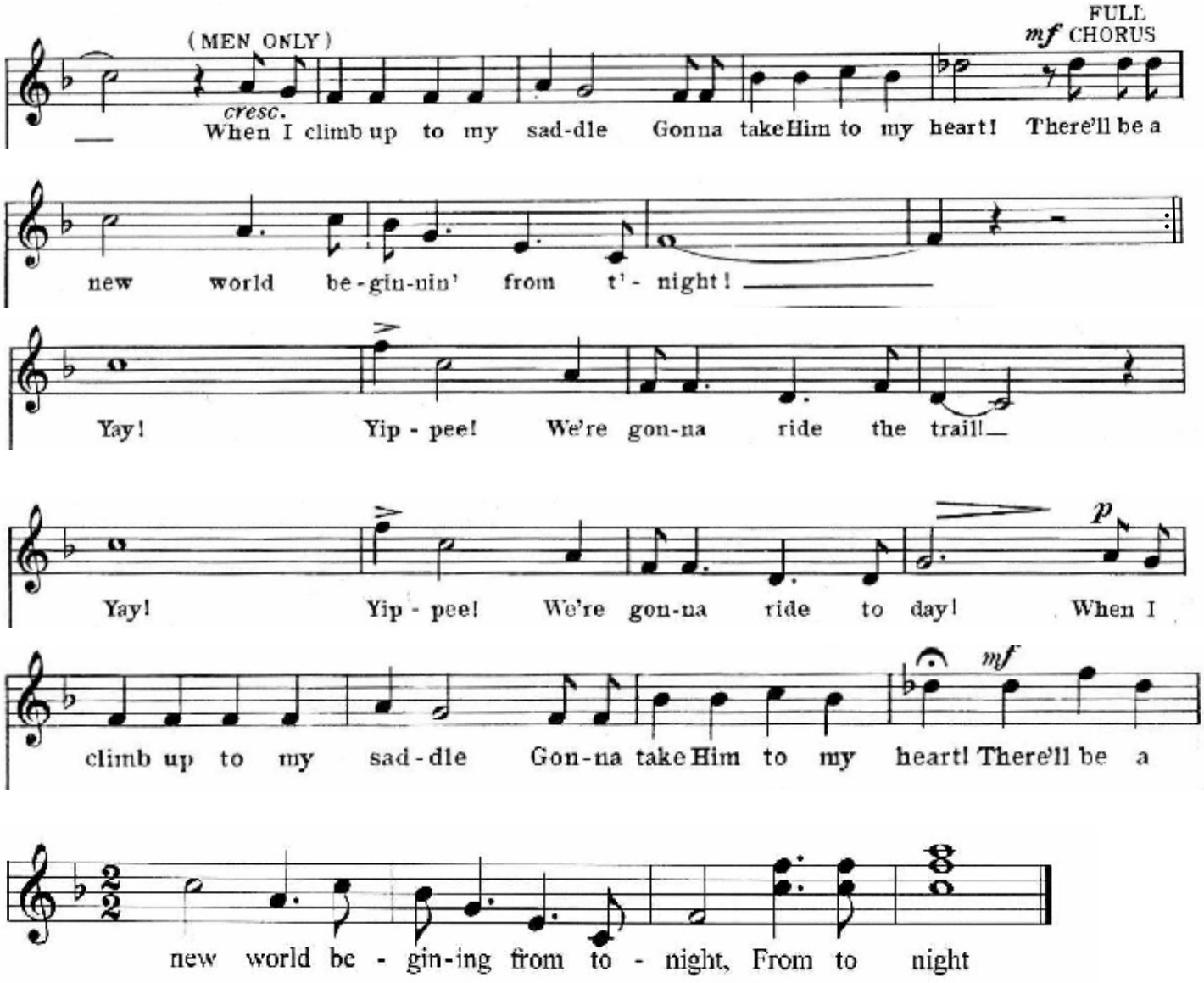
4. O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell.
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

COWBOY CAROL

Words and Music by Cecil Broadhurst
arr. Frances Roots Hadden

With swinging rhythm

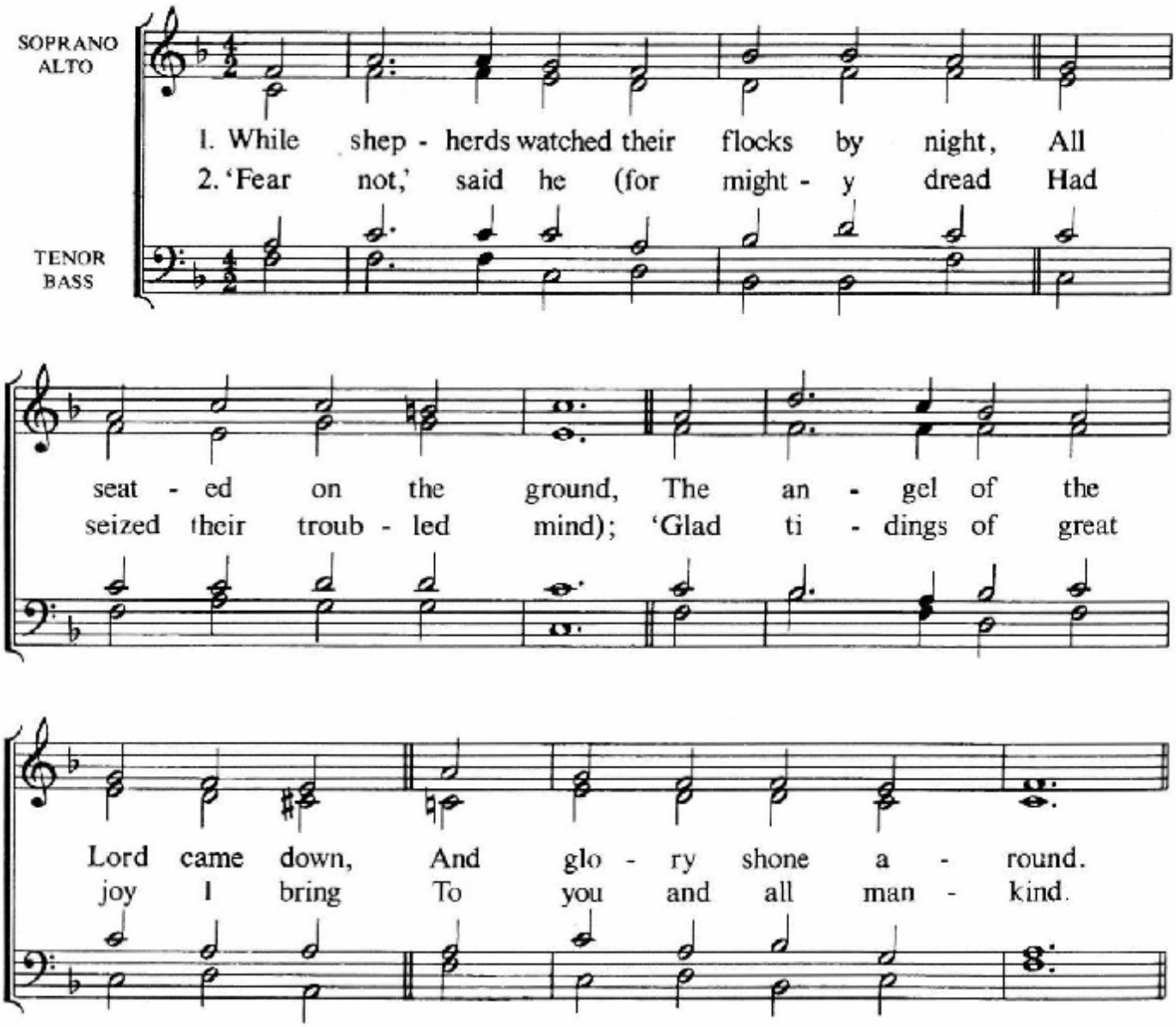



(MEN ONLY)
cresc.
When I climb up to my sad-dle Gonna take Him to my heart! There'll be a
FULL
mf CHORUS
new world be-gin-nin' from t'- night!
Yay! Yip - pee! We're gon-na ride the trail!
Yay! Yip - pee! We're gon-na ride to day! When I
p
climb up to my sad - dle Gon-na take Him to my heart! There'll be a
mf
new world be - gin-ing from to - night, From to night

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS

Words by
NAHUM TATE (1652-1715)

Este's Psalter, 1592



3. '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 the sign:

4. 'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'

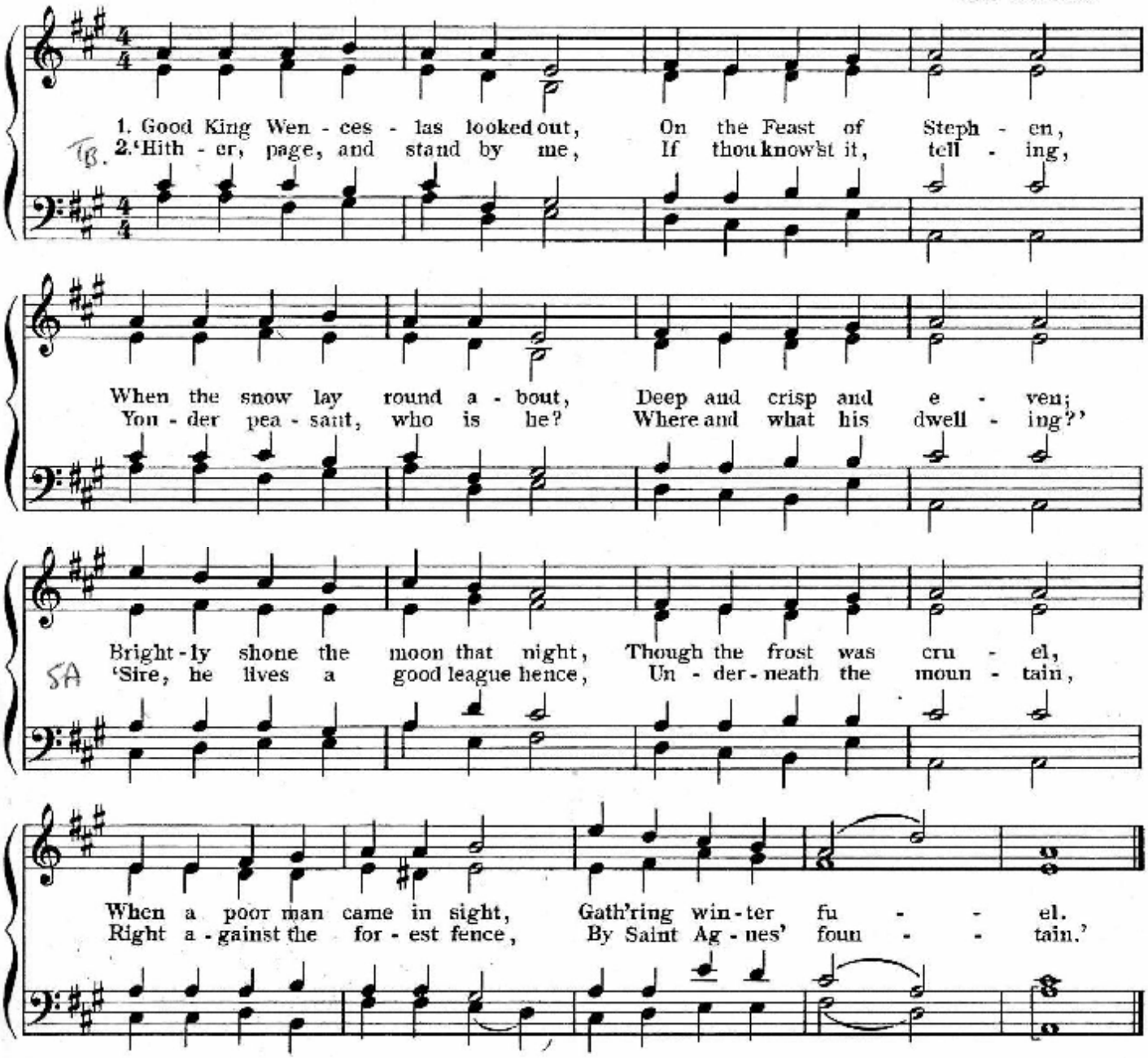
5. Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

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

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

John Mason Neale (1818-1866)

Piae Cantiones (1582)
arr. W. L. R.



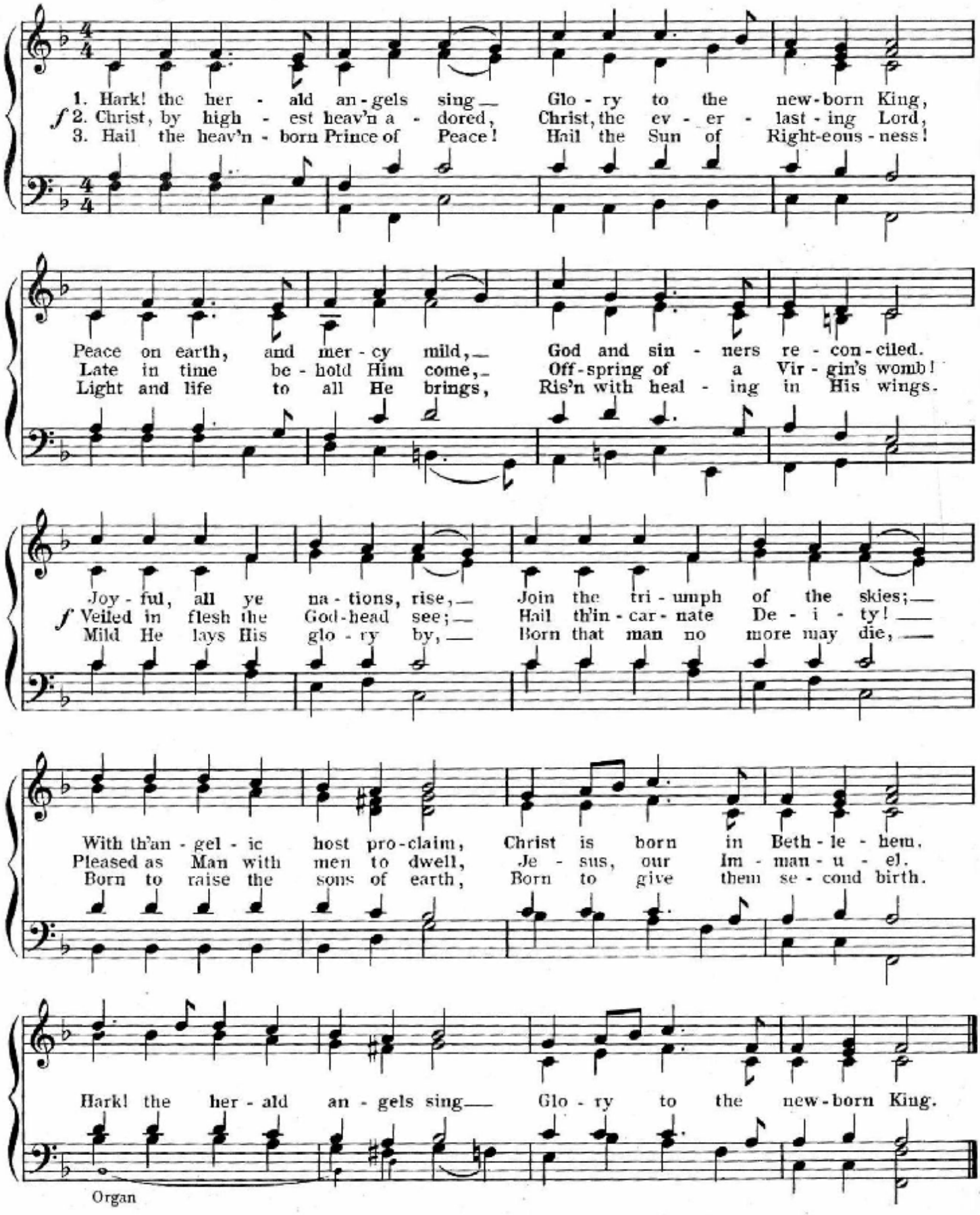
3. 'Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither.'
Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

4. 'Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer.'
'Mark my footsteps, good my page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.'

5. In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Charles Wesley (1707 - 1788) F. Mendelssohn (1809 - 1847)

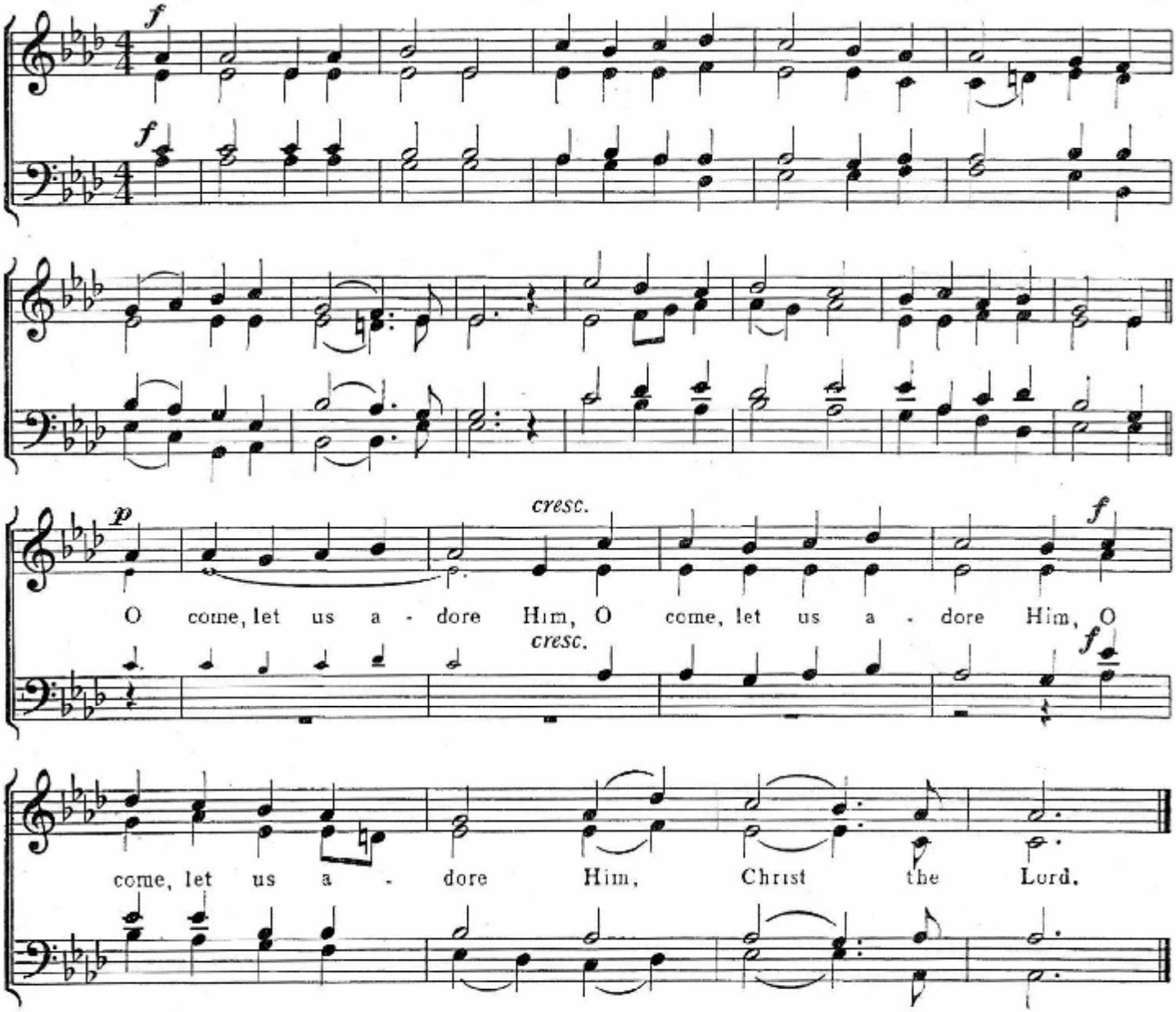


O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

"ADESTE FIDELES"

Tr. by F Oakeley

Anon. 18th Century



1. O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born the King of angels;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb,
Very God,
Begotten, not created:
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord

3. Sing, choirs of angels
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest!
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesu, to Thee be glory given,
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

We Wish You a Merry Christmas

We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
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
Now, bring us some figgy pudding
Now, bring us some figgy pudding
And bring some out here
Good tidings we bring to you and your kin
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year

For we all like figgy pudding
For we all like figgy pudding
For we all like figgy pudding
So bring some out here
Good tidings we bring to you and your kin
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year

And we won't go until we've got some
And we won't go until we've got some
And we won't go until we've got some
So bring some out here
Good tidings we bring to you and your kin
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year