

*If that he say he cannot sing
Some other sport then let him bring
That he may please at this feasting!*

*If that he say he naught can do
Then, for my love, ask him no mo'
But to the stocks then let him go!*

- *From "Make We Merry," a carol in The
Commonplace Book of Richard Hill, c. 1500*

A
VERY
STORVIK
SOLSTICE

PRESENTED BY
THE STORVIK MUSIC ENSEMBLE
AT YULE REVEL
JANUARY 5 AS XLII

Ding Dong Merrily on High

Ding dong merrily on high,
In heav'n the bells are ringing:
Ding dong! verily the sky
Is riv'n with angel singing.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,
Let steeple bells be swungen,
And "Io, io, io!"
By priest and people sungen.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime
Your matin chime, ye ringers;
May you beautifully rime
Your evetime song, ye singers.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

*The tune is known in the SCA as the Official Bransle.
Carols often accompanied circle dances in England.
Since the Official Bransle (or Bransle Official) is a circle
dance, why not dance and sing this one?*

Boar's Head Carol

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary.
I pray you, my masters, be merry
*Quot estis in convivio*¹

CHORUS²:
Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land,
Which thus bedeck'd with a gay garland
Let us *servire cantico*³

Our steward hath provided this
In honor of the King of Bliss;
Which, on this day to be served is
*In Reginensi atrio*⁴

*Boar's head carols were sung in England in the fifteenth
century; this version from Oxford dates to the 1800s.*

- 1. As you all feast so heartily.*
- 2. Lo, behold the head I bring, Giving praise to God we sing*
- 3. Let us serve with a song.*
- 4. In the Queen's hall.*

Bring a Torch, Jeanette, Isabella

Bring a torch, Jeanette, Isabella
Bring a torch, come swiftly and run.
Christ is born, tell the folk of the village,
Jesus is sleeping in His cradle,
Ah, ah, beautiful is the mother,
Ah, ah, beautiful is her Son.

Hasten now, good folk of the village,
Hasten now, the Christ Child to see.
You will find Him asleep in a manger,
Quietly come and whisper softly,
Hush, hush, peacefully now He slumbers,
Hush, hush, peacefully now He sleeps.

*The music dates to 14th century France; translated to English
by E. Cuthbert Nunn (1868 – 1914).*

Coventry Carol

Lullay, Thou little tiny Child,
By, by, lully, lullay.
Lullay, Thou little tiny Child.
By, by, lully, lullay.

O sisters, too, how may we do,
For to preserve this day;
This poor Youngling for whom we sing,
By, by, lully, lullay.

Herod the King, in his raging,
Charged he hath this day;
His men of might, in his own sight,
All children young, to slay.

Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee,
And ever mourn and say;
For Thy parting, nor say nor sing,
By, by, lully, lullay.

*This was a part of a Christmas pageant put on by the
shearmen and tailors of Coventry, England, in the 16th
century. The women in the play sing this lullaby to their
infants just before King Herod's men come to kill them;
Herod is killing all newborns to try and kill the 'King of the
Jews' the magi told him of.. Their deaths are
commemorated in the Christian church on December 28, the
Feast of the Holy Innocents.*

Deck the Halls

Deck the halls with boughs of holly,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Tis the season to be jolly,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Don we now our gay apparel,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Troll the ancient Yule tide carol,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

See the blazing Yule before us,
Strike the harp and join the chorus.
Follow me in merry measure,
While I tell of Yule tide treasure

Fast away the old year passes,
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses,
Sing we joyous, all together,
Heedless of the wind and weather,

The tune is thought to be a traditional Welsh one. The origin of the lyrics is also slightly obscure, but are thought to have originated in America. The first publication date for this song is 1881.

God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen

God rest ye merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Savior was born on Christmas Day;
To save us all from Satan's power when we were gone astray.

CHORUS:

O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy;
O tidings of comfort and joy.

In Bethlehem, in Israel, this blessèd Babe was born,
And laid within a manger upon this blessèd morn;
The which His mother Mary did nothing take in scorn.

From God our heavenly Father a blessèd angel came;
And unto certain shepherds brought tidings of the same;
How that in Bethlehem was born the Son of God by name.

God bless the ruler of this house, and send him long to reign,
And many a merry Christmas may live to see again;
Among your friends and kindred that live both far and near—

That God send you a happy new year, happy new year,
And God send you a happy new year.

Three verses omitted for length. Published in 1833 in Sandys's "Christmas Carols Ancient and Modern," and thought to be at least 100 years older. It is a "waits carol," sung by the waits (watchmen) of London.

Good King Wenceslas

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the feast of Stephen
When the snow lay round about
Deep and crisp and even
Brightly shone the moon that night
Though the frost was cruel
When a poor man came in sight
Gath'ring winter fuel

"Hither, page, and stand by me
If thou know'st it, telling
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence
Underneath the mountain
Right against the forest fence
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

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

"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, my good page
Tread thou in them boldly
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

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

The tune was originally to a spring carol, published in the songbook "Piae cantiones" in Finland in 1582. The words are by John Mason Neale, published in 1853.

St. Stephen's Day is December 26, which may be why this song is associated with Christmas.

Here We Come A-Wassailing

Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green;
Here we come a-wand'ring
So fair to be seen.

CHORUS:

Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail too;
And God bless you and send you
a Happy New Year
And God send you a Happy New Year.

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

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

God bless the master of this house
Likewise the mistress too!
And all the little children
that 'round the table go

Circa 1850; according to the Oxford Book of Carols, the last verse (printed in 1829) may have come from an Elizabethan or early Stuart source. It is a waits' carol, one sung by the waits (watchmen) of London..

The Holly and the Ivy

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown
Of all the trees that are in the wood
The holly bears the crown

CHORUS:

O the rising of the sun
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ
Sweet singing of the choir

The holly bears a blossom
As white as lily flower
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet Saviour

The holly bears a berry
As red as any blood
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good

The holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas Day in the morn.

The holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.

Collected by Cecil Sharp in England, early 20th cen

I Saw Three Ships

I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas Day in the morning?

The Virgin Mary and Christ were there,

Pray, wither sailed those ships all three,

O they sailed into Bethlehem,

And all the bells on earth shall ring,

And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing,

And all the souls on earth shall sing,

Then let us all rejoice again,

This carol dates to an 1833 collection. A Reader's Digest Book of Carols claims the tune dates to 1666, but it's not what we'd exactly call an authoritative source.

Joy to the World

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And Heaven and nature sing,
And Heaven and nature sing,
And Heaven, and Heaven, and nature sing.

Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat, repeat, the sounding joy.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love,
And wonders of His love,
And wonders, wonders, of His love.

Words by Isaac Watts, "The Psalms of David," 1719. Music by Lowell Mason, 1836. It is supposedly a piecing together of themes from Handel's "Messiah." (1741)

Patapan

Willie, take your little drum
Robin, take your flute and come
When we hear the tune you play
Tu-re-lu-re-lu, pat-a-pat-a-pan
When we hear the tune you play
How can anyone be glum?

When the men of olden days
Gave the King of Kings their praise
They had pipes on which to play
Tu-re-lu-re-lu, pat-a-pat-a-pan
They had drums on which to play
Full of joy on Christmas Day

God and man this day become
Joined as one with flute and drum
Let the happy tune play on
Tu-re-lu-re-lu, pat-a-pat-a-pan
Flute and drum play together
As we sing on Christmas day

This appeared in an 1842 printing of a collection of carols gathered by Bernard de la Monnoye. Bernard lived from 1641 to 1728 and collected traditional Burgundian carols.

What Child Is This?

What Child is this who, laid to rest
On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch are keeping?
This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
Haste, haste, to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christians, fear, for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading.
Nails, spear shall pierce Him through,
The cross be borne for me, for you.
Hail, hail the Word made flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh,
Come peasant, king to own Him;
The King of kings salvation brings,
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise a song on high,
The virgin sings her lullaby.
Joy, joy for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

The tune is famously period, dating to the 16th century. The words are date from 1865, written by Englishman Charles Dix.

We Three Kings

We three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

CHORUS:

O star of wonder, star of light,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain
Gold I bring to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising, voices raising,
Worshipping God on high.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone cold tomb.

Glorious now behold Him arise;
King and God and sacrifice;
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Sounds through the earth and skies.

Words & Music: John H. Hopkins, Jr., 1857. Hopkins wrote this carol for a Christmas pageant at the General Theological Seminary in New York City.

In Dulci Jubilo

In dulci jubilo
Now sing with hearts aglow!
Our delight and pleasure
Lies *In praesepio*;
Like sunshine is our treasure
Matris in gremio,
Alpha es et O!
Alpha es et O!

O Jesu parvule,
For thee I long alway;
Comfort in my heart's blindness,
O puer optime;
With all thy loving kindness,
O princeps gloriae.
Trahe me post te.
Trahe me post te.

Ubi sunt gaudia,
In any place but there?
There are Angels singing
Nova cantica;
And there the bells are ringing
In Regis curia.
O that we were there!
O that we were there!

The original version, a "macronic" song in mixed Latin and German, was written in 1328 by a monk named Henrich Suso, based on a vision he had had. An English translation appeared in period, in Middle English in 1540. This translation is from the Oxford Book of Carols. The tune is also used in the familiar carol, "Good Christian Men, Rejoice."

Dona Nobis Pacem

Dona nobis pacem, pacem
Dona nobis pacem

Dona nobis pacem
Dona nobis pacem

Dona nobis pacem
Dona nobis pacem

The words mean “Give us peace.” This has been a part of the Catholic Mass for centuries (it occurs in the “Agnus Dei” or “Lamb of God” litany). This famous version has been attributed to Mozart but we haven’t researched that.

Gaudete

CHORUS:
Gaudete! gaudete! Christus est natus ex Maria Virgine:
Gaudete!

Tempus adest gratiae, Hoc quod optabamus;
Carmina laeticiae Devote redamus.

Deus homo factus est, Natura mirante;
Mundus renovatus est, A Christo regnante.

Ezechiellis porta Clausa pertransitur;
Unde lux est orta, Salus invenitur.

Ergo nostra concito Psallat iam in lustro;
Benedicat Domino: Salus Regi nostro.

First appearing in the Piaae Cantiones published in Finland in 1582. It was recorded in 1972 by Steeleye Span; the period chorus was used but new music was used by the verses. The Steeleye Span version is the one most commonly heard on Christmas albums.

“Gaudete!” means “Rejoice!” The chorus translates as “Rejoice, rejoice! Christ is born of the Virgin Mary. Rejoice!”