

**Christmas Revels 2014: A Victorian Christmas Revels
Texts of Vocal Music**

Hark, the Herald Angels Sing

Hark, the herald angels sing glory to the newborn king;
Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful all ye nations rise, join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark, the herald angels sing glory to the newborn king;

Christ, by highest heaven adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come, offspring of the Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see; hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell, Jesus, our Immanuel.
Hark, the herald angels sing glory to the newborn king;

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.
Risen with healing in his wings, light and life to all he brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hark, the herald angels sing glory to the newborn king;

Pentonville

While shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he, for might dread
Had seized their weary mind,
“Glad tidings of great news I bring
For you and all mankind.”

I'll Be Up your Way Next Week

The lodging house I live in, it drives me off my dot;
The landlady's got a smoky flue and a smoky chimney pot.
She went down to a place in town to a chimney sweep she knew;
She said, “Would you kindly sweep my flue?” and the chimney sweep said with a frown,
“Not now.”

I'll be up your way next week, I'll be up your way next week;
I'm so busy with the neighbor's flue, I've only got one brush and I can't sweep two.

The chimney-sweeping business is very busy, so to speak;
You'll be happy as a thrush when I get another brush,
I'll be up your way next week.

They'll be up your way next week, they'll be up your way next week;
They're so busy with the neighbor's flue, they've only got one brush and they can't sweep two.
The chimney-sweeping business is very busy, so to speak;
You'll be happy as a thrush when they get another brush,
They'll be up your way next week.

It Was my Father's Custom

Come hither, bring the holly bush to decorate the wall,
With noble bough of mistletoe to hang amid the hall;
Spread wide the snowy table cloth upon the shining board,
And bring the best of everything the larder can afford;
Arrange a seat for every guest, let here the glasses shine,
It was my father's custom, and so it shall be mine.

Bring here the massy yule log, the fire pile well up,
For we must draw around it to drink the wassail cup;
The harmless joke we'll pass about, with spirits gay and light,
Our laughter too shall ring around, and echo here tonight;
The old their gossip shall enjoy, the youth in mirth combine,
These were my father's customs, and so they shall be mine.

Now see the guest assemble, with each a smiling face,
They bend their heads in silence, to ask a holy grace;
Now hark, how plates are rattling, the guests enjoy the cheer,
And see the viands great and small all swiftly disappear;
Be gay, my friends, be merry now, to feast let none decline,
These were my father's customs, and so they shall be mine.

Now clear away the tables, and set aside each chair,
And let the merry music for jocund dance prepare;
We'll play the games, the Christmas games, blind man and hunt the shoe,
And kiss the lasses round and round beneath the mistletoe;
For Christmas joys come once a year, to honour them combine,
It was my father's custom, and so it shall be mine.

Oranges and Lemons

Gay go up and gay go down
To ring the bells of London Town.

Oranges and lemons, say the bells of Saint Clement's,

Two sticks and an apple, say the bells of Whitechapel,
Bulls-eye's and targets, say the bells of Saint Margaret's,
Fetters and chains, say the bells of Saint James.

Brickbats and tiles, say the bells of Saint Giles,
Some pancakes and fritters, say the bells of Saint Peter's,
Old father baldpate, say the slow bells of Aldgate,
You owe me five farthings, say the bells of Saint Martin's.

When will you pay me? say the bells of Old Bailey,
When I grow rich, say the bells of Shoreditch.
When will that be? say the bells of Stepney,
I'm sure I don't know, says the great bell of Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head!

Rosy Apple, Lemon and a Pear

Rosy apple, lemon and a pear,
A bunch of roses she shall wear,
A sword and a pistol by her side,
Who shall be her bride?

Take her by her little hand,
Lead her 'cross the water,
Blow her a kiss and say goodbye;
She's the captain's daughter!

Christmas Boxes

Come, let us sing a merry song in welcome of a friend
Who never fails to visit us a every old year's end.

Chorus:

A holly crown we'll weave for him and shout a jolly strain,
For old Father Christmas is here with us again.

Come, give a cheer for one who brings kind presents to us all;
He brings to parents back from school their children great and small.

Mince pies, plum puddings, pleasant gifts he brings to children too,
Snap-dragon, flaming in the dish, which makes them look so blue.

Sweet memories of the past he brings, as age recalls the day
When life was full of youth and hope and everything was gay.

Marshfield Paper Boys' Song

As I rode up to London all on St. Stephen's day,
As I rode up to London I heard the people say:
Fa la la, fa la la, fa la la the day die do

Round and round the Christmas king we march in wind and rain,
Now give a shout, we'll push him out and start the year again!

God Bless the Master

God bless the master of this house, and send him long to reign;
Wherever he walks, wherever he rides, Lord Jesus be his guide.

God bless the mistress of this house, with a gold chain 'round her breast;
Amongst her friends and kindred God send her soul to rest.

God bless the ruler of this house, and send him long to reign;
And many a merry Christmas we may live to see again.

Now I have said my carol, which I intend to do;
God bless us all, both great and small, and send us a happy new year.

Bright Angels

Bright angels whose melodious sound
Fills all the heavenly arches around,
And to their tuneful harps they sing,
"This day is born a heavenly King."

Awake and tune each heart and voice,
Let all creations now rejoice.
Let earth confess her sovereign King
And all with loud hosannas sing.

A prince of peace to us is born,
Arise and hail the happy morn.
Hark, how the angels chant his name
And loud Jehovah's praise proclaim.

He That Shall Endure to the End

He that shall endure to the end shall be saved.

The Seed (poem)

“Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight
And all the air a solemn stillness holds”...
Save where the watchman’s guttering lantern light
Disturbs the shadows in the bitter cold

And as the elder walks into the night
The Old Year in his footsteps walks behind
Transparent in the dying of the light
Embodying the fate of humankind.

All things must pass, all things must surely pass
And day must die and night must surely fall,
We cannot argue, this is true, alas!
The end then? No. Perchance this is not all.

All things must pass. This night must pass as well,
And leave us with the mystery of being.
Beneath, the seed is bursting from its shell,
Mystery requires a different way of seeing.

For now the force that underpins all life
Within the shell is quickening to its peak
And opening as beneath a surgeon’s knife
Delivers the eternity we seek.

The Lord of the Dance

1. I danced in the morning when the world was begun,
And I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,
And I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth.
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

Refrain

Dance, then, wherever you may be;
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,
And I’ll lead you all, wherever you may be,
And I’ll lead you all in the dance, said he.

2. I danced for the scribe and the Pharisee,
But they would not dance and they would not follow me;
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John,
They came with me, and the dance went on.

3. I danced for the people and I cured the lame;
The high and the mighty said it was a shame.

They whipped and they stripped and they hung me high
And they left me there on a cross to die.

4. I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black;
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back;
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone,
But I am the dance and I still go on.

5. They cut me down, and I leapt up high:
I am the life that'll never, never die.
I'll live in you if you live in me;
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.

Hail to Britannia

Hail to Britannia, God save the Queen,
These times are better times than we have ever seen
Hokey pokey penny a loaf, taste before you buy
Singing, Oh what a merry land is England!

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow
Singing, Oh what a merry land is England!
And everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go
Singing, Oh what a merry land is England!

Hail to Britannia, God save the Queen,
These times are better times than we have ever seen
Hokey pokey penny a loaf, taste before you buy
Singing, Oh what a merry land is England!

Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices?

Hark! what mean those holy voices, sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices, heavenly alleluias rise.
Listen to the wondrous story, which they chant in hymns of joy;
"Glory in the highest, glory! glory be to God most high!
"Peace on earth, good will from heaven, reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven, loud our golden harps shall sound.
"Christ is born, the great Anointed; heaven and earth his praises sing:
O receive whom God appointed, for your Prophet, Priest and King."

Good King Wenceslas

1. 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, gathering winter fuel.

2. "Hither, page, and stand by me, if thou knowest 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."

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, my good 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.

Row the Boat, Whittington

Row the boat, Whittington,
Thou worthy citizen,
Lord Mayor of London.

Dona Nobis Pacem

Dona nobis pacem (Give us peace)

Christmas Bells at Sea

Still the night and calm the ocean,
Dazzling bright each wintry star;
Scarcely felt the vessel's motion,
When we heard from out afar
Softly pealing,
Gently stealing,
Silv'ry bells in volleys ringing,
Ringing out in holy glee;
E'en to us glad tidings bringing,
Christmas bells at sea.

Wrapt in awe around them gazing,
Mute the crew in wonder stand,
Whence could come those sounds amazing,
Far from sight or sound of land?
Rising, falling,
Home recalling,
Thoughts of home and heaven bringing,
Sure a solemn mystery
'Twas to hear their silv'ry ringing,
Christmas Bells at sea.

Vain Thy ways, O Heaven, to measure;
Who Thy secrets can divine?
In our hearts enough to treasure
Tokens of Thy love benign.
Where no steeple
calls its people
Tidings of a Saviour bringing,
Angel hands are set by Thee
From a cloud-built belfry ringing
Christmas Bells at sea.

Don't Dilly Dally on the Way

We had to move away, 'cause the rent we couldn't pay,
The moving van came round just after dark;
There was me and my old man, shoving things inside the van,
Which we'd often done before let me remark.
We packed all that could be packed in the van and that's a fact;
And we got inside all we could get inside,
Then we packed all we could pack on the tailboard at the back,
Till there wasn't any room for me to ride.

Chorus:

My old man said, "Follow the van, don't dilly dally on the way!"
Off went the cart with me home packed in it,
I followed on with me old cock linnet.
But I dillied and dallied, dallied and dillied,
Lost me way and don't know where to roam.
I stopped on the way to have me old half-quartern,
And I can't find my way home.

Oh! I'm in such a mess - I don't know the new address,
Don't even know the blessed neighborhood,
And I feel as if I might have to stay out all the night,
And that ain't a-going to do me any good.
I don't make no complaint, but I'm coming over faint,

What I want now is a good substantial feed,
And I sort o' kind o' feel, if I don't soon have a meal,
I shall have to rob the linnet of his seed.

Chorus:

My old man...

No, you can't trust the specials like the old-time coppers
When you can't find your way home.

When Father Papered the Parlour

Our parlor wanted papering, and Pa said it was waste
To call a paperhanger in, and so he made some paste.
He bought some rolls of paper, got a ladder and a brush
And with his mother's nightie on, at it he made a rush.

Chorus:

When Father papered the parlour you couldn't see Pa for paste,
Dabbing it here! dabbing it there! paste and paper everywhere;
Mother was stuck to the ceiling, the kids were stuck to the floor –
You've never seen a blooming family so stuck up before.

The pattern was "blue roses" with its leaves red, white, and brown;
He stuck it wrong way up, and now we all walk upside down.
And when he trimmed the edging off the paper with the shears,
The cat got underneath it, and Dad cut off both its ears.

Chorus

We're never going to move away from that house any more,
For Father's gone and stuck the chairs and table to the floor,
We can't find our piano, though it's broad and rather tall;
We think that it's behind the paper Pa stuck on the wall.

Chorus

Down at the Old Bull and Bush

Come, come, come and make eyes at me
Down at the old Bull and Bush,
Come, come, drink some port wine with me
Down at the old Bull and Bush.
Hear the little German band,
Just let me hold your hand, dear.
Do, do, come and have a drink or two
Down at the old Bull and Bush (Bush, Bush.)

Talk about the shade of the sheltering palm

Praise the bamboo tree with its wide spreading charm
There's a little nook down near old Hampstead town
You know the place, it has won great renown
Often with my sweetheart on a bright Summer's day
To the little pub there my footsteps will stray
If he hesitates when he looks at the sign,
Promptly I whisper, now do not decline but-

Come, come, come and make eyes at me
Down at the old Bull and Bush,
Come, come, drink some port wine with me
Down at the old Bull and Bush.
Hear the little German band,
Just let me hold your hand, dear.
Do, do, come and have a drink or two
Down at the old Bull and Bush (Bush, Bush.)

Great Things

Sweet cyder is a great thing, a great thing to me,
Spinning down to Weymouth town by Ridgway thirstily,
And maid and mistress summoning who tend the hostelry,
O cyder is a great thing, a great thing to me.

The dance it is a great thing, a great thing to me
With candles lit and partners fit for nightlong revelry
And going home when day dawning peeps pale upon the lea
O dancing is a great thing, a great thing to me

Love is yea, a great thing, a great thing to me
When having drawn across the lawn in darkness silently
A figure flits like one a-wing out from the nearest tree
O love is, yes, a great thing, a great thing to me
O love it is a great thing, a great thing to me.

Hallelujah, Amen

Hallelujah, amen!
Rejoice, O Judah, and, in songs divine,
With cherubim and seraphim harmonious join!

Away in a Manger

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,

The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head;
The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes;
I love thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

The Shortest Day (poem)

So the shortest day came, and the year died,
And everywhere, down the centuries of the snow-white world,
Came people singing, dancing,
To drive the dark away.
They lighted candles in the winter trees;
They hung their homes with evergreen,
They burned beseeching fires all night long
To keep the year alive.
And when the new year's sunshine blazed awake
They shouted, reveling.
Through all the frosty ages you can hear them
Echoing, behind us -- listen!
All the long echoes sing the same delight
This shortest day,
From feudal village to the Old Queen's throne,
They carol, feast, give thanks,
And dearly love their friends, and hope for peace.
And so do we here, now, this year, and every year.
Welcome Yule!

The Sussex Mummers' Carol

God bless the master of this house, with happiness beside,
Where'er his body rides or walks, his God must be his guide,
His God must be his guide.

God bless the mistress of this house, with gold chain round her breast;
Where'er her body sleeps or wakes, Lord send her soul to rest,
Lord send her soul to rest.

God bless your house, your children too, your cattle and your store,
The Lord increase you day by day, and send you more and more,
And send you more and more.