

9999

Christmas Carols

Charles M Clark

Composer

William J Cupp

Composer

Grant

Composer

Trygve Heistad

Composer

Fred Lincoln Hill

Composer

See next page for additional authors

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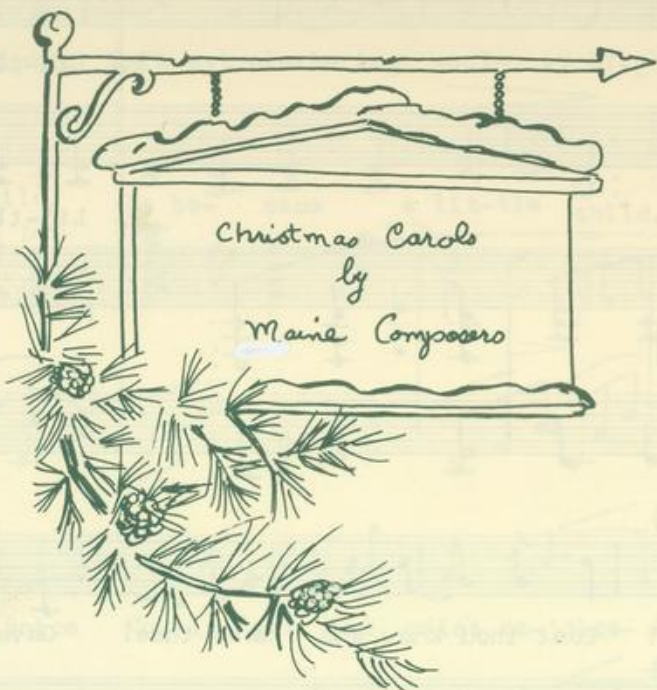
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Authors

Charles M Clark, William J Cupp, Grant, Trygve Heistad, Fred Lincoln Hill, Hermann Kotzschmar, Mary A Kotzschmar, Rupert Neily, and Harry Stott



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LITTLE LAMB

89a

William Blake (1757-1827)

Charles M. Clark, Jr.

With Rhythm

Sop 1

S 2
Alt.

1. Lit-tle Lamb who
2. Lit-tle Lamb I'll


Mf

made thee? Dost thou know who made thee? Gave thee life and

tell thee: Lit-tle Lamb I'll tell thee: He is called

bid thee feed, By the stream end o'er the mead, Gave thee clothing

by thy name For he calls himself a Lamb. He is meek and




of de-light, Soft-est cloth-ing wool-ly bright, Gave thee such a



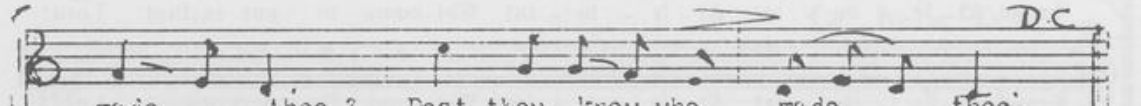
He is mild, He be-came a lit-tle child. I, a child, and




ten-der voice Mak-ing all the vales re-joice-Lit-tle Lamb who



thou a lamb, We are called by His name-Lit-tle Lamb, God



made thee? Dost thou know who made thee.



bless thee. Lit-tle Lamb, God bless thee.



No 11. "Sing, ye choristers of heaven."

Carol

(a cappella.)

(♩ = 92)

Sing, ye choris - ters of heav - en, Shout for joy, ye - sons of God,
 Sing, ye choris - ters of heav - en, Shout for joy, ye sons of God,
 Sing, ye choris - ters of heav - en, Shout for joy, ye - sons of God,
 Sing, ye choris - ters of heav - en, Shout for joy, ye sons of God,

Cry a - loud, ye stars of morn - ing, Send Love's mes - sage all a -
 Cry a - loud, ye stars of morn - ing, Send Love's mes - sage all a -
 Cry a - loud, ye stars of morn - ing, Send Love's mes - sage all a -
 Cry a - loud, ye stars of morn - ing, Send Love's mes - sage all a -

broad. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Wel - come to our in - fant Lord!
 broad. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Wel - come to our in - fant Lord!
 broad. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Wel - come to our in - fant Lord!
 broad. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Wel - come to our in - fant Lord!

Fairest babe in all creation,
 Lovely as the rosy morn,
 Clothed in garments of salvation,
 Child celestial, heaven-born,
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Hail to our redemption's dawn!

Praise to Thee, our great Redeemer,
 Who for us life's pathway trod,
 And, that we might live forever,
 Did'st endure the chastening rod.
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Glory to the Triune God!

From cantata "The First Christmas" by C W Coombs. Copr. GS 1902

" HOW FAR IS IT TO BETHLEHEM?"

Frances Chesterton

William J. Cupp

(A) (Shepherd's pipe)

Organ MP

P (echo)

Great kings leave pre-cious gifts, But we have naught.

1. How far is it to Beth- le hem? Not ver- y far.

Lit- tle smiles and lit- tle tears Are all we brought.

Shall we see the sta- ble room Lit by a star?

For all wear- y chil- dren Ma- ry must weep,

Can we see the lit- tle Child, Is He with- in?

Here up- on His bed of straw Sleep, chil- dren, sleep. (D)

If we lift the wood- en latch, May we go in?

Ped. p.

May we stroke the creatures there, -Ox, Ass and Sheep?

If we touch His ti- ny hand, will He a- wake?

"How Far is it to Bethlehem" by Frances Chesterton in Days and Deeds com'd. by Burton Egbert and Elizabeth B. Stevenson. Pub'd. by Doubleday, Doran Co.. copr. 1931

May we peep like them and see Je- sus a- sleep?
 Will He know we'd come so far, Just for His sake?

Ped.

Just for His sake. (Organ: horn) (choe: horn)
 MF

Ped.

D Slower: cradle rocking

God in His mo- ther's arms, Babes in the

Ped.

byre, - - Sleep - - as they sleep who

Sleep! - - - Sleep, Chil-dren, sleep!
 find their heart's de- sire. -

Ped.

Sleep! - - Sleep! - - Sleep!
 Sleep, - - chil- dren, sleep! (Organ, celeste)

p.

STARS

Elizabeth Sawyer

Marilyn Farrar

MF

Stars of frost on the win-dow pane, Stars of the crye-tal snow,

Star on the tip of a shin-ing tree, Stars in the sky a-glow! ----

Stars of the season Bring to our hearts Guiding the shep-
of hope and joy that light herds to

One whose star shone in their lone-ly night... Shone in their lone-ly night.

(Text by Elizabeth Sawyer. Permission to use.)

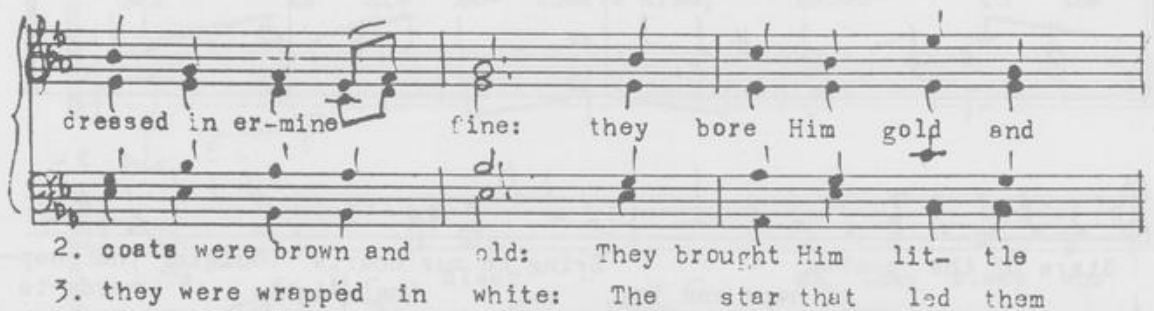
A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Sara Teasdale

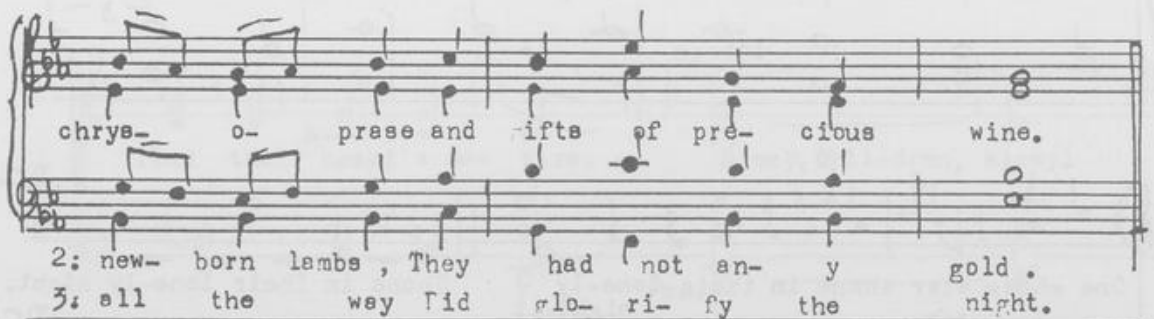
Richard Grant



1. The kings they came from out the south, All
2. The shep- herds came from out the north, Their
3. The wise men came from the east, And



dressed in er- mine fine: they bore Him gold and
2. coats were brown and old: They brought Him lit- tle
3. they were wrappéd in white: The star that led them



chry- so- prase and gifts of pre- cious wine.
2. new- born lambs, They had not an- y gold.
3. all the way tid glo- ri- fy the night.

"A Christmas Carol" (Teasdale) from Collected Poems of Sara Teasdale
by MacMillan Publishing Co. Inc., Copr. 1922.. (permission to use)

LET JOY BURST FORTH

Christmas Carol

Trygve Heistad

S
E
A

Let joy burst forth and trum- pets call, Let voic- es
Our God and our cre- a ---- tor, Re- ceive our

T

Let joy burst forth and trum- pets call, Let voic- es
Our God and our cre- a ----- tor, Re- ceive our

B

Let joy burst forth and trum- pets call, Let voic- es
Our God and our cre- a ----- tor, Re- ceive our

swell the air in chorus. Give thanks now for the birth of
song of thanksgiving, For bles- sings bounteous from Thy

swell the air in chorus. Give thanks now for the birth of
song of thanksgiving, For bles- sings bounteous from Thy

swell the air. Give thanks now for the birth of
song of thanks, For bles- sings bounteous from The

Him, di- vine, Who walked a - mong us Let bells ring
hand to all earth's creatures liv - ing For the guidance

Him, di- vine, Who walked a - mong us. Let bells ring
hand to all earth's creatures liv - ing, For the guid- ance

Him, di- vine, Who walked a - mong us. Let bells ring
hand to all earth's creatures liv - ing, For the guid- ance

out and child- ren shout, Let laugh- ter sound and
of Thy spir - it's flame, For strength and cour - age

out and child- ren shout, Let laugh - ter sound and
of Thy spir - it's flame, For strength and cour - age

out and child- ren shout, Let laugh- ter sound and
of Thy spir - it's flame, For strength and cour - age

joy a - bound, Glad tid - ings send the world a -
in Thy name. Re - make us that through our re -

joy a - bound, Glad tid - ings send the world a -
in Thy name. Re - make us that through our re -

joy a - bound, Glad tid - ings send the world a -
in Thy name. Re - make us that through our re -

round of peace, good will towards men.
birth Thy will be done on earth.

round of peace, good will towards men.
birth Thy will be done on earth.

round of peace, good will towards men.
birth Thy will be done on earth. T.H.

CAROL OF THE NATIVITY

sab

Moderato

Text and Music
Fred Lincoln Hill

1. The stars shone bright that holy night When the little Lord Christ was
2. The ox and ass and thee sheep all came And laid down in the

born; - His Mother hummed a lull-la-bye, And shep-herds
hay - To guard the Christ Child in His sleep They stayed there

gathered round.
all the day.

Refrain

Lull - a-by, lullaby, lullaby, Ba- by.

3. The angels sang their joyous song,
"Glory to God on high!
Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
Nor did the Christ Child cry.

4. The Wise Men came with gifts for Him
And knelt before the stall;
Mary and Joseph knelt there, too,
By this Child who came for all.

5. This day let people far and near
Recall the Christ Child's birth;
From Heav'n He came, our Christmas Star,
To save all souls on earth.

ON THIS GLORIOUS CHRISTMAS MORN

Hermann Kotschmar

Mary A. Kotschmar

As the vir-gin moth-er mild Bends a-bove her new born child-

Falls up-on her list-'ning ear Words, to - us , so sweet, so dear:-

★ Refrain

"Peace on earth", an-gels sing, "Good will to men," the ech-oes ring,-
the

For the Christ, the Lord is born On this glorious Christmas morn.

Little children, 'tis for you
Christ is born, to make you true-
True in thought, in word and deed-
Evermore to Him give heed.

-Refrain.

Happy lads and maidens bright
Do you love the Lord of Light?
Heart and mind with voices raise,
Gifts of service, as of praise.

-Refrain.

Men and women far and near
Lay aside all doubt and fear
Christmas morn to you doth bring
Christ your Master, Lord, and King.

-Refrain.

AWAY IN A MANGER (ssa)

Luther

Rupert Nelly

(Acc.) P L.H. Fine

A- way in a man-ger No crib for his bed, The lit- tle Lord
 The cat- tle are low- ing, The poor Ba- by wakes, But lit- tle Lord

(Acc.)

Je- sus laid down His sweet head: The stars in the sky Look'd
 Je- sus No cry- ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je- sus,

down where He lay - The lit- tle Lord Je- sus, A- sleep in the hay.
 down from the sky - And stay by my cra- dle Till morning is nigh.

Maine Composers and Their Music. MFMO.

*Last time 8/va pp

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Text and music

Harry Stott

All Hail! our God E-man-u-el Whose
The shep-herd in the hills a-far Whose

birth we praise to-day; Whose
flocks do rest by night; Shall

light will shine for ev-er-more To
see the splen-dor of the Lord Un-

bright-on all our way.-
fold-ed by His might.

3. The Star that shines in eastern sky Doth cast its rays benign,
O'er land and sea, to you and me: 'Tis Christ in full design.

4. All Hail! Our God Emanuel Whose birth we praise to-day,
Let all the earth sing glory, God, On this Christ's natal day.

THE LITTLE JESUS CAME TO TOWN
(A Christmas Folk Song)

SSAA

Lizette Woodworth Reese

Frances Turgeon

♩ = 80
3/2

The lit- tle Je- sus came to town; (Cho.) The wind blew
Up rose the sheep were fold-ed near; (Cho.) Thou Lamb of

The wind blew
"Thou Lamb of

up, The wind blew down. Out in the street the wind was
God, come, en-ter here." He en-tered there to rush and

up, The wind blew down.
God, come, en-ter here."

bold reed Now who would house Him from the cold? Then o- pened
Who was the Lamb of God in- deed. The lit- tle

Now who would house Him from the cold? Then o- pened
Who was the Lamb of God in- deed. The lit- tle

cres.

*Bell tone on D: always P

wide the sta-ble door, Fair were the rush-es on the
 Je-sus came to town, With Ox and Sheep He laid Him

wide the sta-ble door, Fair were the rush-es on the
 Je-sus came to town, With Ox and Sheep He laid Him

floor; The Ox put forth a horn-ed head: "Come, Lit-tle
 down. Peace to the Byre, peace to the Fold, For that they

floor; The Ox put forth a horn-ed head: "Come, Lit-tle
 down. Peace to the Byre, peace to the Fold, For that they

Lord, here make Thy bed."

Lord, here make Thy bed."

housed Him from the cold!

housed Him from the cold!