

## 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

*O, the rising of the sun  
And the running of the deer,  
The playing of the merry organ,  
Sweet singing in the choir.*

The holly bears a blossom  
As white as any flow'r  
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 redem us all.

*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*

*O, the rising of the sun  
And the running of the deer,  
The playing of the merry organ,  
Sweet singing in the choir.*

## OF A ROSE, A LOVELY ROSE

*Of a Rose, a lovely Rose,  
Of a Rose is all my song.*

Hearken to me both old and young,  
How this Rose began to spring;  
A fairer rose to mine liking  
In all this world ne know I none.

Five branches of that rose there been,  
The which be both fair and sheen;  
The rose is called Mary, heaven's queen.  
Out of her bosom a blossom sprang.

The first branch was of great honour:  
That blest Marie should bear the flow'r;  
There came an angel from heaven's tower  
To break the devil's bond.

The second branch was great of might,  
That sprang upon Christmas night;  
The star shone over Bethlem bright,  
That man should see it both day and night.

The third branch did spring and spread;  
Three kinges then the branch gan led  
Unto Our Lady in her childbed;  
Into Bethlem that branch sprang right.

The fourth branch it sprang to hell,  
The devil's power for to fell:  
That no soul therein should dwell,  
The branch so blessedfully sprang.

The fifth branch it was so sweet,  
It sprang to heav'n, both crop and root,  
Therein to dwell and be our bote:  
So blessedly it sprang.

Pray we to her with great honour,  
She that bare the blessed flow'r,  
To be our help and our succour,  
And shield us from the fiendes bond.

## THE NIGHT HE WAS BORN

There was no berry on the bramble  
only the thorn,  
there was no rose, not one petal,  
only the bare thorn,  
the night he was born.

There was no voice to guide them,  
only the wind's whistling,  
there was no light in the stable,  
only the starshine  
and a candle guttering  
the night he was born.

From nothing and nowhere this couple  
came,  
at every border their papers were  
wrong  
but they reached the city  
and begged for a room.

There was no berry on the bramble  
only the thorn,  
and a cold wind whispering  
the night he was born.

## 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.

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask thee to stay  
Close by me forever, and love me  
I pray.  
Bless all the dear children in thy tender  
care,  
And fit us for heaven to live with thee  
there.

## VOICES IN THE MIST

The time draws near the birth of  
Christ:  
The moon is hid; the night is still;  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,  
From far and near, on mead and moor,  
Swell out and fail, as if a door  
Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,  
That now dilate, and now decrease,  
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and  
peace,  
Peace and goodwill to all mankind.

*”Kristi födelse närmar sig,  
kyrkklockor svarar varandra i  
dimman,  
röster från fyra byar växer  
och tonar bort med vindarna.  
Fred och god vilja bland  
människorna.”*

## A SPOTLESS ROSE

A spotless Rose is blowing,  
Sprung from a tender root,  
Of ancient seers' foreshowing,  
Of Jesse promised fruit;  
Its fairest bud unfolds to light  
Amid the cold, cold winter  
And in the dark midnight.

The Rose which I am singing,  
Whereof Isaiah said,  
Is from its sweet root springing  
In Mary, purest Maid;  
For through our God's great love and might  
The Blessed Babe she bare us  
In a cold, cold winter's night.

## IL EST NÉ LE DIVIN ENFANT

*Il est né le divin enfant,  
Jouez hautbois, résonnez musettes !  
Il est né le divin enfant,  
Chantons tous son avènement !*

*Qu'il est beau, qu'il est charmant !  
que ses grâces sont parfaites !  
Qu'il est beau, qu'il est charmant !  
Qu'il est doux ce divin enfant !  
Il est né...*

*Une étable est son logement  
Un peu de paille est sa couchette,  
Une étable est son logement  
Pour un dieu quel abaissement !  
Il est né...*

*O Jésus ! Roi tout puissant  
Tout petit enfant que vous êtes,  
O Jésus ! Roi tout puissant,  
Régnez sur nous entièrement !  
Il est né...*

*Han är född, det gudomliga barnet  
Spela, oboer och genljud, säckpipor!  
Låt oss alla besjunga hans ankomst!*

*Så vacker han är, så förtjusande,  
så perfekt  
Så snäll han är, det gudomliga barnet.*

*Ett stall är hans härbärke,  
lite halm hans säng  
Vilken förnedring för en Gud!*

*O Jesus, allsmåktige konung,  
om ock ett helt litet barn,  
härskar över oss fullständigt!*

## UN FLAMBEAU, JEANETTE, ISABELLE

Un flambeau, Jeannette, Isabelle,  
Un flambeau, courons au berceau!  
C'est Jésus, bonnes gens du hameau,  
Le Christ est né, Marie appelle,  
Ah ! Ah ! que la mère est belle,  
Ah ! Ah ! Ah ! que l'Enfant est beau !

*Bring a torch, Jeanette, Isabella!  
Bring a torch, to the stable call  
Christ is born, tell the folk of the village  
Jesus is born and Mary's calling.  
Ah! Ah! Beautiful is the Mother!  
Ah! Ah! Beautiful is her Child*

C'est un tort quand l'Enfant sommeille,  
C'est un tort de crier si fort.  
Taisez-vous l'un et l'autre d'abord !  
Au moindre bruit Jésus s'éveille.  
Chut ! Chut ! Chut ! Il dort à merveille !  
Chut ! Chut ! Chut ! Voyez comme il dort.

*It is wrong when the Child is sleeping,  
It is wrong to talk so loud.  
Silence, now as you gather around,  
Lest your noise should waken Jesus.  
Hush! Hush! See how He slumbers;  
Hush! Hush! See how fast He sleeps!*

Doucement, dans l'étable close,  
DouceMENT, venez un moment!  
Approchez ! Que Jésus est charmant!  
Comme il est blanc! Comme il est rose!  
Do ! Do ! Que l'Enfant repose !  
Do ! Do ! Qu'il rit en dormant !

*Softly now unto the stable,  
Softly for a moment come!  
Look and see how charming is Jesus,  
Look at Him there, His cheeks are rosy!  
Hush! Hush! See how the Child is sleeping;  
Hush! See how He smiles in His dreams!*

## PAT-A-PAN

Guillaume prends ton tambourin  
Toi prends ta flûte, Robin.  
Au son de ces instruments  
Turelure lu, patapatapan  
Au son de ces instruments  
je dirai Noël gaîment.

*Willie, bring your little drum,  
Robin take your flute and come!  
When we hear the music bright we will  
sing Noel this night,  
When we hear the fife and drum,  
Christmas should be frolicsome.*

C'était la mode autrefois  
De louer le Roi des Rois.  
Au son de ces instruments.  
Il nous faut en faire autant.

*Thus the men of olden days for the King  
of Kings to praise,  
When they hear the fife and drum, sure,  
our children won't be dumb.*

L'homme et Dieu sont plus d'accord  
Que la flûte et le tambour.  
Au son de ces instruments  
Turelure lu, patapatapan  
Au son de ces instruments  
Chantons, dansons, sautonsen.

*God and man are now become more at  
one than fife and drum.  
When you hear the fife and drum,  
ture-lure-lu, pata-pata-pan,  
When you hear the fife and drum, dance  
and make the village hum.*

## DET ÄR EN ROS UTSPRUNGEN

Det är en ros utsprungen  
av Jesse rot och stam,  
av fädren ren besjungen,  
den står i tiden fram.

## DEN YNDIGSTE ROSE ER FUNDEN

Den yndigste rose er funden,  
blandt stiveste torne oprunden,  
vor Jesus, den dejligste pode,  
blandt syndige mennesker gro'de.

Alt siden vi tabte den ære,  
Guds billedes frugter at bære,  
var verden forvildet og øde,  
vi alle i synden bortdøde.

Da lod Gud en rose opskyde  
og sæden omsider frembryde,  
at rense og ganske forsøde  
vor slægts den fordærvede grøde.

Al verden nu burde sig fryde,  
med salmer mangfoldig udbryde,  
men mangan har aldrig fornummen,  
at rosen i verden er kommen.

Forhærdede tidsel-gemytter,  
Så stive som torne og støtter,  
hvi holde I eder så ranke  
i stoltheds fordærvede tanke.

Ak, søger de ydmyge steder,  
i støvet for frelseren græder,  
så få I vor Jesus i tale,  
thi roserne vokse i dale.

Min Jesus, du stedse skal være  
mit smykke, min rose, min ære,  
de giftige lyster du døder  
og korset så liflig forsøder.

Lad verden mig alting betage,  
lad tornene rive og nage,  
lad hjertet kun dåne og briste,  
min rose jeg aldrig vil miste.

## DET ÄR EN ROS UTSPRUNGEN

Det är en ros utsprungen  
av Jesse rot och stam,  
av fädren ren besjungen,  
den står i tiden fram.  
En blomma skär och blid,  
mitt i den kalla vinter,  
i midnatts mörka tid.

Om denna ros allena  
ljöd förr Jesaje ord,  
att född av jungfrun rena  
han frälsa skall vår jord.  
Av Herrens nåd och makt  
oss detta under skedde  
som oss profeten sagt

Den späda rosen fina  
som doftar salighet  
i mörkret månde skina,  
besegra dunkelhet.  
Sann Gud och mänska sann,  
oss arma människor frälsa  
från synd och död han kan.

## **NU TÄNDAS TUSEN JULELJUS**

Nu tändas tusen juleljus  
på jordens mörka rund,  
och tusen, tusen stråla ock  
på himlens djupblå grund.

Och över stad och land i kväll  
går julens glada bud,  
att född är Herren Jesus Krist,  
vår Frälsare och Gud.

Oi Betlehemin tähtönen,  
luo valos' päälle maan!  
Tuo joulurauha suloinen  
myös majaan matalaan.

Du stjärna över Betlehem,  
o, låt ditt milda ljus  
få lysa in med hopp och frid  
i varje hem och hus!

I varje hjärta armt och mörkt  
sänd du en stråle blid,  
en stråle av Guds kärleks ljus  
i signad juletid!