

ORYX 503 - A *Christmas Celebration*

I Saw Three Ships Come Sailing In

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.

Our Saviour Christ and his lady
On Christmas day, on Christmas day...

Pray whither sailed those ships all three?
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
Pray whither sailed those ships all three?
On Christmas day in the morning.

Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day....

Then let us all rejoice, amain,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
Then let us all rejoice, amain,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Once in Royal David's City

Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to Earth from Heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on Earth our Savior holy.

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.

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;
Where like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Born that man no more may die
Born to raise the sons of earth
Born to give them second birth
Hark! The herald angels sing
"Glory to the newborn King!"

"My Tez Pastuszkowie" *is the Polish for*
"Shepherds are we all"

O come, O come, Emmanuel
Redeem thy captive Israel,
That into exile drear is gone
Far from the face of God's dear Son.....
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Up, my neighbour, come away,
See the work for us today,
The hands to help the mouths to feed.
The sights to see, the books to read.....

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 mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);**

**"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."**

**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:**

"The Heavenly Babe you there shall find

**To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."**

Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith

**Appeared a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song: "All glory be to God on High, And to the Earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."**

Deck the Hall with boughs of holly,
Fa la la la la, etc...
Tis the season to be jolly, Fa la la,
Fill the mead cup, drain the barrel,
Troll the ancient Christmas Carol.....

Silent Night, Holy Night, All is calm, all is bright, Round yon virgin Mother and child,
Holy infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace....
Shepherds quake at the sight
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!
Christ, the Saviour is born...
Son of God, love's pure light

Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth....

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: The rising of
the sun, The running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir

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 Heav'n adored
Christ the everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold Him come
Offspring of a Virgin's womb
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see
Hail the incarnate Deity
Pleased as man with man to dwell
Jesus, our Emmanuel
Hark! The Herald Angels sing
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings
Ris'n with healing in His wings
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
Hark! The Herald Angels sing
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown: The rising of
the sun, The running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir

God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen,

Let nothing you dismay, for Jesus 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

From God our heavenly Father, A blessed angel came. And unto certain shepherds,
Brought tidings of the same, How that in Bethlehem was born, The Son of God by name

The shepherds at those tidings, Rejoiced much in mind, And left their flocks a feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind, And went to Bethlehem straightway, This blessed babe to find: **Chorus**

Now to the Lord sing praises, All you within this place, And with true love and brotherhood,
Each other now embrace; This holy tide of Christmas, Doth bring redeeming grace. **Chorus**

O Little Town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie, Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by, Yet in thy dark streets shineth, The everlasting Light, The hopes and fears of all the years, Are met in thee tonight....

O morning stars together, Proclaim the holy birth, And praises sing to God the King
And Peace to men on Earth.....

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

Three Kings from Persian Lands afar,

To Jordan follow the pointing star;
And this the quest of the travellers three,
Where the new born King of the Jews may be.
Full royal gifts they bear for the King;
Gold, incense, Myrrh are their offering.....

The First Noël, the Angels did say, was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
Born is the King of Israel!

They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the East beyond them far
And to the earth it gave great light
And so it continued both day and night.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
Born is the King of Israel!

This star drew nigh to the northwest
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest
And there it did both Pause and stay
Right o'er the place where Jesus lay.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
Born is the King of Israel!

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord
That hath made Heaven and earth of nought
And with his blood mankind has bought.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, Born is the King of Israel!

"Nesem vam Noviny" is *Czech* for "I bring good news"

WASSAIL! wassail! all over the town, Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown; Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree; With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink unto to thee....

Come butler, come fill us a bowl of the best, then we hope that your soul in Heaven may rest, But if you do draw us a bowl of the small, then down shall go butler, bowl and all....

Call up the Butler of this house, put on his golden ring; let him bring us a glass of beer, and the better we shall sing....

Bring us out a table, and spread it with a cloth; bring us out a mouldy cheese,
And some of your Christmas loaf.....

God bless the Master of this house,
Likewise the Mistress too; and all the little children that round the table go.....

The word "wassail" is a seasonal greeting that originated with the Danes. In Saxon times the original form of this word was: "was hail", (be whole) and was a greeting meaning: "be in good health". In the twelfth century, it became a toast when the reply was "drink hail", or "drink good health". The word later was used for a drink related to the toast which was usually spiced ale or mulled wine made for Christmas Eve or Twelfth Night (Jan.6).