

ROSEHILL

Pub Carols

Songs taken from the singing of traditional carols in the pubs of Yorkshire, Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire each year around Christmas.



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Please Note: As is the true tradition of pub carols, the songs may not all be sung or sung in the order listed above but the title and page number will be shouted out before we start.

Boar's Head Carol

The boar's head in hand bear I
Bedecked with bay and rosemary;
So I pray you my masters be merry,
Quot estis in convivio

Chorus (twice after each verse):
Caput apri defero [I bring in the boar's head]
Reddens laudes Domino

The boar's head as I understand
Is the rarest dish in all the land,
Which thus bedecked with a gay garland,
Let us servire cantico [serve it with a song].

Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of bliss,
Which on this day to be served is
In Reginensi atrio

The Sans Day Carol

Now the holly she bears a berry as white as the milk,
And Mary she bore Jesus who's wrapt up in silk.

Chorus (after each verse):

And Mary she bore Jesus, our Saviour for to be,
And the first tree that's in the green wood
It was the holly.
Holly, holly,
And the first tree that's in the green wood
It was the holly.

Now the holly she bears a berry as green as the grass,
And Mary she bore Jesus who died on the cross.

Now the holly she bears a berry as black as the coal,
And Mary she bore Jesus who died for us all.

Now the holly she bears a berry as blood it is red,
And we trust in our Saviour who rose from the dead.

Gower Wassail

A-wassail, a-wassail throughout all this town,
Our cup it is white and our ale it is brown.
Our wassail is made of good ale and cake,
Some nutmeg and ginger, it's the best we could get.

Chorus (after each verse):

Fol-dee-dol, lol-dee-dol-dee-dol,
Lol-dee-dol-dee-dol, lol-dee-dol-dee-dee,
Fol-dee-derol, lol-dee-der-dee,
Sing too-ra-li-doh.

Our wassail is made of an el'berry bough,
Although, my good neighbour, we'll drink unto thou,
Besides all on earth, we have apples in store,
Pray let us come in, for 'tis cold by the door.

We know by the moon that we are not too soon,
And we know by the sky that we are not too high.
We know by the stars that we are not too far,
And we know by the ground that we are within sound.

Now, master and mistress, thanks to you we'll give,
And for our jolly wassail as long as we live.
And if we should live till another New Year,
Perhaps we may call and see who do live here.

We Wish You a Merry Christmas (Round)

We singers make bold, as in days of old,
To celebrate Christmas and bring you good cheer.
Glad tidings I bring of Messiah, our King,
So we wish you a merry Christmas,
So we wish you a merry Christmas,
So we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!

The shepherds amazed, as upwards they gazed,
Behold! Holy angels to them drawing near,
Singing "Goodwill to men!" as onwards they came,
So we wish you a merry Christmas,
So we wish you a merry Christmas,
So we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!

Lets join heart and hand to keep God's command,
By loving to serve Him throughout the New Year.
In an innocent way we'll be happy today,
So we wish you a merry Christmas,
So we wish you a merry Christmas,
So we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!
So we wish you a merry Christmas,
So we wish you a merry Christmas,
So we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!

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, gathering winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me, if you know 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 food 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 cold 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 now in them boldly,
Thou shall find the winter's rage freeze your blood less coldly."

In his master's steps 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 Christmas Tree

(this is a call and response song)

Who comes this way so blithe and
gay?

Upon the Merry Christmas Day.

So merrily so cheerily,
With his peaked hat and his
reindeer sleigh,

With pretty toys for girls and boys,

As pretty as you e'er did see.

Oh this is Santa Claus's man,
Kris Kringle with his Christmas tree.

His sleigh bell ring with a merry jing,
As off its reefs the reindeers
spring.

Gee up, Gee ho! How swift they go,
Away o'er the ice and the drifts of
snow;

For he must call one and all,
His master's pretty pets, you see;
For he is Santa Claus's man,
Kris Kringle with his Christmas tree.

Chorus (after each verse):

Oh ho! Oh ho! Oh ho, ho,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

And jingle, jingle, jing-a-jing-a-jing,
Right merry shall you be.

Yes jingle, jingle, he comes this way,
He comes with the Christmas tree.

And welcome, welcome,
welcome Kris,

Right welcome you shall be.

Oh here he is, yes, yes he is,

'Tis Kris with the Christmas tree,

The Christmas tree,
the Christmas tree,
The Christmas tree,
the Christmas tree.

With cakes and plums, trumpets
and drums,

And lots of pretty things he comes;
So now be quick, your places take,
And all a merry circle make.

For now he's near, he'll soon
appear,

And we his jolly face shall see.
Oh, welcome Santa Claus's man,
Kris Kringle with his Christmas tree!

Here We Come A-Wassailing

Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wandering so fair as to be seen.

Chorus (after each verse):

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

We are not daily beggars that beg from door to door,
But we are neighbours' children that you have seen before.

We've got a little purse and it's made of leather skin,
A little silver sixpence would line it well within

God bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children that round the table go.

Mount Moriah

'Glory to God', the angels sing,
 'Glad tidings, lo, I bring,
 Glad tidings, lo, I bring!
In David's city lies a babe,
 And Jesus is the child,
 And Jesus is the child,
 And Jesus is the child'.

'Glory to God', let man reply,
'For Christ, the Lord, is come,
For Christ, the Lord, is come;
Behold him in a manger lie,
 A stable is His room,
 A stable is His room,
 A stable is His room'.

'Glory to God, let all the earth
 Join in the heavenly song,
 Join in the heavenly song,
And praise Him for our Saviour's birth
 In every land and tongue,
 In every land and tongue,
 In every land and tongue!'

The Holly and The Ivy

Oh, 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 (after each verse):
Oh the rising of the sun
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ
Sweet singing all in the choir.

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

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

The holly bears a flower
As white as any milk,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus
All wrapped up in silk.

Oh, 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.

God Rest You Merry Gentlemen

God rest you merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour was born upon this day,
To save poor souls from Satan's power when we are gone astray.

Chorus (after each verse):

O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy

From God that is our Father, the blessed angels came,
Unto some certain shepherds with tiding of the same,
That there was born in Bethlehem, the Son of God by name.

The shepherds at those tidings rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding in tempest storms of wind,
And straight they came to Bethlehem, the Son of God to find.

Now when they came to Bethlehem where our sweet Saviour lay,
They found Him in a manger, where oxen fed on hay,
The Blessed Mary kneeling down, unto the Lord did pray.

Now to the Lord sing praises all you within this place,
Like we true loving brethren, each other to embrace,
The merry time of Christmas is drawing on a-pace.

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.

Sweet Chiming Bells (While Shepherds Watched)

While Shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And Glory shone around.

Chorus (after each verse):

Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells,
Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells,
They cheer us on our Heavenly way,
Sweet chiming bells.
They cheer us on our Heavenly way,
Sweet chiming bells.

“Fear not” said he, for mighty dread,
Had seized their troubled minds,
“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 a sign”.

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace,
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease

The Good Old Way

Lift up your heart Emmanuel's
friend,
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends,
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten in the good old way.

Chorus (after each verse):
For I have sweet hope of glory in my
soul,
I have a sweet hope of glory in my
soul,
And I know I have and I feel I have,
A sweet hope of glory in my soul.

Our conflicts here though great
they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but strive and watch and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

Though Satan may his powers
employ,
Our happiness for to destroy,
Yet never fear we'll gain the day,
By marching in the good old way.

Ye valiant souls for heaven contend,
Remember glory is at the end,
Our God will wipe our tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

And far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who have
gone before,
And shout to think we have gained
the day.
By marching in the good old way.

Lift up your heart Emmanuel's
friend,
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends,
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten in the good old way

Shepherds Arise

Shepherd arise, be not afraid,
With hasty steps repair,
To David's City, sin on earth,
With our blessed infant there,
With our blessed infant there,
With our blessed infant there.

Chorus (after each verse):

Sing, sing all earth,
Sing, sing all earth,
Eternal praises sing,
To our redeemer,
To our redeemer,
And our Heavenly King.

Laid in a manger, view the child,
Humility, divine,
Sweet innocence sounds meek and mild,
Grace in his features shine,
Grace in his features shine,
Grace in his features shine.

For us a Saviour came on earth,
For us His life He gave,
To save us from eternal death,
And to raise us from the grave,
To raise us from the grave,
To raise us from the grave.

In The Bleak Midwinter

In the bleak midwinter frosty winds made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone,
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter, long, long ago.

Angels and archangels, may have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim, thronged the air,
But his mother only, in her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the beloved, with a kiss.

What can I give Him? Poor as I am,
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb,
If I were a wise man, I would do my part,
Yet what can I give him? Give him my heart.

In the bleak midwinter frosty winds made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone,
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter, long, long ago.

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

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

Strike the harp and join the chorus

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

Follow me in merry measure

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

While I tell of Yule-tide treasure

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

Fast away the old year passes

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

Hail the new year, lads and lasses

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

Sing we joyous, all together

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

heedless of the wind and weather

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.