AN

ITALIAN CAROL BOOK

BEING A SELECTION OF

LAUDE SPIRITUALI

OF THE

XVIth and XVIIth Centuries,

EDITED BY

CHARLES WOOD

AND

GEORGE RATCLIFFE WOODWARD

1920

LONDON:
The Faith Press, Ltd., 22 Buckingham Street, Charing Cross.
PREFACE

Concerning the Melodies. The great majority of these are taken from the Corone di Sacre Canzona e Ludi Spirituali, edited in the year 1693 by Matteo Cornetti, a Priest at Florence, in whose book the melodies only are given: no harmonies. Many of the airs are much older than 1693, and begin life as popular ditties, or love-songs. Cornetti, like others before him, wedded these secular airs to sacred words. It has been thought well to retain the names of the original tunes; not only for their interest, but also for convenience sake. Of the English selection now put forth, the following melodies are not to be found in the aforesaid Corone di Sacre Canzoni. These are they:—

(j) Passo la notte tua (No. 21), and Quanto soli lascia (No. 22), both taken from an older book of Ludi, printed in Rome, by Alessandro Garigani, in 1593; this collection is in the British Museum.

(i) A lieta vita (No. 29), by Gastoldi da Caravaggio, 1597.

(k) Coro let et sonata di (No. 1), found in a volume of sacred songs, from Upper Italy. The book was once in the possession of the late Mr. A. H. D. Freerdergast.

Concerning the Words. Wherever possible, the Editor of this, the English part of the work, gladly availed himself of the literary labours of Dr. John Mason Neale (see No. 37), and of the Rev. W. J. Blem (see No. 22); but in other cases he was compelled to provide words of his own; first, because these old Ludi Spirituali were written in a great variety of unusual metres, abounding in double or feminine rimes, and sometimes also in rime Senraciole(1); and secondly, because modern poets and versifiers seem to object to be tied down to a particular measure, especially where (to preserve the integrity of the original melody) trochaic and trisyllabic endings are absolutely necessary. In English, however, it is unfortunately not possible to reproduce the flow, and vocal sweetness, of the beautiful Italian language.

(1) Rima abraciole (literally shifty rime) is that kind of rime in which the words, ending the lines, are accentuated on the ante-penultimante syllable, e.g. dorimine et aspremine, in Italian, or mediety and mediety, in the English.

According to Mr. E. J. Dent, in his paper on "The Ludi Spirituali of the xvth and xviith centuries" (delivered before the Musical Association on March 20th, 1917), the earliest collection of printed Ludi dates from 1565, one at Rome, edited by Aniucca, and another, coming from a Venetian press, by Razi, a Dominican Monk of S. Marco at Florence. In 1570 Aniucca edited a second volume of Ludi, and in 1577 a third book was published, and reprinted with slight variations in 1578; and again another volume appeared, edited by Soto. The three were reprinted in one volume in 1598, all the hymns being arranged for three voices. Two more volumes appeared in 1599 and 1598. Mr. Dent goes on to say:

"Still more important as sources of secular Melodies are the various editions (1693, 1689 and (III)
1710) of the *Coseci de sacri Conciliis*, edited by Matteo Coperati, all published at Florence, but the Florentine collections give the tunes unharmonized." It may be mentioned that the copy of the 1655 edition (from which the present collection of Italian Carols set to English words is taken) was discovered and purchased by Mr. Woodward, some twenty years ago, in an old second-hand bookshop in Rome. It is not to be found in the British Museum at present.

*Canticum, compagin, alle minune* (No. 29) is another form of the French *Rivetéres*, belle damoiselle *(see Ducroc's Clémence Marot et le Piment Huguenot, Vol. I. p. 730)*, or perhaps the French borrowings from the Italian. There is a strong family likeness between several of these *Laudes Spirituali* and the old tunes found in the Netherlands, and in other land, popular tune-books.

*Carron, fuggente, salve i di* (No. 32) is evidently a variation of that which is said to be a Gascon Air, taken by Claude le Jeune as the basis of his charming Madrigal, *Debati ostie tristis* *in Mus* (Paris, 1557).

The melody of *A luna vita* (No. 29), known to *John Sebastian Bach* as *In die ist Frieden* has found a place amongst his Organ Choral-preludes.

"It is much to be desired, though little to be expected, that the compilers of future Hymnals will have respect to the words, or tunes, of these Italian *Laudes Spirituali*, or that they will refrain from needlessly altering, "improving," mangling, and mis-metring those Carols which happen to find favour in their sight.

Where the chief melody has been assigned to the Tenor Part, it is recommended that the first verse of the Carol should always be sung with the melody in the Treble. In other verses, if desired, the *Coda Fama* should be strongly brought out by all the Tenors or most of Staves, only a few Trebles and Altos singing the upper parts.

The words of the Carol, *Vestris dies in medio vivunt* (No. 69), are an English verification of a legend, recorded by St. Thomas of Cantiprie, concerning a Cistercian Monk in Brabant; for which see St. F. Lutterlade's *Commentary on the Song of Songs*, p. 213.
### Christmas-tide

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tune</th>
<th>Source of Tune</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Asturie</td>
<td><em>Corona di S. Croce Canoni</em>, 1689</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Bellissima regina</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Bergamasca, or Lerroline</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Carrazza, or Piti</td>
<td><em>Waldeisen</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Cara liet' amato di</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Ecco la bella Lisa, or Chichichirichi</td>
<td><em>Corona di S. Croce Canoni</em>, 1689</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Giolamo, Giolamo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. La speranza mi va consolando</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. Lieta Pastorii</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. Lo rosignolo canta alla gaiola</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. Madre, non mi far monaca</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. Mira cuor mio durissimo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13. Quanto è dolce il vagheggiares</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14. Quest' è quel loco</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15. Salone</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16. Scappino</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17. Volgi l'òle i tuoi bei lumi</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

### Easter-tide

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tune</th>
<th>Source of Tune</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>18. Felicissimo giorno, or Sismon</td>
<td><em>Corona di S. Croce Canoni</em>, 1689</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19. O Clodia</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20. Ogni cuor giubbili</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21. Passo la notte buia</td>
<td><em>Alieandro Gardano</em>, 1583</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22. Questo nobil bambino</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23. Ruggieri, or Aria dell' Ortolano</td>
<td><em>Corona di S. Croce Canoni</em>, 1689</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24. Siamo quattro fastoloni</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### III

**Feasts of the Holy Mother of God**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tune</th>
<th>Source of Tune</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>25. Ghirumetta</td>
<td><em>Corona di Sacre Canoni</em>, 1689</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26. Gran Borè</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27. Modà</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28. Veddi una Pastorella</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### IV

**On other Days**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tune</th>
<th>Source of Tune</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>29. A lista vita</td>
<td><em>Giovanni Giacomo Gastoldi da Casaravaggio</em>, 1591</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30. Andiam, compagni, alla riviera</td>
<td><em>Corona di Sacre Canoni</em>, 1689</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31. Ballo, or Aria di Maniera</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32. Corono, fuggono, volano i di</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33. Leggiadra donna il vostro volto fu</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34. Mostri terribili</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35. Nofa cinta le chiome</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36. Se questa valle...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37. Verginella</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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### VI
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>A lieta vita</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Amor falso ingrato</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Andiam compagni alla riviera</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Amorì</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Arià dell'Otranto, o Ruggieri, ovvero Donne mi chiamo il maturò</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Arià, o sia balla di Mantova, ovvero Amor falso ingrato</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Italia, o sia Arià di Mantova, ovvero Amor falso ingrato</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Bellissima Regina</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Bergamasca, ovvero Lurdelieru</td>
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<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Carasenna, ovvero Piti</td>
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<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Casi lie: ansato di</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Chi vuol moglie la pigli, ovvero la Modà</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Chiechiichi, ovvero Ecco la bella Lisa</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>Corese, fuggono, volano i di</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Donne mi chiamo il maturò, o Arià dell'Otranto, ovvero Ruggieri</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Ecco la bella Lisa, ovvero la Chiechiichi</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Felicissimo giorno, ovvero Sion</td>
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<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Ghirmetta</td>
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<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Giovanì, Giorìano</td>
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<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Gran Rost</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>La speranza mi va consolando</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Leggiadra donna il vento volto fu</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Lurdelieru, ovvero bergamasca</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Lietì Pastro venne alla Capanna</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>Lo renipolo canta alla Gelada</td>
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<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Madre non mi far monaca</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Mira cuor mio durissimo</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Modà, ovvero Chi vuol moglie la pigli</td>
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<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Moniti terribili</td>
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<td>35</td>
<td>Nuda crolla le chiome</td>
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<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>O Citāda</td>
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<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Ogni cuor gioiabili</td>
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<td>21</td>
<td>Passo la notte buia</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>Piti, ovvero Carasenna</td>
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<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Quest'è dolce il vagabbiare</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Queste è quel loco, dove' ha il mio cuor perdito</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Questo nobil Sambino</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Ruggieri, o Arià dell'Otranto, ovvero Donne mi chiamo il maturò</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Sainze</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Scappinto</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Se questa valle di miserie piena</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Siamo quattro fantasti</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Sion, ovvero Felicissimo giorno</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Veddì una Pastorella</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Verginella</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Volgi l'occhio al tuo bel lume</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(VII)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>After the night of sadness</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah! Gabriel, Ah! Gabriel</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christen people, Christmas morn</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fa la sima, fa la nanna</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For the name of my Lady, spell me</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From fields beyond Euphantes</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From heavy's above</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gadete, quia vobis</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hall! Blessed Virgin Mary</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He! marry herdmen: go hear, o'er yonder byre</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If on this planet, of a scene of sadness</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It was a young mother in all with apparelles</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jess, all holy</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jess, born to save the lost</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joy! for mid-winter day</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ladias and lai, array you</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let us remember that morn and even</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light of the heavens, of the eternal</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lordly and lady, for charity remember</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Make thee ready, as best thou art able</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>8</td>
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<tr>
<td>Me request Sto: illa</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mine be Sion's habitation</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Vespo virginius</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of his own will on Good Friday</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once, and at evenfall</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once, as I remember</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pontius Pilate, ere the dawning of day</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let us remember</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Take thy stand in Heaven</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tell it out among the heathen</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The roddy dawn is breaking</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thorns of iniquity</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To-day, and well-contexted</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totter day, in mid-winter</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Up! my soul to heaven</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When sin had set our world at six and seven</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While certain heretics to ease and lamb attended</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why weep ye, broken-hearted</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why, why by heavy-hearted</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With sanctified festivity</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(VIII)
ONCE, AS I REMEMBER

Words by G.M.N.

Setting by C.W.

Near as man was able,
On my knees fell I,
In the Bethlehem stable
Where the Babe did lie,
And the Virgin mother
Was a singing, "Sweet Jesus,
La-lilly-la, La-lilly-la, La-lilly-la, La-lilly-la."

Heard from the prairie
Came a pipe for glad;
Fore the Babe and Mary;
Then the Virgin mother
Fell a singing, "Sweet Jesus,
La-lilly-la, La-lilly-la, La-lilly-la, La-lilly-la."

Ox and ass around him,
Courtier like, did stand:
Fair white lilies bound him,
Spun by Mary's hand.
While the Virgin mother
Was a singing, "Sweet Jesus,
La-lilly-la, La-lilly-la, La-lilly-la, La-lilly-la."

To the Lord, contorted
To endure the cold,
Eastern kings presented
Incense, myrrh and gold:
Then the Virgin mother
Fall a singing, "Sweet Jesus,
La-lilly-la, La-lilly-la, La-lilly-la, La-lilly-la."

Ever among and o'er us
Angel-choir can sing
Antiphons in chorus
To the new-born King.
Then the Virgin mother
Fall a singing, "Sweet Jesus,
La-lilly-la, La-lilly-la, La-lilly-la, La-lilly-la."

Christmastide
Deck'd be the hall with holly,
Green leaf, and red, red berry:
Let every man be jolly,
And every maid be merry!
But be your frolick harmless,
Else shall your song be charmless.

And in your mirth remember,
Ye feasters, and gay glee-men,
Him, who, in chill December,
Of slaves did make you free-men,
Oft as the Yule-clog blazes,
Sing ye his birth with praises.
While certain herd-men to ewe and lamb attended
Mid-winter

mid-night up on the wild had found them, Lo an Angel, that

Wise of God, ascended. Then shone the glory of the Lord around them.

2

What said the seraph? 'Let nothing, sir, appal you';
For lo! I bring you, adown from bow's eternal,
News! Good news of the joy that shall befall you,
You and all people, mickle joy surpassing.'

3

'For unto you, and at this the time appointed,
Yond in the city of David (be it spoken),
Bore is Jesus, the saviour, the Anointed:
Lord God is be; and this shall be the token.'

4

'Him shall ye see there as Babe, and by his mother
Lap in fair linen, within a manger lying.'
By and by there appeared many other
Gliss-men from heaven, praising God and crying,

5

'Glory to God in the highest!' And they carolled,
'Peace and Good-will unto men on earth!
Thus glad angels, in all and stole apparel'
While In Nativity they chanted.

(1) "Down's simple and exquisite synonym for Angel, Uccello di Dio." John Rinkein.
JESU, BORN TO SAVE THE LOST
CARAZZENO, incur PITI

Words of *Venue salus* (as in *masses*; Paris Breviary)
Translated by G. R.W.

Setting by C. W.

When the balmst of* fresh* ing sleep
Gently steep
Weary eyelids, do thou keep
Vigil over thy people's bowels,
Through the long
Through the long night's sun's hours.

2

3

God my Shepherd, thou which art
Kind of heart,
Never from thy flock depart.
From the well-dog that would rend us
Day and night,
Night and day do thou defend us.

4

Good my Shepherd, thou which art
Kind of heart,
Never from thy flock depart.
From the well-dog that would rend us
Day and night,
Night and day do thou defend us.

God, within a manger laid
By the Mairt,
Son, to thee be homage paid!
With the Father co-eonsal,
Who art one
With the Holy Ghost, supernal,
CHRISTEN PEOPLE, CHRISTMAS-MORN

Words by G. R. W. Setting by C. W.

Seek ye, with the herds a-fled,
Bethlehem:
There with them
Firstlings of your flock to yield,
There give ear
To the Seraph throng
Chanting clear
Merry Matinsong:
*Peace on earth, Good-will,* they cry
Through the sky
Far and nigh,
*Glory be to God on high!*
Now, seeing God is born here,
Upon this happy morn here,
Let us adore him;
And, while Archangels cry,
'Glory be unto God on high!' (ii)
Kneel we adore Him. (ii)
CHRISTMASIDE

AH! GABRIEL, AH! GABRIEL

GIOVANNI GIOVANNI

Words by G.R.W. Setting by C.W.

Ah! Ga- bri-el, Ah! Ga- bri-el, Thou truly dost fore-
show. In weal. or, woe. For friend or-

And God with us, Em- ma- nu-el Should stoop from high to low.

2
At Ephraim, At Ephraim,
'Tis Bethlehem, 'Hose of Corn,'
Of glory shen,
On Christmas morn,
To save mankind, Alleluia,
The King of bliss is born.

3
Victoria, Victoria!
That Lord, who was full fair,
In scorn and pain,
By Jersey slain,
Cum infinito in gloria
Now evermore doth reign.
MAKE THEE READY, AS BEST THOU ART ABLE

LA SPERANZA MIVA CONSOLANDO

Setting by C.W.

Lit.-tie

Words by G.R.W.(1)

Nake thee rea-dy, as best thou art a-bly, Lit.-tie

Beth-lem, Gar-nish the bed, The it be but a

crib in a sta-ble, Where the In-fant may pil-low his head.

Where the head.

Type and shadow of yore are now ended;
Lo the substance is come, as I shew:
Truth incarnate to earth is descended,
God hath pitched his tent among men.

He is past through the virginal portal:
The Invisible doth not decline
To be found in the fashion of mortal,
For to make human nature divine.

Wherefore Adam and Eva, forgiven
Their sin, of which I spake: And the grace
And good-will of our Lord are we shrewed;
Seen of men, he doth raise up our race.

(1) A translation of Ἠδονὴ καὶ ἰσχύς, by Sophronius, Patriarch of Jerusalem (669).
CHRISTMASIDE
HO! MERRY HERDMEN
LIETI PASTORI, VESITE ALLA CAPANNA

Words by G. R. W. Setting by C. W.

"Ho! merry herdmens, go bear your yoke by the Vispo a Vispo a, Sing us our quire, why weary ye, why drowse by? I pray you sing No well.

2 ¶ See o'er the manger, among the starry cluster,
         Soundst a planet of new and brighter lustre.
   ¶ Why weary ye, etc.

3 ¶ Go and discover, with straw and hay to pillow,
      Him who created the earth, the sky, the hollow.
   ¶ Why weary ye, etc.

4 ¶ Blest are your eyestol: for many would have eyed him,
      Prophets and monarchs, or now, but never spied him.
   ¶ Why weary ye, etc.

5 ¶ There shall ye go to his Mother, Mary maiden,
      Fair as the lily, or rose in garth of Adam.
   ¶ Why weary ye, etc.

6 ¶ There standeth Joseph: in heart be maketh merry,
      Blest is the mavis in view of body berry.
   ¶ Why weary ye, etc.

7 ¶ So, on the meadow foreaking ewe and weather,
      Get you to Bethlehem, anon-right, all together.
   ¶ Why weary ye, etc.

8 ¶ Then was the mountain and valley set a-singing
         Sweet with the music of Angelhost a-singing.
   ¶ Why weary ye, etc.

9 ¶ Come to the manger, but true the herdmens found it,
      Ever as the herald Arch-anегel did propound it.
   ¶ Why weary ye, etc.

10 ¶ Thus they adore him, who fed their arien with Manna,
      Born of the Virgin, the daughter of Saint Anne.
   ¶ Why weary ye, etc.
WHEN SIN HAD SET OUR WORLD AT SIX AND SEVEN

LO ROSSIGNOLO CANTA ALLA GAIDOLA

Words by G. W. W. Setting by C. W.

When sin had set our world at six and seven, Then stooped to earth the Lord, the King of heaven.

Born for us at this glad season Wherefore sing we with good reason, Lord, Re joice. Be mi ne. Jesu manus es pro

As we, in Beth le hem for we, But, gmen bees, be not che rey In your praise of Mait en Ma ry And I pray to day you be gay, you don't say "To

Res cue man for born, Alle lu ya, The King of bliss is born."
From fields beyond Euphrates

La - res, their Pe - na - tes, and to Pe - les - ti - da flikt.

To see an In - fant Who

is the King of a - gen. Foretold by seers and sa - gen. Of whom, too, Balaam writ.

2

In heaven declare the glory of
The King of Jewy’s birth:
A Star doth tell the story of
Emmanuel on earth.
Swift go the Magi,
In fair or frivoulous weather,
O’er mountain, rock or heather,
O’er desert, frith and firth.

3

At last they kneel afore the Child
Whom Mary’s arms enfold,
And silently adore the Child
Lain in a manger cold.
Took to the Infant
These Easterlings gan offer
The treasure of their coffar,
Frankincense, myrrh and gold.
WITH SANKTIFIED FESTIVITY

Words by G.R.W. Setting by U.W.

1. With sanktioned festivity We bless the Baby Jesus, For

so on his Nativity He beth with us to do, Who

brought him, Who sang to him A Carol, old or new.

2. Though high o'er Principality,
   He on the ground doth lie:
   To vouch with immortality
   The like of us on high
   With gloricide,
   And sorende,
   The Babe is born to die.

3. In order, man, to modify
   Thy hard and frosty will,
   He shivers: thee to qualify
   For want, he farest ill;
   That durable,
   Assuageable
   Delights thy soul may fill.

4. The Lord thy God in lowliness
   Mid ox and ass doth sleep,
   That thou mayst win through holiness
   That place where Angels sleep:
   That laughter, bliss
   May, after this,
   Be thine, behold him weep.
"Babe, caribean while Seraphs carol,
(Now was heard such merry singers)
I do make thee fine apparel.
Scantless, woven by my fingers;
So for Hannah wrought Hannah:
Fa la mana, fa la mana.

2

Joseph on a day did doubt me,
Till thine Angel, always near me,
Did reveal the truth about me,
And suspect, did thoroughly fear me:
So did Davit Susanna:
Fa la mana, fa la mana.

3

By the space of winter twenty
Twice time told, "was thou who ledest
Our forefathers, and with plenty
In the desert daily lested
Israel with heavenly manna:
Fa la mana, fa la mana.

4

Thine they are, I bring thee roses
From the garden, off the way-side,
Lilies of the field, with posies,
Tansy, penny from the brass-side.
So, while Angels chant Osanna:
Fa la mana, fa la mana."
Lo Manien Mary; with love and awe she bendeth
Over her Infant, and to his wants attendeth:
Simple shepherds at the manger:
How loyally be greeteth,
One by one, the Eastern stranger.

So do, with Angels, with ox and ass adore him,
Like you poor peasant, or wealthy prince, adore him.
And now let Mass be sung
In the presence of much people:
And let the bells be rung
By the hour from every steeple.
IT WAS A YOUNG MOTHER

2 Her name it was Mary,
    And sweet was her tune, Sir,
As rosy in June, Sir,
Or mel from the prairies.
    Her name it was Mary. (iii.)

5 The cream of our dairy,
    The pick of our honey,
    For love, and not money,
    Take thou, Son of Mary.
    The cream of our dairy. (iii.)

6 King Herod of Jewry,
    Why silly bewray him?
Why seek for to slay him
In fear and in fury?
    King Herod of Jewry. (ii.)

7 With gift, as the Magi,
    Of Saba, who bless him,
Thus shouldst thou confess him
The Monarch of ages.
    With gift, as the Magi. (iii.)

8 Though men do ignore him,
    With ass the ox knoweth
His own, and knoweth
In homage adore him.
    Though men do ignore him. (iii.)

9 Saint Joseph too prayeth,
    (His good fashion follower)
And oft Paternoster
With and be skyeth.
    Saint Joseph too prayeth. (iii.)

10 Behold a Star shineth
    To show to the stranger
Where God in the manger
Incarnate reclineth.
    Behold a Star shineth (ii.)
TOTHER DAY IN MID-WINTER

SCAPPINO

Setting by C.W.

16

Words by G.E.W.

AN ITALIAN CAROL-BOOK

Tother day in mid-winter On his Feast of Saint Stephen he on my rounds I

walk'd abroad at e-v'n. For weeks I had been blow'ing. For weeks it had been

blow'ing. From East-in-land and now full fast was blow'ing, snow'ing, yes, snow'ing.

...my way I died,-o'd.
Lo, a Babe, that did shiver
There, where he lay beside the frozen river.
Amid the flakes I found him: (ii.)
And scant and thin the wraps that were
around him,
That were around him.

1 Pity, say, gentle Infant,
Who thou art, why thou criest,
Why, as forsaken, in the dirt thou liest.

"Alas!" quoth he, "I languish, (ii.)
And sob for cold, for hunger, pain and anguish.
Hunger, pain, anguish?"

2 Happless Babe, poor and needy,
If this be why thou weep'st,
And, while as others stumble, thou not stumple,
For me, thou shalt not perish: (iii.)
But, like a son, at home thou wilt I cherish,
There will I cherish.

3 Darling Child, it doth move me
To distress and compasion
To view thee here, a-cold here, in this fashion.
Then next my heart I laid him, (iii.)
And, hitherward brought, in wooden sark array'd him,
Wrap't and array'd him.

Morning came, and I sought him:
But stake Jesus had taken
His way alas! or ever I might waken.
Alas! I could not find him: (iv.)
But he had left a blessing, Sir, behind him;
Blessing behind him.
17

LET US REMEMBER

Words by G.R.W. Setting by C.W.

Let us remember that morn and even, brought by December, the

Front of Stephen, Whom in mad fury doctors of Jewry stoned without

pitifully outside the city, stoned without pitifully outside the city

2

Martyr victorious,
The palm who bearest,
Deacon all-glorious,
The crown who wearest,
Pony that a garland,
Woven in starland,—
Evergreen flowers
Majestic be ours.


WHY, WHY BE HEAVY HEARTED?

Why, why be heavy hearted? Why fear? The deep Red Sea, in

The bars of hell gan thunder,
And many a saint did rise,
(Old fetter's rent amends)
To joyance in the skies,
For God, whose Name is glorious,
Had on the Tree victorious,
Poor captives' ransom paid.
FROM HEAVEN ABOVE THOU CAMEST HITHER-WARD

WORDS BY G. R. W.  O CLORIDA  SETTING BY C. W.

From heav'n a - bove thou cam - est hi - ther-ward, To

raise us thi - ther - ward, And all for love, O char - ri - ty It

was thy plan In de - bo - na - ri - ty to dwell with man.

2

Hail! Lord Jesus! What perfect hol - i - ness,
What grace and lowliness! But, sad to view,
Benignity, for friend or foe,
Met with indignity, contempt and bow.

3

Yet, Lord of breath, thy rest was glorious,
Thyself victorious o'er hell and death.
So verily for this to-day
We carol merrily this Easter-day.
Joy for mid-winter day
Frost and severity

Is in good severity
Over and gone

Easter, we welcome thee,
Time, when all-glories:
Jesus victorious
Home from the dead.

New waxeth sunnery both
Strong and hilarious:
Hues of the sky.

Green is the grassy lane:
Garden and vineyard
Robe in new finery:
Trees are a-bloom.

Tamed is the stormy sea:
Now blow delightfully,
No longer wrathfully,
Airs o'er the down.

So we, with Seraphim,
Full of felicity,
Chant Benedictus.

Alleluia.
21 AFTER THE NIGHT OF SADNESS

- PASSO LA NOTTE SUIA

Setting by or from
ALESSANDRO GARBANO
(1583)

Words by G.R.W.

2

Red Sea wa-
ters,

Red Sea wa-
ters,

Nich to the Red Sea wa-
ters, Doon-eth the day of glad-
ness.

2

O what a deed of wonder!
We, by a yet un-trodden
Path-way, go o'er dry-shodden
Through the sea, clift asunder.

3

Joy! For our haughty foe-man,
Pharoa, by many follow'd,
Is by the bellow swallow'd,
Chariot, and horse and bowman.

4

Jesus! Thy Red and bravery
Rid us of them that sought us;
Thy mighty arm hath brought us
Flee from the house of slavery.
THE RUDDY DAWN IS BREAKING

Words of Domenico Mazzocchi
Translated by W. J. Fellows (1578 – 1659)

QUESTO NOBIL SANGINO
Setting is from ALESSANDRO GARDANO (1543)
Alto added by C.W.

22

2
When thou, O Kingmost Highest,
The might of death didstest,
And hell beneath thee treadest,
And forth his captives leadest.

3
Thou, in the stone close-guarded,
By watch'd and ware'd,
With pomp of triumph glorious,
Dost rise from death victorious.

4
Then ceased hell's piteous groaning,
And earth was its sound mourning
At that bright Angel's story,
'The Lord is risen in glory.'

5
Grieved were th' Eleven and sudden'd
At that the slaves which gladden'd,
Those sons of Salem's daughter
Who dared their Lord to slaughter.

6
Giver of all good treasure,
In thine, our Paschal pleasure,
From stroke of death deliver,
And shield thy flock for ever.

7
To thee, O Lord, now risen
From out thy misery prison,
With Sire and Spirit blessed
Be endless praise addressed.
23 OF HIS OWN WILL ON GOOD FRIDAY

Words by G. R.W.

EASTER-TIDE

Setting by C.W.

Of his own will on Good Friday Up to Calvary

He mourned, Where he might have for ever found

On the tree of scorn and malice, To the dogs He drank the chalice

2 By his death is Death defeated: For our life his Life is given: By the spear his side is riven, From the which flow blood and water: Lo! is he, as lamb to slaughter.

3 But on Easter-morning Jesus All to brake, with sound of thunder, Ear and bolt of hell asunder: Then the foes of God were scattered And the realm of Satan shatter'd
24 TELL IT OUT AMONG THE HEATHEN

SIAMO QUATTRO PANTOLINI

Words by G.B.W. Setting by C.W.

Tell it out among the heathen, 'God was

reigning from off the Tree: And with crown, at

bramble wreathen, Haste he gotten the victory!

From the tomb, his three-day prison,
This day Jesus of Nazareth,
On the Friday slain, is risen:
For he might not be held by Death.

Wherefore bells, from every steeple
Wail the tidings, abroad with glee,
In the ear of all his people,
'God was reigning from off the Tree.'
For the name of my Lady, spell me M-A-R-I-E.

Mary, Mother of God we hail thee,
Now and evermore,
Now and evermore, Marie, Maiden,
Now and evermore.

Happy thou, seeing of thy body
Jesu Christ was born,
Jesu Christ was born, Allelúya,
Jesu Christ was born.
Words of one of the Greater Antiphons
"O Virgo Virginum"
Translated by G. R. W.

Setting by C. W.

1. O Virgo, virgo sum, how may this
   For never in the
   Nor shall there be
   The things whereat ye

2. Ye daughters of Hierusalem, no
   olden Days was any like thee
   more Beter with doubts a
   wonder Is a mystery di

1. O Virgo, virgo sum, how may this
   For never in the
   Nor shall there be
   The things whereat ye

2. Ye daughters of Hierusalem, no
   olden Days was any like thee
   more Beter with doubts a
   wonder Is a mystery di
HAIL! BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Words by G. R. W.

MORI.

Setting by C. W.

2

Avi, Avi, Maria!
To gladden priest and people,
The Angelus shall ring from every steeple.
To sound his Virgin-birth, Alleluia! (*)
Avi, Avi, Maria! (iii.)

Archangels chant Osanna,

Ani, Holy, Holy,
Before the Infant born of thee, thou lowly,
Aye, maiden child of Joachim and Anna;
Archangels chant Osanna. (iii.)

To be sung, as by the Eastern Church, as a word of five syllables.
PRESENTATION OF OUR LADY
VEDDI UNA PASTORELLA

Words by G.R.W.  Setting by C.W.

1. Today, and well contented, To God's own house there came A

Maid, to be presented To God, des-vond of blame

It was the child of Jo-e-chim and An- na, And

sweet as she or Man-nor, Maid Mary was her Name.

(The above with the Melody in the Tenor)

2. Twas she, and not an- other, Who, see the world be gan, Was
See here the thick and shady
Dark mountain, seen of old (1)
By Ambakoum, the Lady,
Of whom Isaiah told,
The Mother-maid:
The Royal Gate, the Portal, (2)
Which afterward no mortal
Might venture to unfold.

(1) According to the Septuagint (Habakkuk III. 3).
(2) Ezechiel XLIV. 2.
JESU, ALL HOLY
A LITANY

Words by G.W.N.
Setting by Giovanni Giacomo Gastoldi da Caravaggio, 1599

1. Jesu, all-blessed, Shepherd and Guide
   Our life and our way,
   A Father ever近ing,
   A King and a Judge.

2. Jesu, we pray,
   Son of God, Son of Man,
   Hosanna in the Highest,
   Amen.

Nativity, Master, Monarch and
Moonlight, Turn is to your heart,
Strong of

Hail! Thou art our Master, Monarch and Passion
Thou art our Shadow and
Kind of

Priest, Intercessor, Shepherd and
Leader, Refuge, Deacon, Comforter, Helper, Be
Thee our

Fountain of gladness, Source of grace, Leader of the
Living, Shepherd of the

Faith our

From songs of Spain, No. 334
ON OTHER DAYS

30

LIGHT EVER GLADSOME

ANDIAM COMPOSER, AILA RIVIERA

Philippe. Translated by G.R.W.

Setting by C.W.

Light ever glad-some, of the es-ter-nal Splendour su-

per-nal, Hu-man and true, Born of the Fa-

ther,

blest we a-gore Thee, Full-ing be-

fere thee, Christ Je-

su.

2
Day-time is over; sunless is heaven;
Lamps of the even
Glimmer and shine;
Father, and Son, and Spirit, we bless thee:
Worship, confess thee,
Lord divine.

3
Son of the Highest, thou, the Life-giver,
Art now and ever
Worthy of praise:
Whereas all thy creatures, lordly or lowly,
Anthemously holy
To thee raise.

From Songs of Zion, No. 106.
UP! MY SOUL TO HEAVEN

PART I

Words of Andrea di Gesu translated, and tune thereof harmonised, by G. H. W.

Uph my soul, to heaven, to heaven spread thy pinions,

View thou in fancy those glorious dominions.

Here below, the ocean, thou seest how it surges.

Swift to the be shore and shoal the tempest surges.

Ye, if sea be furious, dry land is more injurious.
Of whose smiles he wore thou, food youth, and pleasure lover,

For, hid by rose, a pit shalt thou discover.

Life thine eyes to heaven, that pleasant land, and ponder.
Deck'd are the meadows with star and planet yonder. There are set the mansions prepared by God for mortals, Ope to the faithfull disciple are their portals.
Peace therein abideth. Where Salem's Prince resideth. Hither then, ye weary: whenever ill molest you, Fly to your Saviour, for he alone can rest you.

3
O the merry pastures and O the happy legions
Worthy of homestead within those heavenly regions!
Where the flow'rs of spring-tide do blossom on for ever, Where the bright Day-Sun in darkness setteth never. Sweet to hear the story Of bliss and future glory, Whither songs of Angels in Paradise allure us, Whereof All Hallowe bear witness, and assure us.
PART II

(The preceding with the Melody in the Tenor)

Thus thy stand in heaven, and over the starry cluster,

Fear not the billow, nor storm winds that bluster.

Though Charybdis threaten and Neptun would alarm thee,

Thus art where anger and enmity cannot harm thee.
ON OTHER DAYS

Let the gale draw nigh thee, And let the Tempter try thee,

Though in troubled water, no skill may fear disaster,

Safe as in haven with Christ a-board as Master.

5

Set above the Chorus of high Angelick voices,
Mary, the Mother of God, in God rejoice.
She, as Star of morning, doth set the night a-flying,
Prevalent pleading, and leadeth folk a-dying,
Where is no lamenting.
Nor Death, disease, tormenting,
But the life eternal, where reign the happy freemen
Of that fair City, and songs of heavenly gleesmen.
ONCE, AND AT EVENFALL
CORKMNO, FEUGONO, VOLANO 1 DI

Words by G.R.W. Setting by C.W.

2. May be from air, whence Euroclydon blows, A mighty great wind, of a sudden, arose;

3. Such that the billoe bent over the brink Until the good vessel was ready to sink.

4. Christ, in a pillow was lain in the float, Asleep in the hindermost part of the boat.

5. Him they awake, crying, "Hast thou no care, BeNomi, if we thy disciples mislike?"

6. Then he arose, saying, "Winds, 'tis my will To chide thee. Be quiet! Sea, peace! be thou still."

7. Here'd was the tempest: the air was as balm; There spread over the water a mighty great calm.

8. Thus were the ship-men exceeding afraid, As, one with another, they marvelled and said,

9. 'Tell us what manner of man this may be, Controlling the wind, and commanding the sea?"'

10. God, ever pitiful, strong to allay The Lake of Tiberias' anger that day,

11. Spur'd, and the sailor in peril shall stand' Said on the fair haven, where lest he would land.
33 PONTIUS PILATE, ERE THE DAWN OF DAY

Leggiadra Donna. Il Vostro Volto Fu

Words by G. R. W.

Sett. by C. W.

Pun-ti-us Pil-ate, ere the break of day,
Sat on his doom-stool, Woe, says a way.
One whose face doth show The Man of Sorrows and acquaint with woe.

2
Many the charges by his foemen brought:
How he had spoken, what too he had wrought,
Envy at bottom: plain it was to see
How that their witness no how might agree.

3
Time-server Pilate, in the judgement-hall,
Finding in Jesus naught amis at all,
Randily said had set our Saviour free,
Had priest and people will’d it so to be.

4
Here to her wedlock note of warning came,
Writ by the holy Claudia by name:
‘Pilate, I rede thee, as thou love thy wife,
Spare thou that Innocent and Just his life.

5
For I have suff’red, in a dream to day,
As touching Jesus, more than tongue can say.
Hands off the Guiltless! More than Man of woe,
He is our Lord God; Wherefore let him go!"
THORNS OF INIQUITY

Translated by Gisborne

Setting by C.W.

(34)

(The above with the Melody in the Bass)
ON OTHER DAYS

Why stab a Lily-flower,
Child of a lovely bower,
Dear to Our Father, the pride and the love
Of the perpetual mountains above?

What be these drops of dew,
Many, of crimson hue?
Scarlet never shone with so ruddy a ray
As hath this shower that em purples the clay.

Viewing your noble brow,
'Tis here ye ought to bow,
Stirr'd with awe and desire of that face,
Which hath no equal for beauty and grace.

Read your behaviour
Unto my Saviour:
Hurt not his temples, who had upon earth
Nowhere to lay his head, e'en from the birth.

Blood-thirsty if ye be,
Here is my heart for ye:
Briars, provided ye grant him but rest,
Me, prithee, pierce me, my forehead, my breast.

Yet ye be softer far
Than human hearts, that are
Prick'd with no ruth to behold, aoid scorn,
Heaven-King barr'd, and crown'd with Black-thorn.
WHY WEEP YE, BROKEN HEARTED

"Why weep ye, broken hearted By reason of my death?"

The infant here departed So from the Unseen saith.

"O ver me weep ye not, For bliss is my lot, O ver

here there is joy In the land of the Just, Ye may safely trust"

2

"Deserving tears, if never
We did the tiring amiss,
For babes, as us, for ever
There is appointed bliss;
For to Jesus we sing,
O worship the King;
Him ye cleave, and
People, exalt and adore
Now and evermore."
If on this planet, oft a scene of gladness, Great be our

Sky, tree, river, mountain, vale, sky and mountain.

2

Picture the glory of the hills eternal,
And the supernatural
Beauty of the bowers,
Blossoming for ever,
Wakening never.

3

If now we gladly hear the woods a-singing
Sweet with the singing
Of the Spring's apostle,
Lark or thrush,
Or the bird that lightly
Chirrupeth lightly,

4

What of the Music, where the Angel-quire
Never doth tire
All day long, and nightly,
Carolling sweetly,
And with mirth stately,
Anthems in heaven?
ME RECEPTET SION ILLA
MINE BE SION’S HABITATION

Verginella

Latin words by Hildebert, Bishop of Paris,
and afterwards Archbishop of Tours.
Translated into English by J. M. Neale (1818-1866)

Setting by C. W.

1
Cujus claves linguæ Patræ
Cujus cives semper laeti,
Cujus murus lapis vivus,
Cujus custos Rex festivus.

2
Op’ld by Peter’s brave confession:
Joyous burgheers in possession:
Her, whose gems build up her story:
Her, whose King is King of Glory.

3
In hac urbe lux solennis,
Ver anserum, pax perennis;
In hac odor implēns celos,
In hac semper festum melos.

In this City, uninvaded
Peace, spring endless, light unfaded;
Endless breath of flowers vernal,
Eternal melody eternal.
ON OTHER DAYS

4
Non est ibi corruptela,
Non defectus, non quies,
Non minuit, non devorat,
Onnes Carist tu sunt conformes.

4
Thee sought faileth, now but smileth;
Nothing ent'reth that defileth;
All, partakers of one nature,
Grow in Christ to equal stature.

5
Urbe celestia, urbe beata,
Supra Petras collocata,
Urbe in porta satia tuto,
De longi que te saluto:

5
Home celestial! Home supernal!
Founded on the Rock Eternal!
Home, no change nor loss that fearest,
From & for my soul thou choosest:

6
Te saluto, te susurro,
Te affecto, te requiro—
Quantum tui gratulentus,
Quam festivè conviventer,

6
Thou it seeketh, thou requireth,
Thou affecteth, thou desirest.—
But the gladness of thy Nation,
But their joyous gratulation,

7
Quis affectus eos stringat,
Aut quae gemma muros pingat,
Quis clade don, quis jactatus,—
Norunt isti qui sunt intus.

7
What the freedom there from peril,
What the jewel or of the beryl,
What the Founts of Life that dwell there,—
Ah! they know, they know, who dwell there!

8
Tu, platea hujus Urbi,
Sociatis pis turbi,
Cum Moise et Elia,
Fac ut canem alleluia!

8
Grant me, with the happy Nation,
In those streets to find a Station:
There, with Moses and Elias,*
Chanting alleluias!

* The medieval pronunciation of Alleluia gave the penultimate syllable the sound of i;
not as we do, of a. I hope it is an allowable liberty to employ that sound here.—J. M. N.