





## Shortest Day

(Susan Cooper)

So the Shortest Day came and the year died  
And everywhere down the centuries of the snow-white world  
Came people singing, dancing,  
To drive the dark away.

They lighted candles in the winter trees;  
They hung their homes with evergreen;  
They burned beseeching fires all night long  
To keep the year alive.

And when the new year's sunshine blazed awake  
They shouted, reveling.  
Through all the frosty ages you can hear them  
Echoing behind us - listen!

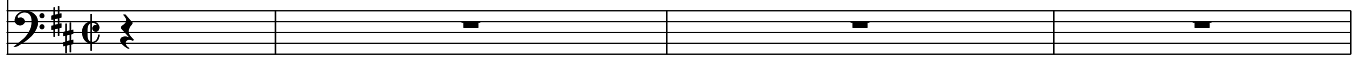
All the long echoes, sing the same delight,  
This Shortest Day,  
As promise awakens in the sleeping land:  
They carol, feast, give thanks,  
And dearly love their friends,  
And hope for peace.

And so do we, here, now,  
This year and every year.  
Welcome Yule!

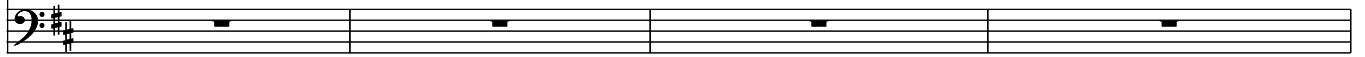
# Furry Day



God bless the - mas - ter of - this - house And all that are there  
Women:Come bring with a noise my mer-ry, mer-ry boys The Yule log to the  
All:So now is come - our joy - full - feast Let ev - ery one be



in - a. And to be - gin to wel - come Yule With mirth now - let us  
fir - ing. Men:While my good dame bids you be free And drink to your hearts de-  
jol - ly. Each room with i - vy leaves is dressed And ev - ery post with



sing - a. With hal and toe, sing mer-ry, O! With hal and toe, sing mer - ry.  
- sir - ing.  
hol - ly.



With hal and toe, sing mer-ry, O! With hal and toe, sing mer - ry.

# Deck The Hall

Old Welsh

Deck the hall with boughs of hol - ly, Fa la la la la la la la la 'Tis the sea - son  
See the blaz - ing Yule be - fore us, Fa la la la la la la la la Strike the harp and  
Fast a - way the old year pass - es, Fa la la la la la la la la Hail the new, ye  
Soon the hoar old year will leave us, Fa la la la la la la la la But the part - ing

to be jol - ly, Fa la la la la la la la la Don we now our gay ap - par - el  
join the cho - rus, Fa la la la la la la la la Fol - low me in mer - ry meas - ure,  
lads and lass - es, Fa la la la la la la la la Sing we joy - ous all to - geth - er,  
must not grieve us: Fa la la la la la la la la. When the new year comes to - mor - row

Fa la la la la la la la la Troll the an - cient Yule - tide car - ol, Fa la la la la la la la la  
Fa la la la la la la la la While I tell of Yule - tide treas - ure, Fa la la la la la la la la  
Fa la la la la la la la la Heed - less of the wind and weath - er, Fa la la la la la la la la  
Fa la la la la la la la la Let him find no trace of sor - row, Fa la la la la la la la la

# There Was A Pig Went Out To Dig



There was a pig went out to dig, Chris-i-mas Day, Chris-i-mas Day. There was a pig went  
There was a cow went out to plough, Chris-i-mas Day, Chris-i-mas Day. There was a cow went  
There was a sparrow went out to harrow, Chris-i-mas Day, Chris-i-mas Day. There was a sparrow went  
There was a crow went out to sow, Chris-i-mas Day, Chris-i-mas Day. There was a crow went  
There was a sheep went out to reap, Chris-i-mas Day, Chris-i-mas Day. There was a sheep went  
There was a drake went out to rake, Chris-i-mas Day, Chris-i-mas Day. There was a drake went  
There was a minnow went out to winnow, Chris-i-mas Day, Chris-i-mas Day. There was a minnow went



out to dig on Chris-i-mas Day in the morn-ing  
out to plough on Chris-i-mas Day in the morn-ing  
out to harrow on Chris-i-mas Day in the morn-ing  
out to sow on Chris-i-mas Day in the morn-ing  
out to reap on Chris-i-mas Day in the morn-ing  
out to rake on Chris-i-mas Day in the morn-ing  
out to winnow on Chris-i-mas Day in the morn-ing

## THE CUTTY WREN

Oh where are you going? Said Milder to Molder  
Oh we may not tell you Said Festel to Fose  
We're off to the woods Said John the Red Nose  
We're off to the woods Said John the Red Nose

What will you do there? Said Milder to Molder  
Oh we may not tell you Said Festel to Fose  
We'll hunt the cutty wren Said John the Red Nose (x2)

How will you shoot her? Said Milder to Molder  
Oh we may not tell you Said Festel to Fose  
With bows and with arrows Said John the Red Nose (x2)

That will not do Said Milder to Molder  
Oh what will do then? Said Festel to Fose  
Big guns and big cannons Said John the Red Nose (x2)

How will you bring her home? Said Milder to Molder  
Oh we may not tell you Said Festel to Fose  
On four strong men's shoulders Said John the Red Nose (x2)

That will not do Said Milder to Molder  
Oh what will do then? Said Festel to Fose  
Big carts and big wagons Said John the Red Nose (x2)

How will you cut her up? Said Milder to Molder  
Oh we may not tell you Said Festel to Fose  
With knives and with forks Said John the Red Nose (x2)

That will not do Said Milder to Molder  
Oh what will do then? Said Festel to Fose  
Big hatchets and cleavers Said John the Red Nose (x2)

How will you cook her? Said Milder to Molder  
Oh we may not tell you Said Festel to Fose  
In pots and in pans Said John the Red Nose (x2)


That will not do Said Milder to Molder  
Oh what will do then? Said Festel to Fose  
In a bloody great brass cauldron Said John the Red Nose (x2)

Who'll get the spare ribs? Said Milder to Molder  
Oh we may not tell you Said Festel to Fose  
We'll give them all to the poor Said John the Red Nose (x2)


# Apple Tree Wassail

Traditional English


Soprano/Alto




Tenor/Bass



Old ap-ple tree, we'll was-sail thee, And hop-ing thou wilt bear. The  
Old ap-ple tree, we'll was-sail thee, Each blos-som, branch and leaf. The  
Old ap-ple tree, we'll was-sail thee, The rip - est fruit of all. Your




Lord does know where we shall be to be mer-ry an - o - ther year. To  
old year knells, Say fond fare - wells -, To sor - row, loss and grief; To  
praise we'll sing, Good luck you bring -, To man - ger crib and stall; To



Lord does know where we shall be to be mer-ry an - o - ther year. To  
old year knells, Say fond fare - wells -, To sor - row, loss and grief; To  
praise we'll sing, Good luck you bring -, To man - ger crib and stall; To



blow well and to bear well, And so mer - ry let us be; Let  
bend well and to mend well -, so mer - ry let us be, The  
sway well and to pray well -, So mer - ry let us be, Through-



blow well and to bear well, And so mer - ry let us be; Let  
bend well and to mend well -, so mer - ry let us be, The  
sway well and to pray well -, So mer - ry let us be, Through-



The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two staves of music, one in treble clef and one in bass clef, both in the key of D major. The lyrics are written below the staves. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a first ending marked '1.' at the end of the first line of music. The lyrics are: 'ev - 'ry one drink up his cup: Here's health to the old ap-ple tree. To tree. New Year chimes, Come hap - py times, Here's health to the old ap-ple tree. To tree. - out the land, Join heart and hand, Here's health to the old ap-ple tree. To tree.'

ev - 'ry one drink up his cup: Here's health to the old ap-ple tree. To tree.  
 New Year chimes, Come hap - py times, Here's health to the old ap-ple tree. To tree.  
 - out the land, Join heart and hand, Here's health to the old ap-ple tree. To tree.

ev - 'ry one drink up his cup: Here's health to the old ap-ple tree. To tree.  
 New Year chimes, Come hap - py times, Here's health to the old ap-ple tree. To tree.  
 - out the land, Join heart and hand, Here's health to the old ap-ple tree. To tree.

# Rolling Downward

Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

♩ = 100

Lead

Roll - ing down-ward through the mid - night comes a glor - ious burst of hea - ven - ly  
 Wond' - ring shep - herds see the glor - y hear the word the shin - ing ones - de -  
 Wand' - ring home - ward through the moun - tains, there to tend their flocks in pas - tures

Alto/Tenor

8

Roll - ing down-ward through the mid - night comes a glor - ious burst of hea - ven - ly  
 Wond' - ring shep - herds see the glor - y hear the word the shin - ing ones - de -  
 Wand' - ring home - ward through the moun - tains, there to tend their flocks in pas - tures

Bass

5

Lead

song 'Tis a chor - us full of sweet - ness and the  
 - clare At the man - ger fall in wor - ship while the  
 green To their home lands, wives and fam' lies shar - ing

Alto/Tenor

8

song 'Tis a chor - us full of sweet - ness and the  
 - clare At the man - ger fall in wor - ship while the  
 green To their home lands, wives and fam' lies shar - ing

Bass

8

Lead

sing - ers are an an - gel thronGlor - y glor - y in the  
 mu - sic fills the qui ver - ing airGlor - y glor - y in the  
 tales of won - drous things they've seen. Glor - y glor - y in the

Alto/Tenor

8

sing - ers are an an - gel thronGlor - y glor - y glor - y glor - y in the  
 mu - sic fills the qui ver - ing airGlor - y glor - y glor - y glor - y in the  
 tales of won - drous things they've seen. Glor - y glor - y glor - y glor - y in the

Bass

11

Lead

high - est on the earth good will and peace to men Down the  
 high - est on the earth good will and peace to men Down the  
 high - est on the earth good will and peace to men Down the

Alto/Tenor

8 high - est in the high - est on the earth good will and peace to men Down the  
 high - est in the high - est on the earth good will and peace to men Down the  
 high - est in the high - est on the earth good will and peace to men Down the

Bass

14

Lead

age - s sound the ech - oes let the glad earth shout a-  
 age - s sound the ech - oes let the glad earth shout a-  
 age - s sound the ech - oes let the glad earth shout a-

Alto/Tenor

8 age - s down the age - s sound the ech-oes sound the ech-oes let the glad earth shout a-  
 age - s down the age - s sound the ech-oes sound the ech-oes let the glad earth shout a-  
 age - s down the age - s sound the ech-oes sound the ech-oes let the glad earth shout a-

Bass

17

Lead

- gain.  
 - gain.  
 - gain.

Alto/Tenor

8 - gain.  
 - gain.  
 - gain.

Bass

# Cold Blows the Wind

Robert Burns

Sheena Phillips

$\text{♩} = 60$  *wintrily!*

1. Cold blows the wind from  
Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind.  
Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind.  
Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind.  
east to west, The drift is driv - ing ear - ly; So loud and shrill's I  
Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind.  
Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind.  
Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind.  
Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind.  
hear the blast I'm sure it's win-ter fair - ly. **Chorus** Up in the morn-ing's not for me,  
**Chorus**  
Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. **Chorus**  
Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. **Chorus**  
Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind.

Up in the morn-ing ear-ly; When all the hills are cov-er'd with snow, I'm sure it's win-ter fair-ly. *Fine*

Up in the morn-ing ear-ly; When all the hills are cov-er'd with snow, I'm sure it's win-ter fair-ly. *Fine*

When all the hills are cov-er'd with snow, I'm sure it's win-ter fair-ly. *Fine*

I'm sure it's win-ter fair-ly. *Fine*

2.The birds sit chit-ter-ing in the thorn, All

Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind.

Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind.

Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind.

day they fare but spare-ly; And long's the night from e'en to morn, I'm

Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind.

Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind.

Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind.

*D.S.  $\frac{3}{8}$  al Fine*



sure it's win-ter fair - ly.



Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind.



Cold blows the wind. Cold blows the wind.

*sing the chorus twice after verse 2, first forte then piano e morendo*

# Gaudete

Piae Cantiones, 1582

♩

2x

Gau-de - te, gau-de - te! Chris-tus est na - tus Ex Ma - ri - a vir - gi - ne. Gau-de - te!

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 4/4 time signature and a repeat sign. The middle staff is a treble clef with a 4/4 time signature and a '2x' marking above it. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

*D.S.*

Tem-put a-dest gra-ti - ae hoc quod op - ta - ba-mus car - mi - ne le - te - ci - ae de - vo - te red-dam-mus.  
De - us ho-mo fac-tus est na - tu - ram e-ran-te Mun-dus re-no-va-tus est a Chris-to reg-nan - te.  
E - ze-chi - e - lis por-ta clau - sa per-tran-si - tur, un - da lux est or - ta sa - lus in - ve - ni - tur.  
Er - go no-stra con-ci - o psal - lat i - am lus-tra Be - ne - di-cat Do-mi-no, sal - us Re-gi no - stra.

The second system of the musical score consists of a single treble clef staff with a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staff. The system ends with a double bar line and the marking 'D.S.' above it.

# Hail! Smiling Morn

Reginald Spofforth

*Allegro*  
♩ = 130

*f* Hail! smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, That tips the hills with gold, That tips the hills with  
*p*  
*f* Hail, hail! smil - ing morn, smil - ing morn, That tips the hills with gold, That tips the hills with  
*p*  
8 *f* Hail, hail! smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, That tips the hills with gold, that tips the hills with  
*p*  
*f* Hail, hail! smil - ing morn, smil - ing morn, That tips the hills with  
*f*  
gold, Who's ro - sy fin-gers ope the gates of day  
gold, Who's ro - sy fin-gers open the gates of day,  
8 gold, Who's ro - sy fin-gers ope the gates of day,  
*f*  
gold, Who's ro - sy fin-gers ope the gates of day,  
Ope the gates, the gates of day; Hail, hail, hail, hail!  
ope the gates, the gates of day; Hail, hail, hail, hail!  
8 ope the gates of day, ope the gates, the gates of day; Hail, hail, hail, hail!  
ope the gates, the gates of day; Hail, hail, hail, hail!



*f*  
Who the gay face of Na-ture doth un - fold,

*f*  
Who the gay face of Na-ture doth un - fold, who the gay face of na-ture doth un-

*f*  
8 Who the gay face of Na-ture doth un - fold, who the gay face of Na-ture doth un-

*f*  
Who the gay face of Na-ture doth un - fold, who the gay face of Na-ture doth un-

*p*  
At whose bright pre-sence dark-ness flies a - way, flies a - way, flies a -

*p*  
- fold, At whose bright pre-sence dark-ness flies a - way, flies a - way,

*p*  
8 - fold, At whose bright pre-sence dark-ness flies a - way, flies a - way,

*p*  
- fold, At whose bright pre-sence dark-ness flies a - way flies a - way,

*cresc.* *poco ral.* *f* *a tempo*  
- way dark - ness flies a - way dark - ness flies a way At whose bright

*pp* *cresc.* *poco ral.* *f* *a tempo*  
flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, At whose bright

*pp* *cresc.* *poco ral.* *f* *a tempo*  
8 flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, At whose bright

*pp* *cresc.* *poco ral.* *f* *a tempo*  
flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, At whose bright

pre-sence dark-ness flies a - way, flies a - way. *cresc.*

pre-sence dark-ness flies a - way dark-ness flies a- *cresc.*

8 pre-sence dark-ness flies a - way flies a - way, *cresc.*

pre-sence dark-ness flies a - way, dark-ness flies a-

Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail!

- way, dark-ness flies a - way Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail!


8 Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail!

- way, dark-ness flies a - way Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail!

# The King


Traditional

**SOPRANO**

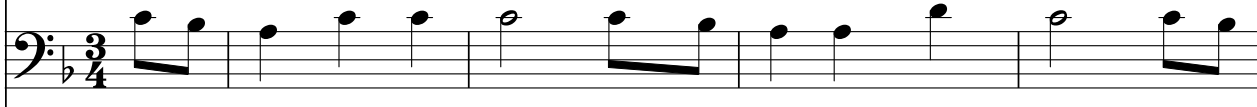


Joy, - health, love, and peace, Be all here in - this - place, By your  
 Our - King is well dressed, In - silks of - the - best, In -  
 We have tra - velled many miles, O - ver hed - ges - and - stiles, In -  
 We have pow - der and shot, To - con - quer - the - lot, We have  
 Old - Christ - mas is passed, Twelfth - night is - the - last, And we

**Alto**

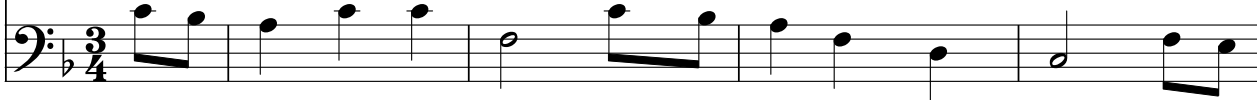


**Tenor**



Joy, - health, love, and peace, Be all here in this place, By your  
 Our - King is well dressed, In - silks of the best, In -  
 We have tra - velled many miles, O - ver hed - ges and stiles, In -  
 We have pow - der and shot, To - con - quer the lot, We have  
 Old - Christ - mas is passed, Twelfth - night is the last, And we

**Bass**




leave - we - will sing, Con - cer - ning - our - King.  
 rib - bons - so rare, No - king - can - com - pare.  
 search - of - our King, Un - to - you - we - bring.  
 can - non - and ball, To - con - quer - them - all.  
 bid - you - a - dieu, Great - joy - to - the - new.




leave - we - will sing, Con - cer - ning our King.  
 rib - bons - so rare, No - king can com - pare.  
 search - of - our King, Un - to - you we bring.  
 can - non - and ball, To - con - quer them all.  
 bid - you - a - dieu, Great joy to the new.



# Auld Lang Syne

Trad.



Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And ne-ver brought to mind? Should auld ac-quain-tance



be for-got, And auld lang syne For auld lang syne, my dear For auld lang syne We'll



tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.