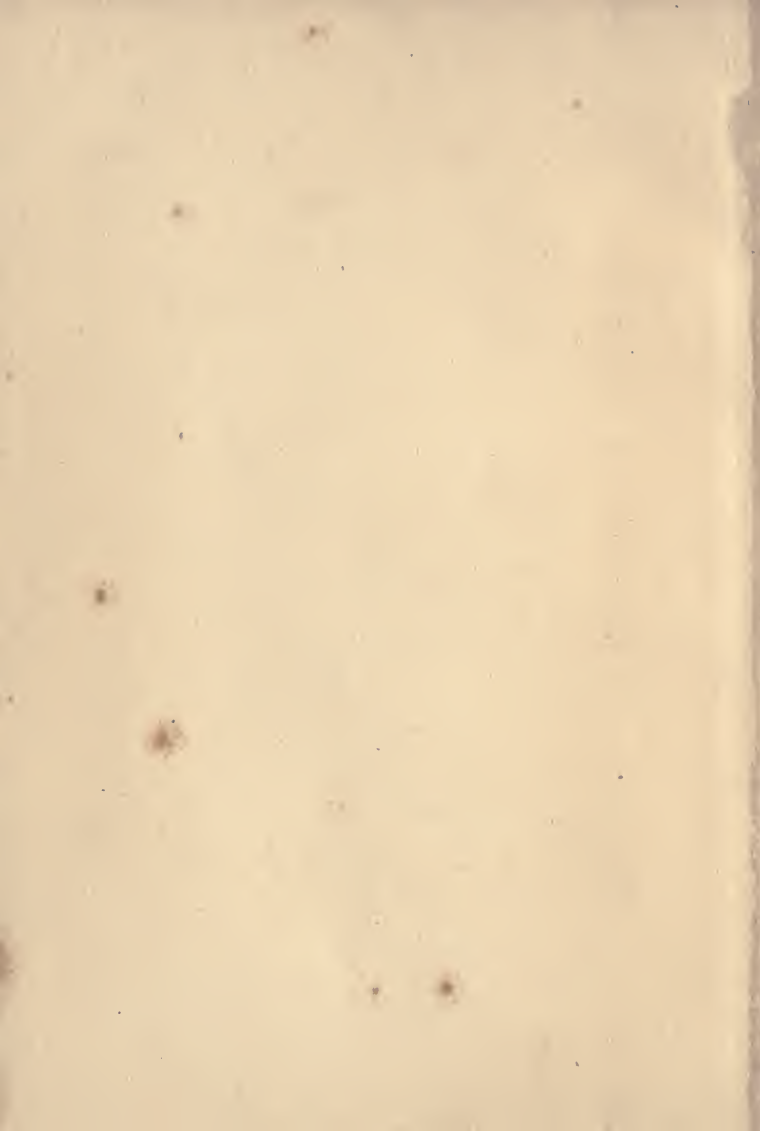
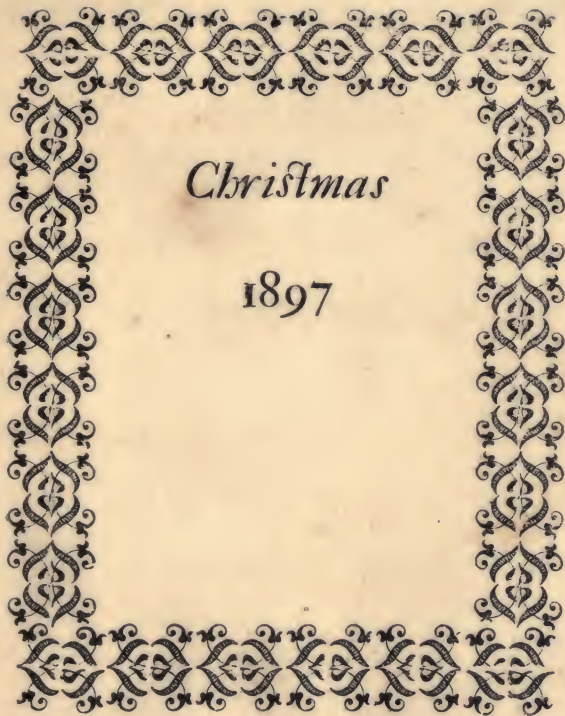


CHRISTMAS


1897





Christmas

1897



Christians

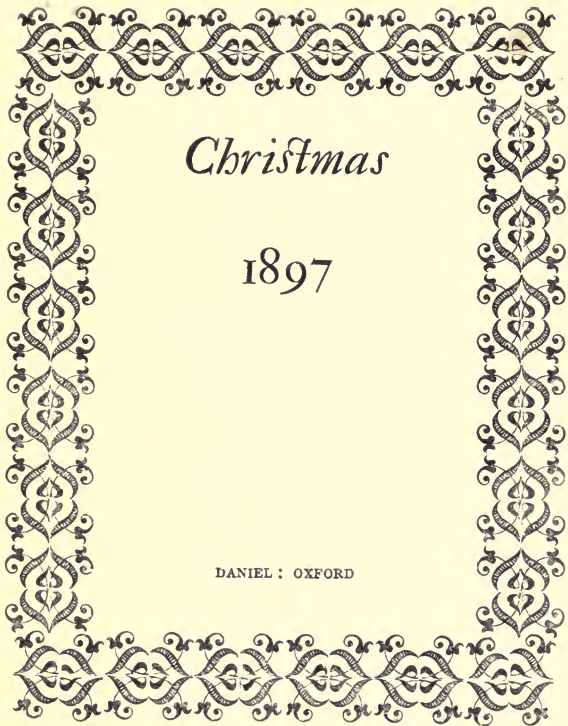
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Christmas

1897

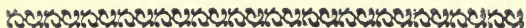
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THIS IS NO. *911*

*Christmas
Carols*

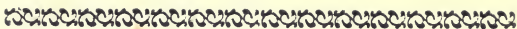
Ἡ Παρθένος σήμερον
τὸν ὑπερούσιον τίκτει,
καὶ ἡ γῆ τὸ σπῆλαιον
τῷ ἀπροσίτῳ προσάγει.
Ἄγγελοι μετὰ ποιμένων
δοξολογοῦσι.
Μάγοι δὲ μετὰ ἀστέρος
Ὀδοιποροῦσι.
Δι' ἡμᾶς γὰρ ἐγεννήθη
Παῖδίον νέον ὁ πρὸ αἰώνων Θεός.



O VR Master hath a garden which fair flowers adorn,
There will I go and gather both at eve and morn :
Nought's heard therein but Angel Hymns with harp & lute,
Loud trumpets & bright clarions & the gentle soothing flute.

The Lily white that bloometh there is Purity,
The fragrant Violet is surnamed Humility;
Nought's heard therein but Angel Hymns with harp & lute,
Loud trumpets & bright clarions & the gentle soothing flute.

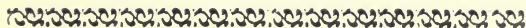
The lovely damask Rose is here called Patience,
The rich and cheerful Marygold Obedience ;
Nought's heard therein but Angel Hymns with harp & lute,
Loud trumpets & bright clarions & the gentle soothing flute.



One plant is there with crown bedight the rest above,
With Crown-imperial, and this plant is Holy Love :
Nought's heard therein but Angel Hymns with harp & lute,
Loud trumpets & bright clarions & the gentle soothing flute.

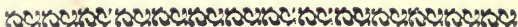
But still of all the flowers the fairest and the best
Is Jesus Christ the Lord Himself, His Name be blest :
Nought's heard therein but Angel Hymns with harp & lute,
Loud trumpets & bright clarions & the gentle soothing flute.

O Jesus, my chief Good and sole Felicity,
Thy little garden make my ready heart to be :
So may I once hear Angel Hymns with harp and lute,
Loud trumpets & bright clarions & the gentle soothing flute.



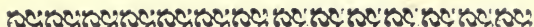
I N the ending of the year
I Life and light to man appear ;
And the Holy Babe is here
 De Virgine—
And the Holy Babe is here
 De Virgine Maria.

What in ancient days was slain,
This day calls to life again ;
God is coming, God shall reign
 De Virgine—
God is coming, God shall reign
 De Virgine Maria.



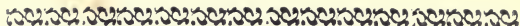
From the desert grew the corn,
Sprang the lily from the thorn,
When the Infant King was born
 De Virgine—
When the Infant King was born
 De Virgine Maria.

On the straw He lays His head,
Hath a manger for His bed,
Thirsts and hungers and is fed
 De Virgine—
Thirsts and hungers and is fed
 De Virgine Maria.



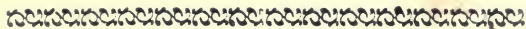
Angel hosts His praises sing,
Three wise men their off'rings bring,
Ox and ass adore the King,
 Cum Virgine—
Ox and ass adore the King,
 Cum Virgine Maria.

Wherefore let us all to-day
Banish sorrow far away,
Singing and exulting aye,
 Cum Virgine—
Singing and exulting aye,
 Cum Virgine Maria.



R OYAL day that chasest gloom,
Day by gladness speeded :
Thou beheld'st from Mary's Womb
How the King proceeded :

Very God Who made the sky,
Set the sun and stars on high,
Heaven and earth sustaining :
Very man Who freely bare
Toil and sorrow, woe and care,
Man's salvation gaining.



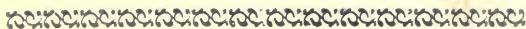
As the sunbeam through the glass
 Passeth, but not staineth ;
Thus the Virgin as she was,
 Virgin yet remaineth :

Blessed Mother ! in whose Womb
Lay the Light that exiles gloom,
 God to earth descending :
Blessed Maid ! whose spotless breast
Gives the King of Glory rest,
 Nurture, warmth and tending :



Christ, Who mad'st us out of dust,
Breath and spirit giving :
Christ, from Whose dear steps we must
Pattern take of living :

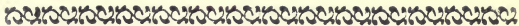
Christ, Who camest once to save
From the curse and from the grave,
Healing, light'ning, cheering :
Christ, Who now wast made as we,
Grant that we may be like Thee
In Thy next appearing !



CHRIST was born on Christmas Day ;
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay ;
Christus natus hodie :
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

He is born to set us free,
He is born our Lord to be,
Ex Maria Virgine :
The God, the Lord, by all ador'd for ever.

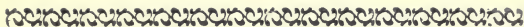
Let the bright red berries glow
Every where in goodly show ;
Christus natus hodie :
The Babe, the Son, The Holy One of Mary.



Christian men rejoice and sing ;
'Tis the birthday of a King,
 Ex Maria Virgine ;
The God, the Lord by all adored for ever.

Night of sadness ; Morn of gladness
 Evermore ;
Ever, ever : After many troubles sore,
Morn of gladness, evermore and evermore.

Midnight scarcely passed and over,
Drawing to this holy morn,
Very early, very early Christ was born.



Sing out with bliss, His name is this—

Emmanuel :

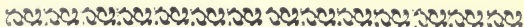
As was foretold in days of old

By Gabriel.

Midnight scarcely passed and over,

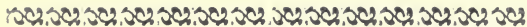
Drawing to this holy morn,

Very early, very early Christ was born.

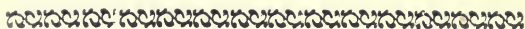


STAR of the mystic East,
That baddest to the feast
The Kings of yore—
Thy beam through every age
Proclaims to child and sage
Love's wondrous lore.

Light of the hidden Lord,
Revealing where the Word—
The Babe God—lies—
While near the Mother mild
Kneels worshipping her Child
With love-lit eyes.



Bring frankincense and gold,
Children of God, be bold !
 Kneel by Her side ;
Let children bring their King
Themselves for offering
 At Christmastide.



A VE Jesu Deus magne,
Ave Puer, mitis agne,
Ave Deus, homo nate,
In Praesepe reclinate !
O potestas, o egestas,
O majestas Domini !
O majestas, quid non praestas homini ?

Vt me pauperem ditares,
Vt me perditum salvares,
Iaces pannis involutus,
Omni ope destitutus.
O potestas, o egestas,
O majestas Domini !
O majestas, quid non praestas homini ?



Inter bruta quam abiectus
Vagis, Patris o dilectus !
Iudex summe, verus Deus,
Propter me fis homo reus !
O potestas, o egestas,
O majestas Domini !
O majestas, quid non praestas homini ?

O mi Iesu, cor devotum
Post te trahe, sume totum,
Igne tuo sancto ure,
Ah, ah penitus combure.
O potestas, o egestas,
O majestas Domini !
O majestas, quid non praestas homini ?



Procul vanos hinc amores,
Procul malos arce mores,
Tuis meos aptos finge,
Aeterno me nexu stringe,
O potestas, o egestas,
O majestas Domini !
O majestas, quid non praestas homini ?











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By Walter Crane

