



Drive the Cold Winter Away

-traditional

All hail to the days that merit more praise
Than all the rest of the year,
And welcome the nights that double delights
As well for the poor as the peer.
Good fortune attend each merry man's friend
That doth but the best that he may,
Forgetting old wrongs with carols and songs
To drive the Cold Winter away.

Rise Up Shepherd / Bright Morning Stars

-traditional, arranged by Fiona Gillespie and The Chivalrous Crickets

There's a star in the east on Christmas morn'
RISE UP SHEPHERD AND FOLLOW
It'll lead to the place where the Christ is born
RISE UP SHEPHERD AND FOLLOW

FOLLOW, FOLLOW, RISE UP SHEPHERD AND FOLLOW
FOLLOW THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM
RISE UP SHEPHERD AND FOLLOW

Leave your sheep and leave your lambs
Leave your ewes and leave your rams

If you take good heed of the angel's word
You'll forget your flocks you'll forget your herd

Bright morning stars are rising
Day is a'breaking in my soul.

We are down in the valley praisin'
Day is a'breaking in my soul.

We are gone to heaven shouting
Day is a'breaking in my soul.

Lord of Misrule

-Fiona Gillespie/Paul Holmes Morton

Twass Caspar and Melchior and Balthazar, O LAETEMUR GAUDIS
They three kings of Orient are, A TOAST TO THE MASTER OF MERRIMENT
Took the high and the long road to seek out the king, O LAETEMUR GAUDIS
So we commoners of their epiphany sing, A TOAST TO THE MASTER OF MERRIMENT

PUT ON YOUR GOLD RINGS, YOUR GLITTERING JEWELS,
FOLLOW THE STAR TO THE FEAST OF THE FOOLS.
HAVE YOUR CHRISTMAS, YOUR STEPHEN'S, YOUR NINE DAYS OF YULE
THE TWELFTH NIGHT BELONGS TO THE LORD OF MISRULE.

Most of his days he's nought but a peasant,
But tonight we'll enjoin him to carve up the pheasant.
And if he's especially lucky he'll know,
The taste of the pavorreal e'er he goes.

May the pipers pipe freely, the drummers drum loud,
May even the animals join in the crowd.
Wassail to the apples, wassail to the pears,
Chalk up your lintels and toss off your cares.

Lay your hands on the boar and swear a good oath,
It's a long devil's dance 'til the harvest has growth.
The sun's in retreat and masked o'er by the night,
We escape in the revels of harmful delight.

Cold, Cold December/Winter Nights

-Paul Holmes Morton/Fiona Gillespie (Winter Night text by Thomas Campion)

Cold, Cold December when the wind blows to bring the bodies near.
Lo, Lo remember how the roses a'bloom with winter cheer.
Let summer have its joys, its endless afternoons,
For winter blows outside the firelight and revelry in tune!
Tune, tune the words, tell them smoothly read and treasure their discourse.
Sing, sing divine the harmonies and tread without remorse .

Spring has sprung its trap to make us dizzy,
And Fall befalls its leaves to leave us busy.
Summer promises a breeze so temporary,
But Winter blows outside of something merry.

Blaze, blaze the chimneys praise the yearly yule of yellow waxen lights.
Flow, flow the wine to bring the tears and joys and shorten winter nights.

Let summer have its joys, its endless afternoons,
For winter blows outside the firelight and revelry in tune!

Now winter nights enlarge the number of their hours
And clouds their storms discharge upon the ayrie towr's

Let now the chimneys blaze and cups o're flow with wine
Let well tuned words amaze with harmony divine

Now yellow waxen lights shall wait on teasing love,
While youthful revels, masks and courtly sights
Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense with lover's long discourse
Much speech hath some dispense though beauty no remorse

All do not all things well, some treasures comely tread
Some knotted riddles tell, some poems smoothly read.

The summer hath his joys, and winter his delights
Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
They shorten winter nights.

Qui veut Chasser une migraine

-Gabrielle Bataille

Qui veut chasser une migraine
N'a qu'à boire toujours du bon,
Et maintenir la table pleine
De cervelas et de jambon.
L'EAU NE FAIT RIEN QUE POURRIR LE POUMON,
BOUTE, BOUTE, BOUTE, BOUTE COMPAGNONS,
VIDE-NOUS CE VERRE ET NOUS LE REMPLIRONS!

Le vin goûté par ce bon père
Qui s'en rendit si beau garçon,
Nous fait discourir sans grammaire,
Et nous rend savants sans leçon.
L'EAU NE FAIT RIEN...

Loth beuvant dans une caverne
De ses filles enfla le sein,
Montrant qu'un syrop de taverne
Passe celui d'un médecin.
L'EAU NE FAIT RIEN...

Beuvons donc tous à la bonne heure

Pour nous émouvoir le rognon,
Et que celui d'entre nous meure
Qui dédira son compagnon.
L'EAU NE FAIT RIEN...

Malpas Wassail

-traditional English

Now the harvest being over and Christmas drawing in
Please open the door and let us come in
With our wassail

WASSAIL, WASSAIL
AND JOY COME TO OUR JOLLY WASSAIL

Here's the master and mistress sitting down by the fire
While we poor wassail boys to trudge through the mire
With our wassail

Here's the master and the mistress sitting down at their ease
Put your hands in your pockets and give what you please
With our wassail

This ancient owd house we do kindly salute
It is your custom you need not dispute
With our wassail

Here's the saddle and the bridle they're hung upon the shelf
If you want any more you can sing it yourself
With our wassail

Here's a health to the master and a long time to live
Since you've been so kind and so willing to give
With our wassail

The Holly and the Ivy:

-traditional English

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.

O, THE RISING OF THE SUN
AND THE RUNNING OF THE DEER
THE PLAYING OF THE MERRY ORGAN
SWEET SINGING IN THE CHOIR

The holly bears a blossom
as white as lily flow'r,
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
to be our dear Saviour.

The holly bears a berry
as red as any blood,
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
to do poor sinners good.

The holly bears a prickle
as sharp as any thorn,
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas Day in the morn.

The holly bears a bark
as bitter as the gall,
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
to redeem us all.

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

-traditional German

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming
From tender stem hath sprung
From Jesse's lineage coming
as men of old have sung.

It came a flower bright
amid the cold of winter
when half spent was the night.

A Christmas Carol:

-Charles Ives

Little star of Bethlehem,
Do we see thee now?
Do we see thee shining o'er the tall trees?

Little child of Bethlehem,
Do we hear thee in our hearts?
Hear the angels singing
Peace on Earth, goodwill to men, Noël!

O'er the cradle of the King,
Hear the angels sing!
In Excelsis Gloria, Gloria!

From his Father's home on high,
Lo, for us he came to die;
Hear the angels sing:
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Blue Christmas

-Billy Hayes and Jay W. Johnson

I'll have a blue, blue Christmas, without you
I'll be so blue just thinking about you
Decorations of red on a green Christmas tree
Won't be the same my dear,
If you're not here with me.

And when those blue, blue snowflakes start falling
That's when those blue, blue memories start calling
You'll be doing alright, on your Christmas so white
But I'll have a blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue,
Blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, Christmas!

