

Class PR 1195

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Cundall, Joseph.

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LONDON
- JOSEPH CUNDALL,
M · D · CCC · XLVI



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The Borders in this Book are copied from the Harl. MS. 2936 and 3469; Royal MS. 19. C. 3. and 19. C. 8.; the De Croy MS.; and Henry the Eighth's Missal, in the British Museum; and from a Book of Hours in the possession of the Publisher. The Miniature Paintings are from the Harl. MS. 2877.




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20 p.

Henry H. J. Harpell-

London 1852.





Christo **M**aremus **A**nticam
Excellsis **G**loria

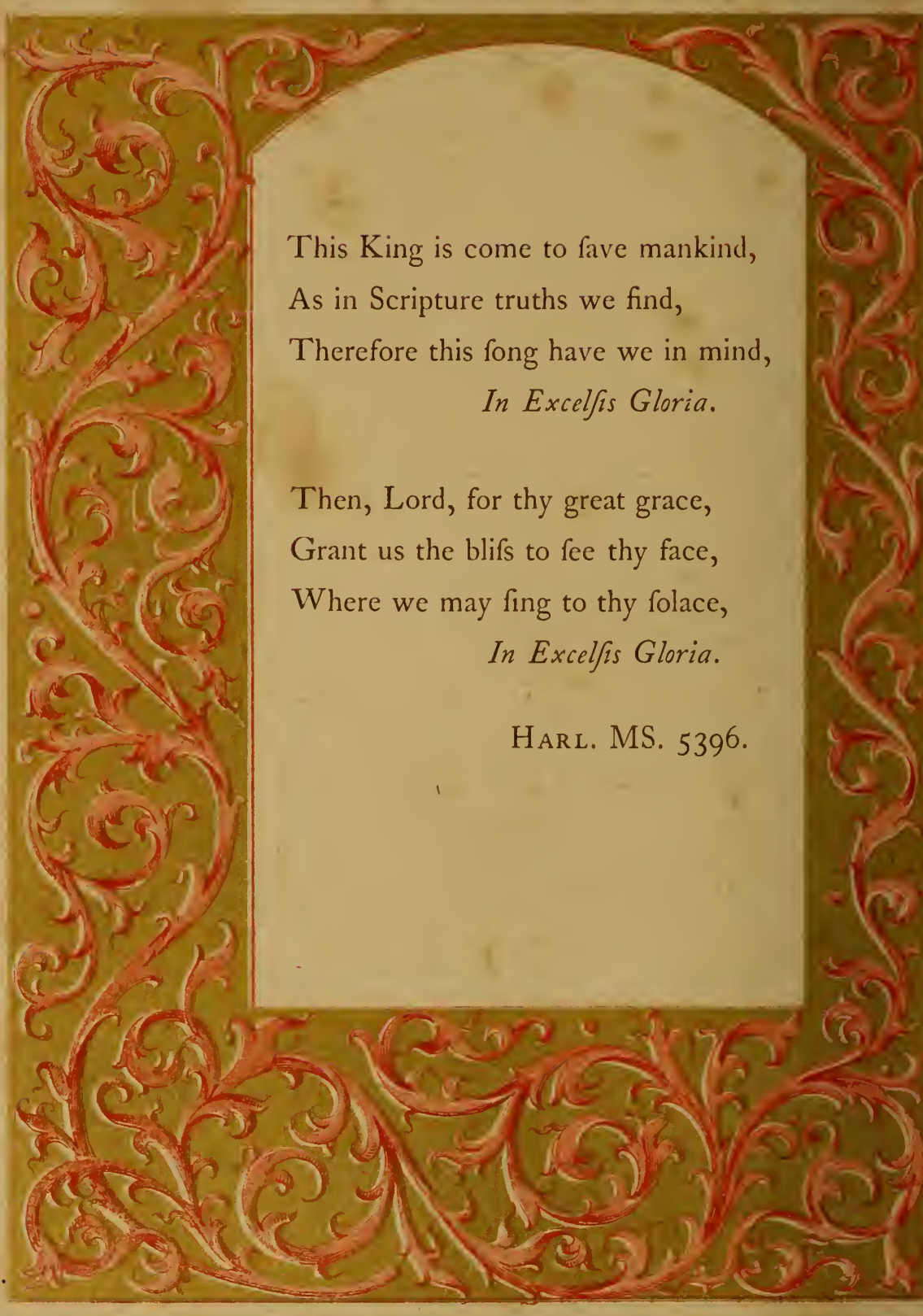
WHEN Christ was born of Mary
free,

In Bethlem, in that fair city,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee,

In Excelsis Gloria.

Herdsmen beheld these angels bright
To them appearing with great light,
Who said 'God's Son is born this night,'

In Excelsis Gloria.



This King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind,
In Excelsis Gloria.

Then, Lord, for thy great grace,
Grant us the bliss to see thy face,
Where we may sing to thy solace,
In Excelsis Gloria.

HARL. MS. 5396.



REGINAE





A CAROL.

BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD.

Caput Apri defero.

Reddens 'laudes' Domino.



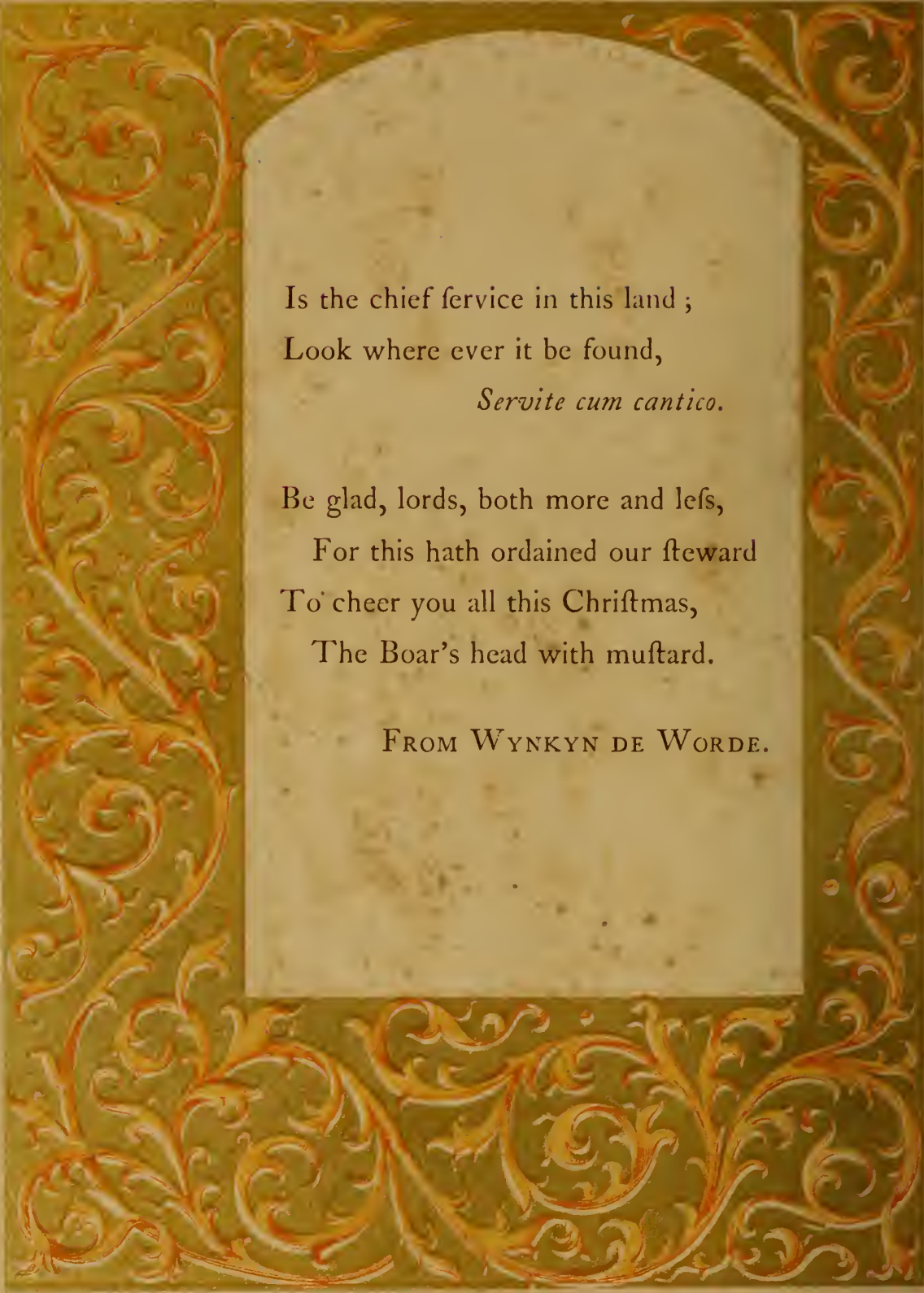
THE Boar's head in hand
bring I,

With garlands gay and rosemary,
I pray you all sing merrily

Qui estis in convivio.

The Boar's head I understand,





Is the chief service in this land ;
Look where ever it be found,

Servite cum cantico.

Be glad, lords, both more and less,
For this hath ordained our steward
To cheer you all this Christmas,
The Boar's head with mustard.

FROM WYNKYN DE WORDE.

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring intricate floral designs in red, blue, and green. A white bird is perched on a red vine on the right side, and strawberries are visible at the bottom left.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.

A CAROL OR HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.



SWEET Musick, sweeter far
Then any song is sweet :
Sweet Musick heavenly rare,
Mine ears, O peeres, doth greet.
Yongentle flocks, whose fleeces, pearl'd with dew,
Resemble Heaven, whom golden drops make
bright :
Listen, O listen, now, O not to you
Our pipes make sport to shorten weary night.
But voices most divine
Make blisfull harmonie :
Voices that seem to shine,
For what else clears the sky ?
Tunes can we hear, but not the fingers see,
The tunes divine, and so the fingers be.

Loe how the firmament
Within an azure fold
The flock of Itars hath pent,
That we might them behold.
Yet from their beams proceedeth not this light,
Nor can their cristals such reflection give.

What then doth make the element so bright?
The heavens are come down upon earth
But harken to the song, [to live.
Glory to Glory's King,
And peace all men among,
These choristers do sing.
Angels they are, as also (Shepherds) he
Whom in our fear we do admire to see.

Let not amazement blind
Your souls, said he, annoy :
To you and all mankind
My message bringeth joy.
For lo the world's great Shepherd now is
born

A blessed babe, an infant full of power :
After long night, up-risen is the morn,
Renowing Bethlem in the Saviour.
Sprung is the perfect day,
By prophets seen afar
Sprung is the mirthful May
Which Winter cannot mar.
In David's city doth this sun appear :
Clouded in flesh, yet Shepherds sit we here.

EDMUND BOLTON.



THE STAR SONG.

*A flourish of Musick; then follows the
Song.*

1.

TELL us, thou clear and hea-
venly tongue,
Where is the Babe that lately
sprung?

Lies he the lily-banks among?

2.

Or say, if this new Birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with deaw-light; thou canst clear
All doubts, and manifest the where.

3.

Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of spices through,
To find him out?

Star.

No, this ye need not do ;
But only come and see Him rest,
A Princely Babe, in's mother's breast.

Chorus.

He's seen ! He's seen ! why then around,
Let's kiss the sweet and holy ground ;
And all rejoice that we have found
A King, before conception, crown'd.

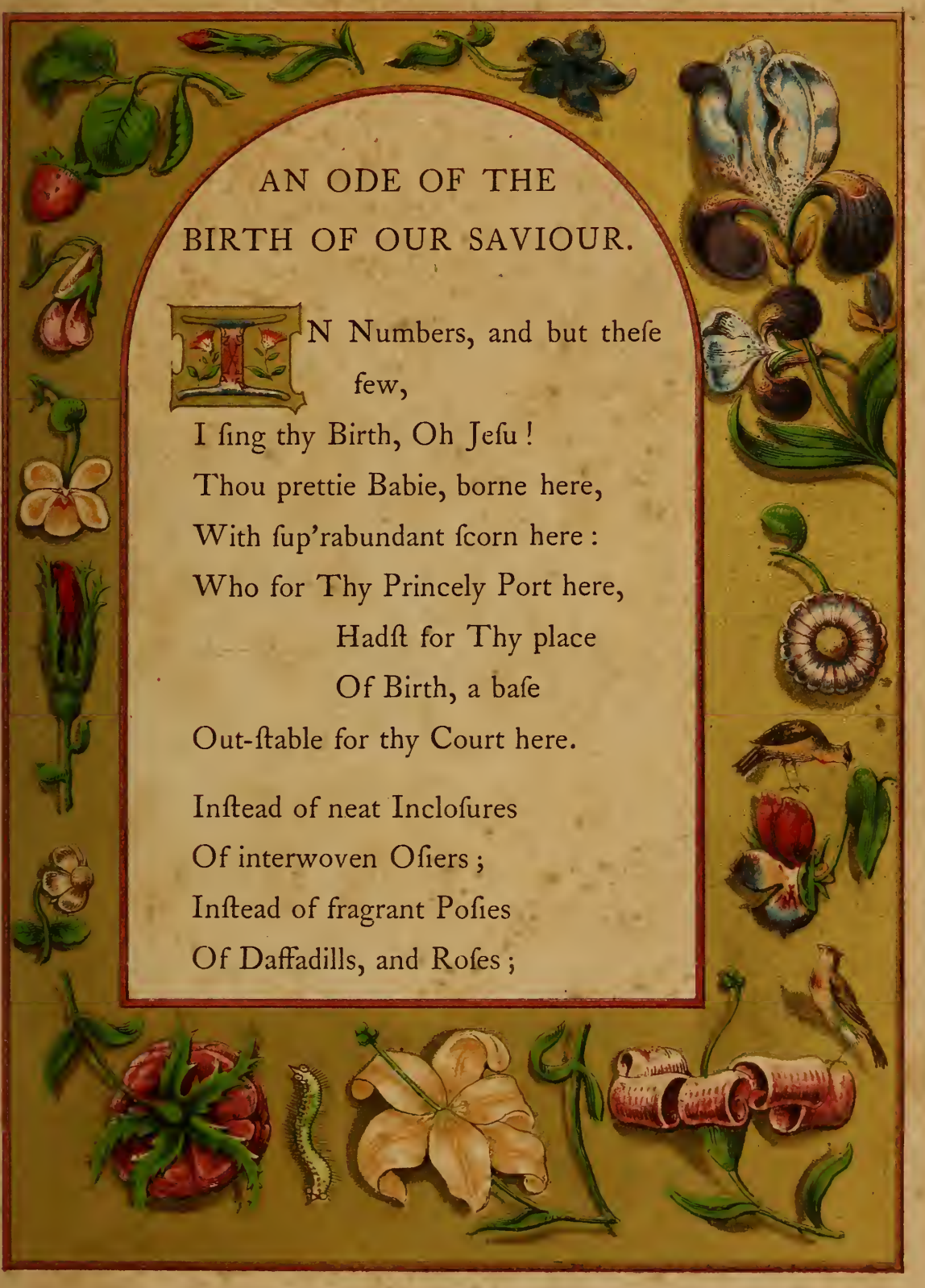
4.

Come then, come then, and let us bring
Unto our prettie twelfth-tide King,
Each one his severall offering.

Chorus.

And when night comes wee'l give him waf-
failing ;
And that his treble honours may be seen,
Wee'l choose him King, and make his mo-
ther Queen.

HERRICK.



AN ODE OF THE
BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

IN Numbers, and but these
few,

I sing thy Birth, Oh Jesu !
Thou prettie Babie, borne here,
With sup'rabundant scorn here :
Who for Thy Princely Port here,
Hadst for Thy place
Of Birth, a base
Out-stable for thy Court here.

Instead of neat Inclosures
Of interwoven Ofiers ;
Instead of fragrant Posies
Of Daffadills, and Roses ;



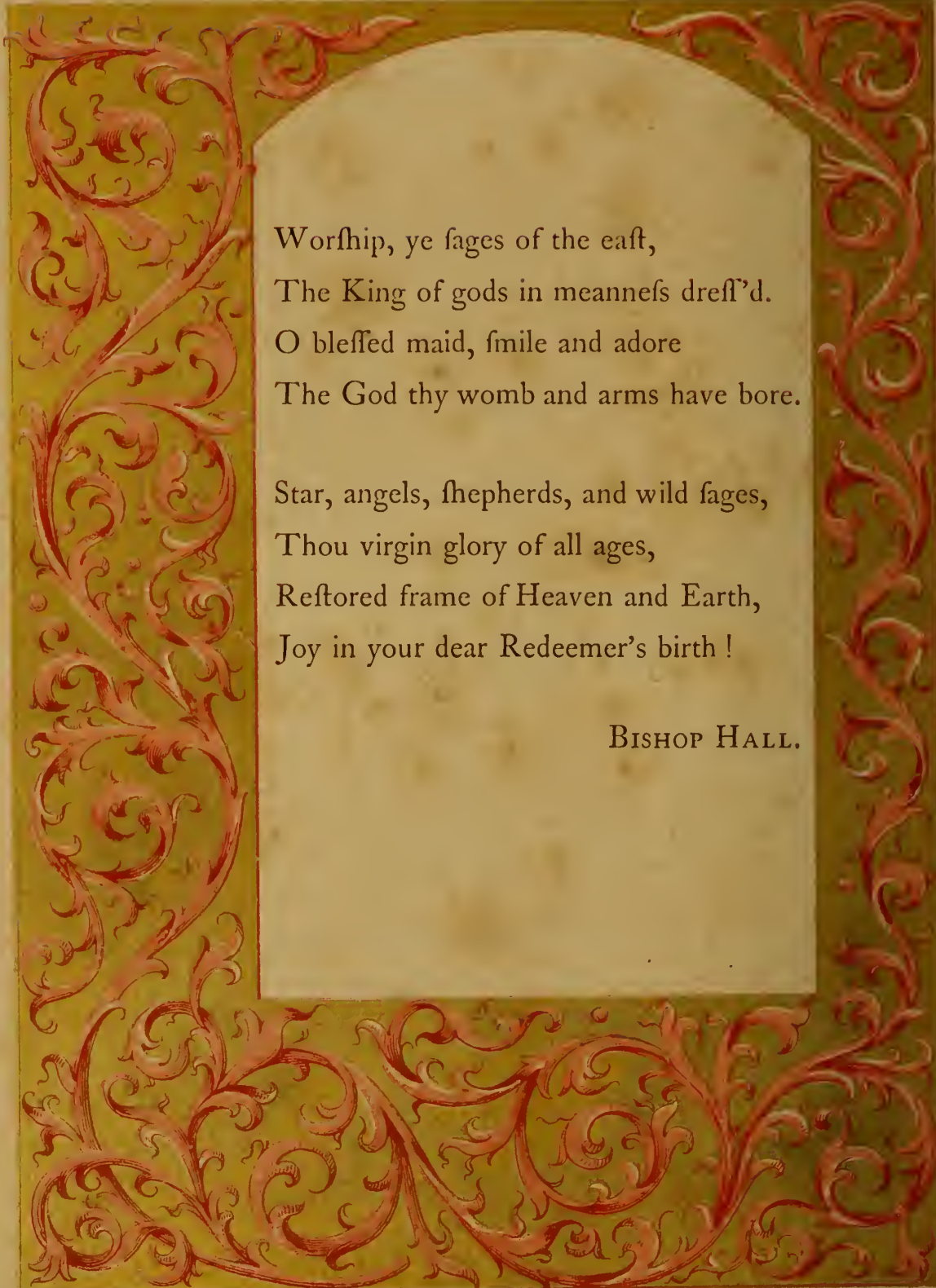
FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.



IMMORTAL Babe, who this
dear day

Didst change thine Heaven for our clay,
And didst with flesh thy godhead veil,
Eternal Son of God, all hail !

Shine, happy star ; ye angels, sing
Glory on high to Heaven's King :
Run, shepherds, leave your nightly watch,
See Heaven come down to Bethlehem's
cratch.



Worship, ye sages of the east,
The King of gods in meanness dress'd.
O blessed maid, smile and adore
The God thy womb and arms have bore.

Star, angels, shepherds, and wild sages,
Thou virgin glory of all ages,
Restored frame of Heaven and Earth,
Joy in your dear Redeemer's birth !

BISHOP HALL.

HAIL! EVER HAIL!

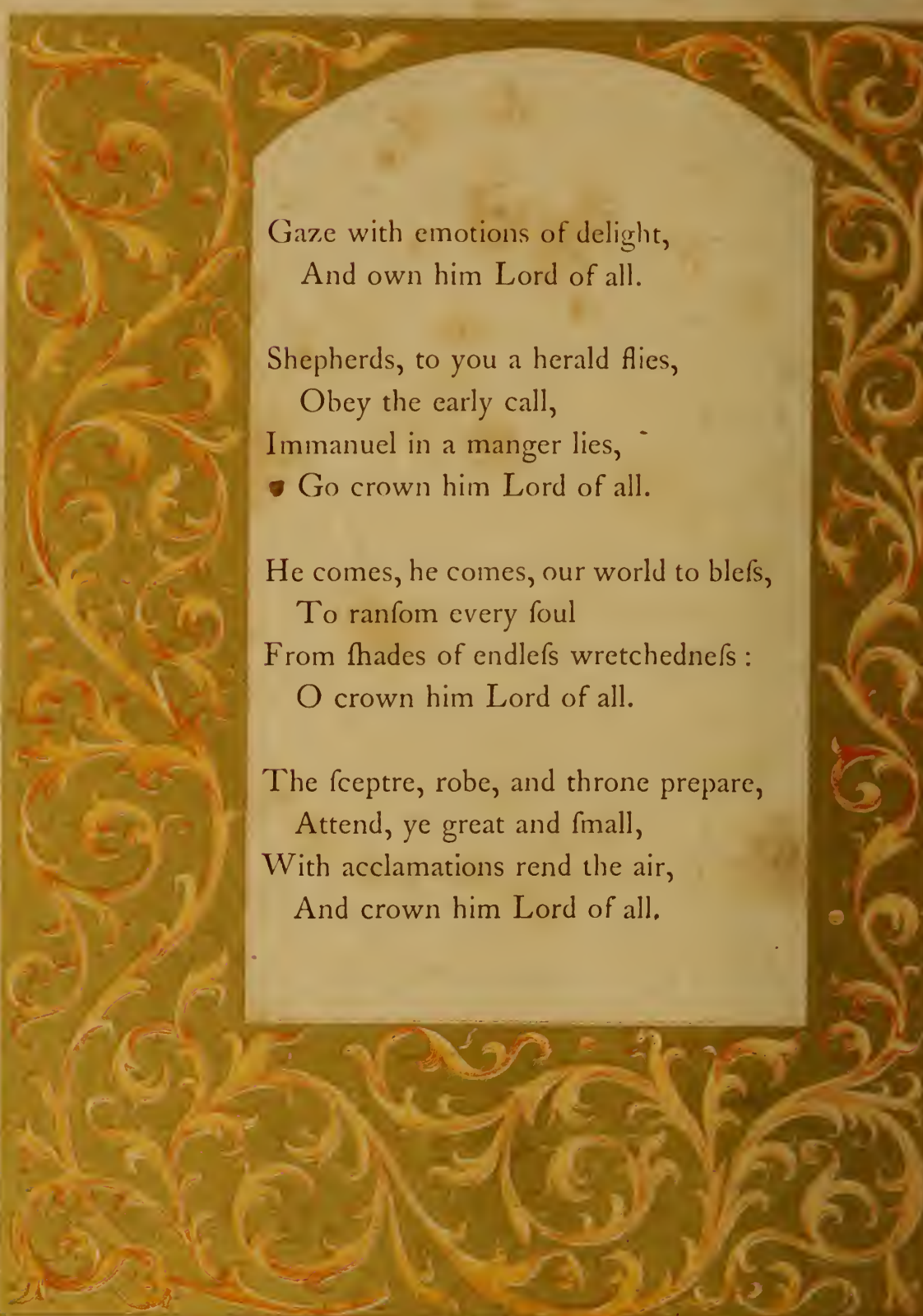
HAIL! ever hail! auspicious
morn,
The brightest since our fall;
Mortals, exult! the Saviour's born,
O crown him Lord of all!

Down from celestial climes of day
He hastes to tread our ball,
Glory illumines all the way,
O crown him Lord of all!

Hark! loud hosannahs from the song
The melting airs inthrall,
A Saviour angels waft along,
And shout him Lord of all.

Wrapt in their folded vests of light
They seek the fordid stall,





Gaze with emotions of delight,
And own him Lord of all.

Shepherds, to you a herald flies,
Obey the early call,
Immanuel in a manger lies,
Go crown him Lord of all.

He comes, he comes, our world to bless,
To ransom every soul
From shades of endless wretchedness :
O crown him Lord of all.

The sceptre, robe, and throne prepare,
Attend, ye great and small,
With acclamations rend the air,
And crown him Lord of all.



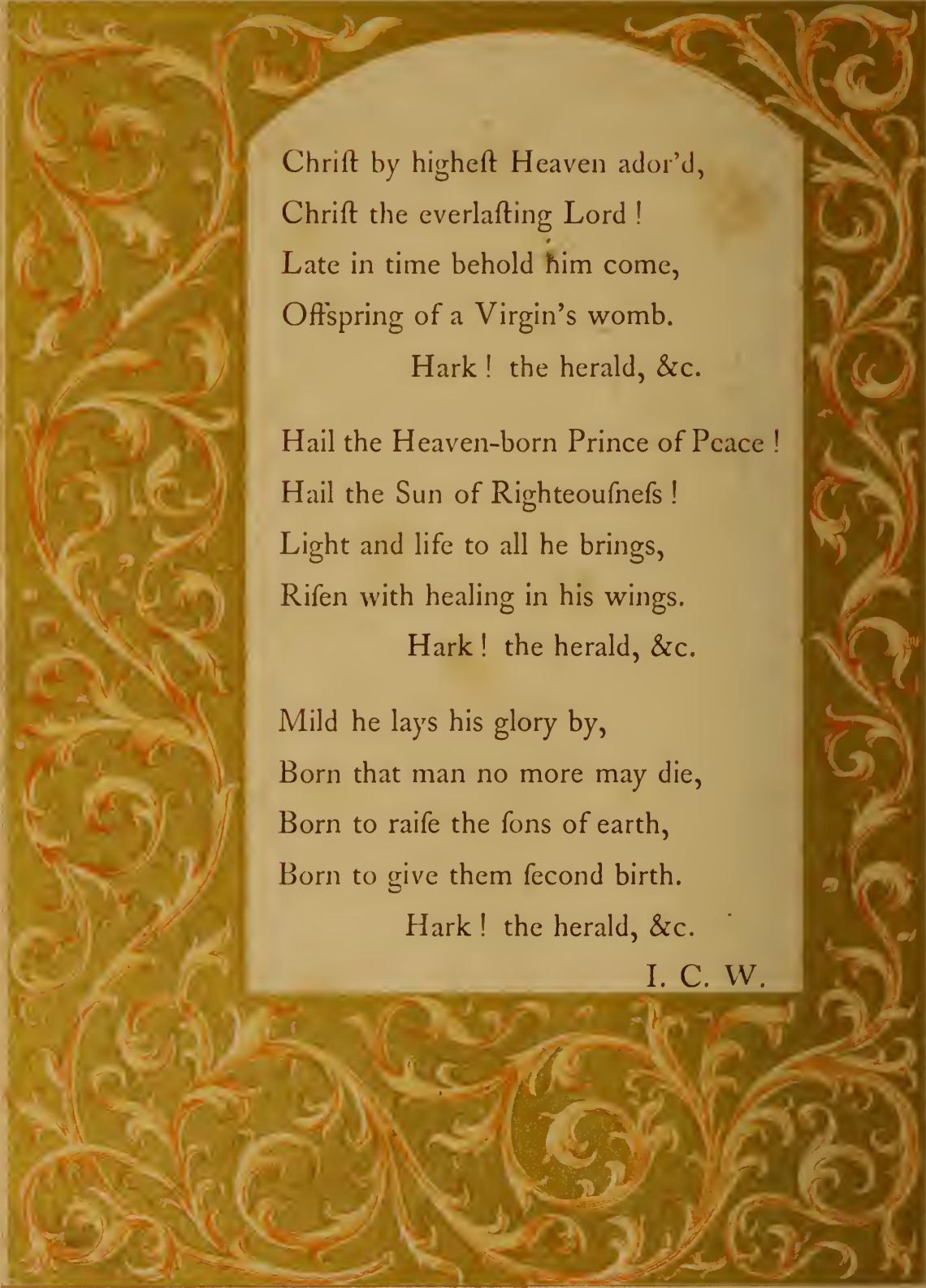
FOR
CHRISTMAS DAY.

HARK! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinner reconcil'd.

Hark! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hark! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.



Christ by highest Heaven ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

Hark! the herald, &c.

Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

Hark! the herald, &c.

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Hark! the herald, &c.

I. C. W.

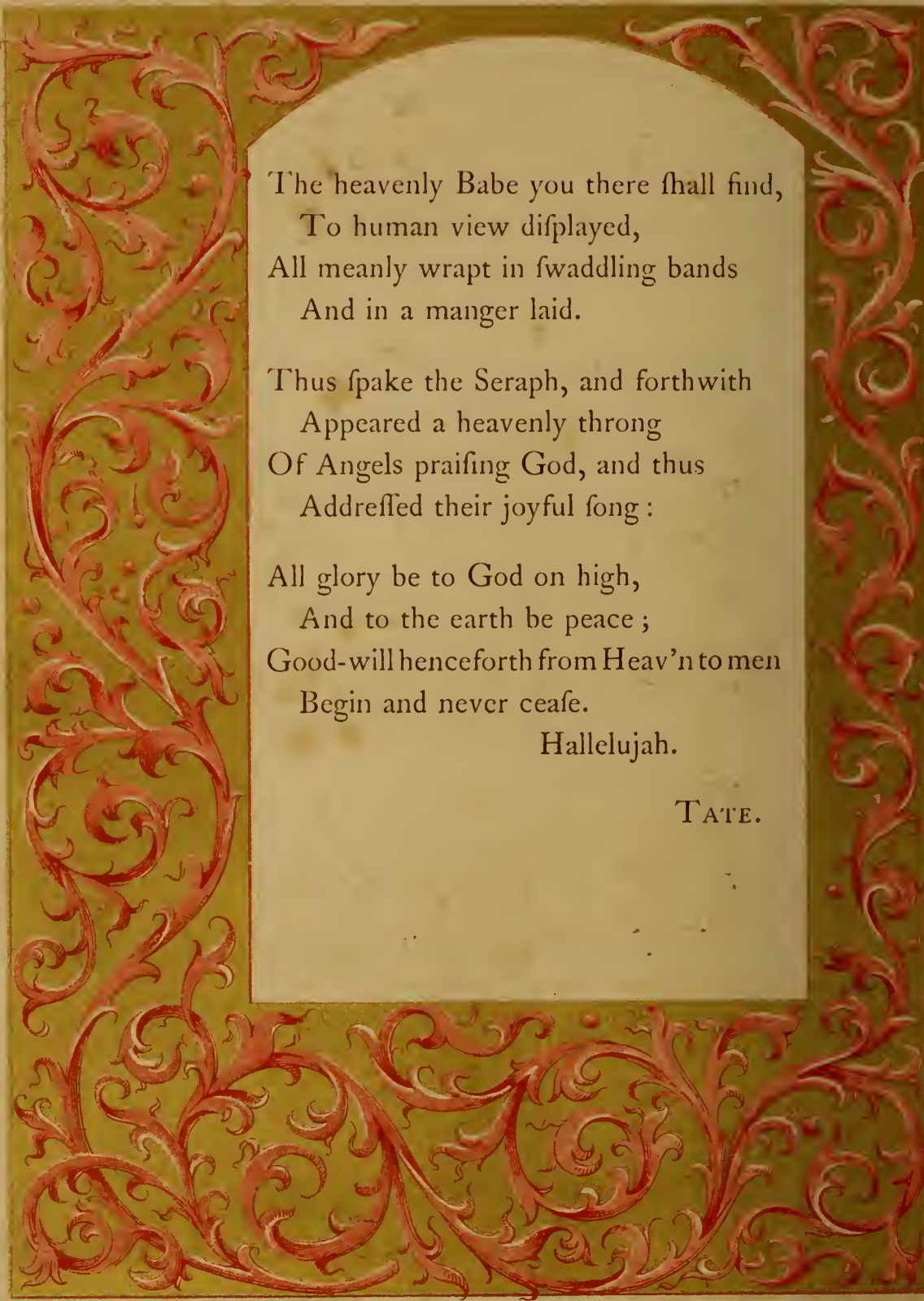


WHILST SHEPHERDS
WATCH'D.

Whilst Shepherds watch'd their
flocks by night,
All feated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
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, which is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.



The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands
And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a heavenly throng
Of Angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song :

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to men
Begin and never cease.

Hallelujah.

TATE.



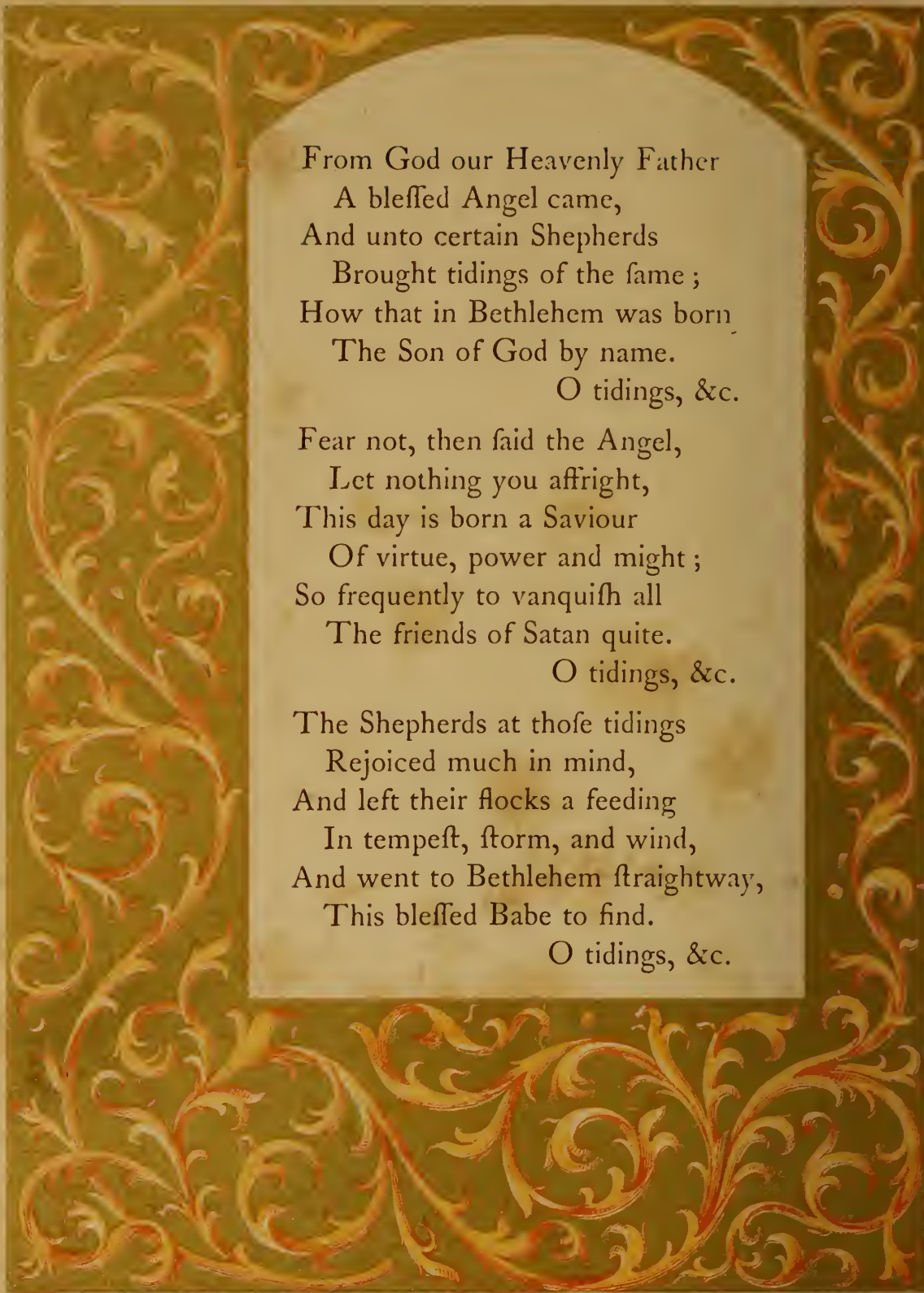




GOD REST YOU MERRY
GENTLEMEN.

GOD rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on
Christmas day.

In Bethlehem in Jury
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessed morn ;
The which his mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn.
O tidings, &c.



From God our Heavenly Father
A blessed Angel came,
And unto certain Shepherds
Brought tidings of the same ;
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

O tidings, &c.

Fear not, then said the Angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power and might ;
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite.

O tidings, &c.

The Shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This blessed Babe to find.

O tidings, &c.

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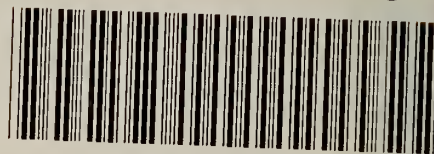
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