

LO, HOW A ROSE E'ER BLOOMING
By Michael Preatorius 1570-1620 (approx)

Lo, How a Rose e'er blooming from tender stem hath sprung
Of Jesus lineage coming, As men of old have sung.
It came, a flow'ret bright, Amid the cold of winter,
When half spent was the night.

Isaiah t'was foretold it, The Rose I have in mind.
With Mary we behold it, The Virgin Mother kind.
To show God's love aright.
She bore men a Saviour, When half spent was the night

BRING A TORCH, JEANNETTE, ISABELLA
(from Provence)

Bring a Torch, Jeannette, Isabella, Bring a torch, come swiftly and run.
Christ is born, tell the folk of the village,
Jesus is sleeping in his cradle, Ah,
Ah, Beautiful is the mother, Ah,
Ah, Beautiful is her son.

Hasten now, good folk of the village, Hasten now, the Christ-child to see,
You will find him asleep in a manger
Quietly come and whisper softly
Hush, hush, Peacefully now He slumbers,
Hush, hush, Peacefully now He sleeps.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY
(French)

1. 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.

REFRAIN : The rising of the sun And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ, sweet singing of the choir.

2. The holly bears a blossom, As white as lily flow'r
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ To be our sweet Saviour.

REFRAIN:

3. The holly bears a berry, As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To do poor sinners good.

REFRAIN: