Christmas Carol Treasure Trove (1988 – 2013)

Welcome to the GHSS Treasure Trove of Christmas Carols. Please find here some carols, words and scores, that have been gathered from teacher files, passed down over a few decades, and sung by the school’s students Christmas after Christmas.

With best intentions they are collected here in the spirit of keeping Christmas cheer and community singing alive and well, in Western Australia, 2013.

These songs come to us in times of emerging opportunity and doubt, shining beacons, through both print and oral traditions. Whatever the digital world has in store for us... on these fast changing seas... we send afloat this raft of words and melodies with hope, blessings and good will.

Many thanks to our music teacher, Bruce Anthony, for all he has done for Golden Hill and the community of Denmark, over many years. Bruce has spent precious hours, for future generations, adding to this collection, and keeping these songs alive.

Do your part...gather in good cheer...forget your worries, play and sing.
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'For know a blessed Mother thou shalt be.  
All generations laud and honour thee,  
Thy Son shall be Emmanuel, by seers  
foretold.  
Most highly favoured lady.' Gloria!

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head,  
'To me be as it pleaseth God', she said.  
'Ve shall laud and magnify His holy  
Name.'  
'Most highly favoured lady.' Gloria!

Of her, Emmanuel the Christ was born  
In Bethlehem, all on a Christian morn,  
And Christian folk throughout the world will  
ever say  
'Most highly favoured lady.' Gloria!
Down where the tree ferns grow by the river
There, where the waters sparkle and quiver
Deep in the gullies bell-birds are chiming
Softly and sweetly their lyric notes rhyming

**Orana. Orana. Orana to Christmas Day**

Friar birds sip the nectar of flowers
Kurrawongs chant in wattle tree bowers
In the blue ranges lorikeets calling
Carols of bush birds rising and falling

**Orana. Orana. Orana to Christmas Day**
**Orana. Orana. Orana to Christmas Day**
**Orana. Orana. Orana to Christmas Day**
The Cherry Tree Carol

Then Mary spoke to Joseph,
So meek and so mild,
"Joseph, gather me some cherries
For me and my child.
Joseph, gather me some cherries
For me and my child."

Lord Jesus spoke a few words
All down unto them:
"Bow down, you lofty cherry tree,
Let my mammy gather some.
Bow down, you lofty cherry tree,
Let my mammy gather some."

The cherry tree bowed low down
Low down to the ground,
And Mary gathered cherries
While Joseph stood around.

While Joseph stood around.
And Mary gathered cherries
While Joseph stood around.

Then Joseph took Mary
All on his right knee:
"Pray tell me, little baby,
When your birthday will be?
Pray tell me, little baby,
When your birthday will be?"

"On old Christmas morning
My birthday shall be
When the hills and high mountains
Shall bow unto me.
When the hills and high mountains
Shall bow unto me."
Stars of silver sweep across the skies
Show where Jesus in the manger lies
Shepherds, swiftly from your stupor rise
To see the Saviour of the world

Refrain

Mine are riches from thy poverty
From thine innocence, eternity
Mine, forgiveness by thy death for me
Child of sorrow for my joy

Angels sing again the song you sang
Bring God’s glory to the heart of man
Bethlehem’s little baby can
Be salvation to the soul
**Little Baby Jesus**

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Staff</th>
<th>Little baby Jesus</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cradled in the hay</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Softly sang his mother, Loo-loo-la-la</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Loo-loo-la-la-la, Baby born on Christmas Eve</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Little baby Jesus</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cradled in the hay</td>
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*Last line = 'cradled in the hay'*

**Quiet Quiet**

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Staff</th>
<th>Quieti quieti</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>German folksong</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Quieti quiets, make not any noise! Listen, listen, to the Holy Voice! Wonder</td>
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<td></td>
<td>is now coming near, Jesus-Child is coming here Quieti quiets, make not any noise</td>
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7
A Christmas Carol

1. The Christ-child lay on Mary’s lap, His hair was like a light—(O weary, weary was the world, But here is all a-right)

2. The Christ-child lay on Mary’s breast, His hair was like a star; (O stern and cunning are the kings, but here the true hearts are)

3. The Christ-child lay on Mary’s heart, His hair was like a fire. (O weary, weary is the world, But here the world’s desire.)

4. The Christ-child stand at Mary’s knee, His hair was like a crown, And all the flowers looked up at Him, And all the stars looked down.

Sing Noel

SING NOEL AFRICAN ROUND

1. Sing No-él sing no-él no-él no-él

2. Sing no-él sing no-él no-él no-él

3. Sing we all No-él— sing we all No-él
Carol

1. The road was steep, the way was long.
   With heavy steps she stumbled on.

   The road was steep, the way was long.
   Lul lul lul la, lul lul lul la, Lul

   No room at the Inn.

   No room at the Inn.
   lul lul la, Lul lul lul la,
5. A baby's cry came through the night.

Lul lul lul la, Lul' lul lul la, Lul

No longer forlorn. The small dark cowshed

lul lul la, Lul lul lul la, Lul lul lul la, Lul

filled with light. Jesus was born.

lul lul la, Jesus was born.
Mary's Little Baby Sleep

Rise Up Oh Flame
Mary's Boy Child

1. Long time ago in Bethlehem So the Holy Bible says; Mary's Boy Child, Jesus Christ, Was born on Christmas Day. Hark, now hear the angels sing, A new King born to-day, And Man will live for evermore, Because of Christmas Day. Trumpets sound and angels sing, Listen to what they say, That Man will live for evermore, Because of Christmas Day.
German Folk Song

(1) Kind old man St. Nicholas dear; come to our house.
(2) Pray put something in my shoe; I've been good the whole this year. Here's some straw and here's some hay.
year through, Kind old man St. Nicholas dear;
for your little donkey. Come to our house this grey year.

Adapted from the German.
Unto Us A Boy Is Born

Unto us a boy is born
King of all creation!
Come He to a world forlorn,
The Lord of every nation.

Now may Mary’s Son who came
So long ago to love us,
Lead us all with hearts of flame,
Unto the joys above us.

Omega and Alpha He,
Let the organ thunder.
While the choir with peals of joy,
Doth rend the air asunder.
We Wish You A Merry Christmas

We wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Good tidings we bring for you and your kin;
Good tidings of Christmas and a happy New Year.

1. How bring us some figgy pudding, now bring us some figgy pudding, now
2. We won’t go until we get some, we won’t go until we get some, we

Bring us some figgy pudding, and bring some right here. (Other verse)

Don’t go until we get some, so bring some right here. (D.C. al fine)