

A Winter's Eve

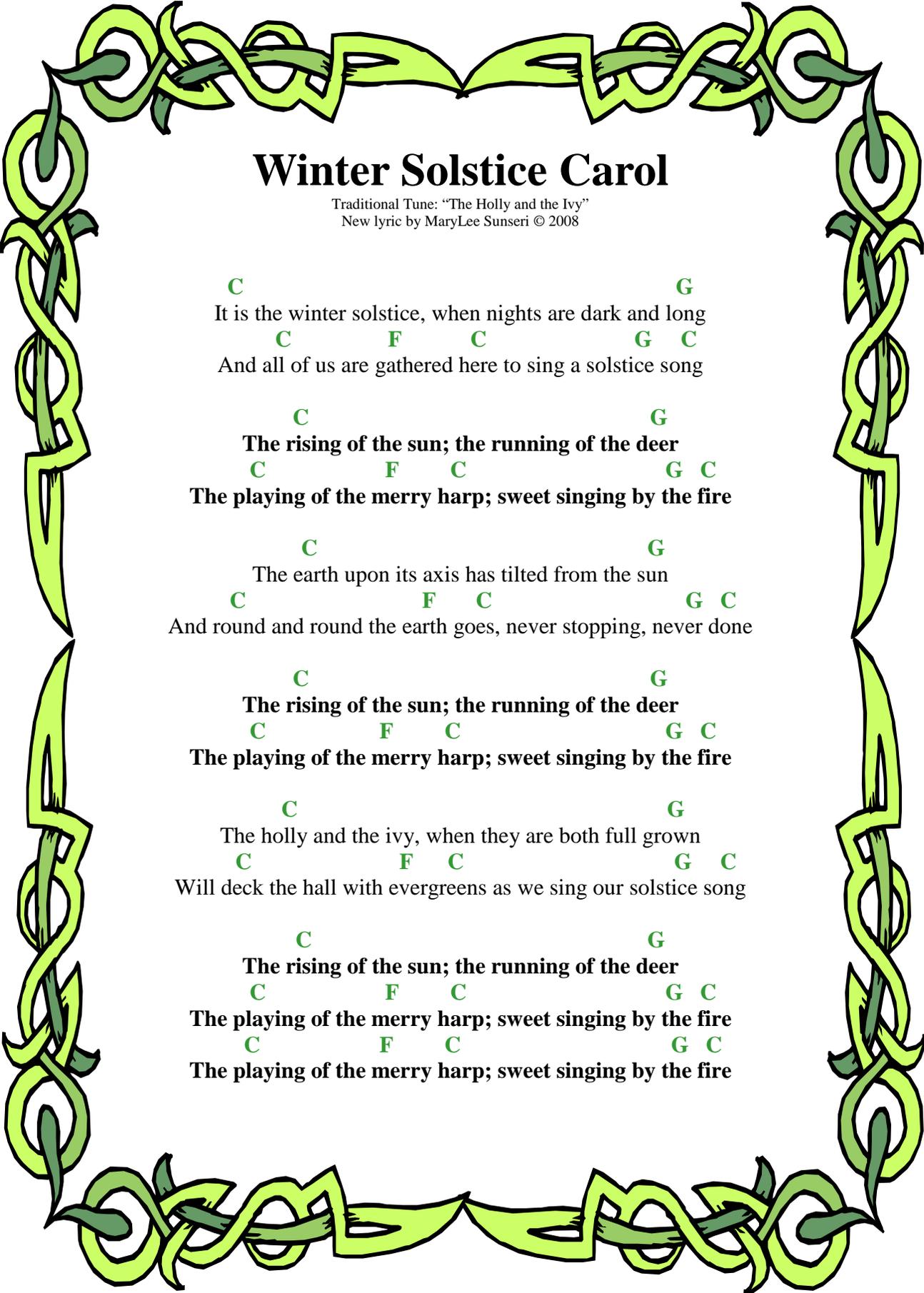


Acoustic Songs & Carols for Yuletide

MaryLee

Lyrics to the CD recording
A Winter's Eve - acoustic songs and carols for Yuletide
by
MaryLee

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Winter Solstice Carol

Traditional Tune: "The Holly and the Ivy"
New lyric by MaryLee Sunseri © 2008

C **G**
It is the winter solstice, when nights are dark and long
C F C G C
And all of us are gathered here to sing a solstice song

C **G**
The rising of the sun; the running of the deer
C F C G C
The playing of the merry harp; sweet singing by the fire

C **G**
The earth upon its axis has tilted from the sun
C F C G C
And round and round the earth goes, never stopping, never done

C **G**
The rising of the sun; the running of the deer
C F C G C
The playing of the merry harp; sweet singing by the fire

C **G**
The holly and the ivy, when they are both full grown
C F C G C
Will deck the hall with evergreens as we sing our solstice song

C **G**
The rising of the sun; the running of the deer
C F C G C
The playing of the merry harp; sweet singing by the fire
C F C G C
The playing of the merry harp; sweet singing by the fire

THE FIRST NOEL (Cornwall, England, 13th Century)

The first Noel the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night that was so deep
No-el, No-el, No-el, No-el
Born is the King of Israel

They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the East beyond them far
And to the earth it gave great light
And so it continued by day and night
No-el, No-el, No-el, No-el
Born is the King of Israel

WHAT CHILD IS THIS? (Tune: "Greensleeves," attributed to King Henry VIII of England, words: WC Dix, 1865)

What child is this who laid to rest
On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
While shepherds' watch are keeping?
This, this is Christ the King
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing
Haste, haste to bring him laud,
The Babe, the son of Mary

So bring him incense, gold and myrrh
Come, peasant, king, to own him
The King of Kings, salvation brings
Let loving hearts enthrone him
Raise, raise, the song on high
The Virgin sings her lullaby
Joy, joy, for Christ is born
The Babe, the son of Mary

THE VIRGIN MARY HAD A BABY BOY (Jamaica)

The Virgin Mary had a baby boy, the Virgin Mary had a baby boy
The Virgin Mary had a baby boy, And they say that his name was Jesus
He come from the glory, He come from the glorious kingdom
He come from the glory, He come from the glorious kingdom
Oh, yes, believer, oh, yes believer

He come from the glory, He come from the glorious kingdom

The angels sang when the babe was born,
the angels sang when the babe was born
The angels sang when the babe was born
and proclaimed him the savior, Jesus
He come from the glory, He come from the glorious kingdom
He come from the glory, He come from the glorious kingdom
Oh, yes, believer, oh, yes believer
He come from the glory, He come from the glorious kingdom

The wise men saw where the babe was born,
the wise men saw where the babe was born
The wise men saw where the babe was born,
and they saw that his name was Jesus
He come from the glory, He come from the glorious kingdom
He come from the glory, He come from the glorious kingdom
Oh, yes, believer, oh, yes believer
He come from the glory, He come from the glorious kingdom

CAROL OF AN IRISH WREN (words: MaryLee Sunseri ©1992, music: old Celtic tune)

The winter wind blows in the darkness
It blows a bird over the sea
A little wren lands at my threshold
And sings out its carol to me

The white winter snow's on the heather
The white winter snow's on the moor
Let the tiny wandering stranger
Find comfort at my cabin door

They say 'tis the season of giving
They say 'tis the season of cheer
And the little brown wren by the firelight
Reminds me of all I hold dear

So fly across meadow and mountain
And fly across valley and sea
Oh, carry a wish along with you
And sing out your carol for me

HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK (from the “Messiah” by George Frederick Handel)

CANZONI DI ZAMPOGNARI (Sicilian Bagpipers Tune)

He shall feed his flock like a shep—herd

And he shall gather the lambs with his arms, with his arms

Quanno na scette nino a Beteleme

Era not-te pa-re a miezo giorno

Ma-je-le stel-le lu-ste-re bel-le

Se ve-det-te ro ac-cu-si, La chiu lu cen-te

Jet-tea chamma li magi in or-i-en-te

The night a child was born in Bethlehem afar

All through the night there shone as bright as day—a star

Never so lightly, never so brightly. shone a star as on that night

This gleaming star was sent, a beacon to the wise men in the Orient

IL EST NÉ (tune: Normandy 18th century)

BRING A TORCH, JEANETTE, ISABELLA (Provence 16th century)

Il est ne, le divin Enfant

Jouez, hautbois, resonancez, musettes

Il est ne, le divin Enfant

Chantons tous son avenement

Depuis plus de quatre mille ans

Nous le promettaient les Prophetes

Depuis plus de quatre mille ans

Nous attendions cet heureux temps

Bring a torch, Jeanette, Isabella,

Bring a torch to the stable, run

See the child, good folk of the village,

He is born and Mary’s calling

Ah, ah, beautiful is the Mother

Ah, ah, beautiful is the son

Softly to the little stable, softly for a moment come

Look and see how charming is Jesus,

How he is sweet, his cheeks are rosy

Hush, hush, see how the child is sleeping

Hush, hush see how he smiles in his dreams

He is born; see the child divine

Sound the oboe, play the bagpipes

He is born, for the child divine

Sing we all our sweetest song

St. Basil (Greece)

St. Basil comes and passes by
He overlooks us, I know not why
He comes from Caesara Town
Mistress bring, mistress, bring, mistress, bring us something down

He carries pen and paper white
And sugar candies, sweet and bright
He brings his pen and ink for writing
You should see, you should see, you should see me in the fighting

The pen, it jumped up with one bound
And on the paper scribbled round
And then the paper started speaking
Yes, we swear, yes, we swear that the paper started speaking

The paper said, "Tis New Year's Eve!
Oh, Mistress fair, I beg your leave;
Joy be your lot the whole year round
May your house, may your house, may your house be holy ground!"

"The New Year follows on Christ's birth
So holy Christ who walks the earth
May bless you, every girl and boy
And fill all, and fill all—and fill all your hearts with joy!"

MERRIEST WASSAIL (tune: "Gloucestershire Wassail" - lyrics: MaryLee Sunseri ©2006)

Wassail, wassail all over the town;
Our carols are merry; we sing up and down
Our Yuletide will be with songs full of glee,
And a hail and wassail, we'll sing unto thee

So here's to the revelers where ever we meet,
Pray God send our revelers a good piece of beef
A good piece of beef, as e'er we did see,
With a hail and wassail, we'll sing unto thee

And here's to the mummers and to your play tale,
Pray God send our mummers a good cask of ale
A bowl of strong beer, we pray you draw near,
And our jolly wassail it's then you will hear

Here's a health— to the pipers and to your sweet song,
Pray God send our pipers to play loud and long
Both loud and long, do play your song sweet,
With a hail and wassail, we'll sing you our treat

Then here's to the maid in the lily white smock,
Who trip'd to the door and slip'd back the lock
Who trip'd to the door and pulled back the pin,
For to let these jolly wassailers in

THE CHRISTMAS STAR (music: Gustav Holst, 20th century, words: C.V. Mendonsa) Also known as:
"Jupiter" "Thaxted" "I Vow To Thee My Country," and "O, God, Beyond All Praising"

So long ago...

Far below Saturn's rings a crystal tree stands glowing in the dark
And it stood on the day the wondrous star shined on the crystal park
In a lowly stable manger, on the planet known as Earth
He was born with a star as a witness to his birth

And the light of the star that traveled out past Mercury, past Mars
Through the vastness of space, it reached its arms of light out toward the stars
See the light so brightly shinging! Hear the music of the spheres!
For the Christmas Star shines, it has shined throughout the years!

And its light can be seen the Christmas Star's, two thousand light years long
Not for one holy day, but every day, the Christmas Star lives on!
So happy Christmas! Happy Christmas! Happy Christmas!

LO! HOW A ROSE E'ER BLOOMING (M. Praetorius—16th century)

Lo! How a rose e'er blooming, from tender stem hath sprung
Of Jesse's 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 'twas foretold it, this Rose I have in mind
With Mary we behold it, the Virgin Mother kind
To shew God's love aright, she bore to men a Savior
When half-spent was the night

Es ist ein Ros' entsprungen, aus einer Wurzel zart,
Wie uns die Alten sungen, von Jesse kam die Art,
Und hat ein Blümlein bracht mitten im kalten Winter
Wohl zu der halben Nacht.

THE MARY MAGDALENE CAROL (melody: "Wexford Carol" Ireland 12th century, lyrics: MaryLee Sunseri 2006)

A long time ago, in far off France
There came a woman, by mysterious chance
Both loved and scorned by some good men
The first apostle, Mary Magdalene
**For this good Lady we should pray,
To God with love this blessed day;**
On that far shore, so long ago,
Began her godspell so seldom told.

In Canaan town her tale began
She wed Yeshua, a gentle man
His kind words gave to all around
A sign of peace to the earthly bound
**Yeshua said, "Make one of two
"From man and woman, if this you'll do
Then you will know this kingdom mine
And know my love is a love divine."**

With thankful heart and joyful mind,
Yeshua chose her, our Mary kind.
He loved her more than words could say
And traveled with her all through his days
**But mark how all things came to pass:
In three years time, the end, alas!**
And with her bell jar she did go
To find Yeshua had risen so

She cried "Good news, be not afraid!
The Lord is risen this very day!"
They'd not believe her! Not a word.
Until they saw him, their risen Lord.
**"Begone, oh woman, gone from us!
And tell us not what we do not trust!
How could he love you over all?
How could he choose you, a woman small?"**

She fled from Egypt cross the sea
With dear Saint Joseph of Aramathea
He brought her safe, her tale to tell
Our Lady Mary, our Sang Réal
**Some men reviled her, some would lie:
Some would with envy, her love decry!**
And hidden away, her words and all
Were sent to potsherds in a desert stall. (cont'd next page)

She traveled 'cross the sea so wild
She came to bear her own sweet child.
A daughter dear, a rosy lass
A token greater than a cup of brass
And through the ages we should pray
For her to show us this holy way
Attending to the Lord of Life,
Who came on earth to end all strife.

AFRICAN NOEL (Liberia)

Sing, Noel, sing, Noel, Noel, Noel
Sing, Noel, sing, Noel, Noel, Noel
Sing, Noel, sing, Noel, Noel, Noel
Sing, Noel, sing, Noel, Noel, Noel

Sing we all Noel! Sing we all Noel!
Sing we all Noel! Sing we all Noel!

I SAW THREE SHIPS (England)

I saw three ships come sailing in on Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
I saw three ships come sailing in on Christmas Day in the morning
And what was in those ships all three on Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
And what was in those ships all three on Christmas Day in the morning

The Mother Mary and her babe on Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
The Mother Mary and her babe on Christmas Day in the morning
And all the bells on earth shall ring on Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
And all the bells on earth shall ring on Christmas Day in the morning
And all the souls on earth shall sing on Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
And all the souls on earth shall sing on Christmas Day in the morning

I WONDER AS I WANDER (John Jacob Niles)

I wonder as I wander out under the sky
How Jesus the Savior did come for to die
For poor orn'ry people like you and like I
I wonder as I wander out under the sky

When Mary birth-ed Jesus, 'twas in a cow's stall
With wise men and farmers and shepherds and all

But high from God's heaven, a star's light did fall
And the promise of ages it then did recall

If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing
A star in the sky or a bird on the wing
Or all of God's angels in heav'n for to sing
He surely could have it, 'cause He was the King

I wonder as I wander out under the sky
How Jesus the Savior did come for to die
For poor on'ry people like you and like I
I wonder as I wander out under the sky

WELSH CHRISTMAS LULLABY (tune: "Suo Gân" Wales, English lyric: MaryLee Sunseri © 2006)

In a stable, by a manger
Shines a star light, bright and clear
Tiny baby, born a savior
Nestled warm in your mother's care
On the hillside, lambs are bleating
Shepherds guard their flocks of sheep
One day you will be a shepherd
But till then, your watch, I'll keep

Phonetic Welsh Gaelic:

Heenah blen-tin ar v-eye manwess
Kleed ah Xchaness aih-dew hawn
Brai-Xch-yaim am-seen, deen amdaih-nacht
Car-yahd mahm-see dahn v-eye br'on
Nee Xch-eye-f deem ahm-har-reeth gŷn-tin
Nee wahn a-yeen-din ahee gahm
Heen-nahn dah-well, ahn-will blen-tin
Heen-nahn voien ar-vrohn da-vahm

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY (England)

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
The rising of the sun, the running of the deer
The playing of the merry harp, sweet singing by the fire

The holly bears a blossom as white as lily flow'r
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to be our sweet savior
The rising of the sun, the running of the deer
The playing of the marry harp, sweet singing by the fire

HERE WE COME A'WASSAILING (England)

Here we come a wassailing among the leaves so green
Here we come a'wandering so fair to be seen
Love and joy come to you and to you good Christmas, too
And God bless you and send you a happy New Year
And God send you a happy New Year

God bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress, too
And all the little children that round the table go!
Love and joy come to you and to you good Christmas, too
And God bless you and send you a happy New Year
And God send you a happy New Year

And all your kin and kinsfolk that dwell both far and near
We wish you merry Christmas and happy New Year!
Love and joy come to you and to you good Christmas, too
And God bless you and send you a happy New Year
And God send you a happy New Year

GOOD KING WENCESLAS (English song about a Bohemian King)

Good King Wenceslas looked out, on the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night, tho' the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight, gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me, if thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he? where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither."
Page and monarch, forth they went, forth they went together;
Thro' the rude wind's wild lament and the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, good my page; tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod, where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure, wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing.

THE WREN BOYS' SONG (Ireland)

Rissildy, rossildy, roo, roo, roo
The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
On Stephen's Day was caught in the furze
Though he was little, his honor was great,
So give us a penny to give us a treat

Rissildy, rossildy, roo, roo, roo
As I went out to hunt and all
I met a wren upon the wall
Up with me wattle and gave him a fall
And brought him here to show you all

Rissildy, rossildy, roo, roo, roo
My box would speak if it had a tongue
And two or three coppers can do it no wrong
Sing holly, sing ivy, sing ivy, sing holly
A drop just to drink it would drown melancholy

Rissildy, rossildy, roo, roo, roo
And if you draw it of the best
I hope in heaven your soul will rest
But if you draw it of the small
It won't agree with the Wren boys at all

Rissildy, rossildy, roo, roo, roo
Missus, you're a very fine woman,
A fine woman, a fine woman
Missus, you're a very fine woman
You gave us a penny to bury the wren

Rissildy, rossildy, roo, roo, roo
The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
On Stephen's Day was caught in the furze
Though he was little, his honor was great,
So give us a penny to give us a treat
Rissildy, rossildy, roo, roo, roo

SILENT NIGHT (Franz Gruber/Joseph Mohr 1818 - Germany)

DREAM MAKER (MaryLee Sunseri ©1992)

Deep in the winter, dark of the night
Silent and hiding in shadows of light
Living in the hope of springtime, sometime
Living in the dream of maybe, someday
Rise up singing and face the sun
Live in the Dream Maker's loving light

There is a Spirit, bright as the star
In us and with us, it's near and it's far
Listen for the whisper, gently, softly
Listen for the song of morning
Rise up singing and face the sun
Live in the Dream Maker's loving light

Silent night, holy night
All is calm all is bright
Round yon virgin, Mother and Child
Holy infant so tender and mild
Sleep in Heavenly peace
Sleep in heavenly peace

CHRIST CHILD LULLABY (Hebrides)

My love, my pride, my treasure-o
My wonder new, my pleasure-o
My son, my beauty, ever you
Who am I to bear you here?

The cause of talk and tale am I
The cause of greatest fame am I
The cause of proudest care on high
To have for mine the King of all

And though you are the King of all
They sent you to a manger stall
Where at your feet they all shall fall
And glorify my child, the King

There shone a star above three kings
To guide them to the King of Kings
They held you in their humble arms
And knelt before you until dawn

They gave you myrrh, they gave you gold
Frankincense and gifts untold
They traveled far these gifts to bring
And glorify their newborn king

My love, my pride, my treasure-o
My wonder new, my pleasure-o
My son, my beauty, ever you
Who am I to bear you here?

AULD LANG SYNE (Robert Burns - Scotland)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind
Should auld acquaintance be forgot and days of auld lang syne
For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne
We'll take a cup of kindness, yet, for auld lang syne