

Four Christmas Carols

WRITTEN BY W. CHATTERTON DIX

AND SET TO MUSIC BY
JOSEPH BARNBY.

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No. 1.

♩ Babe! in manger lying.

J. BARNBY.

Tenderly. $\text{♩} = 112.$ *cres.* *mp*

1. O Babe! in man - ger ly - ing, O Child most fair to see, The first-fruits of the
mp *cres.* *mp*

Gen - tiles, By Star were led to Thee; We now with joy - ful wor - ship Do
f *f*

haste to Beth'hem town, To greet Thee with Thy Mo - ther, to greet Thee with Thy
p *a little slower.* *cres.* *cres.*

Mo - ther, to greet Thee with Thy Mo - ther, And hum - bly there fall down.
f *rall.*

2 Full sweet the merry chanting
The angel-choirs do make,
With such for marching music
Who would not travel take?
Though wind be sharp and piercing,
And snow lie deep to-night,
Much cheer and good awaits us,
And love shall warm us quite.

3 A goodly band we gather
And some are sick and sad,
While others are right merry,
And sing, they be so glad:
But this dear Child, all sorrow
Will kindly take away,
And crown the joyful-hearted
With bliss that lasts for aye.

4 The Star o'erhead burns brightly,
And we go on apace;
And presently, are spying
A mean and shameful place.
There come, we make low knocking,
The Shepherds ope the door,
And straightway Christ our Saviour
We worship and implore.

5 Sweet Babe! most condescending,
O by Thy spotless Birth,
Let Light arise in darkness,
And Peace come to the earth;
Rest for the heavy-laden,
And Joy for those that weep,
In Bethlehem of Jewry
Our God doth always keep.

W. CHATTERTON DIX

These four Carols can be sung as a complete set, and may be connected (or not) by a few bars of symphony at the pleasure of the accompanist.

No. 2. The Virgin is hushing her Baby to rest.

CRADLE SONG.

J. BARNEY.

Smooth, and in moderate time. ♩ = 100.

1. The Vir - gin is . . . hush - ing her Ba - by to
rest, With "Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, beau - ti - ful
Child !" She press - es her won - der - ful Son to her
breast, . . . Right glad . . . then now . . . is . . . she!

2.

The Babe she is nursing is come down to save,
"O lullaby, lullaby, beautiful Child!"
Poor sinners from darkness and power of the grave;
Right glad then now is she!

8.

See, Jesus looks up in His Mother's kind face,
"O lullaby, lullaby, beautiful Child!"
He smiles on that Mother, the Maid full of Grace,
Right glad then now is she!

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

No. 3.

What Child is this?

J. BARNEY.

Fast. d = 69.

1. What Child is this Who, laid to rest, On Ma-ry's lap is sleep-ing, Whom
 watch are keep - - -
 An-gels greet with an-thems sweet, While shep-herds, shep-herds watch are keep - - -
 ing? This, this is Christ the King . . Whom shep-herds guard, and
 An-gels sing, Haste, haste to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma-ry.
 laud, the Son

2.

Why lies He in such mean estate,
 Where ox and ass are feeding?
 Good Christian, fear, for sinners here
 The silent Word is pleading:
 Nails, spear shall pierce Him through,
 The Cross be borne for me and you;
 Hail, hail the Word made Flesh,
 The Babe, the Son of Mary.

3.

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.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

The words "silent" and "loving" in the fourth lines of verses 2 and 3 will be repeated by all the parts except the Trebles.

No. 4.

Darkness fell on the weary earth.

J. BARREY.

Not too fast. ♩. = 63.

1. Dark-ness fell on the wea-ry earth, Gloom the na-tions shroud-ed;
 Watchers long'd for the won-drous Birth, Hope with fear was cloud-ed; Sud-den-ly burst the
 Light of Light! O fair-est Star that gem'd the height, Leading on to where Je-sus lay,
 Mar-vel-lous Child the Spring of Day! An-gels sing, we with them Do
 greet Thee, Babe of Beth-le-hem, Hail! all hail! . . . Hail! all hail!

2 Sorrow fills the hearts that would hold
 Him the Wise Men sought for;
 Israel's love is faint and cold—
 Love He sighed and wrought for;
 Mightily aid us on our road,
 Pure Source of Light, to Light's abode,
 Palace of Peace, where, undefiled,
 Beautiful Mary soothes her Child.
 Angels sing, we with them!
 Do greet Thee, Babe of Bethlehem,
 Hail! all hail!

3 Treasures poor are those that we bring,
 Yet, kind Child, receive them,
 Kneeling low, because Thou art King,
 At Thy feet we leave them.
 Glittering crowns Thou hast in store
 For all who meekly Thee adore;
 Bountiful Lord, oh give me one,
 Earth's weary journey past and done.
 Angels sing, we with them
 Would cry in dear Jerusalem,
 Hail! all hail!

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