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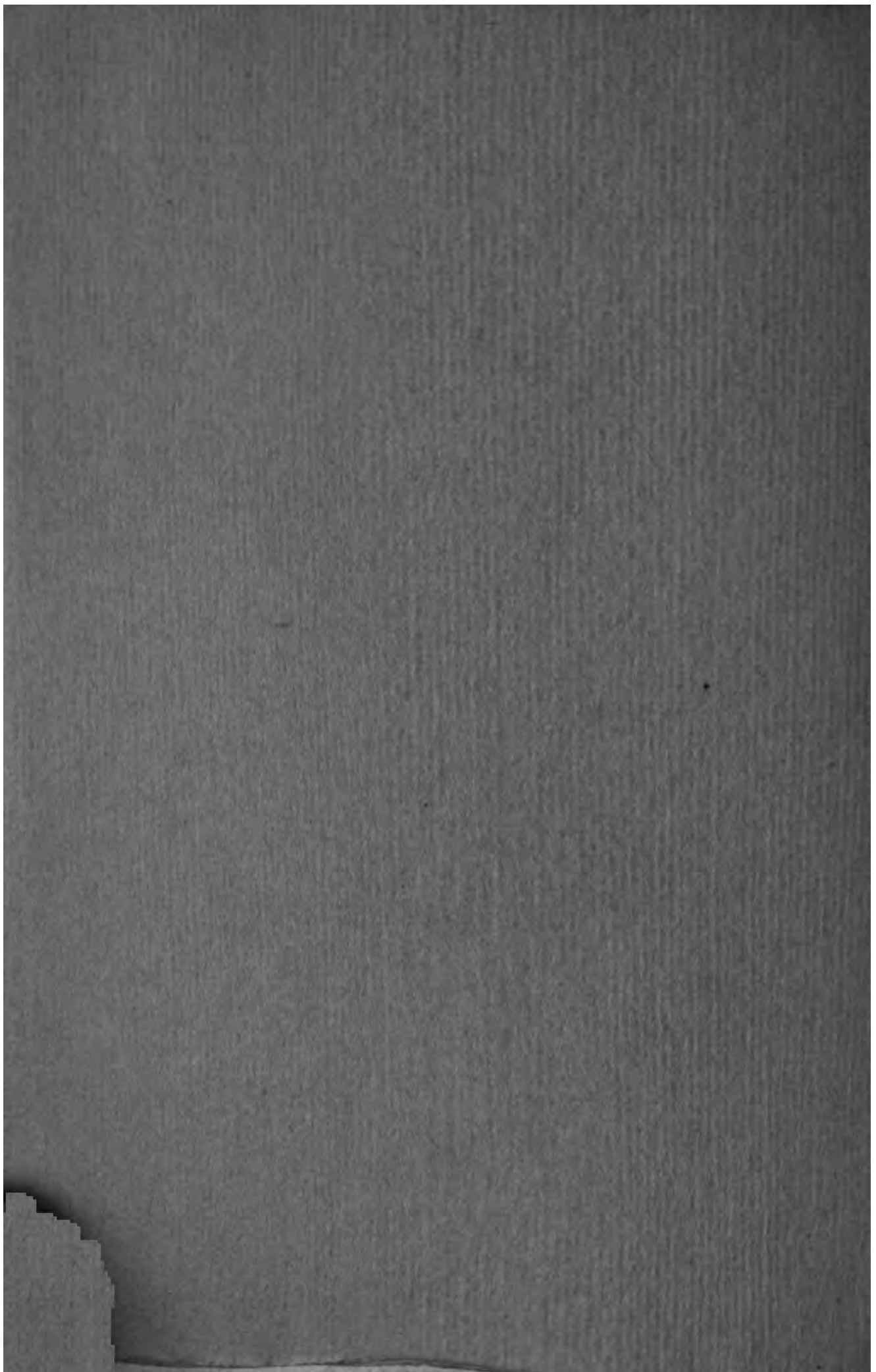
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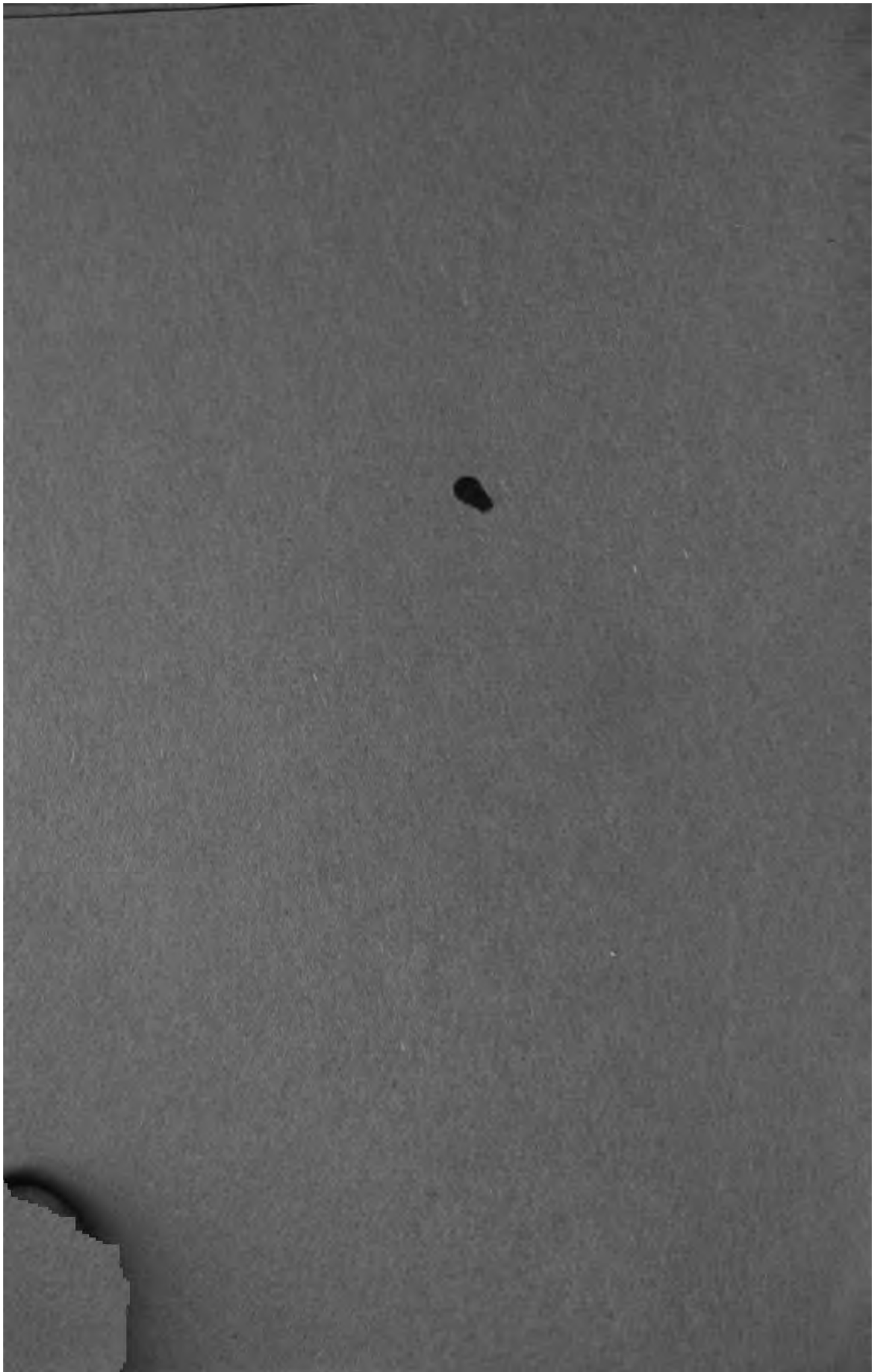
The
Cambridge
Carol Book

Edited by Charles Wood
and George R. Woodward

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THE CAMBRIDGE CAROL BOOK

BEING FIFTY-TWO SONGS FOR CHRISTMAS,
EASTER, AND OTHER SEASONS

EDITED BY
CHARLES WOOD
AND
GEORGE RATCLIFFE WOODWARD

LONDON
SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING
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Christmas=tide

I. ALTHOUGH AT YULE IT BLOWETH COOL

1. ALTHOUGH at Yule it bloweth cool,
And frost doth grip the fingers,
And nip the nose, and numb the toes,
Of out-door carol singers,
2. Through snow or sleet we pace the street,
Fair sirs, with right good reason,
To wish you all, both great and small,
The blessings of the season.
3. We think to spell ' Good news, Nowell,
And eke a wonder story :
The Virgin mild hath born the Child :
E'en God, the King of Glory.'
4. We come to tell how once, o'er dell
And down, in winter-weather,
Led with a star, from lands afar
There rid three kings together.
5. By thoroughfare, through slum or square,
Our Quire the praise rehearses
(As on we pass) of ' Wenceslas '
That ' Good King,' and his mercies.
6. Then we can sing, a pretty thing,
' The Holly and Ivy berry ' ;
But best we ken ' Good gentle men,
God rest you, rest you merry.'
7. ' This hind'rest night I saw a sight :'
' A Virgin all unspotted,'
Ne'er be these lays of olden days
Out of remembrance blotted

8. So 'Blessed be that Maid Marie,'
 To spurn it 'twere a pity ;
 Nor let men scorn 'A Babe is born
 In Bethlem,' David city.
9. [No itching palms have we for alms,
 Content if Christ, the burden
 Of these our lays, bestow His praise,
 And one day be our guerdon.
10. That hallow'd dome, Saint Dunstan's Home,
 Doth harbour many blind folk,
 To whom we pay the coin that may
 Be handed us by kind folk.]
11. The strain, yclept 'While shepherds kept,'
 This almost might be sung ye ;
 But here an end. Us Christ defend,
 And alway be among ye !

II. AS I WENT TO BETHLEHEM

1. As I went to Bethlehem,
 Ere the dawn of day,
 Met I with a knot of shepherd men,
 On their homeward way.
2. *Quem vidistis, pastores ?*
 Tell me ev'ry whit :
In terris (I fain would learn of ye)
Quis apparuit ?
3. Newly born we saw the Babe,
 Whom an Angel thronng
 Worshipt as the Lord ; *Alléluyá,*
Gloria, their song.

III. AWAKE, AND HEAR MY STORY

1. AWAKE, and hear my story !
 When God on Christmas morn,
 Th' eternal Lord of glory,
 Of Mary Maid was born,
 Seeking the King of ages,
 There journey'd from afar
 Three kingly Eastern Sages,
 By lengthy daily stages,
 Led westward by a Star.
2. The Star, it stood and pointed
 Toward the stable bare,
 Wherein the Lord's Anointed
 And eke His Mother were.
 Opening each his coffer,
 Baltházar giveth myrrh ;
 While Melchíör doth offer
 Gold-ore, see Gaspar proffer
 Incense, the gum of fir.
3. So go we and adore Him,
 Who was or time began ;
 So worship we afore Him,
 Who stoops to die for man.
 Welcome we too that Mother,
 Than Cherub higher, blest
 As woman ne'er was other,
 Who made the Lord our Brother,
 And rock'd her God to rest.

IV. BABE JESU, HEAR OUR DITTY

BABE JESU, hear our ditty,
 And think thereof no scorn ;
 We pray Thee of Thy pity,
 On this Thy natal morn :

We flee to Thee,
 Who wast, in Bethlehem City,
 Of Mary Maiden born
 For such as we.

V. BEHOULDE A SELY TENDER BABE,
Or, NEW PRINCE, NEW POMPE

1. BEHOULDE a sely tender Babe
 In freesing winter nighte,
 In homely manger trembling lies :
 Alas, a pitious sighte :
 The inns are full, no man will yelde
 This little Pilgrime bedd ;
 But forced He is with sely beastes
 In cribbe to shroude His headd.
2. Despise not Him for lying there,
 First what He is enquire :
 An orient perle is often found
 In depth of dirty mire.
 Waye not His cribbe, His wodden dishe,
 Nor beastes that by Him feede :
 Waye not His Mother's poor attire,
 Nor Josephe's simple weede.
3. This stable is a Prince's courte,
 The cribbe His chaire of state :
 The beastes are parcell of His pompe,
 The wodden dishe His plate.
 The parsons in that poor attire
 His royall liveries weare :
 The Prince Himself is come from heaven,
 This pompe is prisèd there.
- With joye approach, O Christen wighte,
 Do homage to thy Kinge :
 And highly prise this humble pompe,
 Which He from heaven doth bringe,

With joye approach, O Christen wighte,
 Do homage to thy Kinge :
 And highly prise this humble pompe
 Which He from heaven doth bringe.

VI. BLEST, WITHOUTEN MATCH

1. BLEST, withouten match,
 O Bethlem, is the gable
 O'er that lowly cratch :—
 The crib within thy stable.
 For, as Babe, therein
 That Lord and God abideth,
 Who on Cherubyn
 Aloft in glory rideth. Alleluia.
2. He is born to shrive
 The son, his goods who squander'd,
 Born to save alive
 The sheep, that far had wander'd.
 So bear we in mind
 To hymn this heavenly stranger :—
 God, who, for mankind,
 Did not abhor the manger. Alleluia.

VII. CHRIST IS AT THY PORTALS

' CHRIST is at thy portals :
 Bethlem, ready make !
 Soon, to save all mortals,
 Christmas dawn shall break.
 Bethlem, deck the manger,
 Group the shepherd band ;
 Christ is near thy border,
 Christ, of heaven King.

Call the kingly stranger
 Out of Persian land.
 Thus, and in due order,
 Hosts Angelick sing.

VIII. DING DONG! MERRILY ON HIGH

1. DING dong! merrily on high in heav'n the bells are
 ringing:
 Ding dong! verily the sky is riv'n with Angel
 singing.
2. E'en so here below, below, let steeple bells be
 swungen,
 And *io, io, io*, by priests and people sungen.
3. Pray you, dutifully prime your Matin chime, ye
 ringers;
 May you beautifully rime your Eve-time song, ye
 singers:
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

IX. FROM GALILEE THEY CAME

1. FROM Galilee they came,
 Saint Joseph and his Dame:
 O'er hill they speed, nor dally up valley, up valley:
 O'er hill they speed, nor dally up valley, O la!
2. When night fell dark and chill,
 And wind 'gan whistle shrill,
 Went Joseph and his Dearie, aweary, aweary,
 Went Joseph and his Dearie, aweary, O la!
3. Arriv'd in Bethlehem,
 There was but found for them
 (The best that they were able) a stable, a stable,
 ('Twas all that they were able), a stable, O la!

X. GET IVY AND HULL, WOMAN, DECK UP

1. GET ivy and hull, woman, deck up thine house,
 And take this same brawn for to see the and to
 souse ;
 Provide us good cheer, for thou know'st the old
 guise ;
 Old customs, that good be, let no man despise.
 At Christmas be merry, and thank God of all,
 And feast thy poor neighbours, the great and the
 small :
 Yea, all the year long have an eye to the poor,
 And God shall send luck to keep open thy door.
2. Good fruit and good plenty do well in thy loft,
 Then lay for an orchard and cherish it oft :
 The profit is mickle, the pleasure is much ;
 At pleasure with profit few wise men will grutch.
 At Christmas be merry, and thank God of all,
 And feast thy poor neighbours, the great and the
 small :
 Yea, all the year long have an eye to the poor,
 And God shall send luck to keep open thy door.

XI. HAIL! ETERNAL SON, TO-DAY

1. HAIL ! Eternal Son, to-day
 Born of Mary, Maiden ay ;
 Straw Thy bed, Thy pillow hay.
Eya, eya, eya ;
Domini natalia
Recolat ecclesia.
2. Angel-army, sound your horn,
 Chanting on this holy morn,
 ' God in Bethlehem is born.'
Eya, eya, eya ;
In excelsis gloria :
In terris concordia.

3. Shine in Eastern sky, thou Star,
Pointing to that house afar
Wherein Babe and Mother are.
Eya, eya, eya ;
Puer idem varia
Fecit luminaria.
4. Hitherward ! Ye Princes three,
Worship Him. Though poor He be,
Lord, and King of kings is He.
Eya, eya, eya ;
In celesti patria
Vestra sors palacia.
5. Herdmen, leave your flocks, and run
To adore the Holy One,
God the Father's only Son.
Eya, eya, eya ;
Qui creavit omnia,
Eius haec solempnia.
6. Ass, with ox that hauleth plow,
Fore thy Master, cradled now
In the manger, bend and bow.
Eya, eya, eya ;
Inter animalia
Patrem parit filia.
7. Joseph, many of high degree,
King and Seer, have longed to see
Whom thou seest on Mary's knee.
Eya, eya, eya ;
Deus, tuos visita,
Et nobiscum habita.
8. Now, good people, all of ye,
Magnify, with Maid Marie,
Christ and His Nativitie.
Eya, eya, eya ;
Sociate musicá
Christi Natalitia.

XII. HAIL! HOLY CHILD, LAIN IN AN
OXEN MANGER

1. HAIL! Holy Child,
Lain in an oxen manger,
Of Jesse stem,
Yet scorn'd at Bethlehem,
In winter wild,
As ne'er-to-fore was stranger,
Constrain'd, as I hear tell,
Outside, outside a churlish inn to dwell,
Outside, outside a churlish inn to dwell.

2. Methink I stand
To-day in David's city,
And twang the chord
For David's Son and Lord :
If, harp in hand,
I make but tuneless ditty,
Yet, Babe, Thou know'st that I
Assay, assay my best—a lullaby,
Assay, assay my best—a lullaby.

3. What if my flute
Break time with Angel singers,
Or not surpass
The Alto of yon ass ;
What if my lute
Be pluck'd with artless fingers,
Or if my voice be Base,
Now flat, now flat, now sharp, bereft of grace,
Now flat, now flat, now sharp, bereft of
grace—

4. Thou wilt accept
My song, nor reprehend it :
For Thee, above
All earthly things, I love :

And, tho' inept my lay,
 Thou wilt amend it,
 And where 'tis out of joint,
 Canst make, canst make my false true coun-
 terpoint,
 Canst make, canst make my false true coun-
 terpoint.

XIII. HEAP ON MORE WOOD! THE WIND IS CHILL

1. HEAP on more wood! the wind is chill ;
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still,
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
 Each age has deem'd the new-born year
 The fittest time for festal cheer ;
 And well our Christian sires of old
 Lov'd when the year its course had roll'd.
2. On Christmas Eve the bells were rung ;
 On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung ;
 That only night in all the year
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
 The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen ;
 The hall was dress'd with holly green ;
 Forth to the wood did merry men go
 To gather in the mistletoe.
3. Then open'd wide the baron's hall
 To vassal, tenant, serf and all ;
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,
 And ceremony doff'd his pride,
 All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight
 And general voice, the happy night,
 That to the cottage, as the crown,
 Brought tidings of salvation down.

4. The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide ;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord,
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.

5. The wassel round, in good brown bowls,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls ;
There the huge sirloin reek'd ; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie.
Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din ;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.

6. England was Merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports agen :
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale ;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.
England was Merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports agen.

XIV. HO ! STEWARD, BID MY SERVANTS

1. ' Ho ! steward, bid my servants
Go forth, and hither call,
For guests, my friends and neighbours,
To sup with me in hall ;
That, at this blessed season,
Which comes but once a year,
We may, as folk in olden days,
Rejoice, and make good cheer.'

2. 'Sire, shall I bid the noble,
That banquets in his state,
With purple and fine linen,
With gold and silver plate?'
'Nay, bid me not the noble,
For he hath got enow ;
But bring me in the country man,
That liveth by the plow.'
3. Sire, shall I bid in Divès,
For it is very plain,
If ye give him a banquet,
He'll banquet you again?'
'Nay, bid not hither Divès,
For it shall ne'er be thus,
But go among the alley-lanes,
And fetch in Lazarus.'
4. 'Sire, shall I bid the merchant,
That hath upon the seas
His fleets of caravellas,
And right great argosies?'
'Nay, bid me not the merchant,
But go and fetch the clerk,
That with the bandog goes to rest,
And riseth with the lark.'
5. 'And wherefore must I turn me
From noble and from rich?
And wherefore seek the poor man,
That dwells in lane and ditch?'
'Man, lay to heart the reason,
Because the King of all,
Though rich, grew poor, for mortal sake,
And born was in a stall.'

6. 'For these be they, good steward,
Whom God doth chiefly choose,
And these, His poorer brethren,
No man may dare refuse.
So, in this bleak December,
Then make we best good cheer,
When, for the sake of Babe Jesús,
The poor we welcome here.'

XV. HOB AND COLIN, YULE IS COME

1. Hob and Colin, Yule is come,
Calling forth your fife and drum ;
If ye strike up, as ye can,
Turelurelu, patapatapan,
I will carol ; so will Jan,
With a lassie, Joan or Nan.
2. Thus men gave, in olden days,
To the Prince of princes, praise :
Wherefore, an ye like my plan,
Turelurelu, patapatapan,
Dress your drum-stick, you ; and span,
You, your reed, my piper Pan.
3. Christmas tolls the devil's knell ;
Thankèd be Emmanuel.
So from England to Japan,
Turelurelu, patapatapan,
Whether town or country man,
Sing it, ring it, ran-tan-ran.
4. God and man accordant are :
Not so, fife and drum ; ye jar,
Yet nought would I sooner than
Turelurelu, patapatapan.
Fore our Lady and Saint Ann,
'Tis high time the thing began.

XVI. IN A CAVERN OXEN-TROD

1. IN a cavern oxen-trod,
 Jesu Christ, Thou liest,
 In a manger, very God,
 Thou, the Son most highest.
2. There poor herdmen from the fold
 Bend the knee before Thee :
 There with incense, myrrh and gold,
 Eastern kings adore Thee.
3. Now at length is come to pass
 That which hath been tolden,
 Touching Christ and Christen-mas,
 By the prophets olden.
4. Now Angelick hosts aloft
 Cleave the sky asunder,
 Carolling, in loud and soft,
 Songs of glee and wonder.
5. 'Glory be to God,' they cry,
 'God, who condescendest
 To be born ; who from on high
 Man alone befriendest.'

XVII. IN BETHLEHEM HEAR I TO-DAY

1. IN Bethlehem hear I to-day
 The Angels chant a merry lay,
2. And 'Glory be to God on high,
 That willeth Peace on earth,' they cry.
3. Now doth the Mother-maid enfold
 Him whom high heav'n can no-way hold.

4. 'Mid darkness hath the Day-star shined,
Exalting men of humble mind,
5. Who, with the Angels in the sky,
Sing, ' Glory be to God on high !'

XVIII. LET SUCH (SO FANTASTICAL)
LIKING NOT THIS

1. LET such (so fantastical) liking not this,
Nor any thing honest that anciënt is,
Give place to the time, that so meet we do see,
Appointed of God, as it seemeth to be.
2. At Christmas, good husbands have corn in the
ground,
In barn and in cellar, worth many a pound,
Things plenty in house (beside cattle and sheep),
All sent them (no doubt on) good houses to keep.
3. At Christmas, the hardness of winter doth rage,
A griper of all things, especially age ;
Then likely poor people, the young with the old,
Be sorest oppressed with hunger and cold.
4. At Christmas, by labour is little to get ;
That wanting, the poorest in danger are set ;
What season, then, better of all the whole year,
Thy needy poor neighbour to comfort and cheer ?

XIX. THIS HAPPY MORN THE MAID HATH
BORNE

1. THIS happy morn the Maid hath borne
The Lord of bliss eternal :
That God, who wrought all things from nought,
Terrestrial, supernal :
Tho' earth but gave this Babe a cave
To be, at birth, His dwelling.

The heav'nly star is telling
 To people yet in darkness set
 Of Jesus Christ, the Lord most high'st,
 The Sun that setteth never.
 The same, I say, both yesterday,
 Now this day, and for ever.

2. With triple gift three kings full swift
 Are hasting to adore Him :
 Where starlight shone, it led them on
 To kneel in faith afore Him.
 Next, on the lea some herdmen see,
 More sheen than light of thunder,
 A great and mighty wonder ;
 When from the sky an Angel high
 Declar'd the birth of God on earth ;
 The welcome Gospel story.
 Then hosts aloft sang loud and soft :
 ' To God on high be glory !'

XX. MY LORD, AND MY GOD, IN BETHLEHEM BORN

1. My Lord, and my God, in Bethlehem born,
 Sweet Babe Jesu, on Christmas morn :
 Hail! Everlasting Son, display'd
 To mortal view by Mary Maid,
 My Lord, and my God, in Bethlehem born.
2. More wonderful sight hath never bin seen ;
 For Thou, in stable bare and mean,
 Though King of heav'n, art fain to rest
 Upon an earthly mother's breast :
 More wonderful sight ne'er, ne'er shall be seen.
3. Thou in the beginning madest the skies,
 Bespangling heav'n with stars for eyes :
 And Thou didst form this earth of ours,
 Adorning it with trees and flow'rs ;
 Yet swath'd in a crib their Fashioner lies.

4. Around the dry land Thou pouredst the sea,
 And set'st his bounds with sure decree ;
 But, bending heaven, so to crown
 Mankind with bliss, Thou camest down :
 Babe Jesu, my God, all glory to Thee !

XXI. NOW STAND WE IN THE VILLAGE

1. ' Now stand we in the village,
 Where Jesse's bairns were born ;
 Amid the fields of tillage,
 Whence Boaz reap'd his corn.
 Here welletth David's Fountain ;
 There Rachel's body lies :
 Scon o'er yon Eastern mountain
 Shall Jacob's Star arise.
2. ' The seventy weeks, appointed
 Of God, are now fulfill'd :
 Ere long the Lord's Anointed
 Shall born be, as He will'd ;
 Whereat the prophet wond' red
 When Gabriel told him so
 In Babylon, four hundred
 And thirty years ago.
3. ' Which Gabriel late did meet thee,
 And, with divining rod,
 Right reverently greet thee
 As Mother to his God.
 Let Ahaz read his dial,
 And (e'en as Esay bade)
 Confess, without denial,
 The Son of Mary Maid.
4. ' Now, Lady, 'mid the number
 Of pilgrim folk, our kin,
 Go seek we place of slumber
 And shelter 'neath yond inn.'

' Good Joseph, 'neath that gable,
 In chamber, great or small,
 The host will not be able
 To find us room withal :

5. ' So turn we from the tavern,
 And, seeing night is nigh,
 Seek lodging in this cavern,
 Where kine and assen lie.'
 Ah! Bethlem, didst thou know it,
 Of yonder Maid, e'er morn,
 As Micah did foreshow it,
 In thee shall God be born.

XXII. O THE MORN, THE MERRY MERRY MORN

1. O THE morn, the merry merry morn,
 The morn of Christmas-Day,
 When God, the Son of God, was born
 Of Mary maiden ay!
2. Sweet the song, the happy happy song,
 Precented at His birth,
 And caught up by the heav'nly throng,
 ' Good-will, and Peace on earth!'
3. To the town, the tiny tiny town,
 The town of Bethlem, ran
 Some simple shepherds, o'er the down,
 To view Him God and Man.
4. There within a cattle cattle shed
 They find and worship Him,
 Who rideth, in His realm o'erhead,
 Upon the Cherubim.
5. So, my boys, my bonny bonny boys,
 To Bethlem off be we
 But, pray you, shun whate'er annoys
 The Babe on Mary's knee.

XXIII. OUR LADY SAT WITHIN HER BOWER

1. OUR Lady sat within her bow'r,
And sweetly sang from hour to hour,
La-lul-la-lu :
Ho ! rest thee, my Bairn, and my God thereto ;
La-lul-la, Babe Jesu !
2. In reverent wise, with holy hands,
She wrapt the Child in swathing bands.
3. But, as she sung the glad refrain,
Her tears gan trickle fast as rain.
4. A wonder sight it was to see
How Mary rockt Him on her knee,
5. And bade Him rest, and stint His weep,
Who giveth His belovèd sleep.

XXIV. OUTSIDE, HOW HARD IT
BLOWETH!

1. OUTSIDE, how hard it bloweth,
The nor'-nor'-eastern gale !
Outside, how fast it snoweth !
'Twill freeze the milk in pail.
Ay me ! how dark the night !
Nay, e'en when day do lengthen,
(Men say) the cold will strengthen,
Ere summer draw in sight.
2. Indoors, meanwhile 'tis merry :
Men trim the house with spray
Of rud red holly berry,
Or green-leaf of the bay.
To curb the winter cold,
The spit is set a-turning ;
The Yule block too is burning,
As in the days of old.

3. In hall, despite the weather,
 Good will and warmth abound :
 There hearts are knit together
 With Carol, Glee and Round,
 In worship of that morn,
 When God was [in December,
 As grateful folk remember]
 Of Maiden Mary born.

XXV. PAST THREE A CLOCK, AND A COLD
 FROSTY MORNING

- Ry. PAST three a clock,
 And a cold frosty morning :
 Past three a clock ;
 Good morrow, masters all !
1. V. Born is a Baby.
 Gentle as may be,
 Son of th' eternal
 Father supernal. Ry.
- Ry. Past three a clock, etc.
2. V. Seraph quire singeth,
 Angel bell ringeth :
 Hark how they rime it,
 Time it, and chime it. Ry.
3. V. Mid earth rejoices
 Hearing such voices
 Ne'ertoforesó well
 Carolling *Nowell*. Ry.
4. V. Hinds o'er the pearly
 Dewy lawn early
 Seek the high stranger
 Laid in the manger. Ry.

5. V̄. Cheese from the dairy
Bring they for Mary,
And, not for money,
Butter and honey. R̄.
6. V̄. Light out of star-land
Leadeth from far land
Princes, to meet Him,
Worship and greet Him. R̄.
7. V̄. Myrrh from full coffer,
Incense they offer :
Nor is the golden
Nugget withholden. R̄.
8. V̄. Thus they : I pray you,
Up sirs, nor stay you
Till ye confess Him
Likewise, and bless Him. R̄.

XXVI. SLEEP, BABY MINE, IN HAPPY CASE

1. SLEEP, baby mine, in happy case :
Thy guardian eyeth, face to face,
Our heav'nly Father ever,
To whom the darkness and the light
Co-equal are : who, day and night
Thy keeper, slumb'reth never.
Yet know, thou child in rich array,
On feather bed, that on a day
Thy Maker couch'd in straw and hay.
2. But harder was the plank, whereon
The Suff'rer mounted, woe-begone,
To save thy life from danger
Of leopard, bear, wolf, lion, snake.
Him sing I, babe, Who for our sake
Did not abhor the manger,
What time the Virgin Mother kept
The cratch, wherein her Darling slept,
Or oft, as Man of Sorrow, wept.

XXVII. SWEET BABE, THAT, WRAPT IN
TWILIGHT SHADE

1. SWEET Babe, that, wrapt in twilight shade,
Upon Thy Mother's lap wast laid,
Grant, Holy Jesu, grant that we
May imitate Thine infancy.
2. And, when we seek our lowly bed,
While midnight darkens o'er our head,
From ravening wolves, kind Shepherd, keep
This little flock of Thy poor sheep.
3. Speak peace unto our souls, and tell
Of heav'nly joys with Thee that dwell ;
So shall our spirit, all night long,
Sing to our God her thankful song.
4. Thus, as the dying day grows dim,
To God we raise our evening hymn ;
And laud, with heaven's bright Angel host,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

XXVIII. THE MIRROR OF THE FATHER'S
FACE

1. THE Mirrour of the Father's face
Darkness from the world gan chase
When, as mortal vested
God was manifested.
Wherefore, Christens, up and sing
To Jesus Christ, of heaven King.
God is born, go meet Him,
And with carol greet Him.
2. The Maid hath borne the Holy One,
God the Father's only Son,
Of His great compassion,
Found in human fashion.

Wherefore, Churchmen, sing for joy,
 And, lead to Mary's gentle Boy,
 Keep His birthday yearly,
 Loving Him sincerely.

3. He lieth in a crib of tree,
 Altogether lovely He :
 Holy, Strong, Immortal,
 Key to David's portal.
 Wherefore, masters, be not sad,
 When Christmas biddeth men be glad,
 But with voice canorous
 Swell the Seraph-chorus.

XXIX. TO REDEEM A RACE FORLORN

1. To redeem a race forlorn,
 When the nights were longest,
 In the sign of Capricorn,
 When the frost is strongest,
 'Neath the gable of a stable,
 Early on a morn,
 Of a lowly Maiden, Holy
 Jesu, Thou wert born.
2. 'Glory be to God on high ;
 And on earth be granted
 Peace, Good-will to men,' hear I
 O'er the welkin chanted.
 Earth rejoices, hearing voices
 Arch-angelick sing,
 Anthem sweetest, as 'tis meetest,
 To the new-born King.

XXX. TO BETHLEHEM THAT NIGHT *and*
WITH STRANGE AND WONDROUS WAYS

'Εν Βηθλεέμ συνέδραμον (December 26)

1. To Bethlehem that night,
Taught by an Angel bright.
While men lay fast asleep,
The shepherd party ran
To own Him God and man,
True Shepherd of His sheep.
Babe there they worship Him
That rides the Cherubim :
Where ox and ass be driven,
Incarnate there they find
The Maker of mankind :
To Him be glory given !

'Εξάλσιον δρόμον (December 25)

2. With strange and wondrous ways
The Magi saw the rays
Of one new-lighted Star.
Star heretofore so sheen
Their eyes had never seen :
It shone from heav'n afar,
And signified the birth
Of Christ a King on earth :
And rightly so they reckon'd ;
To save mankind forlorn
This royal Babe was born,
Whose Star to Bethlem beckon'd.

Νεηγενές (December 25)

3. ' The new-born Bairn, where may
He be, King Herod, say,
Whose comet was aglow :

For hither come are we,
 To bow to Him the knee.'
 This would the wise men know.
 But Herod, troubled sore,
 And Salem overmore,
 Was minded in his fury
 To fight with God, and kill,
 With semblance of good-will,
 The infant King of Jewry.

'Ηκρίβωσε χρόνον (December 25)

4. Then Herod straight would know
 What time the star gan show
 That led the Princes three
 To Bethlehem, that there
 With giftès, rich and rare,
 The Babe might honour'd be
 But, by our Lord's command,
 Safe in their native land
 By other road they find them.
 Thus did the Kings deride
 False Herod at that tide,
 And left him far behind them.

XXXI. TO US THIS MORN A CHILD IS BORN

1. To us this morn a Child is born,
 His Father is none other
 Than God the King of ev'ry thing,
 Maid Mary is His Mother.
2. Her Babe is Lord by all adored ;
 Esaias had foreshown her :
 Now came't to pass that ox and ass
 Bow'd down afore their owner.

3. When Herod heard the Mages' word,
He smote the babes asunder
In all that coast, a blameless host,
From two years old and under.
4. Now, faithful quire, bless God the Sire,
Bless God the Spirit Holy,
Bless God, the Son ere time begun,
Now lain in manger lowly.

XXXII. 'T WAS IN A CAVE ON CHRISTMAS MORN

1. 'T WAS in a cave on Christmas morn,
Nowell, Nowell,
Jesus, the Son of God was born,
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell.
2. See in a crib the heav'nly Child,
Lullay, Lulláy,
Cradled by Mary, Maiden mild,
La-Lullaby, Lúllay.
3. Thitherward kings and herdmen drew
To Ephratá,
For to adore the Babe Jesú,
At Bethlem Ephráta.
4. Then was fulfill'd the thing foretold,
Eya, Eyá,
In holy writ by bards of old,
Eya, Eya, Eya.
5. Armies Angelick sang for mirth
Cum Maria,
Marvellous glad o'er Jesu's birth
Ex Matre Maria.

6. *Gloria tibi, Domine,*
Alleluyá,
Qui natus es pro homine,
Alle-Allelúya.

XXXIII. WHEN AN ANGEL HOST ENTUNED

1. WHEN an Angel host entuned
 Anthem sweet and airy
 O'er the Child, meek and mild,
 Of the Virgin Mary ;
2. When, with honey, herd-men brought
 Butter from the dairy
 To the One Holy Son
 Born of Maiden Mary ;
3. When iii pilgrim kings unloct
 Each his casket, spary
 Of no thing for this King,
 God, the Son of Mary,
4. ' Glory be to God on high,
 God, who cannot vary !'
 Was the lay on that day
 Sung by Blessèd Mary.

XXXIV. WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCH'D THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT

1. WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The Angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.
2. ' Fear not,' said he (for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind),
 ' Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

3. 'To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign :
4. 'The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'
5. Thus spake the Seraph ; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, and thus
Address their joyful song :
6. ' 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.'

New Year's Day, Lady Day and August 7

XXXV. JESUS IS THE SWEETEST NAME

1. JESUS is the sweetest Name
That heart can fancy, tongue can frame ;
Reveal'd to Mary in her cell
At Nazareth by Gabriel ;
Whereto ev'ry knee, ev'ry knee,
Shall bow in all humility.
2. On the eight day, when they came
To give the heav'nly Child His Name,
' Let call Him Jesus,' Mary cried :
' Amen,' said Joseph at that tide ;
' Because from thy yoke, from thy yoke,
O sin, the Babe shall save His folk.'

- 3 Jesus is the Name full well
 Bedreaded and abhorr'd in hell ;
 But Jesus is the theme and boast
 Of Christian men and Angel host.
 So sing we and say, sing and say,
 ' All glory to Thy Name to-day !'

Fourth Sunday after Epiphany

XXXVI. WHEN CHRIST HAD (AS RECOUNTED)

1. WHEN Christ had (as recounted
 In Matthew chapter eight)
 With His disciples mounted
 The ship, 'twas waxing late :
 Then rose the wind : the billow
 Around the boat gan leap ;
 But He lay on a pillow
 Aboard, abaft, asleep.
2. ' Lord, save us ; else we perish,'
 His fellow shipmen spake :
 ' No longer hope we cherish :
 Lord, from Thy slumber wake !'
 Said He, ' Why are ye fearful,
 O ye of little faith ?
 Take heart of grace ! Be cheerful !'
 Then He arose, and saith,
3. ' Be tranquil, O thou breaker !
 Thou whirlwind, be at rest !'
 The breezes knew their Maker :
 The waves, too, lower'd their crest.

Then cried the men in wonder,
 ' What manner man is He,
 Whose very word hath under
 Control both wind and sea ?'

Lady Day

XXXVII. THERE STOOD IN HEAVEN A LINDEN TREE

(Es stot ein lind im himelrich)

1. THERE stood in heav'n a linden tree ;
 But, tho' 'twas honey-laden,
 All Angels cried, ' No bloom shall be
 Like that of one fair Maiden.'
2. Sped Gabriel on wingèd feet,
 And pass'd through bolted portals
 In Nazareth, a Maid to greet
 Blest o'er all other mortals.
3. ' Hail Mary !' quod that Angel mild,
 ' Of woman-kind the fairest :
 The Virgin ay shalt thou be styled,
 A babe although thou bearest.'
4. ' How shall I bear a child, that ne'er
 With wedded man was mated ?
 Pray tell me now this infant how
 Shall He be generated ?'
5. ' O Virgin sheen, it shall be seen,
 As I announce afore thee :
 The Holy Ghost, of virtue most,
 Shall cast His shadow o'er thee.

6. ' So be it !' God's hand-maiden cried,
 ' According to thy telling.'
 Whereon the Angel smartly hied
 Up home-ward to his dwelling.
7. This tiding fill'd his mates with glee :
 'Twas pass'd from one to other,
 That 'twas Marie, and none but she,
 And God would call her Mother.

Holy Week

XXXVIII. THAT VIRGIN'S CHILD

1. THAT Virgin's Child
 Most meek and mild,
 A-lonely for my sake
 His Father's will
 For to fulfil,
 He came great pains to take
 And suffer'd death,
 As Scripture saith,
 That we should savèd be,
 On Good Friday :
 Wherefore I say,
 He mournèd sore for me.
2. Such pain and smart
 As in His heart
 He suffer'd for mankind,
 Can no man take,
 Nor mourning make
 So meekly for his friend.
 The cruel Jews

Would not refuse
 To nail Him to a tree,
 And with a dart
 To pierce His heart :
 Thus mournèd He for me.

3. Now Christ Jesú,
 Of love most true,
 Have mercy upon me :
 I ask Thee grace
 For my trespass,
 That I have done to Thee.
 For Thy sweet Name,
 Save me from shame
 And all adversitie :
 For Mary's sake,
 To Thee me take,
 And mourn no more for me.

XXXIX. JESU, MALTREATED

(O dulcis Jesus)

JESU, maltreated, roughly greeted,
 With repeated scoff and blow,
 O spare us, young or hoary !
 Who foughtest knightly,
 And didst rightly
 Quell th' unsightly fiend our foe,
 And now art clad with glory.
 From hell-gate, long their prison,
 Thy people Thou unchainest ;
 And Thou, the third day risen,
 As King supreme remainest.

*O dulcis Jesus, spinis laesus,
 Flagris caesus asperis,*

*Velis placatus fore !
 Qui lux de luce,
 Victo duce,
 Pendens cruce sceleris,
 Indutus es splendore.
 Inferni portas urgens,
 Inde tuos duxisti,
 Post triduum resurgens,
 Mundi Victor fuisti.*

XL. WEEP NOT O'ER ME, O MOTHER MINE

1. WEEP not o'er me, O Mother mine,
 In grave to see me laid,
 The well-belovèd Son of thine,
 Y-born of Mary ever Maid.
2. For in glory I shall agen
 Arise, as God, and raise
 To glory faithful Christen men,
 Who honour thee with love and praise.

XLI. JEWRY, WHY WITH BULRUSH MOCK HIM ?

1. JEWRY, why with bulrush mock Him ?
 Of His own robe why unfrock Him ?
 Thorn-crown'd, why in purple smock Him ?
 Jewry, why with bulrush mock Him ?
 Jewry, why with bulrush mock Him ?
2. Though ye clamour, 'Crucify Him,'
 Though ye gainsay, though ye try Him
 In your law-court, and deny Him,
 Though ye clamour, 'Crucify Him,' (ij.)

3. God can be o'ercome by nó man,
Be it Hebrew, Greek, or Roman.
Therefore cease to be His foe-man,
God can be o'ercome by nó man. (ij.)
4. Such as hate Him shall be scatter'd,
Satan's bolts and bars be batter'd,
Death and hell-gate throughly shatter'd ;
Such as hate Him shall be scatter'd. (ij.)

Easter-Tide

XLII. O FOR A LAY! FOR ON THIS DAY

1. O FOR a lay! For on this day,
This day, the first of the seven,
Christ is restored to life, the Lord,
Monarch of earth and of heaven.
Defeated hell and death as well,
On Easter E'en our God is seen
Standing amid the Eleven.
2. Fair was the morn when Christ was born,
But fairer yet is the morrow,
When from the dead uprose our Head,
Ending our night-time of sorrow.
And from the light of Easter bright
We, ash and dust, sure hope and trust
Of our agen-rising borrow.
3. So, man, rejoice, uplift thy voice,
Alle-Alle-Alleluya.
Soothly 'tis time to clang the chime,
Alle-Alle-Alleluya.
Sirs, pray you, sing to Christ our King,
Who, lately slain, is ris'n again ;
Alle-Alle-Alleluya.

XLIII. MOSES, SING UNTO CHRIST THY
KING

∇. MOSES, sing unto Christ thy King,
Who hath won the victory,
And hath laid low haughty Pharaoh
Underneath the deep Red Sea.

R∇. Yea, merry, merry, merry, merry may we be,
As bird upon the berry of the may or cherry-
tree,
While as we stand with harp in hand
On the shore of the Red, Red Sea

∇. God perforce overthrew the horse.
Rider, car, and axle-tree.
They sank as lead, and their men lie dead,
Dead as stone : so mote it be !

R∇. *Then merry, merry, etc.*

∇. His right hand, and His wonder-wand
Did divide, at His decree,
The surging wave, and thereby did save
Us and ours from slavery.

R∇. *Then merry, merry, etc.*

∇. Egypt spake, ' I will overtake
And despoil mine enemy :
I will, and must, satisfy my lust
On the folk of Jewery.'

R∇. *But merry, merry, etc.*

∇. Thou didst blow, and entomb our foe
In the bottom of the sea :
And, if dry-shod we went o'er, O God,
Be ascribed the praise to Thee !

R∇. *While merry, merry, etc.*

Ÿ. Miriam, wake! Lute and timbrel take!
 With thy women dance for glee!
 And make respond to thy brother yond
 With the Staff that set us free!

R7. *For merry, merry, etc.*

XLIV. REJOICE, O QUEEN OF BLISS, ANON

(After *Regina caeli, letare*)

1. REJOICE, O Queen of bliss, anon :
Hilariter, hilariter.
 Rejoice, thy grief is past and gone,
Hilariter, hilariter.
2. Abate thy tears, bid woe farewell :
Hilariter, hilariter,
 Thy Son hath harrow'd death and hell.
Hilariter, hilariter.
3. He, whom thou mournest, Mother-maid,
Hilariter, hilariter,
 Is risen agen, as He fore-said.
Hilariter, hilariter,
4. The bloody sweat from off His brow,
Hilariter, hilariter,
 Is fraught with healing balsam now.
Hilariter, hilariter.
5. His visage, marr'd as other none,
Hilariter, hilariter,
 Now beameth brighter than the sun.
Hilariter, hilariter.

6. His drink of gall and vinegar,
Hilariter, hilariter,
 Than honey-comb is sweeter far.
Hilariter, hilariter.
7. The scornful Reed, the Lance, the Tree,
Hilariter, hilariter,
 The Victor's Palm and Sceptre be.
Hilariter, hilariter.
8. His death, in time replete with woe,
Hilariter, hilariter,
 Is glory now for evermo.
Hilariter, hilariter.

XLV. THUS ON EASTER-MORROW

PART I.

1. THUS on Easter-morrow
 Spake an Angel bright and clear ;
 'Tis no time for sorrow ;
 Maries, be you of good cheer.
 Christ, arisen from His prison,
 Is not here.
2. ' Why, as He were mortal,
 Lifeless in the sepulchre,
 Bring ye to the portal
 Of the empty chamber myrrh ?
 What befel ye here, go tell ye,
 Nor defer.'

PART II.

1. *Eya! Resurrexit*
Jesus Christus hodie;
Mala nostra texit:
Ideo concinite,
Alleluya, Alleluya,
Domine.
2. *Resurrexit verè*
Pro peccante homine:
Ideo sincerè,
Christiani, psallite.
'Te cantamus, te laudamus,
Domine.'

XLVI. WITH MELODY, O CHRIST,
HYMN WE

WITH melody, O Christ, hymn we
 Thy victory.
 As this day saw Thee win it,
 We will be joyful in it.
 Alleluia.

XLVII. NIGHTINGALE, THY LORDLY LAYS

(Nachtigall, dein edler Schall)

NIGHTINGALE, thy lordly lays
 Tell the heavy-hearted
 Of returning summer days,
 Winter gloom departed:
 At thy musick thorn and thatch
 Stand with rapture smitten:
 On my songster roll thy match
 Still remains unwritten.

XLVIII. WHEN THE EARTH, WITH SPRING RETURNING

(Cum telluris vere novo)

1. WHEN the earth, with Spring returning, vests herself in fresher sheen,
And the glades and leafy thickets are array'd in living green ;
When a sweeter fragrance breatheth flow'ry fields and vales along,
Then, triumphant in her gladness, Philomel begins her song.
2. And with thick delicious warble far and wide her notes she flings,
Telling of the happy Spring-tide, and the joys that summer brings.
In the pauses of men's slumber deep and full she pours her voice :
In the labour of his travel bids the wayfarer rejoice.
3. Night and day, from bush and greenwood, sweeter than an earthly lyre,
She, unwearied songstress, carols, distancing the feath' red quire ;
In her airy flight ascending to the summit of the tree,
Thence full fain she trills her mellow canticles of festal glee,
4. Fills the hill-side, fills the valley, bids the groves and thickets ring,
Made indeed exceeding glorious thro' the joyousness of Spring.
None could teach such heav'nly music, none implant such tuneful skill,
Save the King of realms celestial, who doth all things as He will.

On Trinity Sunday and at Other Times

XLIX. 'T WAS IN THE YEAR THAT KING UZZIAH DIED

'T WAS in the year that King Uzziah died,
 A vision by Isaiah was espied :
 A lofty throne—The Lord was set thereon ;
 And with His glory all the temple shone.
 Bright Seraphim were standing round about.
 Six wings had every of that quire devout.
 With twain he awesome veil'd his face, and so
 With twain he dreadful veil'd his feet below,
 With twain did he now hither, thither fly :
 And thus aloud did one to other cry :
 ' Holy is God, the Lord of Sabaoth :
 Holy is God, the Lord of Sabaoth,
 Holy is God, the Lord of Sabaoth,
 Full of His glory are earth and heaven, both.'
 And at their cry the lintels moved apace,
 And clouds of incense fill'd the Holy Place.

L. I WAS, AND AM, AND AY SHALL BE SAD-HEARTED

was, and am,
 And ay shall be sad-hearted
 For Walsingham,
 To see her day departed :
 Her minster walls and stalls o'erthrown,
 Her cells and wells with moss o'ergrown :
 Above her own, where stood the throne
 Of Mary's Son, lo! now ne'er a stone.

LI. A SONG FOR THE TIMES

1. A SONG for the times when the sweet Church
chimes
Call'd rich and poor to pray,
As they open'd their eyes by the bright sunrise,
And when evening died away :
The squire came out of his rich old hall,
And the peasants two and by three ;
The woodman let his hatchet fall,
And the shepherd left his tree.

2. Through the Churchyard dew, by the Churchyard
yew,
They went, both old and young,
And with one consent in prayer they bent,
And with one consent they sung.
They knelt on the floor till the prayers were o'er ;
To the priest they gave good heed :
Who would not praise those good old days,
When the Church was a Church indeed ?

3. Christmas was merry Christmas then,
And Easter-tide the same :
And they welcomed well with merry bell
Each Saint's day as it came.
They thought with love on the Saints above
In the pious days of old :
We toil and we slave till we drop in the grave,
And all for the lust of gold.

4. But little we'll care what wicked men
May say or think, of ill,
They kept the Saints' days holy then,
We'll keep them holy still.

We'll cherish them now in times of strife,
 As a holy and peaceful thing ;
 They were bought by a faithful prelate's life, *
 And the blood of a martyr'd king. †

LII. SUMMER IS BANISH'D

(*Loybere risen*)

SUMMER is banish'd ;
 Late the sun riseth, heigho !
 And ne'er a flow'r springeth :
 Green leaf is vanish'd :
 Now by our hedge and woodrow
 No nightingale singeth,
 But o'er lea and mountain
 Boreas' bugle doth blow,
 Benumbing all, cattle and drover,
 Freezing the fountain,
 Mantling the meadow with snow.
 Ay me ! for glad summer is over.

LIII. ZACCHAEUS CLIMBS A TREE

(*Zacchaeus arboris*)

1. ZACCHAEUS climbs a tree, a sycamore it is,
 To catch a glimpse of Christ, the King of heav'nly
 bliss.
2. When Jesus pass'd the place, He lift His blessèd
 eyes,
 And to Zacchaeus gave commandment on this
 wise :

* William Laud, Archbishop and Martyr.

† King Charles the First.

3. ' Zacchaeus, haste thee down, and hither to My
side!
For at thy house to-day I must with thee abide.'
4. Then did Zacchaeus make our Lord a welcome
guest,
And entertain'd Him well, not sparing of his best :
5. The chamber of his heart he oped, and said
moreo'er,
' Where I have wrongèd man, there four-fold I
restore :
6. ' With half-part of my goods the beggar's want I
ease.'
God loveth well such faith, and works, the like of
these.
7. Then merry make we, for the Feast requires it so :
Benédicámus Dóminórum Dómino !
8. So praise the Three in One ! and after time of
Mass,
Deó dicámus infinitas gracias !

NOTANDA

OF the above Carols, No. V was written by R. Southwell; Nos. X and XVIII by T. Tusser; No. XIII by Sir Walter Scott; Nos. XIV, XLVIII and LI by J. M. Neale; No. XXVII by W. J. Blew; No. XXXIV by N. Tate; No. XXXVIII by J. Gwynneth. The Latin of No. XXXIX is from *Piae Cantiones*. The rest of the words have been composed, or translated, by G. R. W. to suit old melodies in peculiar metres.

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