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Christnas Traditionals

Volume 1

arranged by Graig Cassils

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t Heard The Bells

2 Part Choir with Piano

CD 1-11-12



The Twelve Days of Christnas

Unison Choir with Piano CD 4-15



The First Noel



Lyrics for unison singing

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day CD 1-11-12

I heard the bells on Christmas Day, Their old familiar carols play, And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good will to all.

I thought how, as the day had come, The belfries of all Christendom Had rolled along the unbroken song Of peace on earth, good will to all.

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to all."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep; The wrong shall fail, the right prevail With peace on earth, good will to all."

Peace on earth, good will to all.

The Huron Carol CD 3-14

'Twas in the moon of wintertime When all the birds had fled That mighty Gitchi Manitou Sent angel choirs instead. Before their light the stars grew dim, And wond'ring hunters heard the hymn: Jesus, your King, is born; Jesus is born! In excelsis gloria.

Within a lodge of broken bark
The tender Babe was found.
A ragged robe of rabbit skin
Enwrapped His beauty round.
But as the hunter braves drew nigh,
The angel song rang loud and high:
Jesus, your King, is born; Jesus is born!
In excelsis gloria.

O children of the forest free, O sons of Manitou, The Holy Child of earth and heav'n Is born today for you. Come kneel before the radiant Boy Who brings you beauty, peace and joy: Jesus, your King, is born; Jesus is born! In excelsis gloria, In excelsis gloria.

Good King Wenceslas CD 2-13

Good King Wenceslas look'd out On the feast of Stephen, When the snow lay round about, Deep and crisp and even. Brightly shone the moon that night, Though 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, Through 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, my good page, Tread thou in them boldly. Thou shall 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, Christians all, be sure, Wealth or rank possessing; Ye who now will bless the poor Shall yourselves find blessing. Good King Wenceslas Good King Wenceslas