

Cherry Tree Carol - Joseph was an Old Man

Traditional

First time: ladies
Second time: men



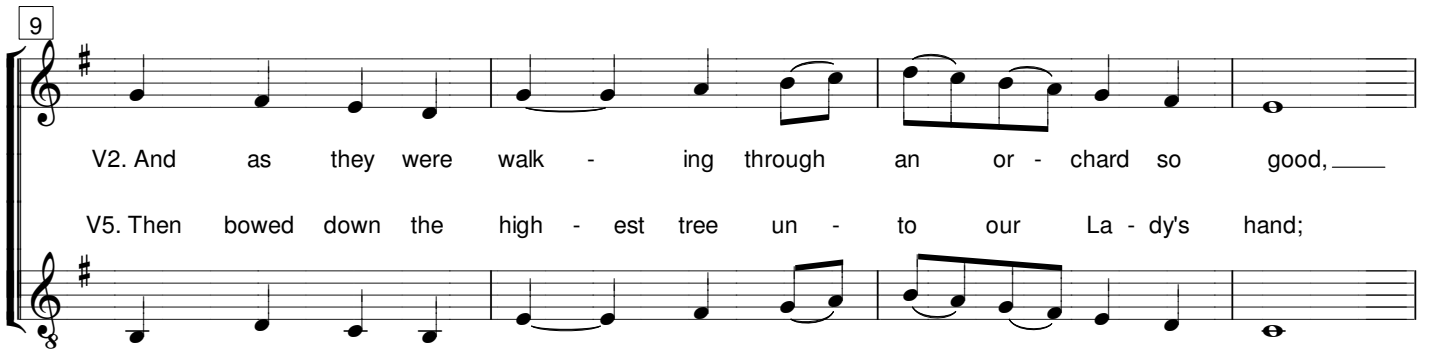
V1. Jo - seph was an old man, and an old man was he, _____
V4. "Go to the tree then, Ma - ry and it shall bow to thee, and

5



when he mar - ried Ma - ry in the land of Ga - li - lee.
you shall ga - ther cher - ries by one, by two, by three.

9



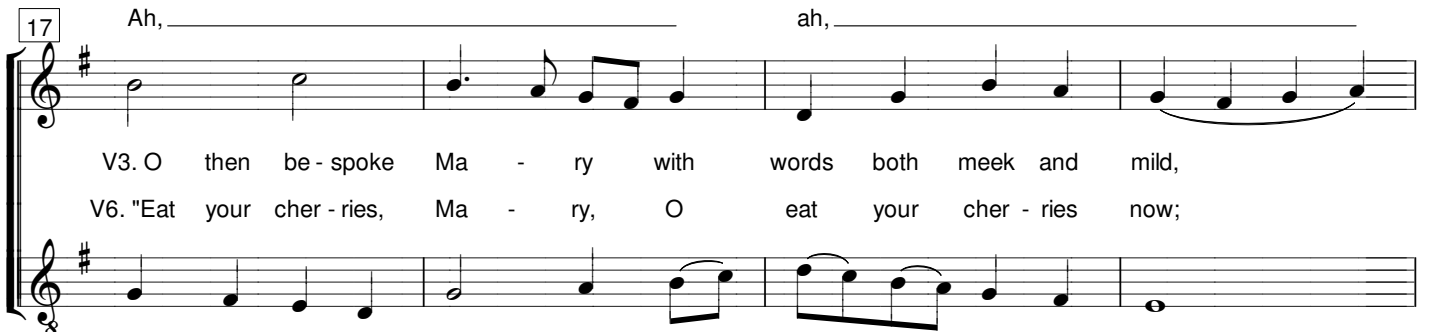
V2. And as they were walk - ing through an or - chard so good, _____
V5. Then bowed down the high - est tree un - to our La - dy's hand;

13



where were cher - ries and ber - ries as red as an - y blood.
"See," Ma - ry cried, "see, Jo - seph, I have cher - ries at com - mand.!

17



Ah, _____ ah, _____
V3. O then be - spoke Ma - ry with words both meek and mild,
V6. "Eat your cher - ries, Ma - ry, O eat your cher - ries now;

21 ah, _____ ah, _____

"Pluck me one cher - ry, Jos - eph, for that I am with child."
eat your cher - ries, Ma - ry, that grow u - pon the

25 2. Generally quieter and slower.

bough." V7. Then Ma - ry pluck'd a cher - ry, as red as an - y

29

blood, then Ma - ry went she home - wards all with her hea - vy load.
blood, then Ma - ry etc.

Creator of the Stars of Night

V1 Men, V2 SA, V3 All

Melody: Gregorian. Text: 7th Century - trans. JM Neale

1. Cre - a - tor of the stars of night, thy peo - ple's ev - er - las - ting light,
3. Thou cam'st, the Bride - groom of the bride, as drew the world to eve - ning tide;
5. To God the Fa - ther, God the Son, and God the Spi - rit, three in one,

To Amen after verse 5.

Je - su, re - deem - er, save us all, and hear thy ser - vants when they call.
pro - ceed - ing from a vir - gin shrine, the spot - less vic - tim all di - vine.
laud, hon - our, might and glo - ry be from age to age e - ter - nal - ly.

2. Thou, griev - ing that the anc - ient curse should doom to death a un - i - verse, hast found the med' - cine,

full of grace, to save and heal a ru - in'd race. 4. At whose dread name, ma -

jes - tic now, all knees must bend, all hearts must bow; and things ce - les - tial thee shall own, and

things ter - res - tial, Lord a lone. A _____ men, _____ a - men.
A _____ men, _____ a - men.

Haste, My Soul

Louis Bourgeois (1510 - 1559)

Haste, my soul, thou sis - ter sweet - est, Deck thee, ere the Bride - groom comes;
Where - fore rise, and run to meet him, ere be - fore the door he stand;

5

Sweep thy house in man - ner meet - est, In thine heart pre -
soul, make rea - dy to re - ceive Him, pu - ri - fy thee,

8

pare him room: Soon shalt thou re - ceive a guest,
heart and hand. Hold - ing, see thou hold him fast;

11

Gen - tlest, meek - est, brav - est, best; Soon to thee there shall be giv - en
let Him not de - part in haste; wre - stle, lose the day, yet bind himd,

15

Christ, the ve - ry Bread of hea - ven.
bless - ing till he leave be - hind Him.

Saviour of the Nations, Come

Bohemian Melody - 1566

Unhurried

mf

Sa- viour of the na- tions, come; Leave for us thy

7

glo- rious home: Glad Ho- san- nas we will sing,

13

Greet- ing thee, our heav'n- ly King. *p* Christ, for
Ah,

19

thee their tri - ple light faith and hope and love u -
ah,

25

nite: this the bea - con we dis - play to pro -
ah, ah,

31

claim thy Ad - vent day. *f* God in man, in- car- nate

38 ah, ah,

God, Sin-less child of flesh and blood, *ff* Man in

44 ah,

God, thy brethren we, Raise us up to God in

50

Thee. A

A men, a - men,

56

men, a men.

A men, a - men.

Wake, O Wake!
Melody and text: P Nicolai (1556 - 1608)
Trans: FC Burkitt

1. Wake, O, wake! with tid - ings thrill _____
Mid - night strikes, no more de - lay _____

2. Ev' - ry soul in thee re - joic _____
Now the gates of pearl re - ceive _____

5

ling. The watch - men all the air are fil -
ing, "The hour has come!" we hear them say -
ces; from men and from an - gel - ic voi -
us, Thy pres - ence nev - er more shall leave

8

ling. A - rise, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise!
ing. Where are you all, ye vir - gins
ces be glo - ry giv'n to thee a - lone!
us, we stand with an - gels round thy

12

2.

wise? The Bride - groom comes in sight, raise high your
throne. Earth can - not give be - low the bliss that

17

tor - ches bright! Al - le - lu - ia! The wed - ding song swells
thou bes - tow. Al - le - lu - ia! Grant us to raise, to

22

loud and strong. Go forth and join the fest - al - throng.
length of days, the tri - umph - cho - rus of thy praise.