



CAROLS AT THE
WINTER GARDENS



Soundpost is a Sheffield based artist led organisation that coordinates a range of events, exploring folk traditions through practical workshops, performances, debate and discussion.

Have a look at what we do

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Where to find the carols

Popular locations include:

Lodge Moor – Sportsman, Monday 8.30pm

Dungworth – Royal Hotel, Wednesday 8pm & Sunday 12pm

Ecclesfield – Black Bull, Thursday 8.30pm

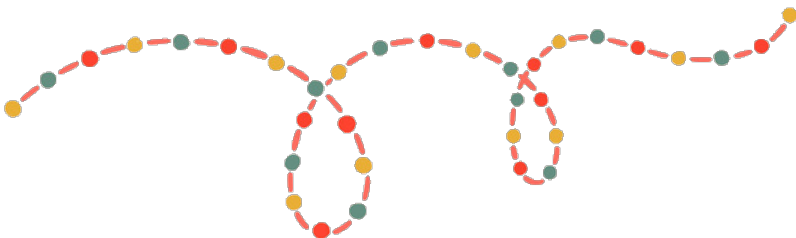
Oughtibridge – Travellers Rest, Saturday 8.30pm

Worrall – Blue Ball, Sunday 12pm

If you go along to one of these sings you can expect raucous singing (including the songs you'll find in this booklet). The singing is usually accompanied by either an organ or a small band and someone will normally let you know which song is next. If not, don't be afraid to ask – everyone is very friendly!

Much more information about the local carolling tradition can be found at www.villagecarols.org.uk

For a list of all the sings happening around Sheffield, visit www.localcarols.org.uk



Introduction

There is no doubt that the singing of these carols represents one of the finest traditions found in England today and the city can be justly proud of this rich musical heritage.

What is even more remarkable is that the tradition predates the well-known popular repertoire, which was largely introduced and constructed by the Victorian high church men. These 'village carols' are from the grassroots and have been sung and treasured over more than two and a half centuries by communities in places such as Lodge Moor, Stannington, Dungworth, Loxley, Bradfield, Wadsley, Wharncliffe Side, Worrall, Oughtibridge, Grenoside, Ecclesfield and other locations to the north and west of the city centre.

The carols are not lullabies of the 'gentle Jesus, meek and mild' kind that we hear played incessantly over the airwaves and in the shopping malls, but full-bodied, exuberant songs of celebration, sung in parts, which feel more at home in the village pub than the choir stall. There is even an air of competition between the two main parts, especially in the fuguing sections in which the trebles and basses make separate entries at different times and overlap.

Many of the tunes were composed by village craftsmen or artisans, such as John Hall of Sheffield Park, a blacksmith who 'worked at the anvil and died in the poorhouse in 1794'. To him we attribute 'Hark, Hark! What News', known as 'Good News', which is the most widely sung carol in the local repertoire. William Womack from near Stannington, who farmed and worked in the metal trades, wrote the tune 'Back Lane' in the early 1800s. The tunes to 'Star of Bethlehem' and 'Portugal' were written by Thomas Dungworth and date from

about the same time. 'Portugal' of which the first line is 'Believers assemble and come with songs to Bethlehem', is in fact an early translation of 'Adeste Fidelis' ('O Come All Ye Faithful'). 'Old Foster', one of several superb settings of 'While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night' was composed by John Foster of High Green House sometime before 1817; and the list goes on.

In essence the tradition is dynamic and eclectic, and certainly not exclusive or fossilised. Among the repertoire you will find examples of glees, anthems, revivalist hymns, hunting songs, parlour ballads, customary songs, and carols from near and far; the main criterion for their selection being that they are accepted and enjoyed as part of Christmas festivities.

In the tradition, the singing of these carols is refreshingly spontaneous, informal and vigorous. It does not depend on a caroller having a 'beautiful' singing voice or an ability to read a printed music score but rather on oral tradition – learning the carols by ear. There are no formal memberships or appointed conductors, and participants decide for themselves which part they would like to sing, regardless of gender conventions, often changing from the melody line mid-carol to another part, as they gain confidence. I hope you will feel the urge to join in and sing the carols with us, as countless others have over the generations. You will be in excellent company.

I commend this collection of carols to you.

Ian Russell

A Song for the Time



A song for the time when sweet bells chime
Calling rich and poor to pray;
On that glad morn when Christ was born
On the holy Christmas day.

The squire came forth from his rich old hall
And the peasants by two and by three;
The woodman let his hatchet fall
And the shepherd left his sheep.

Through the churchyard snow, in a goodly row,
They came forth old and young,
And with one consent in prayer they bent
And with one consent they sang.



We'll cherish it now in the time of strife
As a holy and peaceful thing;
For it tells of His love coming down from above
And the peace He deigns to bring.

In those good old days of prayer and praise,
'Twas a season of right good will;
For they kept His birthday holy then
And we'll keep it holy still.





Awake, Arise, Good Christians

Awake, arise good Christians, let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ, our Saviour, was born upon this day;
The self-same moon was shining that now is in the sky
When a holy band of angels came down from God on high.

‘Hosannah, Hosannah!’ to Jesus we’ll sing,
‘Hosannah, Hosannah! our Saviour and King.’

‘Fear not, we bring good tidings, for on this happy morn,
The promised one, the Saviour, in Bethlehem’s town was
born.’

Up rose the simple shepherds, all with a joyful mind,
“Then let us go in haste,” they say, “this Holy Child to find.”

And, like unto the shepherds, we wander far and near,
And bid you wake, good Christians, the joyful news to hear;
Awake, arise good Christians, let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ, our Saviour, was born upon this day.



Back Lane

Behold, the Grace appears,
The promise is fulfilled,
The promise is fulfilled;
Mary the wondrous virgin bears,
And Jesus is the Child. (x 3)



'Go, humble swain', said he,
'To David's city fly,
To David's city fly;
The promised Infant born today
Doth in a manger lie.' (x 3)



'With looks and hearts serene,
Go visit Christ, your King,
Go visit Christ, your King.'
And straight a flaming troop was seen,
The shepherds heard them sing. (x 3)

All glory be to God
And on the earth be peace
Good will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin and never cease

'Awake, awake, ye saints awake!
And hail this day our Saviour's born!
Awake, awake, ye saints awake!
And hail this day our Saviour's born!
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, praise ye the Lord!'

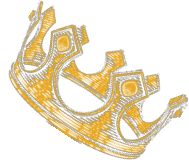


Diadem

All hail the power of Jesu's name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him, crown Him,
crown Him, crown Him,
And crown Him Lord of all!



Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown Him, crown Him,
crown Him, crown Him,
And crown Him Lord of all!



Sinners whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him, crown Him,
crown Him, crown Him,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Oh that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We at His feet may fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him, crown Him,
crown Him, crown Him,
And crown Him Lord of all! (x 4)





Good News

Hark, hark! what news the angels bring!
Glad tidings of a new-born King,
Glad tidings of a new-born King;
Born of a maid, a virgin pure,

Born without sin from guilt secure,
Born without sin from guilt secure.

Hail! mighty Prince, eternal King!
Let Heaven and earth rejoice and sing,
Let Heaven and earth rejoice and sing;
Angels and men with one accord



Break forth in song to praise the Lord,
Break forth in song to praise the Lord.

Behold, He comes and leaves the skies.
Awake ye slumbering mortals rise,
Awake ye slumbering mortals rise;
Awake to joy and hail the morn,

A Saviour of this world was born,
A Saviour of this world was born.

(Repeat three times at end.)



Egypt



Christians, awake, unclose your eyes,
Glad tidings, lo, I bring!
To us is born a heavenly prize.
Arise, rejoice and sing!
Arise, rejoice and sing!
Arise, rejoice and sing!

This prize it is the son of God,
And Jesus called by name.
Great wonders He hath shown abroad.
Salvation by Him came!
Salvation by Him came!
Salvation by Him came!

Therefore let us uplift our voice,
And 'allelujah!' sing.
For evermore let us rejoice
In Israel's holy king!
In Israel's holy king!
In Israel's holy king!



Hail Smiling Morn



Hail, smiling morn, smiling morn,
That tips the hills with gold
That tips the hills with gold
And whose rosy fingers open wide
The gates of heav'n
The gates of heav'n
And whose rosy fingers open wide
The gates of heav'n!



All the green fields,
That nature does enfold,
All the green fields,
That nature does enfold,
At whose bright presence,
Darkness flies away, flies away,
Flies away! Flies away!

Darkness flies away,
Darkness flies away,
At whose bright presence,
Darkness flies away!

Hail, Hail, Hail, Hail,
Hail, Hail, Hail, Hail!





Holmfirth Anthem

(x2) Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking
It was one summer, summer's evening clear

There I beheld a most beautiful damsel
Lamenting for her shepherd dear
Lamenting for her shepherd dear

(x2) The dearest evening that e'er I beheld thee;
Was ever ever ever; with the lad I adore

Wilt thou go fight yon French and Spaniards,
Wilt thou leave me thus my dear?
Wilt thou leave me thus my dear?

(x2) No more to yon green banks will I take thee,
With pleasure for to rest thyself and view the lambs,

But I will take thee to yon green gardens,
(x2) Where the pratty flowers grow,
Where the pratty, pratty flowers grow.





Jacob's Well

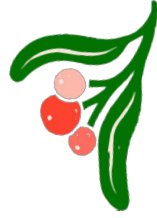
At Jacob's well a Stranger sought,
His drooping frame to cheer, (x2)
Samaria's daughter little thought,
That Jacob's God was near. (x2)
Samaria's daughter little thought,
That Jacob's God was near,



This had she known, her fainting mind
For richer draughts had sighed, (x2)
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied. (x2)
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied.

This ancient well (no glass so true)
Britannia's image shows: (x2)
Now Jesus travels Britain through,
But who the Stranger knows? (x2)
Now Jesus travels Britain through,
But who the Stranger knows?

Yet Britain must the Stranger know,
Or soon her loss deplore; (x2)
Behold the living waters flow!
Come, drink, and thirst no more. (x2)
Behold the living waters flow!
Come, drink, and thirst no more.



Merry Christmas

We singers make bold, as in days of old,
To celebrate Christmas and bring you good cheer;
Glad tidings we bring of Messiah our king,

So we wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy New Year!

The shepherds amazed as upwards they gazed,
Behold, holy angels to them drawing near;
Singing goodwill to men as onward they came

We'll join heart and hand to keep God's command
By loving to serve Him throughout the New Year,
In an innocent way we'll be happy today





Mount Moriah

'Glory to God', the angels sing,
'Glad tidings lo I bring,
Glad tidings lo I bring!'
In David's city lies a babe,
And Jesus is the child,
And Jesus is the child,
And Jesus is the child.

'Glory to God', let man reply,
'For Christ, the Lord, is come,
For Christ, the Lord, is come;
Behold Him in a manger lie,
A stable is His room,
A stable is His room,
A stable is His room.



'Glory to God, let all the earth
Join in the heavenly song,
Join in the heavenly song,
And praise Him for our Saviour's birth
In every land and tongue,
In every land and tongue,
In every land and tongue!'



Old Foster

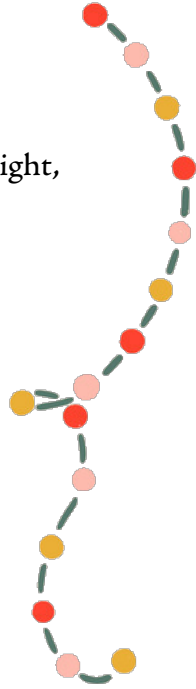


While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around. (x4)

“Fear not”, said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.” (x4)

“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.” (x4)

“All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.” (x4)

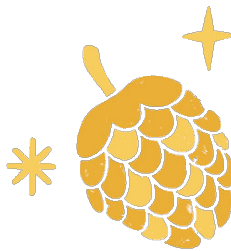


Spout Cottage

Remember the time when our Saviour was born,
No house for a home but for a stable forlorn;
His birth-place no more than where oxen did lie,
Yet He for all people most surely did die.

So now He's ascended to heaven above
And there to all nations revealed His sweet love,
While angels before Him in rapture doth sing,
In hymns most delightful makes heaven to ring.

So now we will praise Him for what He hath done
And trust in His mercy for what is to come;
Be true to your King while the battle is o'er,
Then we'll sing Hallelujah to God evermore.





Stannington

Sing all ye people of the earth today
For Jesus Christ was born on Christmas Day
Ring out, ye joyous bells in Heaven, ring on
For Christ is born

Born in a stable bare of humble birth
Born of a Virgin pure, to dwell on earth
Let all mankind rejoice on this great day
For Christ is born



He came to us that wars on earth may cease
He came to bring us hope and joy and peace
Worship all nations at His feet today
For Christ is born

Glory to God on high, we all will sing
Glory and praise we render to our King
Peace on earth, goodwill to men this day
For Christ is born





Star of Bethlehem

When, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestrewed the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the Chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Now safely, moored, my perils o'er
I'll sing, first in life's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The star! The Star of Bethlehem!
Forever and forevermore,
The star! The Star of Bethlehem!



Sweet Chiming Bells

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells
Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells
They cheer us on our Heav'nly way,
Sweet chiming bells.

“Fear not”, said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled minds;
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.”

“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.”


“All glory be to God on high
And to the Earth be peace
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.”





The Christmas Tree

Who comes this way so blithe and gay,
Upon the merry Christmas day.
So merrily so cheerily,
With his peak'd hat, and reindeer sleigh
With lots of toys for girls and boys,
As pretty as you e'er did see.
Oh this is Santa Claus's man,
Kriss Kringle with his Christmas tree.

Oh ho! Oh ho! Oh ho, ho, 
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
And jingle, jingle, jing jing jing,
Right merry shall you be.
Jingle, jingle, he comes this way,
He comes with his Christmas tree.
And welcome, welcome, welcome Kriss,
Right welcome you shall be.
Oh there he is, yes, yes he is,
'Tis Kriss with the Christmas tree,
The Christmas tree, the Christmas tree.



His sleigh bells ring with a merry jing,
As o'er the roofs the reindeers spring.
Gee up, Gee ho! How swift they go,
Over the ice, and drifts of snow.
For he must call one and all,
His master's pretty pets, you see;
For he is Santa Claus's man,
Kriss Kringle with his Christmas tree.



With cakes and plums, trumpets and drums,
And lots of pretty things he comes;
So now be quick, your places take,
And all a merry circle make.
For now he's near, he'll soon appear,
And we his jolly face shall see.
Oh, welcome Santa Claus's man,
Kriss Kringle with his Christmas tree!





A SONG FOR THE TIME
AWAKE, ARISE, GOOD CHRISTIANS
BACK LANE
DIADEM
EGYPT
GOOD NEWS
HAIL SMILING MORN
HOLMFIRTH ANTHEM
JACOB'S WELL
MERRY CHRISTMAS
MOUNT MORIAH
OLD FOSTER
SPOUT COTTAGE
STANNINGTON
STAR OF BETHLEHEM
SWEET CHIMING BELLS
THE CHRISTMAS TREE

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