

Alfred Deller & Vanguard

Alfred Deller's initial recorded career could only have happened at a label like Vanguard. Independent record labels, like most small businesses, live off of a connection between an owner and their obsessions. And Seymour Solomon loved baroque and renaissance music at a time when that was truly a unique obsession. Today's landscape reveals concrete superhighways to Hildegard von Bingen where once there were mere cow paths.

Seymour's devotion to Deller and Deller's singular talent helped thrash out one of those very important early paths that led to the new road to early music. According to Vanguard legend, Seymour heard Deller sing a Purcell song on an HMV 78, was suitably impressed, but didn't pursue it. Then Gustav Leonhardt suggested Deller for a recording, Seymour saw an opportunity, and a small cottage industry was born. Audiences responded to Deller, and later his consort, and Vanguard sold quite a few discs along the way: 50 LP's between 1952 - 1967.

Considering how folk music was the DNA of Vanguard, even before the explosion of the Joan Baez driven sales of the 1960s, Deller resonated with Seymour Solomon on a musical and a personal level. Deller's recordings of folk songs and madrigals fit in perfectly with how the company expanded in the 1950s, the only difference being that Deller sang of English lads and ladies from many years past. The other recordings released by Vanguard at the time were from The Weavers and other folk artists who were establishing audiences at that time ("Wraggle Taggle Gypsies" may be the most recorded tune in Vanguard's overall catalogue.) What happened at Vanguard was a meeting of obsessions between Deller and Seymour Solomon – a love of folk music together with a love of the emerging new field of "early" music.

Wearing his hat as a businessman, Seymour had to be attracted to the small ensembles and devotees – they came cheap and wanted merely to put their music on tape. He could record several LPs worth of releases in one month in England or Vienna – for a fraction of the cost of an orchestral recording.

A perfect professional and personal partnership were Seymour and Alfred. In the vast archives left by Seymour Solomon, there are no letters that reverberate quite like Deller's to him and Seymour's responses to Deller. Deller's jolly talent for letter writing is matched with Seymour's more professional but incisive responses. There is even one that starts, "Dear Seymour: Don't be shocked, but I am writing to ask for my release from my exclusive Vanguard contract!" (Which was granted – they had been discussing it for a few years.) And perhaps the most telling sign of a stronger than professional connection was that Deller's rather regular requests for advances on his royalties were always granted and never second-guessed.

One more moment illuminates their friendship and business partnership. My first introduction to the Deller/Solomon relationship occurred as I was reading letters while researching more information about a reissue on Vanguard, and I found a letter from 1962, where Seymour enthuses in capital letters to his brother about a recording he was making with Deller in Vienna:

It is possibly the greatest moment we have ever recorded with him...there is a duet with a baroque trumpet that is quite out of this world...the recording, as Alfred said, should be a real cracker! This excitement was all for the first movements of Handel's Ode on the Birthday of Queen Anne, entitled "Eternal Light". It may just be the most transcendent recorded moment in the Deller Vanguard

catalogue and possibly the most imitated – in the small yet real counter-tenor industry, I now count four recordings of “Eternal Light”, available on recordings by the current crop of countertenors currently working.

And the last point goes not just to the man himself, but to the ensemble that he surrounded himself with. The Deller Consort, which appears with several different rosters throughout this recording, starts at the level of Deller’s talent, and works as both a supporting stage for Deller’s voice and a musical “atmosphere” that places the music in a brilliant context. The recordings selected here both showcase Deller’s voice but also the remarkable talents of the ensemble he created. The madrigals show off the group of singers as being technically unsurpassed and fully committed to the ensemble concept. Their contribution in the European vocal section of this compilation again finds them as a superlative group of accompanists, an ensemble that would today be regarded as the finest group of voices, a veritable “supergroup”. Yet they were all really explorers and pathfinders, all together on the good ship Deller Consort, led by a perfectionist but happy taskmaster.

It is a great honour and pleasure to share with music lovers the work of these two great men. One was an unparalleled vocalist who helped to create the “historical performance” world that is so important in today’s musical scene; the other a man who paved the way toward capturing important performances for posterity. Our profound thanks to both of them for endeavouring to toil in the mines and bring forth gold nuggets that we can savour for years to come.

Greg Barbero / Musical Concepts / ALTO

1. Anon., England, early 14th c.: Alleluya psallat

Alleluya psallet haec familia. Alleluya timpaniret alleluya psallat laetus caecus cum armonia. Alleluya psallat deo laudum et praeconia.

Alleluia, let this assembly sing psalms. Alleluia, let it beat the tambourine. Alleluia, let the blind man joyously sing psalms in harmony. Alleluia, let him sing psalms of praise to God.

2. Anon., Trad. 17c. France.: Patapan (in tambourin

style) Willie, take your little drum, with your whistle, Robin, come!

When we hear the fife and drum, ture-lure-lu, pata-pata-pan, When we hear the fife and drum, Christmas should be frolicsome.

Thus the men of olden days loved the King of Kings to praise,
When they heard the fife and drum, ture-lure-lu...
When they hear the fife and drum, sure, our children won't be dumb.

God and man are now become more at one than fife and drum.
When you hear the fife and drum, ture-lure-lu...
When you hear the fife and drum, dance and make the village hum.

3. Anon., traditional: Here We Come A-Wassailing

Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wandering so fair to be seen: Love and joy

come to you, And to you your wassail too, And God bless
you, And send you a happy new year.

Our wassail cup is made of the rosemary tree;
And so is your beer of the best barley: ...

We are not daily beggars that beg from door to door;
But we are neighbors' children whom you've seen before: ...

Call up the butler of this house, put on his golden ring;
Let him bring us a glass of beer and better we shall sing: ...

We have got a little purse of stretching leather skin;
We want a little of your money to line it well within: ...

Bring us out a tale and spread it with a cloth;
Bring us out a mouldy cheese, and some of your Christmas loaf: ...

God bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress too;
And all the little children that round the table go: ...

Good Master and good Mistress, while you're sitting by the fire, Pray
think of us poor children who are wandering in the mire:..

4. **Anon., London Wait: Past Three A-
Clock** Past three o'clock, and a cold frosty
morning Past three o'clock, good morning
masters, all! Born is a a baby, gentle as may be,
son of th'eternal Father supernal.

Past three o'clock ...
Seraph quire singeth, angel bell ringeth, Hark
how they rime it, time it and chime it.

Past three o'clock ...
Mid earth rejoices hearing such voices Ne'eretofore
so well carolling Nowell.

5. **Anon., Trad., England: I Saw Three Ships**
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
I saw three ships come sailing in, On
Christmas day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three? ...

Our Saviour Christ and his lady ...
Pray, whither sailed those ships all three? ...
O, they sailed into Bethlehem ...
And all the bells on earth shall ring ...
And all the angels in Heaven shall sing ...
And all the souls on earth shall sing ...
Then let us all rejoice again ! ...

6. Anon., Trad., England: The Coventry Carol Lullay, Thou
little tiny Child, Bye-bye, lulloo, lullay.
Lullay, Thou little tiny Child, Bye-bye, lulloo, lullay.

O sisters, too, how may we do, for to preserve this day?
This poor youngling for whom we do sing, Bye-bye, lulloo, lullay.

Herod the King, in his raging, charged he hath this day.
His man of might, in his own sight, all children young to slay.

Then woe is me, poor Child for Thee, and ever morn and day, For
Thy parting neither say nor sing, Bye-bye, lulloo, lullay.

7. Anon., 16c.: Good King Wenceslas (text by J.M. Neale, 19c.)
Good King Wenceslas looked 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, gathering 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 St. 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, good my 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,
Christian men, be sure, wealth or rank possessing, Ye who
now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing.

8. **Joseph Möhr & Hans Grüber: Silent Night** Silent night, Holy night!

All is calm, all is bright.

Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,

Holy Infant, so tender and mild,

Sleep in Heavenly peace, Sleep

in Heavenly peace.

9. **Anon., traditional, lyrics 17th c.: The Old Year Now**

(Greensleeves) The old year now away is fled, the new year it is entered;

Then let us now our sins down-tread, and joyfully all appear:

Let's merry be this day, and let us now both sport and play:

Hang grief, cast care away! God send you a happy New Year!

The name-day now of Christ we keep, who for our sins did often weep;

His hands and feet were wounded deep, and his blessed side with a spear;

His head they crowned with thorn, and at him they did laugh and scorn, Who
for our good was born: God send us a happy New Year!

And now with New Year's gifts each friend, unto each other they do

send: God grant we may all our lives amend, and that the truth may

appear. Now, like the snake, your skin cast off, of evil thoughts and sin,

And so the year begin: God send us a happy New Year!

10. **Dr. J.H. Hopkins: We Three Kings of Orient Are (American**

hymn, c.1857, Williamsport, PA) We three kings of orient are; bearing
gifts we traverse afar, field and fountain, moor and mountain, following
yonder star. O star of wonder, star of night, star with royal beauty
bright, westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to thy perfect light.

(Melchior:) Born a king on Bethlehem plain,

gold I bring to crown him again. King

forever, ceasing never, over us all to reign.

O star of wonder...

(Gaspar:) Frankincense to offer have I;

incense owns a Deity nigh; prayer

and praising, all men raising, worship

Him, God most high.

O star of wonder...

(Balthazar:) Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume

breathes a life of gathering gloom;

sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, sealed

in the stone-cold tomb.

O star o wonder...

Glorious now, behold him arise,
King and God, and sacrifice!
Heaven sing alleluya, alleluya the
earth replies.
O star of wonder...

11. Anon., traditional: Down in Yon Forest Down

in yon forest there stands a hall:
The bells of Paradise I heard them ring:
It's covered all over with purple and pall:
And I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

In that hall there stands a bed:
It's covered all over with scarlet so red: ...

At the bedside there lies a stone:
Which the sweet Virgin Mary knelt upon: ...

Under that bed there runs a flood:
The one half runs water, the other runs blood: ...

At the bed's foot there grows a thorne:
Which ever blows blossom since he was born: ...

Over that bed the moon shines bright:
Denoting our Saviour was born this night: ...

12. Anon., Trad., England: The First Nowell

The first Nowell, the angel did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay, keeping their sheep, On a
cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star,
Shining in the East, beyond them far;
And to the earth it gave a great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
Nowell, Nowell...

This star drew nigh to the Northwest;
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest, And
there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Nowell, Nowell...

Then entered in those Wise Men three,
Fell reverently on their knees,
And offered there in his presence Both
gold and myrrh and frankincense.
Nowell, Nowell...

Then let us all with one accord Sing praises
to our heavenly Lord, That hath made
heaven and earth of naught, And with His
blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, Nowell...

13. Anon., Czech Carol: Rocking (Hajej, nynjej)

Little Jesus, sweetly sleep, do not stir; we will lend you a coat of fur,
We will rock you, rock you, rock you,
See the fur to keep you warm, snugly round your tiny form.

Mary's little baby sleep, sweetly sleep, sleep in comfort slumber deep;
We will rock you, rock you, rock you,
We will serve you all we can, darling, darling little man.

14. Anon., England: God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen

God rest you merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power when we were gone astray,
O tidings of comfort and joy...

From God that is our Father, the blessed Angels came, Unto
some certain shepherds, with tidings of the same; That
there was born in Bethlehem the Son of God by name.
And it's tidings of comfort and joy...

Go, fear not, said God's Angels, let nothing you affright,
For there is born in Bethlehem, of a pure Virgin bright, One
able to advance you, and throw down Satan quite.
And it's tidings of comfort and joy...

The shepherds at those tidings, rejoiced much in mind, And
left their flocks a feeding in tempest storms of wind, And
straight they came to Bethlehem, the son of God to find.
And it's tidings of comfort and joy...

15. Anon.: Dormi Jesu

Dormi, Jesu, mater ridet, Quaetam
dulcem somnum vivi Dormi, Jesu,
blandule.

Si non dormis, mater plorat,
Inter fila cantans orat, blande,
veni, somnule.

16. Anon., ca 15c.: Boar's Head Carol

The boar's head in hand bear I, bedecked with bays and rosemary; And
I pray you, my masters, be merry, Quot estis in convivio:
Caput apri defero, Reddens laudes Domino.

The boar's head, as I understand, is the rarest dish in all this land, which
thus bedecked with a gay garland, let us servire cantico,
Caput apri defero...

Our steward hath provided this in honour of the King of bliss, Which
on this day to be served is, In Reginensi atrio,
Caput apri defero...

17. Anon., medieval: Lullay My Liking (arr. Gustav Holst)

Lullay my liking, my dear son, my sweeting; Lullay my
dear heart, mine own dear darling!

I saw a fair maiden sitten and sing.
She lulled a little child, a sweete lording.
Lullay my liking...

There was mickle melody at that childe's birth.
Although they were in heaven's bliss they made mickle mirth.
Lullay my liking...

Angels bright they sang that night and saiden to that child,
"Blessed be thou, and so be she that is both meek and mild."
Lullay my liking...

Pray we now to that child and to his mother dear.
God grant them all his blessing that now maken cheer.
Lullay my liking...

18. Edmund H. Sears & Richard S. Willis: It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old, From angels
bending near the earth, to touch their harps of gold. "Peace on earth,

good will to men, from Heaven's all-gracious King." The world in solemn stillness lay, to hear the angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load, whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way with painful steps and slow.
Look now, for glad and golden hours come swiftly on the wing; O
rest beside the weary road and hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hast'ning on, by prophets seen of old,
When with the ever circling years shall the time foretold,
When the new heav'n and earth shall own the Prince of Peace,
Their King and the whole world send back the song which the angels now sing.

19. **Anon., Germany, 1647: Herrick's Carol (words by Robert Herrick)** What sweeter music can we bring than a carol, for to sing the birth of this, our heavenly King? Awake the voice! Awake the string! We see him come and know him ours, who with his sunshine and his showers, turns all the patient ground to flowers.

Which we will give him, and bequeath
this holly and this ivy wreath, to do
him honour who's our King, and Lord
of all this revelling.
We see him come...

20. **C.J. Alexander & H.J. Gauntlett: Once in Royal David's City** Once in Royal David's City stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby in a manger for his bed.
Mary was the mother mild, Jesus Christ that little child.

And through all His wondrous Childhood, He would honor and obey.
Love and watch the lowly maiden, in whose gentle arms he lay; Christian
children all must be, mild, obedient, good as He.

21. **Anon., medieval: The Holly and the Ivy (arr. Cecil Sharp)** The holly and the ivy, when they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are wood, the holly bears the crown. The
rising of the sun and the running of the deer, the playing of
the merry organ, sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a blossom as white as a lily flower, And
Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to be our sweet Saviour.
The rising of the sun...

The holly bears a berry as red as any blood,

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to do poor sinners good.
The rising of the sun...

The holly bears a prickle, as sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ on Christmas day in the morn. The
rising of the sun...

The holly bears a bark, as bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ for to redeem us all.
The rising of the sun...

22. Anon., Germany (?): O Little One Sweet (harmonization by Samuel Scheidt / J.S. Bach) O Little
One sweet, O Little One mild, thy Father's purpose thou hast fulfilled; Thou cam'st here from heaven
to mortal ken, equal to be with us poor men.
O Little One sweet.

O Little One sweet, O Little One mild,
with joy thou hast the whole world filled,
Thou cam'st here from heavens domain to
bring men comfort in their pain.
O Little One sweet.

O Little One sweet, O Little One mild, help
us to do as thou hast willed.
Lo, all we have belongs to thee!
Ah, keep us in thy fealty.
O Little One sweet.

23. Anon., medieval, Chester Ms (ca 1425): Song of the Nuns of Chester
Qui creavit coelum, lully, lully lu, nascitur in stabulo, by, by, by, by, by, Rex
qui regit seculum, lully, lully, lu.
Joseph emit paniculum, mater involvit puerum, et ponit in praesipio.
Inter animalia, jacent mundi gaudia, dulcis super omnia.
Lactat mater domina, osculatur parvulum, et adorat dominum.
Roga mater filium, ut det nobis gaudium, in perenni gloria.
In sempiterna saecula, in eternum et ultra, det nobis sua gaudia.

24. Anon., 16th c.: Winter-Rose
I know a rose, it springeth from earth,
A tender shoot, as olden prophet singeth, From Jesse
came the root, that bore a blossom bright In depth
of chilly winter, about the dead of night.
Praise, honour to the Father, the Son and Spirit blest;
And Mary, God's own Mother, for help we make request;
Beseech thy dearest Son that He would be our refuge, and shrieve us, every one.

25. George Frideric Handel (attr.): Joy to the World (words by Isaac Watts)

Joy to the world! The Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,
And heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n and heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the world! The Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat, repeat, the sounding joy.

He rules the world! With truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And
wonders, and wonders of His love.

26. Anon., 14th c.: In Dulci Jubilo (harmonization by J.S. Bach)

In dulci jubilo now sing with hearts aglow!
Our delight and pleasure lies in praesepio,
Like sunshine is our treasure, Matris in
gremio, Alpha es et O.

O Jesu Parvule, for thee I long alway; Comfort my
heart's blindness, O puer optime, With all thy
loving kindness, O princeps gloriae, Trahe me post
te!

Ubi sunt gaudia in any place but there?
There are angels singing Nova cantica And
there the bells are ringing in Regis curia.
O that we were there.

27. Anon., traditional, old Welsh: Deck the Halls

Deck the halls with boughs of holly, fa la la la la la la la.
'Tis the season to be jolly, fa la la la la la la la.
Don we now our gay apparel, fa la la la la la la la.
Troll the ancient Yuletide carol, fa la la la la la la la.

See the blazing Yule before us, fa la la...
Strike the harp and join the chorus, fa la la...
Follow me in merry measure, fa la la ...
While I tell of Yuletide treasure, fa la la ...

Fast away the old year passes, fa la la...
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses, fa la la...
Sing we joyous all together, fa la la...
Heedless of the wind and weather, fa la la...

28. Anon. William Ballet's Lute Book: Lute-book Lullaby Sweet was the song the Virgin sang, When she to Bethlem Juda came And was delivered of a son, that blessed Jesus hath to name:

"Lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla-by, Lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla-by."

"Sweet babe," sang she, "my son, And eke a saviour born, Who hast vouchsafed from on high, To visit us that were forlorn:

Lalula, lalula, lalula-by."

"Sweet babe," sang she, And rocked him sweetly on her knee.

29. Anon., traditional: Ye Shepherds

Ye shepherds! leave your flocks upon the mountains,

Your hearths and homes, and care of all your sheep,

And change your griefs for joy everlasting,

And haste ye to adore Your God, your God,

who comes to take away your woe. Then

shall ye find a-lying in the manger, An

infant weak, in nakedness and cold.

Behold! and see His love beyond expressing in coming thus to you.

In Him, in Him, the Saviour of mankind appears.

Ye kings! behold the star, to you revealing the King of Kings, your vows and homage pay.

See there the star of righteousness arises o'er all the earth.

To Him, to Him, your golden myrrh and incense bring.

30. Anon., traditional, old Besançon: People Look East

People, look East, the time is near of the crowning of the year.

Make your house fair as you are able, trim the hearth, and set the table. People, look East, and sing today: Love, the Guest, is on His way.

Furrows, be glad, though earth is bare, one more seed is planted there:

Give up your strength the seed to nourish, That in course the flower may flourish. People, look East, and sing today: Love, the Rose, is on His way.

Birds, though ye long have ceased to build, guard the nest that must be filled.

Even the hour when wings are frozen, He for fledging-time has chosen. People, look East, and sing today: Love, the Bird, is on His way.

Stars, keep the watch. When night is dim, one more light the bowl shall brim, Shining beyond the frosty weather, bright as sun and moon together. People, look East, and sing today: Love, the Star, is on His way.

Angels, announce to man and beast Him who cometh from the East. Set every peak and valley humming with the Word, the Lord is coming. People, look East, and sing today: Love, the Lord, is on His way.

31. Anon., traditional: Blessed Be That Maid Mary

Blessed be that maid Marie, born he was of her body.
Very God ere time began, born in time the Son of Man.
Eya! Ihesus hodie, Natus est de Virgine
Sweet and blissful was the song chanted of the Angel throng:
"Peace on earth," Alleluia and Excelsis Gloria. Make we
merry on this fest, In quo Christ Natus est; On this
Child I pray you call, to absolve and save us all.

32. Anon., ca 1520-1530: Sir Christmas Nowell,
nowell, nowell, nowell.

Who is there that singeth so, nowell, nowell, nowell?
I am here, Sir Christèmas.
Welcome, my lord Sir Christèmas. Welcome
to ye all, both more and less, Come near,
Nowell.
Dieu vous garde, beaux sieurs, tidings I you bring:
A maid hath borne a child full young, the which
causeth you for to sing, Nowell.
Christ is now born of a pure maid, in an ox-stall he is laid,
Wherefore sing we all at a brayde, Nowell. Buvez bien par toute la
compagnie, Make good cheer and be right merry, and sing with us
now joyfully, Nowell.

33. Anon., 15th c.: Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming (arr. Michael Praetorius) Lo, how
a Rose e'er blooming, From tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming, As men of old have sung.
It came, a flow'ret bright, Amid the cold of winter, When half-spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it, The Rose I have in mind,
With Mary we behold it, The Virgin Mother kind.
To show God's love aright, She bore to men a Saviour, When half-spent was the night.

34. Anon.: The Twelve Days of Christmas

On the First day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, a partridge in a pear tree.
On the Second day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, two turtle doves, and
a partridge in a pear tree.
On the Third day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, three French hens...
On the Fourth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, four calling birds...
On the Fifth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, five gold rings...
On the Sixth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, six geese a-laying...

On the Seventh day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, seven swans a-swimming...
On the Eighth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, eight maids a-milking...
On the Ninth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, nine ladies dancing...
On the Tenth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, ten lords a-leaping...
On the Eleventh day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, eleven pipers piping...
On the Twelfth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, twelve drummers drumming...

35. Johann Georg Ebeling: All My Heart This Night Rejoices

All my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near, Sweetest angel voices. "Christ
is born," their choirs are singing,
Till the air, ev'rywhere, now with joy is ringing.
Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat: "Flee from woe and
danger! Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you, You
are freed; All you need I will surely give you." Come, then,
let us hasten yonder!
Here let all, great and small, kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him who with love is yearning!
Hail the star that from far bright with hope is burning! Thee,
dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish;
Live to Thee, and with me, dying, shall not perish; But
shall dwell with thee forever
Far and nigh, in the joy that can alter never.

36. Anon., traditional, Czech: The Birds

From out of a wood did a cuckoo fly,
Cuckoo, He came to a manger with joyful cry,
Cuckoo; He hopped, he curtsied, round he flew, And
loud his jubilation grew, Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo.

A pigeon flew over to Galilee, Vrecroo,
He strutted, and cooed, and was full of glee,
Vrecroo, And showed with jewelled wings unfurled,
His joy that Christ was in the world, Vrecroo, Vrecroo, Vrecroo.

A dove settled down upon Nazareth, Tsucroo,
And tenderly chanted with all his breath,
Tsucroo: 'O you,' he cooed, 'so good and true,
My beauty do I give to you – Tsucroo, Tsucroo, Tsucroo'

37. Anon., Trad., England: Wassail Song

Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green, Here
we come a-wandering so fair to be seen: Love and joy come
to you and to you your wassail too, And God bless you, and
send you a happy new year. God bless the master of this

house, likewise the mistress too; And all the little children
that round the table go:

Love and joy...

Good Master and good Mistress, while you're sitting by the fire, Pray
think of us poor children who are wandering in the mire:

Love and joy...

38. Anon., traditional, England (west country): A Merry Christmas

I wish you a Merry Christmas, I wish you a Merry Christmas, I wish
you a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

Good tidings I bring, to you and your kin;

I wish you a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

Now bring us some figgy pudding, now bring us some figgy pudding, Now
bring us some figgy pudding, and bring some out here.

For we all like figgy pudding, we all like figgy pudding, For
we all like figgy pudding, so bring some out here.

And we won't go till we've got some, we won't go till we've got some, And
we won't go till we've got some, so bring some out here.