

The First Nowell

Traditional English

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Moderato

D B min A A⁹ D G D G

1. The first Now - ell, the an - gel did say, Was to
 2. They look - ed up and saw a Star Shin - ing
 3. This star drew nigh to the North - West, O'er
 4. Then en - ter'd in those Wise - men three, Full

D E min 6 D G A⁷ D A⁷ D A⁷ D B min

cer - tain poor shep - herds in fields as they lay; In fields where
 in the East, be - yond them far; And to the
 Beth - le - hem it took its rest, And there it
 rev - 'rent - ly on bend - ed knee, And of - fer'd

A A⁹ D G D G D E min 6 D G A⁷

they lay keep - ing their sheep On a cold win - ter's night that
 earth it gave great light, And so it con - tin - ued both
 did both stop and stay Right o - ver the place where
 there in His pres - ence, Their gold and myrrh and

REFRAIN

D A7 D *ff* A7 D Bmin F#min D G

was — so deep.
day — and night. Now - ell, — Now - ell, Now - ell, — Now -
Je - sus lay.
frank - in - cense.

ff

D A Bmin Dmaj7 G D A7 D A7 D

ell, — Born is the King — of Is - ra - el.

Good King Wenceslas

John M. Neale, 1853

Piae Cantiones, 1582

Moderato

A F#min E A D E D A D E7 A

1. Good King Wen - ces - las look'd out On the Feast of Ste - phen,
2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it; tell - ing,
3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine - logs hith - er;
4. "Sire, the night is dark - er now, And the wind blows strong - er;
5. In his mas - ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dint - ed;

f

A F#min E A D E D A D E7 A

When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp, and e - ven:
Yon - der peas - ant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ing?"
Thou and I will see him dine, When we bear them thith - er."
Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no long - er."
Heat was in the ver - y sod Which the saint had print - ed.

A D A E A E F#min D A D E7 A

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,
"Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the moun - tain;
Page and mon - arch forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er;
"Mark my foot - steps, my good page, Tread thou in them bold - ly:
There - fore, Chris - tian men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos - sess - ing,

E D G#dim F#min E A D A E F#min D A

When a poor man came in sight, Gath - 'ring win - ter fu - el.
Right a - gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain."
Through the rude wind's wild la - ment, And the bit - ter weath - er.
Thou shalt find the win - ter's rage, Freeze thy blood less cold - ly."
Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall your - selves find bless - ing.