

A Celtic Christmas Four Irish Carols for Mixed Chorus and Piano.

1. Come Buy My Nice Fresh Ivy Poem by **John Keegan** (c.1809-1849)

*Come, buy my nice fresh ivy, and my hollysprigs so green;
I have the finest branches that ever yet were seen.
Come, buy from me, good Christians, and let me home, I pray,
and I'll wish "Merry Christmastime" and a "Happy New Year's Day".*

*Ah, won't you buy my ivy? The loveliest ever seen!
Ah! won't you buy my holly? All you who love the green!
Do take a little branch of each, and on my knees I'll pray,
that God may bless your Christmas, and be with your New Year's Day.*

2. The Bells of Shandon Poem by **Francis Sylvester Mahoney** (1805-1866)

*With deep affection and recollection I often think of the Shandon Bells
whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood, fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander, and thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
with thy bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the River Lee.*

*I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in, tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
while at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate, but all their music spoke not to thine;
for mem'ry dwelling on each proud swelling of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
made the Bells of Shandon sound far more grand on the pleasant waters of the River Lee.*

3. Forget Not the Angels Poem by **Walter Maynard** from **Songs of Ireland** (1880)

*Forget not that angels are hov'ring around,
and noiselessly passing unseen to and fro.
As softly as mem'ries our homes they surround,
while watch and ward keeping o'er all here below.*

*The fair smiles of beauty that gladden the earth;
the voices of children united in song.
When souls pure and holy receive renewed birth,
returning to heaven, to angels belong.*

4. The Wren-Boys' Song Irish Carol from **The Minstrelsy of Ireland** (1897)

*The wren, the wren, the king of all birds, Saint Stephen's Day was caught in a furze.
Although he is little, his family's great; I pray you, good landlady, give us a treat.*

*My box would speak if it had but a tongue, and two or three shillings would do it no wrong.
So show us some pity in order that we may drink you good health for your kind charity.*

*And if you draw it of the best, I hope in heaven your soul it may rest.
But if you draw it of the small, it won't agree with the wrenboys at all!*

*Sing hey! sing ho! Sing holly, sing holly! A drop just to drink, it would cure melancholy.
Sing hey! sing ho! Sing holly, sing holly! A drop just to drink, it would cure melancholy.*