The Praise of Christmas

for Solo Voice and TTBB Chorus Unaccompanied

Traditional from The Oxford Book of Carols

Arranged by

Bruce Trinkley

The Praise of Christmas

All hail to the days that merit more praise Than all the rest of the year, And welcome the nights that double delights As well for the poor as the peer! Good fortune attend each merry man's friend That doth but the best that he may, For getting old wrongs with carols and songs, To drive the cold winter away.

When Christmas tide comes in like a bride, With holly and ivy clad, Twelve days in the year much mirth and good cheer In every household is had. The country guise is then to devise Some gambols of Christmas play, Whereat the young men do best that they can To drive the cold winter away.

'Tis ill for a mind to anger inclined To think of small injuries now; If wrath be to seek, do not lend her thy cheek, Nor let her inhabit thy brow. Cross out of thy books malevolent looks, Both beauty and youth's decay, And wholly consort with mirth and with sport, To drive the cold winter away.

This time of the year is spent in good cheer, And neighbours together do meet, To sit by the fire, with friendly desire, Each other in love to greet. Old grudges forgot are put in the pot, All sorrows aside they lay; The old and the young doth carol this song, To drive the cold winter away.

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