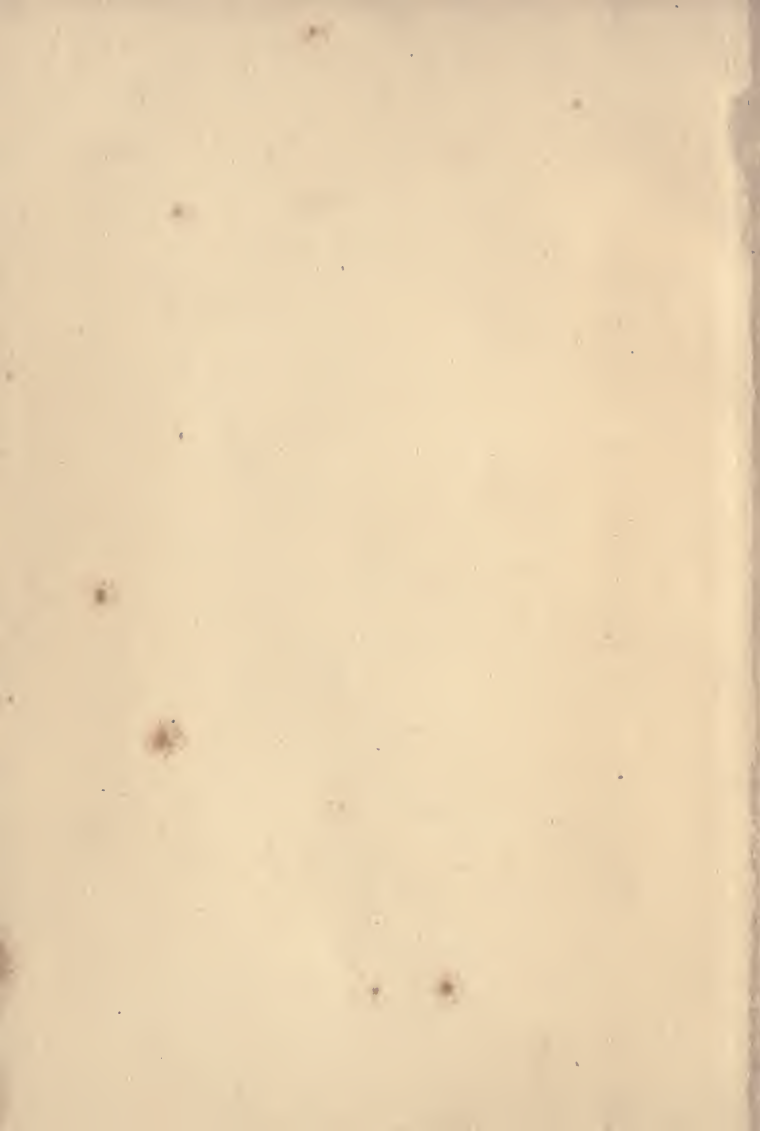
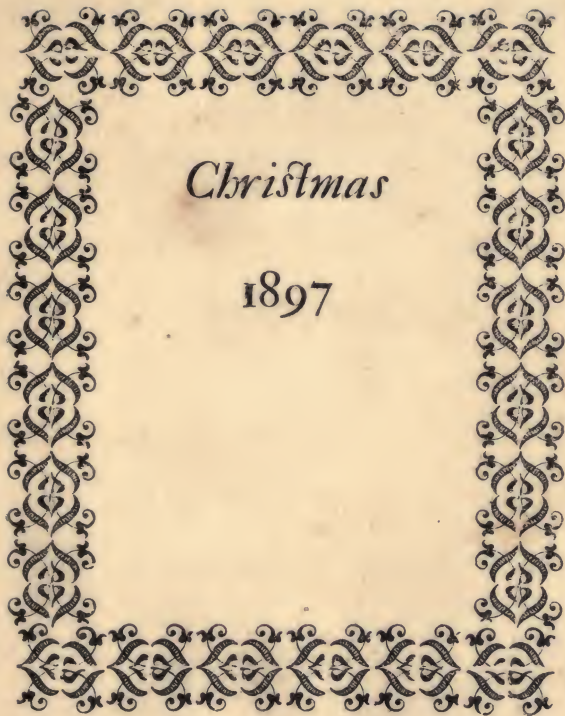


CHRISTMAS


1897





*Christmas*

1897



Christians

1897



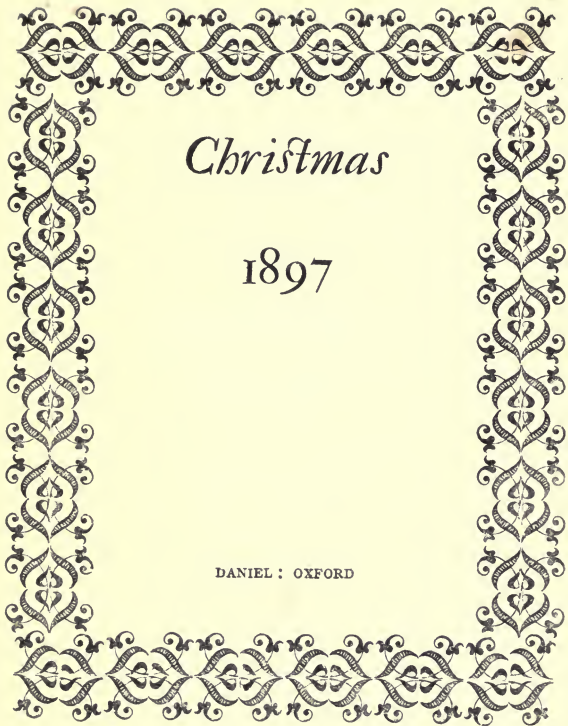




Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation







*Christmas*

1897

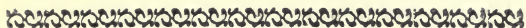
DANIEL : OXFORD

120 COPIES PRINTED.

THIS IS NO. *911*

*Christmas  
Carols*

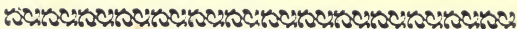
Ἡ Παρθένος σήμερον  
τὸν ὑπερούσιον τίκτει,  
καὶ ἡ γῆ τὸ σπῆλαιον  
τῷ ἀπροσίτῳ προσάγει.  
Ἄγγελοι μετὰ ποιμένων  
δοξολογοῦσι.  
Μάγοι δὲ μετὰ ἀστέρος  
Ὀδοιποροῦσι.  
Δι' ἡμᾶς γὰρ ἐγεννήθη  
Παῖδίον νέον ὁ πρὸ αἰώνων Θεός.



O VR Master hath a garden which fair flowers adorn,  
There will I go and gather both at eve and morn :  
Nought's heard therein but Angel Hymns with harp & lute,  
Loud trumpets & bright clarions & the gentle soothing flute.

The Lily white that bloometh there is Purity,  
The fragrant Violet is surnamed Humility;  
Nought's heard therein but Angel Hymns with harp & lute,  
Loud trumpets & bright clarions & the gentle soothing flute.

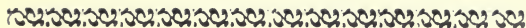
The lovely damask Rose is here called Patience,  
The rich and cheerful Marygold Obedience ;  
Nought's heard therein but Angel Hymns with harp & lute,  
Loud trumpets & bright clarions & the gentle soothing flute.



One plant is there with crown bedight the rest above,  
With Crown-imperial, and this plant is Holy Love :  
Nought's heard therein but Angel Hymns with harp & lute,  
Loud trumpets & bright clarions & the gentle soothing flute.

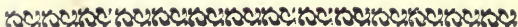
But still of all the flowers the fairest and the best  
Is Jesus Christ the Lord Himself, His Name be blest :  
Nought's heard therein but Angel Hymns with harp & lute,  
Loud trumpets & bright clarions & the gentle soothing flute.

O Jesus, my chief Good and sole Felicity,  
Thy little garden make my ready heart to be :  
So may I once hear Angel Hymns with harp and lute,  
Loud trumpets & bright clarions & the gentle soothing flute.



I N the ending of the year  
I Life and light to man appear ;  
And the Holy Babe is here  
    De Virgine—  
And the Holy Babe is here  
    De Virgine Maria.

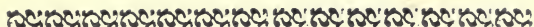
What in ancient days was slain,  
This day calls to life again ;  
God is coming, God shall reign  
    De Virgine—  
God is coming, God shall reign  
    De Virgine Maria.



From the desert grew the corn,  
Sprang the lily from the thorn,  
When the Infant King was born  
De Virgine—  
When the Infant King was born  
De Virgine Maria.

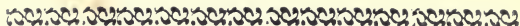
On the straw He lays His head,  
Hath a manger for His bed,  
Thirsts and hungers and is fed  
De Virgine—  
Thirsts and hungers and is fed  
De Virgine Maria.





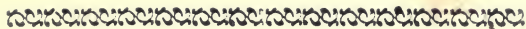
Angel hosts His praises sing,  
Three wise men their off'rings bring,  
Ox and ass adore the King,  
    Cum Virgine—  
Ox and ass adore the King,  
    Cum Virgine Maria.

Wherefore let us all to-day  
Banish sorrow far away,  
Singing and exulting aye,  
    Cum Virgine—  
Singing and exulting aye,  
    Cum Virgine Maria.



R OYAL day that chasest gloom,  
Day by gladness speeded :  
Thou beheld'st from Mary's Womb  
How the King proceeded :

Very God Who made the sky,  
Set the sun and stars on high,  
Heaven and earth sustaining :  
Very man Who freely bare  
Toil and sorrow, woe and care,  
Man's salvation gaining.



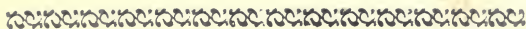
As the sunbeam through the glass  
    Passeth, but not staineth ;  
Thus the Virgin as she was,  
    Virgin yet remaineth :

Blessed Mother ! in whose Womb  
Lay the Light that exiles gloom,  
    God to earth descending :  
Blessed Maid ! whose spotless breast  
Gives the King of Glory rest,  
    Nurture, warmth and tending :



Christ, Who mad'st us out of dust,  
Breath and spirit giving :  
Christ, from Whose dear steps we must  
Pattern take of living :

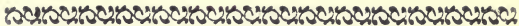
Christ, Who camest once to save  
From the curse and from the grave,  
Healing, light'ning, cheering :  
Christ, Who now wast made as we,  
Grant that we may be like Thee  
In Thy next appearing !



C HRIST was born on Christmas Day ;  
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay ;  
Christus natus hodie :  
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

He is born to set us free,  
He is born our Lord to be,  
Ex Maria Virgine :  
The God, the Lord, by all ador'd for ever.

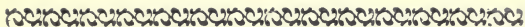
Let the bright red berries glow  
Every where in goodly show ;  
Christus natus hodie :  
The Babe, the Son, The Holy One of Mary.



Christian men rejoice and sing ;  
'Tis the birthday of a King,  
    Ex Maria Virgine ;  
The God, the Lord by all adored for ever.

Night of sadness ; Morn of gladness  
    Evermore ;  
Ever, ever : After many troubles sore,  
Morn of gladness, evermore and evermore.

Midnight scarcely passed and over,  
Drawing to this holy morn,  
Very early, very early Christ was born.



Sing out with bliss, His name is this—

Emmanuel :

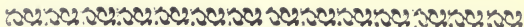
As was foretold in days of old

By Gabriel.

Midnight scarcely passed and over,

Drawing to this holy morn,

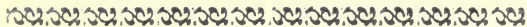
Very early, very early Christ was born.



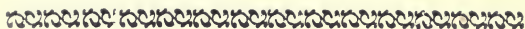
S TAR of the mystic East,  
That baddest to the feast  
The Kings of yore—  
Thy beam through every age  
Proclaims to child and sage  
Love's wondrous lore.

Light of the hidden Lord,  
Revealing where the Word—  
The Babe God—lies—  
While near the Mother mild  
Kneels worshipping her Child  
With love-lit eyes.





Bring frankincense and gold,  
Children of God, be bold !  
    Kneel by Her side ;  
Let children bring their King  
Themselves for offering  
    At Christmastide.



A VE Jesu Deus magne,  
Ave Puer, mitis agne,  
Ave Deus, homo nate,  
In Praesepe reclinate !  
O potestas, o egestas,  
O majestas Domini !  
O majestas, quid non praestas homini ?

Vt me pauperem ditares,  
Vt me perditum salvares,  
Iaces pannis involutus,  
Omni ope destitutus.  
O potestas, o egestas,  
O majestas Domini !  
O majestas, quid non praestas homini ?



Inter bruta quam abiectus  
Vagis, Patris o dilectus !  
Iudex summe, verus Deus,  
Propter me fis homo reus !  
O potestas, o egestas,  
O majestas Domini !  
O majestas, quid non praestas homini ?

O mi Iesu, cor devotum  
Post te trahe, sume totum,  
Igne tuo sancto ure,  
Ah, ah penitus combure.  
O potestas, o egestas,  
O majestas Domini !  
O majestas, quid non praestas homini ?



Procul vanos hinc amores,  
Procul malos arce mores,  
Tuis meos aptos finge,  
Aeterno me nexu stringe,  
O potestas, o egestas,  
O majestas Domini !  
O majestas, quid non praestas homini ?

















Daniel Press

One of 120 copies (1891)  
vellum covers laid in

Clement Shorter's co.  
With his bookplate  
By Walter Crane

