

Die englischen Liedtexte zur CD!



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The Coventry Carol

Lullay, lullay, thou little tiny child,
By, by, lullay, lullay.
Lullay, thou little tiny child,
By, by, lullay, lullay.

O sisters, too, how may we do,
For to preserve this day;
This poor youngling for whom we sing
By, by, lullay, lullay.

Herod the king in his raging,
Charged he hath this day;
His men of might, in his own sight,
All children young to slay.

Then woe is me, poor child, for thee,
And ever mourn and say;
For thy parting nor say nor sing,
By, by, lullay, lullay.

In the Bleak Mid-Winter

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter, long time ago.

Heav'n cannot hold him,
Nor earth sustain;
Heav'n and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign.
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable place sufficed,
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

Enough for him, whom cherubim
Worship night and day;
A breastful of milk and mangerful of hay.
Enough for Him, whom angels fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel which adore.

Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
But only His mother in her maiden bliss
Worshiped the beloved with a kiss.

What can I give him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd,
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man, I would do my part;
Yet what can I give Him, give my heart.

Unto Us a Boy Is Born

Unto us a boy is born,
King of all creation:
Came He to a world forlorn,
The Lord of ev'ry nation.

Cradled in a stall was He
With sleepy cows and asses;
But the very beasts could see,
That He all men surpasses.

Herod then with fear was filled:
»A prince«, he said, »in Jewry!«
All the little boys he killed
At Bethlehem in his fury.

Now may Mary's son, who came
So long ago to love us,
Lead us all with hearts aflame
Unto the joys above us.

Omega and Alpha He!
Let the organ thunder,
While the choir with peals of glee
Doth rend the air asunder.

The Holly and the Ivy

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly wears 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 lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet saviour.
The rising ...

The holly bears a berry
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.
The rising ...

The holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas Day in the morn.
The rising ...

The holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.
The rising ...

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.
The rising ...

The Moon Shines Bright (The Bellman's Song)

The moon shines bright, and the stars give light,
A little before the day,
Our Lord, our God, He called on us
And bade us awake and pray.

Awake, awake, good people all,
Awake and you shall hear,
Our Lord our God, died on the cross
For us whom He loved so dear.

The fields were green as green could be,
When from His glorious seat,
Our Lord our God, He watered us,
With His heavenly dew so sweet.

And for the saving of our souls
Christ died upon the cross:
We ne'er shall do for Jesus Christ
As He has done for us.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Hark! The herald angels sing,
»Glory to the new born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled!«
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th'angelic host proclaim
»Christ is born in Bethlehem!«
Hark! The herald angels sing
»Glory to the new born King!«

Christ by highest heav'n adored,
Christ, the ever lasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th'incarnated Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! The herald angels sing,
»Glory to the new born King.«

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings,
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! The herald angels sing,
»Glory to the new born King!«

Silent Night

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin and Her child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heav'n afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia!
Christ, the Saviour is born,
Christ, the Saviour is born.

Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light;
Radiant beams Thy holy face
With the dawn of saving grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Rise up Shepherd

There's a star in the east on Christmas morn,
Rise up, shepherd, and follow.
It will lead to the place where the Saviour's born.
Rise up, shepherd, and follow.
Follow, follow, rise up, shepherd, and follow.
Follow the Star of Bethlehem,
Rise up, shepherd, and follow.

If you take close heed of the angel's words,
Rise up, shepherd, and follow.
Forget your flocks and forget your herds,
Rise up, shepherd, and follow.
Follow ...

The First Nowell

The first Nowell the angels 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 great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
Nowell ...

And by the light of that same star
Three wise man came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.
Nowell ...

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

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

It Came upon a 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 the earth, goodwill to men,
From heav'ns eternal King.«
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on hov'ring wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring;
Oh! Hush the noise, ye men of strife
And hear the angels sing.

And 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;
Oh! Rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing.

The Mistletoe Bough

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
The baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
Keeping their christmas holiday.
The baron be held with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride,
She with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.
Oh, the mistletoe bough. Oh, the mistletoe bough!

»I'm weary of dancing now«, she cried,
»Here tarry a moment; I'll hide, I'll hide;
Lovel be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place.«
Away she ran and her friends began
Each tower to search and each nook to scan,
Young Lovel cried: »Oh, where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride.«
Oh, the mistletoe bough. Oh, the mistletoe bough!

They sought her that night and the next day,
They sought her again when a week passed away;
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot
Lovel sought wildly but found her not.
Years flew by and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
When Lovel appeared the children cried,
»See, the old man weeps for his fairy bride.«
Oh, the mistletoe bough. Oh, the mistletoe bough!

At length, an old chest that long laid hid
Was found in the castle; they raised the lid;
A skeleton form lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair.
Oh! Sad was her fate in sportive jest,
She hid from her Lord in the old oak chest;
It closed with a spring and her bridal bloom
Lay gathering there in a living tomb.
Oh, the mistletoe bough. Oh, the mistletoe bough!

Winds through the Olive Trees

Winds through the olive trees
Softly did blow
Round little Bethlehem,
Long, long ago.

Sheep on the hillside lay
Whiter than snow,
Shepherds were watching them,
Long, long ago.

Then from the happy skies
Angels bent low,
Singing their songs of joy,
Long, long ago.

For in a manger bed
Cradled we know,
Christ came to Bethlehem,
Long, long ago.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crown'd
All in white shall wait around.

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 that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all;
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall.
With the poor and mean and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.
For He is in our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that child so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on,
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crown'd
All in white shall wait around.

As Joseph Was A-Walking

As Joseph was a-walking
He heard an angel sing:
»This night shall be the birth time
Of Christ, the heavenly King.«

»He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise,
But in an ox's stall.«

»He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen
That usen babies all.«

»He neither shall be rocked
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden manger
That resteth on the mould.«

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

»Fear not«, said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
»Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.«

»To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.«

»The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands
And in a manger laid!«

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song.

»All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease!«