

DIVINE MIRTH.

Salutation of the Virgin Mary.

Offering of the Wife Men.



Moses in the Bull-Rushes.



Moses bringing water out of the Rock.



Jonah.



David with the Head of Goliath.



Christ riding into Jerusalem.



Healing the sick.



Christ before the Jews.



Christ strip of his Garment.



Christ mocked by the Jews.



The Crucifixion.



CAROL I.

GOD tell you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day,
To free poor souls from Satan's power,
Which had long time gone away,
And it is tidings of comfort and joy,
From God that is our Father,
The blessed angels came,
Unto poor certain shepherds,
With tidings of the babe,
That there was born in Bethlehem,
The son of God by name,
And it is tidings of comfort and joy,
Go fear not, said Gods angels,
Let nothing you afright,
For there is born in Bethlehem,
Of a poor virgin bright,
One able to advance you,
And throw down Satan quite,
And it is tidings of comfort and joy,
The Shepherds of those tidings,
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left th'ir flocks a feeding,
In tempestuous forms of winds,
And straight they came to Bethlehem,
The son of God to find,
And it is tidings of comfort and joy,
Now wile they came to Bethlehem,
Where our sweet Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen fed on hay,
The blessed virgin kneeling down,
To the Lord did pray,
And it is tidings of comfort and joy,
With sudden joy and gladness,
The Shepherds were beguil'd,
To see the babe of Israel,
Before his mother mild,
Of whom with joy and cheerfulness,
Rejoice each mother's child,
And it is tidings of comfort and joy,
Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
Like wretche loving brethren,
Each other to embrace,
For the merry time of Christmas,
Is drawing into space,
And it is tidings of comfort and joy,
God bless the ruler of this house,
and him long to reign,
And many a merry Christmas,
May he live to see again,
among his friends and kindred,
That live south far and near,
And God send you a happy new year.

CAROL II.

THE Moon shines bright,
And the stars give a light,
A little before 'twas day,
And bids us awake and pray,
Awake, awake, good people all,
Awake, and you shall hear,
Our Lord our God died on the cross,
For them who he lov'd to dear,
O fair oh! fair Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When all my grief is at an end,
Thy joys that we may see,

The fields are green as green can be,
When from his glorious seat,
Our Lord our God he water'd us,
With his heavenly good and sweet,
And for the saving of our souls,
Christ died on the cross,
We never shall do for Jesus Christ,
As he has done for us,
The life of a man is but a span,
And cut down in his flower,
We're here to day & gone to-morrow,
We are all dead in an hour,
O teach well your children and men,
The while that you are here,
It will be better for your souls,
When your corpse lies on the bier,
To day you may be alive dear man,
With many a thousand pound,
To-morrow you may be a dead man,
And your corpse laid under ground,
With a turf at your head dear man,
And another at your feet,
Your good deeds and your bad ones,
Then will all together meet,
My long is done and I must be gone,
I can stay no longer here,
God bless you all both great and small,
And God send you a jovial new year.

CAROL III.

THE first good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of ones,
To see her own son Jesus,
To suck at her breast bone,
To suck at her breast bone,
Good man and blessed may he be,
Both Father Son and Holy Ghost,
And Christ to Eternity,
The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of two,
To see her own son Jesus,
To make the lame to go,
To make the lame to go,
Good man, and blessed may he be,
Both Father Son and Holy Ghost,
And Christ to Eternity,
The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of three,
To see her own son Jesus,
To make the blind to see,
To make the blind to see,
Good man, and blessed may he be,
Both Father Son and Holy Ghost,
And Christ to Eternity,
The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of four,
To see her own son Jesus,
To read the Bible o'er,
To read the Bible o'er,
Good man, and blessed may he be,
Both Father Son and Holy Ghost,
And Christ to Eternity,

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of five,
To see her own son Jesus,
To rise the dead to life,
To rise the dead to life,
Good man, and blessed may he be,
Both Father Son and Holy Ghost,
And Christ to Eternity,

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of six,
To see her own son Jesus,
To wear the Crucifix,
To wear the Crucifix,
Good man, and blessed may he be,
Both Father Son and Holy Ghost,
And Christ to Eternity,
The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of seven,
To see her own son Jesus,
To wear the crown of Heaven,
To wear the crown of Heaven,
Good man, and blessed may he be,
Both Father Son and Holy Ghost,
And Christ to Eternity,

CAROL IV.

WHEN Joseph was an old man,
And he married Mary, Queen of Galilee,
When Joseph he had his cousin Mary,
Mary proved his wife with child, by whom
Joseph knew not,
As Joseph and Mary walked through
the garden gay,
Where the cherries they grew upon
every tree,
Then bespoke Mary with words both
meek and mild,
Gather me some cherries Joseph they
run for in my mind,
Gather me some cherries for I am with
child,
Then bespoke Joseph with words most
unkind,
Let them gather thee cherries that got
thee with child,
Then bespoke Jesus all in his mothers
womb,
Go to the tree Mary, and it shall bow
down,
And the highest branch shall bow
down to Mary's knee,
And it shall gather cherries by ones,
two, and three,
Now you may see Joseph, these cherries
are for me,
As Joseph was a walking he heard, an
angel sing,
This night shall be born our her
king,
He neither shall be clothed in purple
nor in gold,
But all in swaddling as wretche babes all,
He never did require white wine and
bread,
But with spring water with which we
were christened,

He shall neither be respect'd in silver nor
gold,
But in a woolsen cradle that rocks on
the moble,
Then Mary took her young son, and
sat him on her knee,
Come tell me my dear child, how this
world shall be?
This world shall be like the stones in
the street,
For the sun and the moon shall bow
down to thy feet.