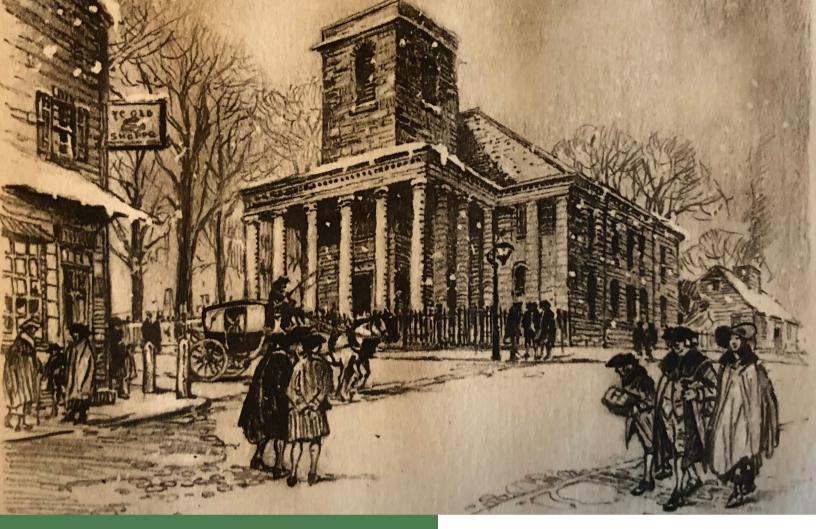


Virtual Holiday History from the King's Chapel History Program



18TH CENTURY ENGLISH HYMN

While Shephards watch'd their Flocks by Night

Written by Nahum Tate (c. 1652-1715)

First published in Tate and Nicholas Brady's 1700 supplement to their New Version of the Psalms of David

This hymnal's first printing in Boston occurred in 1713 and was adopted at King's Chapel that same year 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 heav'nly Babe you there shall find To human view displayed, All meanly wrapped in swathing bands, And in a manger laid.'

Thus spake the seraph and forthwith Appeared a shining throng Of angels praising God on high, Who thus addressed their song:

'All glory be to God on high, And to the Earth be peace; Good will henceforth from heav'n to men Begin and never cease!'



18TH CENTURY ENGLISH HYMN

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

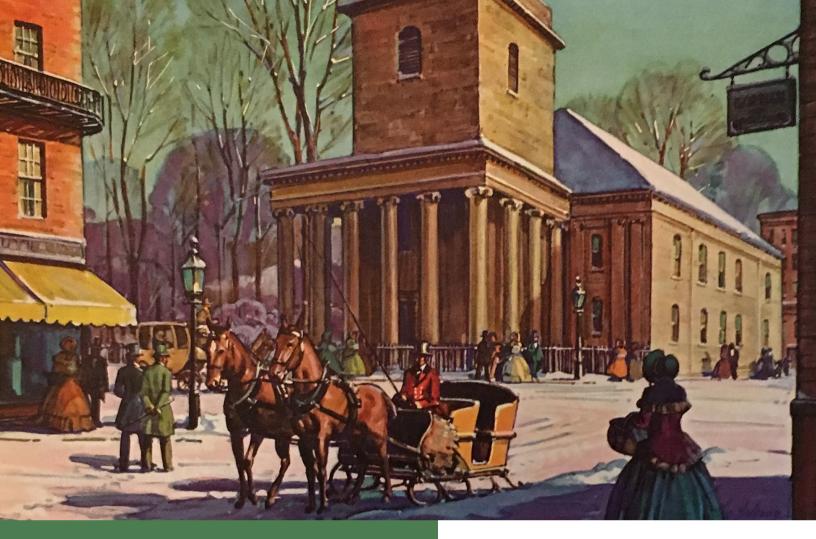
Written by Charles Wesley (1707 - 1788)

First published under the title "Hymn for Christmas Day" in 1739 in the collection Hymns and Sacred Poems

Charles Wesley was the guest preacher at King's Chapel during a month-long visit to Boston in the fall of 1736 Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn 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 newborn King!"

Christ by highest heav'n adored, Christ the everlasting Lord! Late in time behold Him come, Offspring of a Virgin's womb. Veiled in flesh the Godhead see, Hail the incarnate Deity, Pleased as man with man to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel. Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King!"

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Son of Righteousness! Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n 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 newborn King!"



19TH CENTURY AMERICAN SONG

It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

Written by Edmund Sears (1810-1876)

In the US, the most popular tune set to Sears' poem was composed by Richard Storrs Willis in 1850

While Edmund Sears does not have a personal connection to King's Chapel, he was a Unitarian minister of the faith introduced to the United States at King's Chapel about 65 years prior to originally penning his 1849 poem It came upon a midnight clear That glorious song of old From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold

Peace on the earth, good will to men From heaven's all gracious 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 heavenly music floats O'er all the weary world

Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on hovering wing And ever o'er its Babel sounds The blessed angels sing

All 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 O rest beside the weary road And hear the angels sing And hear the angels sing



19TH CENTURY ENGLISH SONG





Written by Thomas Oliphant (1707 - 1788)

While Thomas Oliphant first published the lyrics in 1862, the tune comes from the 16th century Welsh tune "Nos Galan," which literally translates to "New Year's Eve"

As the first Anglican church, King's Chapel was also the first known church in New England to "deck the halls" for Christmas

Deck the hall with boughs of holly, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!' Tis the season to be jolly, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! Don we now, our gay apparel, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! Troll the ancient Yuletide carol, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

See the blazing yule before us, *Fa*, *la*, *la*, *la*, *la*, *la*, *la*, *la*! Strike the harp and join the chorus. Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! Follow me in merry measure, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! While I tell of Yuletide treasure, *Fa*, *la*, *la*, *la*, *la*, *la*, *la*, *la*!

Fast away the old year passes, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! Hail the new, ye lads and lasses! Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! Sing, we joyous all together, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! Heedless of the wind and weather. *Fa*, *la*, *la*, *la*, *la*, *la*, *la*, *la*!