

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

ON CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

Very Slowly

The score consists of ten staves of music. The first staff begins with the tempo marking 'Very Slowly'. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words in Latin. The music is written in a single melodic line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C).

THE
 IN DE - BER - TUM, NO - BIL - I - TUM, NO -
 BIL - I - TUM, SING - UL - I - TUM, SING -
 UL - I - TUM, TU - BIL - I - TUM, TU -
 BIL - I - TUM, TU - BIL - I - TUM, TU -
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 BIL - I - TUM, TU - BIL - I - TUM, TU -

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

No earthly gifts can we present Him,
No gold nor myrrh nor odours sweet,
But if with hearts we can content Him
We humbly lay them at His feet.
Twas but pure love that from above
Brought Him to save us from all harm;
So let us sing and welcome Him,
The God of Love in Mary's arms.

Four thousand years from the creation
The world lay groaning under sin;
No one could e'er expect salvation;
No one could enter Heaven.
Twas Adam's fall had cursed us all
To Hell, to endless pains infern;
Twas so decreed we'd have ne'er been freed,
Had not this heavenly Babe been born.

But here the best of hearts will grumble,
The faithless Jews will not adore
A God so poor, so mean, so humble,
A child they scorn to love before.
But, oh, give ear, and you shall hear
How all these wonders came to pass:
Why Christ was born to suffer scorn,
And lodged between an ox and ass.

Have you not heard the sacred story,
How man was made those seats to fill,
Which the fallen angels lost in glory
By their presumption, pride and will?
They thought no meaner way to obtain
Such glorious seats and crowns in heaven,
So through a cheat they got Eve to eat
The fruit, to be avenged on man.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

Thus we were lost, our God offended,
The devils triumphing in our shame.
What recompense could be pretended?
No man could e'er wipe off the stain.
Till God alone from His high throne
Becoming Man did us restore:
Let us rejoice in thankful voices,
Let Satan tremble and adore.

If by a woman we were wounded,
Another woman brings the cure;
If by a fruit we were contumded,
A tree our safety would procure.
They laughed at man, but if they can
Let Satan with his hellish swarms
Refuse to kneel and honour yield
To the lovely Babe in Mary's arms.

We like beasts lay in a stable,
Our senses blind and dead by sin;
To help ourselves we were not able,
But He brings grace and life again.
Thus conquered hell, confined the devil,
To free our souls from endless harms
His life He gave and now you have
The God of Love in Mary's arms.

Ye faithful hearts be not offended
To own your God through scornful men;
By this from Hell you were defended,
Your joys were purchased by His pain.
The Lord of all comes to a stall,
And to attend Him sends for Kings
Who by a star are called from far,
To see and hear these joyful things.

THE HILMORE CAROLS.

Oh, God! although man did offend Thee,
Here is a Man that must Thee please;
Though to compassion none could bend Thee,
Thy anger now must surely cease.
And when our crimes in aftertimes
May Thee to anger justly move,
Pray grant us peace, seeing the face
Of this Thy Son and God of Love.

To blessed angels join our voices;
Let your gilded wings beat fluttering o'er,
Whilst every soul set free rejoices,
And every devil must adore.
We'll sing and pray that He always may
Our Church and clergyman defend,
God grant us grace in all our days,
A merry Christmas and a happy end.

All the airs given in this edition of the Carols were taken down from the singing of John Greenwood, The Duke; John Butler, his nephew, and Robert Wilson, all of the parish of Kilmore.

Stanzas 1, 2, 3 and 7 of this Carol were contributed by Dr. G. Flood to H. Tinsley's "Christmas Carols" (Book II, p. 21). There it is set to the air, "The Ferry Doo," and the words are attributed to Bishop Waddell, by what authority I do not know.

Mr. John Howe ("Barony of Parry Hill"), writing to "The People," Jan. 17th, 1879, says that in the various manuscripts copy of the Carol which he saw there was a "Carol for Midnight Mass" which has apparently been lost. Mr. Howe did not remember the Carol, but the opening stanza set forth the supernatural signs in the heavens which followed in the story of the new star in the East. These signs were copied by the wonderful display of the stars of Bethlehem, and one of these mysterious markings his brethren, records to them how in the midst of an exciting fight an angel appeared.—

"Fear not," said he, "I bring you good news,
A Saviour is born to-day here;
Mankind, O Jews, King of the Jews,
All nations shall love of this hour."

This was all Mr. Howe could remember of the lost Carol for Midnight Mass.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

SECOND CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

Very Slowly

Come - to the Day is here; Let
us sing - praise the birth, which gave the Heav'n and
earth, At His a - ppear - ance
Bright, Through earth the joy - ful an - gel in
streets and hurdy - ply, with old - en and Ho -
san - nas, Ho - ly, Ho - ly they cry. In
heav'n the church tri - um - phant A -
dored with all her choir, The pa - tri - archs and
saints with sur - gle faith ad - mire.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

But how can we rejoice, should we not rather mourn
To see the Hope of nations thus in a stable born?
Where is His crown and sceptre, where is His throne sublime?
Where is his train and majesty that should the stars outshine?
Is there no sumptuous palace, is there no inn at all
To lodge His heavenly Mother—but in a filthy stall?

Why does He thus demean, or thus Himself disguise?
Perhaps He would conceal Himself from cruel enemies.
He trusts but two dumb beasts abiding on their hay;
He steals to us at midnight that none should Him betray.
And His supposed father a carpenter must be,
That none should yet discover the sacred mystery.

Yet He does not intend to shun His fate decreed;
His death must be the ransom by which mankind is freed.
With a long course of suffering for thirty years and three,
Which must be all completed upon Mount Calvary.
For these He now reserves Himself, contented to begin
In poverty and misery to pay for all our sin.

Cease ye blessed angels such clamorous joys to make:
Through midnight silence hovers, the shepherds now awake;
And you, O glorious star, that with new splendour brings
From the remotest parts three learned eastern Kings,
Turn some way else your lights, your rays elsewhere display,
Herald will slay the Babe, and Christ must straight away.

Alas! to turning nature we offer rules in vain,
When big with such a prodigy it can't itself contain;
The rocks were split asunder to grieve our Saviour's death,
And at His Resurrection the dead sprung from the earth.
Can we now expect that on His joyful birth,
The creatures should conceal their triumph and their mirth?

THE KILMOSE CAROLS.

Then let our joys abound, now all His griefs are o'er;
His victory we celebrate, His sufferings we deplore.
This was the toil and slavery that getting was for us:
You're welcome, thrice welcome, Divine Saviour Jesus!
Your Christmas is in glory, your torments are all past;
What'e'r betide us now greet us the same at last.

If we would rejoice let us cancel the old score,
And purposing amendment, resolve to sin no more.
For mirth can ne'er content without a conscience clear;
You shall not find true pleasure in all the usual cheer,
In dancing, sporting, revelling with masquerade and drum;
Then let our Christmas merry be as Christians doth become.

This Carol, with the name of the tune, "The Green Hills of Italy," has been published in "Christmas Carols," Book II, page 46, by Ralph Doan. It was contributed to Mr. Doan's collection by Ed. C. Flood.

These Carols were formerly sung in Lady's Island, Tarrantine, Tarrantine and Ballymore. At Lady's Island, the last system of the north green above used to be omitted, but the reference to the sea here should be wrongly interpreted.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

THIRD CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS
DAY.

Andante. Very deliberately.

TO KING OF HEAVEN WITH HIS RE-JOICE, AND
 FORMED THE HUMAN WITH HEART AND MIND, FOR
 ART-FUL TID-INGS YES WE BRING, OF THE
 HOPEFUL BABY, THE NEW BORN KING.

Who from His mighty throne above
 Came down to manifest His love
 To all such as would Him embrace,
 And would be born again in grace.

The mystery far to unfold:
 When the King of Kings He did behold
 The poor unhappy state of man,
 He sent His dear beloved Son.

From the brink of Hell He set us free;
 A greater love could never be,
 The Son of God to be made Man,
 And man to be made God's own son.

An angel sent by Heaven's command
 To a spotless virgin in the land;
 To one of the seed of David, King,
 These joyful tidings far to bring.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

He hailed this Virgin, full of grace,
And told Her that in nine month's space,
She should bring forth a Son and He
The Saviour of mankind should be.

When Mary, that most blessed maid,
Heard all the Angel to her said,
She to retirement straight did fly,
The Lord to praise and magnify.

She gladly with great content
Each day in contemplation spent:
Until at length the time drew near,
To Bethlehem she did repair.

She, friendless, raged up and down
To find a lodging in the town,
But ah! alas! that heavenly guest
No pity found in grief oppressed.

She in pain was forced to lie
Upon a stable that was nigh,
Where of a Son she delivered was
Between an ox and a silly* ass.

The spotless mother, wife and maid,
No mortal had to lend her aid:
Exposed to want and piercing cold,
The Lord of life you may behold.

The night of His Nativity
The people in the Heavens did see
Strange wonders which did them surprise,
But none the reason could perceive.

The learned men thought it to be
A sign of Casars' prosperity,
But some that notion did control
And said that Isaac had foretold

The coming of this heavenly Boy,
Who would their oracles destroy,
Their magic spells and tramples tear,
Which afterwards performed were.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

As earth with a new Son is blessed,
So heaven with a new star is dressed,
The shepherds, warned by an angel, were
To Bethlehem straight to repair.

The shepherds gladly did obey;
To Bethlehem they take their way,
And as the angel did report,
They found the Saviour in that sort.

Within a manger these he lay,
His dress was neither rich nor gay;
In Him you truly there might see
A pattern of humility.

Three eastern kings came forth to see
This heavenly Babe come from on high,
Directed by a glorious star
Which they espied from afar.

Their gifts of gold and precious things
They laid before the King of Kings;
Their homage paid with humble heart,
Then joyfully did they depart.

The rumour spread both far and near
Of the Birth of Christ, Our Saviour dear,
That which King Herod came to know,
And strove His work to overthrow.

An angel sent down from on high,
Then ordered Joseph for to fly
To Egypt with Mother and Child,
And there remain for a while.

But Herod full of wrath and gill
Commanded that both great and small,
All under two years old should be
Throughout the land slain instantly.

Deep lamentations you might hear
By every tender mother dear,
To hear their infants' sighs and groans,
Their brains dashed out against the stones.

THE KILMORE CAROL.

This massacre was carried on,
Thinking to murder God's own Son;
His persecution soon began,
But His hour was not yet come.

He in the temple did dispute,
And many errors did confute;
He healed the lepers—raised the dead;
At His command the devils fled.

For all these great and mighty things
Performed by the King of Kings,
To bring us to the light of grace,
They threw dirt in His blessed Face.

Let each good Christian great and small
Repair unto the ox's stall;
From those three kings example take;
To this sweet Babe your offering make.

Give Him your heart the first of all,
Free from all malice, wrath and gall,
And now He's on His throne on high,
He will crown you eternally.

*Original meaning of silly = stupid.

This Carol is no longer sung at Kilmore; formerly it was sung before Mass on Christmas Day—then it, while the people were gathering for the Holy Sacrifice. The old ballad concerning the Christmas Miracle and was taken down from the ceiling of John Lawrence, Kilmore, January 1856-1864. The last time this Carol was sung was about 180 years ago when Peter Lawrence, John's grandfather, sang on the Kilmore altar for the first time.

FOURTH CAROL FOR CHRIST'S
NATIVITY.

An angel this night doth to the shepherds bring
Most rare and joyful news to move all hearts to sing;
A Saviour from heaven unto the world is come,
And God is now made Man for man's redemption.

The shepherds in haste unto the stable ran
To see this precious Child, the Eternal Father's Son;
Without a father born, His Mother a pure Maid,
By whom this heavenly Babe is in a manger laid.

Now let us with the shepherds unto the stable go,
Those miracles and wonders for to adore and know,
With humble wit and will and open eyes of faith
We shall believe and see all that the angel saith.

But the wits of men and angels cannot conceive this bliss;
No heart can full resent it, nor tongue tell what it is;
Wits must admire and marvel and hearts astonished be,
And tongues with joy be silent in this great mystery.

Here's all the hopes of earth and the delights of heaven,
The joy of all the angels and the great price of man,
The ransom of all sinners, all captives to set free;
How can we but rejoice and all must merry be.

How can we but rejoice to hear what now is done,
The Son of God made Man, and man made God's true son,
God doth appear on earth for to raise earth to heaven;
What cause of greater joy could ever happen men?

The incarnated Person is now called Man;
The Creator made a creature, who shall these secrets scan?
Who made all things of nothing, a nothing is become;
Our God most high and great is a poor Virgin's son.

His greatness is made humble and all His Might is weak;
His glory is obscured, His wisdom doth not speak;
His pleasures they do suffer, His treasures are in want;
He made and rules the world and yet He's bare and scant.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

But 'tis to strengthen us His Might is made so weak ;
'Tis for our faults and toils His Wisdom doth not speak ;
For to correct our pride in humble sort He lies,
And for to make us rich, most poor He lives and dies.

The angels may admire how these strange things can be ;
And all the devils may tremble their terrors for to see,
But sinners all on earth may well rejoice and sing,
And thank and praise and glorify their Saviour and their King.

Glory unto the Father Who ordered all things thus ;
Glory unto the Son Who gave Himself for us ;
Glory unto the Holy Ghost Who did this work of heaven ;
Glory unto Them now and evermore. Amen

This Carol is no longer sung. It is not included in Rev. Thomas O'Riordan's ecclesiastical collection of Kilmore and Tuamshane Carols. I found it in a modern copy made by John Devereux in 1884.

The Carol is to be found in the 17th edition of Dr. Luke Wadding's "Pious Garland," where direction is given that it is to be sung to the tune of "New Year's Carol." The stanza given in the "Garland" is omitted in the Kilmore copy. It is the seventh, and is as follows:—

"New Year's Mirth is Love and infinite Depth is sorrow,
The greatest temple is death, the greatest blessing sorrow,
Happily by this is measured and shown up;
Inevitably content and in a table show."

As noted, Dr. Wadding directed that the Carol be sung to the tune of "New Year's Carol." In the same air he set the words of his Song for New Year's Day:—"This First Day of the Year." Hence to give the Kilmore air to Dr. Wadding's New Year's Day Carol which, as Mr. C. M. Palmer points out, "is in the Dublin mode and evidently very old." I do not know if the Kilmore air and "New Year's Carol" can be squared.

There does arise the question who was New Year's Carol-Maker O'Riordan? It is not unlikely that she was the Wadding poetess. "Over the Hills" (Thomas O'Riordan) of Old Times who in 1880, July last, was purchased for having written the poem, "Pious Old Song." If my estimate is true, Miss O'Riordan was something of a local political satirist, who provided material for a ballad she set to which was popular to Dr. Wadding's time.

THE KILMOSE CAROLS.

SONG FOR ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

This is St. Stephen's Day, his feast we solemnise;
From him we learn to pardon and love our enemies.
He was the first Christian martyr that passed from earth to heaven
By suffering hate and envy and injuries of men.

More just than the Just Abel, this palace of martyrs died;
His blood not for revenge but for God's garden shed,
For fury and for rage he did remission crave;
For malice he had mercy and love for hate he gave.

This soldier of the Cross, armed not with iron but Faith,
Doth not assault but suffer all that the evangel saith.
On headed knees with hands and eyes fixed on the skies,
With humble heart he prays for murderous enemies.

He closed not up his lips whilst he enjoyed his breath,
To gain for those a pardon who did procure his death.
"Pardon, good God, their rage," this holy saint doth pray,
"Lay not unto their charge what'er they do or say."

This champion of the Cross to conquer death doth die;
Sufferings are his triumphs, death is his victory.
The stones like showers of hail, which Jews on him did cast,
Become pure crowns of pearls and palms which ever last.

He saw the heavens all open, his throne of glory dress,
Our Saviour Christ preparing to place his soul in rest.
Then let us daily pray for those who us offend,
That with St. Stephen we may enjoy a blessed end.

The song for St. Stephen's Day is found in Bishop Wadding's "Pious Garland." The air to which it was sung was "Sweet Music Hall." Whether it is sung on the air now for the Carol on New Year's Day, "This First Day of the Year," which was also composed by St. Wadding.

The words in the modern manuscript are identical with the words of the 17th edition of the "Pious Garland"—a few letters to the initials of the writers who for over two hundred years have been copying these words.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

SONG FOR ST. JOHN'S DAY.

To greet our Saviour's dear one I will give you a new song,
In honour of the great evangelist, St. John,
To whom, Our Saviour dying, His Mother did commend,
And then made him her son who was His dearest friend.

Of John seek no parentage of nobleness or birth,
Since he has got a Brother, the King of Heaven and Earth,
For though he was a fisherman, taught to the nets and oar,
He is now the son of Mary, and who could wish for more.

But ye that are so curious his father for to know:
He is the son of thunder as Christ Himself doth show.
He is the towering eagle which serves the Mighty Jove
To spread his heavenly lightning and burn all hearts with love.

To Christ we are all brethren by grace 'tis plain and clear,
But John among the rest is Benjamin the dear,
Not one besides His brother, search both earth and heavens,
Was so beloved by Jesus, by angels and by men.

Why then should we compare him to any of the rest,
Who was the loved disciple that leaned on Jesus' breast,
Where he sucked in such mysteries as ne'er till then were known,
To angels or to prophets or man but John alone.

Our Church, the Spouse of Christ, was left to Peter's charge,
Though John had greater merit, he was not come of age,
Being as yet but twenty, he is fit to be a son,
But a husband to the Church, you see he is too young.

You have heard the love of Jesus and now hear that of John,
Who still stood by His Master when all the rest were gone,
Though Peter thrice denied Him before the cock did crow,
St. John loyal and constant unto the Cross did go.

The most afflicted Mother he lovingly did hand,
And whilst Our Saviour suffered along with her did stand,
When Christ said to the Virgin: "Woman, there is thy son,"
He said: "Look to thy Mother," unto His dear St. John.

No heart can here conceive nor any tongue express
Their tears, their grief, their loneliness, their love and their distress;
All three were so united in that one dying Hour,
Though two were forced to live they'd rather die than part.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

In short when all was over—I will not miss your grief,
In this great time of joy, solemnity, relief—
For fifteen years he served her as the most humble slave,
Until with his own hands he laid her in the grave.

When John had thus discharged his chief and only care,
He then begins to travel and preach both far and near.
If all his works and wonders to sing we did pretend,
A day would not suffice us, our song would never end.

Inflamed with Peter's glory, and Paul's, he goes to Rome,
Hoping as well as they to die by martyrdom,
He entered with great joy into the tub of oil,
In which the cruel tyrants intended him to boil.

When this and all the rest of tortures they could invent
Could not molest or hurt him, he's doomed to banishment
Unto the Isle of Patmos with grief to end his days,
But he converts the people and leaves them long in peace.

To see the Church well grounded he's left till very old,
But the glad hour at length an angel him foretold;
His blood no hands of tyrant would God permit to stain,
But as he lived a Phoenix, he died by God's sweet flame.

His testament and will and constant theme before,
Was still "Love one another," he said it o'er and o'er.
Thus peacefully he died: the earth could not contain
His virgin corpse which angels triumphing took to Heaven.

And now the loved disciple, amidst eternal bliss,
With Jesus and His Mother, he dwells in happiness.
By Stephen we are taught to pardon, by John we are taught to love;
By following their example you'll rest with them above.

This song, like the preceding one for St. Stephen, and the one for St. Agnes, are all sung in the air at the Church till May Day's Day. These songs are sung only three or four times each day till on a Sunday.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

SONG FOR THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

Hail ye flowers of martyr, hail blossoms of heavenly spring!
Hail ye first fruits of the victory obtained by Christ our King;
Hail ever blessed babies whom cruel Herod slew;
Hoping to murder Jesus he slaughtered all the crew,
The massacre was bloody, the innocents were slain,
And after all he's baffled, his wicked hopes are vain.

His rage was thus occasioned: he had usurped the crown,
And though he was a stranger he sat on Jude's throne.
The seventy weeks just ended, instated at Babylon,
All prophecies agreed that now the time was come,
When the long wished Messiah his people would restore,
And the three eastern kings confirmed it more and more.

These great Indian princes who travelled from afar,
Guided on their journey by a new glorious star,
Arrived now at Jerusalem, from Herod did inquire
For the young King of Jews which set his rage on fire.
"We are come to adore this mighty new born Prince,
We bring him gifts of gold, of myrrh and frankincense."

Herod straight informed himself of Rabbin the best skilled,
In scripture or in prophecy so plainly now fulfilled,
Where is the place appointed where Christ is to appear,
They answered all in Bethlehem and this increased his fear;
However, he disguised it, and bade the monarchs go
And tell him when returning if they found all things so.

They went, they found the Infant, they paid their homage,
But warned by an angel of Herod's ill intent,
Those kings passed by in silence and left the tyrant stranded,
Who vowed to kill the infants of all the neighbouring land.
In dread to lose his kingdom if any should escape,
Under two years old he spared no one for fear of a mistake.

How silly is poor Herod, how much is he deceived;
This Babe with utmost joy by him should be received;
He wants no earthly kingdoms nor sceptres here below,
Who brings immortal crowns of glory to bestow;
He wants but to make happy men's souls with heavenly bliss;
Keep all the rest if hateful, but only grant Him this.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

But Christ was now in Egypt, there ordered to abide,
Till vengeance reached the tyrant who miserably died,
And ye, O little angels, ye died for Christ 'tis true;
You'll rest in Abraham's bosom until He dies for you,
Let Israel be redeemed, mankind be taught and then
You'll grace His glorious triumph ascending into Heaven.

Your tragedy was pitious, like roses nipped in bud,
Your mothers quite distracted, your cradles filled with blood,
Your savage executioners through pity scarce could wound
Such harmless little creatures, though you no pity found,
But still your fate was happy for had you lived to see
Christ's batches or betrayers, of them perhaps you'd be.

But now for proto-martyrship with Stephen you may contend;
He fought for his King's honour, His life you did defend;
For Christ you shed your blood and He supplied the will:
Stephen performed the both, but with a difference still,
You will easily agree: and pray forget not us,
That along with you we may enjoy our Dear Jesus

This Carol is sung to the same air as that given for the Second Carol
on Christmas Day—"Christmas Day is Come."

THE KILBORE CAROLS.

ST. SYLVESTER'S DAY.

This feast of St. Sylvester so well deserves a song,
That you may justly wonder it was deferred so long.
He was the glorious pope that happily did bring
A peace into the Church by healing Constantine.

Seven million of stout martyrs the rage of tyrants stood,
And asked the heavenly testament of Jesus with their blood,
Which still increased the faithful for three hundred years;
Nothing was left for Christians but tortures, death and tears.

Till Constantine the Great, a pagan Emperor too,
His predecessors' steps resolving to pursue,
Was struck by the Almighty with a most filthy sore,
That with scabs and leprosy infects his body o'er.

A bath of infant blood by witches was contrived;
This deed of Hell was ordered hoping to be relieved,
And like another Herod, he those harmless babes would slay,
Had not our Saint Sylvester cured him another way.

This possiff by command of Heaven, brought from his cave,
Appeared before the Emperor, unchained, stout and brave,
Revealed his black design, his magic art condemned,
Told him the only cure was to make God his friend.

The Emperor gladly listened and when instructed well,
Baptized by Saint Sylvester, the scabs all from him fell;
And now perfectly cleansed and to his health restored
Decreed the God of Christians alone should be adored.

And that the world he ruled, in faith might follow him,
In Rome to give a pattern, a temple did begin,
To honour great St. Peter, Christ's vicar here on earth,
Who suffered crucifixion, his head turned underneath

Like unto a porter he charges with his cleave,*
And twelve times full of it of rubbish doth receive,
To clear the first foundation of that majestic dome,
To honour the Apostles and expiate old Rome.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

The face of things thus altered, his mighty prince thinks meet
To lease unto the Pope the Emperor's ancient seat,
And build Constantinople, renamed for his name,
With other glorious deeds which eternal his fame.

The blood of martyrs ceased, the Christians leave their crypts,
And golden shrines prepared to gather their relics,
Their churches rise apace, the idols are pulled down;
Sylvester sits secure in Caesar's former throne.

That throne until this time was but by tyrants filled,
In naught but blood and plunder and man's destruction skilled,
'Tis now the seat of mercy, and to mankind doth dispense
The treasures of the Cross, of Faith and better sense.

See then have we not reason this feast to solemnize,
And Saint Sylvester's praises to raise above the skies;
An angel of sweet peace and safety unto men,
May we all by thy interest obtain a place in Heaven.

"There, Gentle Child—a legend. It will be noticed that there are no Flemish words used, as one would expect, in any of the CAROLS.

This song is sung in the air of that green for New Year's Day, - "The First Day of the Year."

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Steady

The first day of the year Is -
 day to us with out His love and pre-cious
 Blood That we in His name
 live. A first rate New Year's gift . A
 great-er one could not be. A gift more rich and
 pre-cious none can de-sire or want.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

This gift brings us great joy, and makes us all admire;
It proves His love for us to be all flames and fire,
And for our sake this day, Jesus in His sweet name,
A Name which cost Him dear, His Blood spilt for the same.

This Name doth cost Him dear, by circumcision's rite,
For it this day He bleeds, and after gives His life.
Covered with costly red, in His own Blood He lies,
Prepared to give the rest when on the Cross He dies.

Both heaven and earth admire and do adore Jesus,
To Himself this day severe and merciful to us;
As soon as He's made Man, and being but eight days old,
For us He gives His Blood, more precious than all gold.

But how can circumcision with Jesus' Name agree,
The true mark of a sinner to Saviour join'd be?
If circumcised how Saviour, if Saviour why circumcised?
Why should this mark of sinners to Saviour be applied?

What's done on this great day by circumcised Jesus,
Is comfort and delight, wonder and joy to us,
Who never had beginning, He by whom all began,
Begins this day the work of our salvation.

Blessed be this New Year's Day, blessed be this Name Jesus,
Blessed be this day of grace and mercy unto us,
Let's all get on new hearts to give to our Jesus,
No other New Year's Gift doth He require of us.

This Song for New Year's Day was composed by Bishop Luke Wadding, Ep. Ferns, 1626-1681. It was published in the "Penny Garland," which he composed for the use of his schools and hospitals in their afflictions.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

CAROL FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Sweetest of all names, Jesus,
Bless this New Year's Day for us;
Grant new hearts, then all is new,
The year, Thy Name, Thy people too.

Thy Name is sweeter than all (gain),
Cheap though purchased with much pain;
Richer than the monarch's crown;
Not all the world worth it alone.

Nothing dearer can we bring,
Nothing sweeter can we sing;
Tongues can't express—thoughts fails us
To comprehend our dear Jesus.

(Mercy) to all that will amend;
(Thankful for every good intent;
(To him) who seeks, assays to cross,
(In Jesus) such as do possess.

. deceitful hearts
. sharpening arts,
. honest heart alone,
Jesus dwells as on a rich throne.

(Come then) Sweet Saviour, take Thy place,
(Though we have sinned), this once release;
(Alone) Thy Name, Sweet Jesus,
Is dearer than the world to us.

Nature's laws to Him gave way,
And all her rules must Him obey;
A Virgin pure doth Him conceive,
. the grave.

From Hell He frees the souls of men,
Who those four thousand years (had been)
The prisoners of the Blessed abide
Lift up their gates and clear the

THE KILMORE CAROLS



He triumphed over death and Hell;
His wonders all no man can tell;
The dead He raised, He cured the blind,
He healed the sick of every kind.

The world He ransomed by His death;
The world He conquered by His Life;
A poor Man humble crucified
Did more than Caesar with his . . .

Lovely Jesus, I adore Thee,
In all shapes and every form,
An Infant as the Virgin bore Thee,
As well as on Thy shining throne.

Every knee to Thee shall bend,
Every tongue shall Thee commend,
Every heart shall Thee love;
May this New Year happy prove.

(Let not) this year, as past we've done
(Be) without thoughts of going home;
We're strangers here; our port is Heaven;
The storms are great, steer steady then.

When the hour calls us away,
Oh, grant, Sweet Jesus, that we may
(In victor) of this costly Name
(Enter Life) without sin or stain.

This Carol was transcribed by Rev. Thomas O'Hara from a very old parchment copy. The manuscript was torn and illegible in places; instances of suggested readings are given in brackets.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.
SONG OF JERUSALEM.

Steady and deliberately

The musical score consists of six staves of music in a single system. The first staff begins with the tempo instruction 'Steady and deliberately'. The music is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words appearing above notes in certain staves. The lyrics are: 'There is no rain nor sleet nor snow, nor filth may there be found, There is no sorrow nor no grief: all joys do there abound, Jerusalem, etc. They walls are all of precious stones, thy streets are paved with gold, Thy gates are all of pearls unbound, most glorious to behold, Jerusalem, etc.'

Jerusalem, our Happy Home, etc.

There is no rain nor sleet nor snow, nor filth may there
be found,

There is no sorrow nor no grief: all joys do there abound.
Jerusalem, etc.

(The two first lines are repeated after each stanza.)

Thy walls are all of precious stones, thy streets are paved
with gold,

Thy gates are all of pearls unbound, most glorious to behold.
Jerusalem, etc.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

No pain, no care, no sorrows there, nor aught but peace
is found.
No tongue can tell nor heart can think what joys do there
abound.

Jerusalem, etc.

Through the vast streets in parting streams the flood of
life doth flow,
And on the banks on every side the wood of life doth grow.

Jerusalem, etc.

Far evermore the trees bear fruit, and evermore they spring,
And evermore the Saints are glad and evermore they sing.

Jerusalem, etc.

There's cinnamon that scents sweet, there palms spring
on the ground;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think what joys do there
abound.

Jerusalem, etc.

David stands with harp in hand as master of the choir;
Ten thousand times would he be blessed who could that
music hear.

Jerusalem, etc.

" To Deum " doth St. Ambrose sing, St. Augustine doth him
join;
Old Simeon and good Lazarus have each their songs to
sing.

Jerusalem, etc.

There Magdalen she has less moan, likewise there she doth
sing;
The happy saints in harmony through every street doth
ring.

Jerusalem, etc.

THE KILMOSE CAROLS.

Fair Magdalen hath dried her tears, she's seen no more
to weep,
Nor wet the ringlets of her hair to wipe our Saviour's feet.

Jerusalem, etc.

"Magnificat" with notes divine, Our Lady doth rehearse,
The Virgins all in choir joined charming angels with each
verse.

Jerusalem, etc.

They all do live in such delight, so pleasant and so gay,
That a thousand thousand years ago would seem like
yesterday.

Jerusalem, etc.

Here's the triumphant church above, we see the militant
below ;
The Son of God came down from Heaven to join them
both, you know.

Jerusalem, etc.

Lord hear our prayers in this house, let our cry come unto
Thee,
Let us poor banished sons of Eve, Thy Face adore and
see.

Jerusalem, etc.

Until that happy, happy day we'll join them with a hymn,
Having for comfort and recourse, this house of God and
gate of heaven.

Jerusalem, etc.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

Instead of pearls and purple gold our walls are only clay;
Our bodies, too, of the same stuff, must rot and scatter first away,
Jerusalem, thou happy home, then let us come to thee,
Our sorrows then shall have an end; thy joys then shall

WE SING.

The "Song of Jerusalem" is one of the first Masses on Trinity Day, Mr. John Ware says that in his native parish (Lady's Island), "Jerusalem" used to be sung on the Sunday and falling on a festival day, between Christmas and Epiphany—Latter, "The People," Jan. 19th, 1871.

A variation of this song was printed in Ralph Doane's "Christian Carols" (Book II, p. 16). There it is attributed to Fr. Richard Walsh, c. 1830, but a footnote (ibid.) makes it clear that the song was not composed by Fr. R. Walsh, but was transmitted by him in 1834 from the Dominican Monk of the same name at Malabar, Variation, The Dominican Book (1834-1837) is now in the British Museum, and Mr. Doane says that the above inscription is the oldest known version of this Carol.

A version of this song is given in H. Palmer's "Book of Prayers" p. 128, where it is inscribed—"Anon. P.S.P. 1838."

Mr. James Heron of Kilmore, writing in "The People," Jan. 19th, 1871, says:—"It appears the song Jerusalem was originally written by a Father Heron, a Franciscan monk, while in a prison in Lonsdale, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. I have been unable to check any authorities for Mr. Heron's statement, but it is clear from what evidence we have that the song, "Jerusalem," is its original form taken back to the end of the 16th century.

THE BELMONT CAROLS.
SONG FOR TWELFTH DAY.

Slowly

New TO OUR - CLASS FOR
CHRIST - MAS BIRTH, WITH THE
NEWS OF OUR RE - BIRTH - TION, *Re-vela-*
LAD OUR KING IS FOR SE - VENTH DAY, *Wit-ting*
ONE THAT DE - SERVED AT - TEN - TION.
THREE GREAT WON - DERS FELL ON THE DAY: A
STAR BROUGHT KING WHERE THE IN - FANT LAY,
MAYOR MADE KING IN CA - LI - LES, AND
CHRIST BAPTIZED IN JOH - ANN - BAPTIST.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

Those kings might have known what Balaam of old said
of a star that would arise
In Jacob's land, when he foretold the coming of the
Messiah.
Jasper, Melchior and Baltazar set out when they saw the
new bright star,
Leaving their eastern kingdoms far to find out the new-
born Jesus.
They steered their course to the Jewish court, Jerusalem
screamed;
Where to find Him they did not doubt, but met with a
stranger crowned.
The tyrant Herod shocked at the news to hear of a new-
born King of the Jews,
In dread the usurped crown to lose, ordered a bloody
slaughter.
But for amends in this surprise those straying kings did
visit
The Temple made by Solomon the Wise, the world had
nothing like it.
Sapphires and gold there they could see, diamonds rich
and heavy,
Embroidered silks and tapestry from both sides of the
India.
Yet nothing rare or rich in art, not finding Him, could
please them
They are told for Bethlehem to depart, no court toys could
delay them.
Their guiding star again did appear and to the city straight
did steer,
And over the stall resting most clear it bade the monarchs
welcome.
Amazed to see the cottage poor, the stall where He was
born,
They left their refuse at the door, though great, they
entered without scorn:
The Blessed Babe and Mother found, laying their crowns
and sceptres down,
Adored Him prostrate on the ground and might have spoke
as follows:

THE KILBOURNE CAROLS.

"O King of Kings here in disguise, Whom stars obey and angels serve,
Through wealth and grandeur You despise, You have given us more than we deserve.
Our beds are gold and ivory, our garments riched with brocary,
Best with pearls and pageantry, whilst You lie in a stable.
"Here's gold and myrrh and frankincense, not to enrich we bring,
But to honour Thee, O Heavenly Prince, as God and Man and King.
Incense to You as God is due, the gold shows kingly power too,
The myrrh keeps corpse long sweet and new; we have heard how You must suffer."
And when the grand affair is done, the world from Hell redeemed,
When God has glorified His Son, at length by men esteemed,
Let our poor pagan nations in, and to Thy happy sheep-fold bring,
That free from blindness and from sin, we may in truth adore You."
What else might have passed, you may conceive, in this fond conversation;
They bade farewell, taking their leave, home to their habitation,
Farewell good Christians, fare you well too; many Happy Christmases I wish you;
With a blessed end for to ensue, through the merits of Sweet Jesus.

The air of this song was taken down from the singing of John Bennett and John Barber, by Miss Kathleen Marshall, Jan. 21, 1890.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN IN BETHLEHEM.

A Virgin Queen in Bethlehem, this day brought forth our
Saviour,
To our young King, we'll praise and sing our victory for
ever.

Hail! Sovereign Prince, our soul's defence, oh! welcome
Heavenly Stranger.

Is there no inn or place for Him but in a stall or manger?

A Virgin Queen, etc.

(The first verse is repeated after each stanza.)

God's own Son doth humbly come from heavenly high
treasure,

To teach proud man the way to Heaven is not by pomp
or pleasure.

A Virgin Queen, etc.

To Christians who would pity show to Christ in mean
condition,

To weep for sin which was the thing, you will hear of His
affliction.

A Virgin Queen, etc.

God, One and Three, that great decree in Heaven's high
council signed,

Poor man to make to His own shape for lasting joys
designed.

A Virgin Queen, etc.

The Son Himself for our relief, to pay for our transgression,
A Man to be offered so free with love beyond expression.

A Virgin Queen, etc.

"Must I adore or kneel before a man, so mean a creature?"

"Not I," said he, "I'd rather be a rebel, devil or traitor."

A Virgin Queen, etc.

"I'll fix a throne where I show like God Himself will glitter,
And man to me shall bend the knee and own me for his
better."

A Virgin Queen, etc.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

Then wanting stood that false proud god to the angels
all around him;
Some were pleased, more stood amazed, till Michael did
confound them.

A Virgin Queen, etc.

The Archangel stout cried out aloud—"Who is our God
for ever?
Can we withstand His dread command? Let us adore our
Saviour."

A Virgin Queen, etc.

Proud Lucifer prevailed so far, the third part did him
follow;
But with one blast they all were cast, and Hell did down
them swallow.

A Virgin Queen, etc.

Here they remain in constant pain, yet seem to honour
Jesus,
And to have men of their own clan, they tempt us and
deceive us.

A Virgin Queen, etc.

I grieve to tell how Adam fell by Satan's false persuasion,
And by his fall had damned us all and left us no salvation.

A Virgin Queen, etc.

For poor mankind was made so blind by the Devil, the
Flesh and Adam,
They did adore and kneel before dull sticks and stones for
Satan.

A Virgin Queen, etc.

Cursed be his pride who false contrived to cheat Eve with
his story:
But for this Day we all might say, farewell our hopes of
glory.

A Virgin Queen, etc.

Glory and praise shall never cease to Him Who us
redeemed;
The Angels fair left in despair and poor mankind redeemed.
A Virgin Queen, etc.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

Not one of men would e'er see Heaven had not Christ for
us suffered;
But all our sins He took on Him, for which He's scoffed
and murdered.

A Virgin Queen, &c.

But why such pain, such toil, such shame, did God take
to redeem us?
Did not His breath make Heaven and earth: could not the
same relieve us?

A Virgin Queen, &c.

But man alone could ne'er atone or appease his God
affronted,
He being too mean for to obtain the pardon which he
wanted.

A Virgin Queen, &c.

'Twas mercy alone that moved God's Son to be made Man
that saved us,
And Satan now to Man must bow, submit and honour
Jesus.

A Virgin Queen, &c.

So as man did fall His Justice called a man should satisfy
Him,
And by His grace regain his place, mock Satan and defy
him.

A Virgin Queen, &c.

Then happy we who now may see the Devil by man con-
founded,
And hope we may at the Last Day see Christ in glory
crowned.

A Virgin Queen, &c.

Where His throne shall shine on clouds sublime by the
heavenly choirs attended;
May we then stand at His right hand to see His foes
confounded.

A Virgin Queen, &c.

THE KILMORE CAROLS.

Oh! God, that snake made us to break Thy laws and did
deceive us!

Jesus, we see what it cost Thee; we'll sin no more; forgive
us.

A Virgin Queen, etc.

Our Church defend and a happy end gain for us all, Sweet
Jesus;

Prolong in peace our post's days, these pleas songs to
teach us.

A Virgin Queen, etc.

This song, although copied into the modern manuscript of the Kilmore
Carol Book, is an English song, but do the singers know the air to which
the words were set.