

Bring hither, boys, the holly bough

"BETHLEHEM," DCM

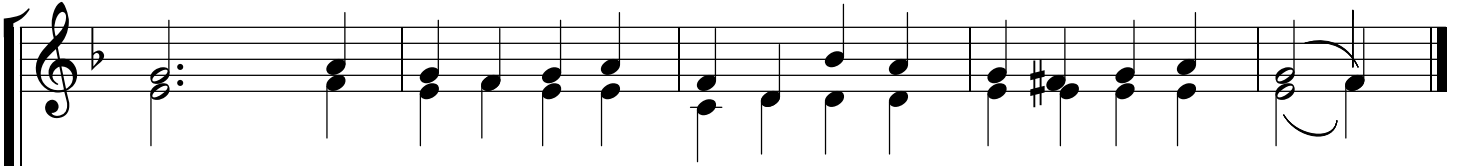
Stephen Fawcett (1807-1876)

Christopher Edwin Willing (1830-1904)

1. Bring hi - ther, boys, the hol - ly bough, With ber - ries bright and
2. The rack rides fast, deep howls the blast, Where is the lin - net
3. Come Bet - ty dear -- no voice of love In na - ture now we
4. We'll wake the vi - ol's mer - ry strings, While tem - pest clouds ad -

1. red; The i - vy from the ru - ined tower, Where owls shriek o'er the
2. now? And where the rose of sun - ny June? The blos - soms of the
3. hear -- But an - gels near us whis - per it Through all the va - ried
4. vance; And while the pane cracks with big hail, We tread the care - less

1. dead; The mis - tle - toe with mys - tic power; And win - ter's gar - land
2. sloe? They're gone but they'll re - turn a - gain; And mean - time lest we
3. year. In cold or heat, in gloom or shine, The heart it shall not
4. dance, Thus shall the soul's warm sum - mer shine, Till change - ful earth we



1. weave, And the yule log's blaze shall shed its rays, To cheer our Christ-mas Eve.
2. grieve, We'll warm our hearts with was-sail cups, And cheer cold Christ-mas Eve.
3. leave; For as when sul-try sum-mer reigns, It burns at Christmas Eve.
4. leave; And the yule fire and the was-sail bowl, Shall cheer our Christ-mas Eve.

