

Saint Stephen was an Holy Man

Words and Music from William Sandys, *Christmas-tide, Its History, Festivities and Carols, With Their Music* (London: John Russell Smith, 1852), pp. 275-8.

1. Saint Ste - phen was an ho - ly
 2. Which doc - trine seemed most won - drous
 3. And then false wit - ness did ap -
 4. Whilst this was told, the mul - ti -
 5. Then Ste - phen did put forth his

1. man, En - dued with hea - ven - ly might, And
 2. strange To those who heard this news, And
 3. pear, And looked him in the face, And
 4. tude Be - hold - ing him a - right, His
 5. voice, And he did first un - fold The

1. ma - ny won - ders he did work Be -
 2. for the same de - spite - ful - ly Good
 3. said he spake blas - phe - mous words A -
 4. come - ly face be - gan to shine Most
 5. won - drous works that God had wrought E'en

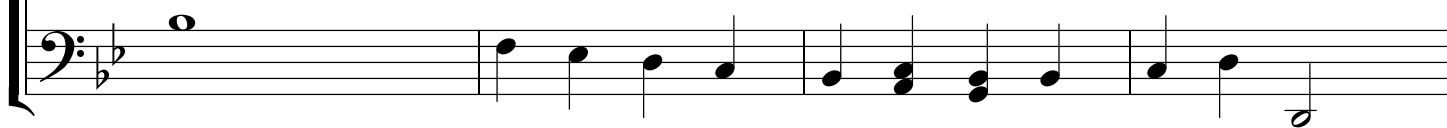
1. fore the peo - ple's sight. And by the
 2. Ste - phen they ac - cused. Be - fore the
 3. gainst that ho - ly place; And how he
 4. like an an - gel bright. The High Priest
 5. from their fa - thers old; That they there -

1. bless - ed Spi - rit of God, Which did his
 2. el - ders was he brought, His an - swer
 3. said that Je - sus Christ The Tem - ple
 4. then to them did say, And bid them
 5. by might plain per - ceive Christ Je - sus

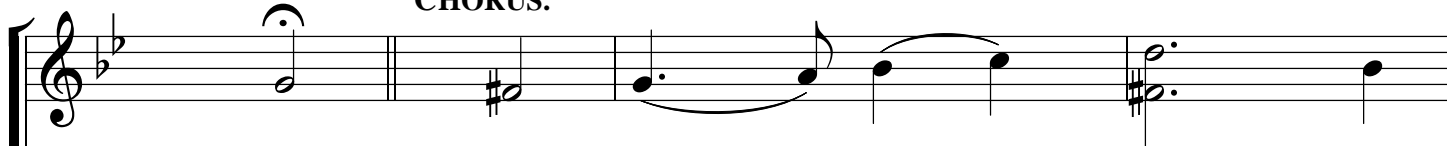
1. heart in - flame, He spar - ed not in
 2. for to make, But they would not his
 3. would des - troy, And change the laws which
 4. tell at large, If this was true which
 5. should be he That from the bur - den



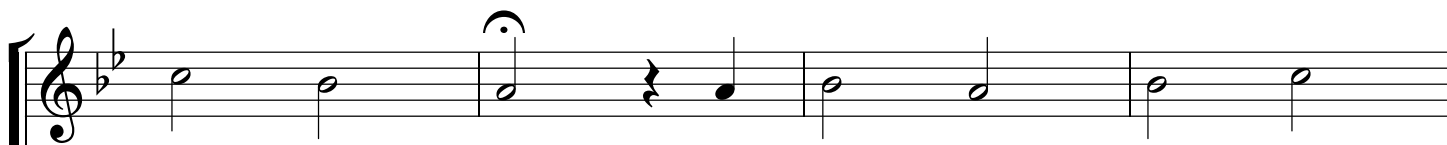
1. ev - ery place To preach Christ Je - sus'
2. spirit with - stand Where - by this man did
3. they so long From Mo - ses did en -
4. at that time They laid un - to his
5. of the law Should save us frank and



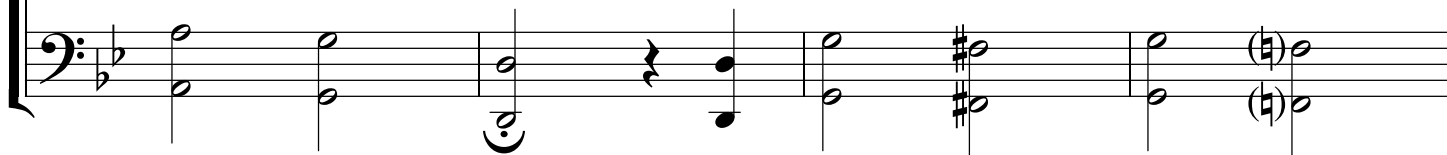
CHORUS.



1. Name.
2. speak.
3. joy. *O man, do ne - ver*
4. charge.
5. free.



faint nor fear When God the truth shall



try, But mark how Ste - phen for Christ's

sake Was will - ing for to die.

6. But oh! quoth he, you wicked men,
 Which of the prophets all
 Did not your fathers persecute,
 And keep in woeful thrall,
 Who told the coming of the just
 In prophecies most plain,
 Who here amongst you was betrayed.

7. But when they heard him so to say,
 Their hearts in sunder clave,
 And gnashing on them with their teeth,
 Like mad men they did rave.
 And with a shout most loud and shrill
 Upon him all they ran,
 And then without the city gates
 They stoned this holy man.

8. Then he most meekly on his knees
 To God did pray at large
 Desiring that he would not lay
 This sin unto their charge;
 Then yielding up his soul to God,
 Who had it dearly bought,
 He lost his life, whose body then
 To grave was seemly brought.