

Marke this Songe, for it is Trewe

A Caroll for the Innocents

Sunday, *Christmas Carols*
Ancient & Modern (1833)

EXCELSIS 8.8.8.8.4
James Turle (1802-1882)

1. Marke this song-e for it is trewe, For it is trewe, as
2. There was one-e Oc - ta - vy - an, Oc - ta - vyan of Rome
3. The Jewes that tyme lack - yd a king, They lackyd a kyng to
4. This Her - ode that was kyng of Jewys, Was kyng of Jewys, and
5. By pro - phe - sy - e one I - say, On - e I - say at

1. clerk - es tell: In olde tyme strange thyngs came to pass, Grete won - der and grete
2. Em - per - our, As bok - es olde doth spe - cy - fye, Of all the wy - de
3. gyde them well, The Em - per - our of powre and myght Chose one Her-ode a -
4. he no Jewe; For - sothe he was of Pan - ym borne, Wher-for on fayth it
5. lest dyd tell, A chylde should come, won - der - ous newys, That shold be borne trewe

1. mer-vayll was In Is - ra - ell.
2. worlde tru - lye He was lorde and gove - rnour
3. gaynst all ryght In Is - ra - ell.
4. may be sworne He reyned kyng untrewe.
5. kyng of Jewys In Is - ra - ell.

6. This Herode knew one borne shold be,
One borne shold be of trewe lenage,
That sholde be right herytour;
For he but by the Emperour
Was made by usurpage.
7. Wherefore of throught this kyng Herode,
This kyng Herode in grete fere fell,
For all the days most in his myrth,
Ever he fered Chrystes byrth
In Israell.
8. The tyme came it pleased God,
It pleased God so to come to pas,
For mannes soule in dede
His blyssed son was borne with spede
As his wyll was.
9. Tydynges came to kyng Herode,
To kyng Herode, and dyd him tell,
That one borne forsoth is he,
Which lorde and kyng of all shall be
In Israell.
10. Herode than raged as he were woode,
As he were wode of this tydyng,
And sent for all his scribes sure,
Yet wolde he not trust the scripture,
Nor of theyr counceillynge.
11. And this was the conclusyon,
The conclusyon of his counsell,
To sende unto his knyghtes anone
To sle the chylderne everychone
In Israell.
12. This cruell kyng this tyranny,
This tyranny dyd put in ure,
Bytwene a day and yeres too
All men chylderne he did sloo,
Of Chryst for to be sure.

13. Yet Herode myssed his cruell pray,
His cruell pray, as was goddess wyll,
Joseph and Mary than dyd fle,
With Chryst to Egypt gone was she,
From Israell.
14. And all whyle this tyrants,
This tyrants wolde not convert,
But innocents Yonge
That lay sokyng,
They thurst to the herte.
15. This Herode sought the children,
This children yong, with corage fell,
But in doynge thys vengeaunce
His owne sone was slayne by chaunce
In Israell.
16. Alas! I thynke the moders were wo,
The moders were wo, it was grete skyl
What motherly payne
To se them slayne;
In cradels lying styll!
17. But God him selfe that theym electe,
Hath theym electe, in hevyn to dwell,
For they were bathed in theyr blode
For theyr baptym forsoth it stode
In Israell.
18. Alas! Agayne what hartes had they,
What harts has they those babes to kyll;
With swerdes whan they hym caught,
In cradels they lay and laught,
And never thought yll.