

# Come, listen to my story

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Sixteenth Century Melody

Har. by J.R. Lunn

1. Come, list-en to my sto - ry, Chris-tus na-tus ho-di-e: Born is the King of

glo - ry, Rex de Vir - gi - ne. No - well, No-well, good news I tell, God

comes on earth a stran-ger E - ya! Em - man-u - el Lies cra-dled in a man - ger.

2. Came angels down, a number,  
On the midnight of His birth:  
"Ye shepherds, wake from slumber:  
Peace, good will on earth,  
And bliss on high, "the angels cry,  
"To you is born and given,  
*Eya!* of maid Marie,  
Th' Almighty Lord of heaven"

3. Then rode three kings together,  
Over desert, hill, and dale;  
Nought caring for the weather,  
Sleet, and snow, and hail.  
They came from far, led by a star,  
With beams that never vary:  
*Eya!* full fain they are  
To see the Babe of Mary.

4. Away they banish sorrow;  
*Nato Regi psallite:*  
Sith Christ is born this morrow;  
*Benedicite.*  
With Angels eke and shepherds meek,  
And with yon Eastern Sages,  
*Eya!* let us go seek  
The new-born King of ages.

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)