

Pagan Irish Carol

Words by steward; adapted from Irish Trad.



Yule - tide now is come ; let's all pre - pare for mirth, Which
Wan-d'ring fro - zen Earth , 'midst Oak and Ash and Thorn The
Time has come u - pon us: Great bright-ness now does soar The



fills the Sky and Earth , to greet the sun's re - birth!
lon - gest night u - pon us, e'en stout hearts makes for - lorn.
sun re - turns to warm us And cheer our hearts once more.



The earth-fruits in the fie - lds, where - e'er they still
Our hands are joined to - ge - ther our fin - gers in-
The light has come from dark-ness Its warm rays make



do lie Re - join their qui - et mo - ther, un - til the
- ter - twine Our cir - cle draws the daw - ning that will the
it clear: The Earth will yet a - wa - ken To nur - ture us



sun grows nigh. Swift bree-zes waft the white snow, Whose beau-
stars out - shine. through the year.



- ty rare at - tires The Earth as she lies slee-ping Be-



- neath the Yule log fires.