

London Gallery Quire 496

1

Anon.

No kingly robes nor golden treasure

Anon.,
Edited by Francis Roads

[Air] $\text{♩} = 120$

1. No king - ly robes nor gol - den trea - sure, Deck'd the birth - day of God's Son;
 2. **Yet as Ma - ry sat in so - lace** By **our Sa - viour's first be - gin - ning,**
 3. Heav'ns per - ceiv - ing small be - frien - ding Of this pro - mised Prince of might,
 4. **Then with An - gel love in - spi - red, Three** **wiseprin - ces from the East,**
 5. Now to him that hath re - deem'd us, By his pre - cious death and pas - sion;

4

No pom - pous train at all took plea - sure To this King of kings to run;
Hosts of An - gels from God's Pa - lace, Soun - ding sweet from hea - ven's sing - ing.
 From the chry - stal skies des - cen - ding, Bla - zing glo - rious beams of light,
To Beth - le - hem as they de - si - red, Came where - as our Lord did rest:
 And us sin - ners so e steemed us, To buy dear ly this sal - va - tion.

Editorial note:

This is Carol #7 in Davies Gilbert's *Some Ancient Christmas Carols ...* (London 1822 and 1823). It appears to be a folk carol probably originally sung unaccompanied, to which Gilbert has added a bass. Gilbert's bass has been retained, despite a number of parallel octaves and fifths and awkward harmony in bar 15, and the alto and tenor parts editorially added. The underlay has required adaptation because of varying numbers of syllables in each verse.

Only verses 5-9 of the original have been underlaid. The first four verses have opprobrious sentiments about Jewish people, and are unsuitable for modern performance. The first verse begins "God's dear Son without beginning, Whom the wicked Jews did scorn ...".

The melody is similar to the dance tune *Chestnut, or Doves Figary* which appears in John Playford's *The English Dancing Master* (London 1651).

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8

S

No man - tle brave could Je - sus have Up - on his cra - dle for_ to_ lie;
Yea heav'n and earth at Je - sus' birth, With sweet me - lo - dious tunes a - bound;
 A glo - rious star did shine so far, That all the earth might see_ the_ same;
And there they laid be - fore the maid, Un - to her Son, her God, her King,
 Yield las - ting fame, that still the name Of Je - sus may be ho - noured here;

A

T

B

12

S

No mu - sic charms in nur - se's arms To sing the babe a lul - la - by.
And ev' - ry thing in Je - wry's King, Up - on the earth gave cheer - ful sound.
 And na - tions strange their faith did change, To yield Him ho - nour, laud, and fame.
Their off' - rings sweet, as was most meet, Un - to so great a pow'r to bring.
 And let us say that Christ - mas Day, Is still the best day in the year.

A

T

B

Symphony