

yule songs

FOR WICCANS,
OTHER NEO-PAGANS,
AND HEATHENS



When you take a song and rewrite at least *some* of the words, the process is called filking, and ut's hard to be deterred! The Yule carols you'll read within are filk songs, well and truly – and we hope that *all* of them leave you feeling Yuley!

But you should know: not all agree that filking's a good thing. It might offend some people; and ... shouldn't we write *new* songs to sing? Sure, but these are old tunes, rewritten more than once – ne'ertheless, sing carefully, so's not to cause affronts.

These songs express our thrill and joy that the Sun's on it's way back. We sing to honor deity, we sing to celebrate. We must not use our singing to mock or to attack – so sing for happy, sing for cheer, and not to desecrate.

Happy holly-days!

Good Yule from Mother Earth Ministries-ATC



The funny-looking box above? It's called a QR code, and if a phone has the right app, taking a picture of it takes you to MEM's website.

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Yule Songs for Pagans



Oh Come, All Ye Pagans

Oh, come all ye Pagans ... joyful and triumphant.
Oh come ye, oh come ye, to Circle now!
Come and adore Them: Oak and Holly; Goddess Earth.
Oh, come and share the Circle ... oh, come and share the Circle ...
Oh, come and share the Circle of the Lady and the Lord!

Oh, come all ye Pagans, celebrating Yuletide,
Oh come ye, oh come ye to turn the Wheel!
Come and adore Them: God reborn and Goddess Earth.
Oh, come and share the Circle ... oh, come and share the Circle ...
Oh, come and share the Circle of the Lady and the Lord!

Pagans from the Country Are We

Pagans from the country are we, bringing home an evergreen tree!
Symbolizing ... our Sun's rising ... re-turning for all to see!
Oh, oh, Sun of wonder, Sun of light, Sun with royal beauty bright –
ever-burning, season-turning, guide us through the longest night!

Pagans from the city we are, celebrating with pine and with fir!
Dancing, singing, voices ringing, we greet the returning star!
Oh, oh, Sun of wonder, Sun of light, Sun with royal beauty bright –
ever-burning, season-turning, guide us through the longest night!

Pagan heirs of old mysteries, keeping faith through Winter's dark freeze,
With ale wassailing, our God hailing, we bid the worlds blessed be!
Oh, oh, Sun of wonder, Sun of light, Sun with royal beauty bright –
ever-burning, season-turning, guide us through the longest night!



Gods Rest Ye Merry, Pagan Folk



Gods rest ye merry, Pagan folk – let nothing you dismay!
Remember that the Sun God is reborn on Solstice Day!
To keep the Wheel a-turning, night must turn again to day:
Oh, oh, tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy –
oh, oh, tidings of comfort and joy!

Gods rest ye merry, Pagan folk – no need to weep or mourn,
For Solstice is the time when light and love shall be reborn!
To keep the Wheel a-turning, we shall sound the Oak King's horn –
Oh, oh, tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy –
oh, oh, tidings of comfort and joy!

Gaia We Have Heard on High



Gaia we have heard on high, sweetly singing o'er the plains;
and the Sun God in reply, echoing Her joyous strains!
Glo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-oria! Hail the Winter Solstice!
Glo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-oria! Hail the Winter Solstice!

Pagans, why this jubilee? Why this joyful chorus raise?
The Sun's reborn for all to see – so sing we all His joyful praise!
Glo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-oria! Hail the Winter Solstice!
Glo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-oria! Hail the Winter Solstice!

Goddess gives the Sun rebirth! Hail Her bright and bouncing boy!
Light's returning, with the Sun; the whole world beams again with joy!
Glo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-oria! Hail the Winter Solstice!
Glo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-oria! Hail the Winter Solstice!

What Child is This?

What child is this? He's born so bright, the morning after the longest night!
What is His name? How can He claim both of the titles, of Dark and Light?
This, this is our King, the Sun. We follow Him as the seasons run.
This, this is our King, the Sun ... and the Wheel of the Year is turning!

Now who, in truth, and from the Earth, on Solstice morning is reborn?
Whom Pagans greet, with anthems sweet, His hand on the Wheel, the Year to turn?
This, this is our King, the Sun. We follow Him as the seasons run.
This, this is our King, the Sun ... and the Wheel of the Year is turning!

What child is this? He comes alive from Winter's womb of death and fear.
What child is this who brings such bliss? What child is this who is reborn here?
This, this is our King, the Sun. We follow Him as the seasons run.
This, this is our King, the Sun ... and the Wheel of the Year is turning!





Hark the Elementals Sing

Hark! The Elementals sing: glory to the reborn King!
Peace on Earth, our Mother mild;
Goddess' consort, Goddess' child
Joyful, as the Sun does rise, join the triumph of the skies!
With the earthly host proclaim, the Summer King is born again!
Hark! The Elementals sing: glory to the reborn King!

Hark! The sylphs and salamanders, zephyrs and undines at hand!
Peace below and peace above; perfect trust and perfect love!
Joyful as the dark we ban it, join the triumph of the planet ...
All of Nature's host declare, strengthening sunbeams warm the air!
Hark! The Elementals sing: glory to the reborn King!

Oh, Little Grove Beneath the Moon

Oh, little grove beneath the Moon, how still we see thee lie.
Above thy bones and standing stones, the silent stars go by.
And in thy Circle shineth the everlasting light ...
thou art imbued with life renewed on this, the Solstice Night.

Oh, little grove beneath the Moon, we gather at thy heart.
The Circle, cast, shall ever last, although we soon depart.
And in thy holy Circle shall shine the God's own light ...
we are reborn, no more to mourn, on this, the Solstice Night.

Oh, little grove beneath the Moon, wherever you may lie:
in Nature's halls or bound by walls, thy purpose is still high.
For from thy Quarters shineth our life's most sacred light ...
thy Circle's call embraces all on this, the Solstice Night.



Silent Night

Silent night, holy night ... all is calm, all is bright.
From the Cauldron of death and rebirth
springs the Sun-child, reborn from the Earth.
Ever the Circle shall turn ... ever the Circle shall turn.

Silent night, holy night ... blessed be; share the light.
Now the Sun will return to the Earth
Giving life to the Goddess
who's giving Him birth.
Ever the Circle shall turn ... ever the Circle shall turn.

Deck the Halls

Deck the halls
with boughs of holly! Fa la la la la, la la la la!
'Tis the season to be jolly! Fa la la la la, la la la la!
Don we now our gay apparel - Fa la la, la la la, la la la!
Toll the ancient Yuletide carol! Fa la la la la, la la la la!

See the blazing Yule before us! Fa la la la la, la la la la!
Pagans all! Take up the chorus! Fa la la la la, la la la la!
Follow me in merry measure! Fa la la, la la la, la la la!
Join the search for Yuletide treasure!
Fa la la la la, la la la la!

Fast away the old year passes! Fa la la la la, la la la la!
Toast the new with raised glasses!
Fa la la la la, la la la la!
Dance the spiral, pass the chalice! Fa la la, la la la, la la la!
Let the living Gods enchant us!
Fa la la la la, la la la la!

Joy to the Worlds

Joy to the Worlds! The Sun's reborn!
The Earth brings forth Her King!
Let every heart prepare Him room,
and all of Nature sing, and all of Nature sing ...
and all, and all of Nature sing!

Joy to the Worlds! The light returns!
The Sun shall warm all things!
Let every heart prepare Him room,
and all of Nature sing, and all of Nature sing ...
and all, and all of Nature sing!

Joy to the Worlds! The Wheel has turned!
Let every voice take wing!
Let every heart prepare Him room,
and all of Nature sing, and all of Nature sing ...
and all, and all of Nature sing!



Dule ... and more than Dule!



Caroling isn't all we do at this time of year. There's a lot of toasting as well, as in "Here's to the God, long may He dance!" It doesn't matter that you don't have champagne. Your own enthusiasm is the key ingredient! Here are some seasonal toasts; there are more in MEM's letters:

Blesséd be from crown to heel all those who come to turn the Wheel!

To all those gone to ride with Herne, we bid farewell and safe return!

Bless both the greatest and the least; keep the faith and share the feast!

Good tidings to you, and those you hold dear!

A very merry Yuletide and happy New Year!*

** Wicca's religious new year is celebrated on October 31st at Samhain [sam-wayne]. But Wicca's a celebratory religion, and it's perfectly alright for us to celebrate the turning of the calendar year too.*

AULD LANG SYNE

Chorus:

Should old acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?
Should old acquaintance be forgot, and days of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my friend, for auld lang syne ...
we'll take a cup of kindness yet, for auld lang syne!

We twa hae roon abooth the braes and pulled the gowans fine;
We've wandered many a weary foot, sin' auld lang syne
Chorus

We twa hae paddled in the burn, frae mornin' sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roared, sin' auld lang syne!
Chorus

Now, here's a hand, me trusty frien', and gie us a hand o' thine;
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne!
Chorus.

Yes, it's English ... sort of. It's the Scots version, because this was written in 1788 by Robert Burns, a famous Scottish poet. (He's pictured below.) Traditionally, the chorus is sung in modern English, and the verses in dialect; and at midnight on December 31st, it's sung all around the world.

The first verse is about running around the woods and picking daisies (referring to courting fair maidens), and life taking us far away from those idyllic places. The second is about paddling in the streams from morning till dinner time, and says that wide seas have separated us from dear friends since then.

Auld lang syne translates loosely, ranging in meaning from "the old days" to "for old times' sake."

