

Dear Sisters, thank you for joining the Solstice sing-a-long this year! We hope that you enjoyed it and will share these re-claimed songs and carols with others, enjoying the warmth of friends and community. For classes, rituals, and other events for women in the Dianic tradition, please visit www.guardiansofthegrove.org and www.templeofdiana.org For seasonal music from Ruth www.dancingtree.org

**We wish you blessings of the dark and the coming light,
Ruth and Kerry**

WOMEN'S SOLSTICE SING-A-LONG 2025
With Ruth Barrett and Kerry Cerridwen

HARK DIANA'S WIMMIN SING (blue book)
(Tune: Hark the Herald Angels Sing)

Hark Diana's wimmin sing,
Glory to the light She brings!
Peace on Earth and Light restored,
Goddess worshipped and adored.
Hear us now as we proclaim,
We have risen from the flames,
Faith and love we now reclaim,
In the Holy Mother's name.
Hark Diana's wimmin sing,
Glory to the Light She brings!

Hecate at Crossroads meet
Brigit's Light we turn to greet.
At all times behold Her love,
As below then so above.
Yuletide night the Earth's reborn.
Comes the dawning of the morn!
Faith and love we now reclaim,
In the Holy Mother's name.
Hark Diana's wimmin sing,
Glory to the Light She brings!

Blessed sisters come and sing,
Now the Light is quickening!
Gardens peaceful, forests wild
Joining spirits, harm reviled!
Now the time of Glowing stars!
Joyful hands and joyful hearts!

Cheer the Yule log as it burns!
Once again the Sun returns!
Blessed sisters come and sing
Now the Light is quickening!

Through the wind and dark of night
Celebrate the coming Light.
Sun's glad rays through cold fear burns
Once again the Life Wheel turns
 Gather sisters, wild and free
 Celebrate Life's mystery!
 Hark Diana's wimmin sing!
 Glory to the Light She brings!
Hark Diana's wimmin sing
Glory to the Light She brings!

I'M DREAMING OF A REAL SOLSTICE (from Brigit Silverbranch)

Tune: White Christmas

I'm dreaming of a real Solstice,
Just like the Druids used to know.
It would be so pleasing
To stand there freezing
At Stonehenge in the sleet and snow!

I'm dreaming of a real Solstice
With no eclectic modern feel,
If your blade is silver, not steel
Then may all your Solstices be real!

I'm dreaming of a real Solstice,
Just like the ones I used to know.
It would be so pleasing
To stand there freezing
At Stonehenge in the sleet and snow!

I'm dreaming of a real Solstice
With no eclectic modern feel,
If your blade is silver, not steel
Then may all your Solstices be real!

GLORIA (blue book)

(tune: Angels We Have Heard on High)

Snow lies deep upon the Earth

Still our voices warmly sing

Heralding the Light's rebirth

Joy we pray the year to bring

Glor--- ria!

In excelsis Dea!

Glor--- ria!

In excelsis Dea!

Our triumphant voices claim

Joy and hope and love renewed

And our Lady's glad refrain

Answers winter's solitude

*Chorus

In the darkness, harsh or mild,

Promises a glowing light

Though the winter wind be wild

She proclaims the growing light.

*Chorus

Now the turning of the year

Of the greater turning sing

Passing age of cold and fear

Soon our golden summer brings.

*Chorus

SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT

(Compiled and edited from Yule songbooks by Diana, Donna Sanders, Shekhinah Mountainwater)

Silent night, Solstice night

All is calm, all is bright

Nature slumbers in forest and glen

Til in springtime She wakens again

Light from night is born

Light from night is born

Silent night, Solstice night

Silver moon, shining bright

Snowfall blankets the slumbering earth

Yule fires welcome the sun's rebirth

Hark the light is reborn
Hark the light is reborn

Silent night, holy night
Quiet rest til the light
Turning ever the rolling wheel
Brings the winter to comfort and heal

Heal in Winter's sleep
Heal in Winter's sleep

NEW YEAR CAROL

(Trad with extra verses by Waterson/Carthy)

*Levy-dew, sing levy-dew, the water and the wine,
Seven bright gold wires and the trumpets doth shine. – 2x*

Here comes the maiden with gold on her toe;
Open the West gate and let the Old Year go.
Chorus

Here comes the maiden with gold in her eye;
Open the West gate and let the Old Year by.
Chorus

Here comes the maiden with gold on her chin;
Open the East gate and let the New Year in.
Chorus

Here comes the maiden with gold on her shoe;
Open the East gate and let the New Year through.
Chorus – 2x

IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR

(verse 1 by Kerry Cerridwen, verses 2 & 3 blue book)

It came upon a midnight clear
That glorious stillness of old
Despite the frantic Yuletide cheer
To soothe my heart in the cold
How quiet sleeps the Earth this night
She dreams a Yuletide spark
O Goddess grant us all tonight
The light within the dark

Ye children all of Mother Earth
Join hands and circle round
To celebrate the Solstice night
When Earth's rebirth is found
Rejoice, the year has now begun
The Sun returns above
So share the season together now
In everlasting love!

O, Sisters gather together here
Sing sweet to waken the Earth
With candles burning a guiding flame
To call Her Light to rebirth.
With Ancient Crone we plant the seeds
Her wisdom grows within
As Mother's love draws Maiden forth
Our Goddess born again.

O REST YE MERRY, PAGANFOLK

(Tune: God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen)

From Kerry Cerridwen., Verse 3 is from Brigit Silverbranch)

Oh rest ye merry, Paganfolk
Let nothing you dismay;
Remember that the sun returns
Upon this Solstice day.
The growing dark is turning now
And Spring is on its way.
O tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy

The Goddess rest ye merry, too
And keep you safe from harm;
Remember that we live within
The circle of Her arms.
And may Her love in years to come
Bring very special charms.
O tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy

The midnight moon rides high and clear
On this the longest night
And in the frosty darkness
The stars are burning bright
And though the Sun is buried deep
The sky is filled with light.
O tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy

NOW IT'S YULE AGAIN (Nu Är Det Jul Igen)

(translated from the Swedish and rewritten by Kerry Cerridwen. This song is traditionally sung by Swedes while holding hands and dancing around the tree and all through the house.)

Now it's Yule again
O, now it's Yule again
And we shall celebrate till Springtime
Now it's Yule again
O, now it's Yule again
And we shall celebrate till Springtime
No, it isn't true, no, it isn't true
There are still some months of winter
No, it isn't true, no, it isn't true
There are still some months of winter

SILVER BELLS (from Brigit Silverbranch, slightly modified by Kerry Cerridwen)

City sidewalks, busy sidewalks
Dressed in holiday style
In the air there's a feeling of giving
Children laughing, people passing
Meeting smile after smile
And on every street corner you hear

Silver bells, silver bells
Yuletide returns to the city
Ring-a-ling, hear them ring
Chiming for Midwinter's Day

Strings of street lights, even stoplights
Blink a bright red and green
As the shoppers rush home with their treasures
Hear the snow crunch, see the kids bunch
Eyes as bright as their dreams
And on every street corner you hear

Chorus

WHAT CHILD IS THIS (Lunea Weatherstone

What child is this
Who brings such light
That all who see Her
Grow hopeful?
The Solstice candles
This darkest night
Rekindle a flame in our souls.
This, this is the Solstice Child,
The Maiden Brilliant,
The Maiden wild.
Come, come to hold Her near
The hope and the light of the New Year.

MOTHER BERTA'S COMING TO TOWN (blue book) (Tune: Santa Claus Is Coming To Town)

Mother Berta is a figure in Germanic/Norse tradition -- like Frau Holle or Perchta -
- who is connected with the Wild Hunt, and who presides over ploughs, plants,
spinners & spinning, and the souls of unborn children)

You better watch out when winter comes nigh,
You better not doubt, I'm telling you why
Mother Berta's coming to town!
She carries a sack made out of skin
She dumps the toys out and stuffs the kids in
Mother Berta's coming to town!

She rides on Master Skeggi
A goat whose back is strong
Her beard is gray and scraggly
And her tail is ten feet long!

With six or eight horns, a moustache or two
Make a mistake, she's coming for YOU!
Mother Berta's coming to town

She knows with whom you're sleeping
She knows with whom you wake
She knows each thought you're thinking
So don't THINK! For Goddess sake

So when the winds howl way up in the sky
Listen as she and Skeggi pass by
Mother Berta's coming....
Mother Berta's coming...
Mother Berta's coming to town!

DANCING IN A WICCAN WONDERLAND (from Brigit Silverbranch)

Pagans sing, are you listenin'
Altar's set, candles glistenin'
It's a magical night, we're having tonight,
Dancing in a Wiccan wonderland

Blades held high, censor smoking,
Mother Earth we're invoking,
Through elements five, we celebrate life
Dancing in a Wiccan wonderland

In a circle we can light a Yule fire,
And await the rising of the sun,
It's the Great Wheel turning for the new year
Loaded with abundance, joy, and fun.

Queen of Heaven smiles in Her place
Triple Goddess, now the Crone face,
Above and below, She's the Goddess we know,
Dancing in a Wiccan wonderland.

Gone away in the darkness
Comes, we pray, is the brightness
Let's party tonight by the Mother's side
Dancing in a Wiccan wonderland.

In a circle we can light a Yule fire,
And await the rising of the sun,
It's the Great Wheel turning for the new year
Loaded with abundance, joy, and fun.

Later on, by the fire,
Cone of power, getting' higher
It's a magickal night we're having tonight
Dancing in a Wiccan wonderland.

HOLY LUCIA (Sankta Lucia) (translated from the Swedish and rewritten by
Kerry Cerridwen)

Heavily treads the Night
'Round house and meadow.
Bereft of the Sun's light
Earth lies in shadow.
Lo, in the dead of night
She comes with her tender light.
Holy Lucia, Holy Lucia

Through nighttime's storm and gloom
We catch the sweet scents
Trailing through every room
Proof of her presence.
Turn and you'll see her there

White-clad, with shining hair.
Holy Lucia, Holy Lucia

Darkness shall soon depart
Earth's shadowed valleys
Lucia to us imparts
Wonderful tidings:
"Reborn, the sun shall rise
Shining, in rosy skies"
Holy Lucia, Holy Lucia

ON THAT DAY - Adapted by Ruth Barrett from "On The Hay" by Florence
Hawkins

The Mother laid her baby down
 On that day
She wrapped her warm in rays of dawn
 On that day

 The stars shone bright up in the sky
 The Goddess sang a lullaby
 The Mother laid her baby down
 On that day.

The earth rejoiced to see her there
To warm the soil and seedlings bare

Lucina was the baby's name
The rising sun returns again

A ring of candles round her head
To wake the living from the dead

Her holy lamp lights up the sky
Open the heart, open the eye

The light is born within the night
To guide our path in love so bright

JOY TO THE WORLD (Music and original lyrics by Lowell Mason after G.F. Handel, Solstice lyrics from Songs for a Winter Solstice by Diana with additional lyrics by Ruth Barrett)

Joy to the world! The Lady walks,
Oh let the echoes ring!
The power of Her love each single heart unlocks

And heaven and nature sing
And heaven and nature sing
And heaven and nature sing...

Joy to the world! For peace shall reign
As we our power employ!
Oh field and flood, rock, hill and plain

Repeat the sounding joy
Repeat the sounding joy
Repeat the sounding joy

We share the world with truth and grace
And let our courage prove
The power of equality and richness of diversity

And wonders of our love
And wonders of our love
And wonders of our love

JOY TO THE WORLD (verse one by Judith Laura, verse two by Kerry Cerridwen, verse 3 from Brigit Silverbranch)

Joy to the world
The Sun is born
Let Earth welcome her child
Let every heart
Prepare her room
And all of nature sing, And all of nature sing
And all, and all of nature sing

Joy to the Earth
The Sun returns
And soon the darkness fades
While earth, air and water

And flame proclaim
The dance of Earth and Sun, The dance of Earth and Sun
The dance, the dance of Earth and Sun

No more will cold and darkness grow
Though frost still coats the ground
We wait to hear
The rivers flow
As far as hope is found
As far as hope is found
As far, as far as hope is found

DECK THE HALL

Deck the hall with boughs of holly
Fa la la la la la la la
Tis the season to be jolly
Fa la la la la la la la
Don we now our gay apparel
Fa la la la la la la la
Toll the ancient Yuletide carol
Fa la la la la la la la

See the blazing Yule before us
Strike the harp and join the chorus
Follow me in merry measure
While I tell of Yuletide treasure

Fast away the old year passes
Hail the new ye lads and lasses
Sing we joyous all together
Heedless of the wind and weather

CHRISTMAS TIME IS PAGAN

(blue book) not sure who wrote this; to the tune of “Angels We Have Heard on High”)

Christmas time is here again
Decorations everywhere
Christmas carols ringing out
Gentle pagans, we don't care

CHORUS: Glorious! Christmas time is pagan! Glorious! Christmas time is
pagan!

Modern folks all celebrate
What they learned in Sunday School
In December they don't know
They are celebrating Yule!

CHORUS

Let them have their Christmas trees
Decked in red and green and blue
We rejoice at every one!
Christmas trees are pagan, too

CHORUS

Bowls of bubbly Christmas cheer
Fill your cup and quench your thirst
They think the tradition's theirs
Wassail bowls were pagan first

CHORUS

Every door and window bears
Wreaths of holly, wreaths of pine
Circles represent the Sun
Every wreath is yours and mine

CHORUS

Christmas lights on Christmas trees
Candle flames burn higher and higher
Let us cheer along, my friends
As they light their Yuletide fires

CHORUS

There's a possibility
that this song is yours and mine
'Cause the tune was known to all
Back in A.D. one-two-nine

HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE YULETIDE (from Brigit Silverbranch)

Have yourself a merry little Yuletide
Let your heart be light
From now on our troubles will be out of sight

Have yourself a merry little Yuletide
Make the Sabbath gay
From now on our troubles will be miles away

Here we are as in olden days,
Happy golden days of yore
Faithful friends who are dear to us
Gather near to us once more

Through the years we all will be together
If the Fates allow
Hang a shining star upon the highest bough
And have yourself a merry little Yuletide now.