

## All Bells in Paradise

Down in yon for-est there stands - a hall,  
All bells in par-a-dise I heard them ring,  
Cov-ered all o-ver with pur-ple and  
pall. And I love my Lord Je-sus a-bove a-ny-thing.

In - that hall - there stands - a bed,  
All bells in par-a-dise I heard them ring,  
Cov-ered all o-ver with scar-let so red,  
And I love my Lord Je-sus a-bove a-ny-thing.

At the bed-side - there lies - a stone,  
All bells in par-a-dise I heard them ring,  
Which the sweet Vir-gin Ma--ry knelt - up-on,  
And I love my Lord Je-sus a-bove a-ny-thing.

Un-der that bed--there runs - a flood,  
All bells in par-a-dise I heard them ring,  
The one half runs wa-ter, the o-ther half blood,  
And I love my Lord Je-sus a-bove a-ny-thing.

At the foot of the bed - there grows - a thorn,  
All bells in par-a-dise I heard them ring,  
Which e-ver grows blos-som since Je-sus was born,  
And I love my Lord Je-sus a-bove a-ny-thing.

O-ver that bed - the moon - shines bright,  
All bells in par-a-dise I heard them ring,  
To prove that our Sa-viour was born - this night,  
And I love my Lord Je-sus a-bove a-ny-thing.

Down in yon for-est there stands - a hall,  
All bells in par-a-dise I heard them ring,  
Cov-ered all o-ver with pur-ple and pall.  
And I love my Lord Je-sus a-bove a-ny-thing.

## Angels From the Realms of Glory

An-gels, from the realms of glo-ry,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sang cre-a-tion's sto-ry,  
Now pro-claim Mes--si-ah's birth:  
Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship,  
Wor-ship Christ, the new born King!

Shep-herds, in the fields a-bi-ding,  
Watch-ing o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now re-sid-ing;  
Yon-der shines the - en-fant light.  
Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship,  
Wor-ship Christ, the new born King!

Sa-ges, leave your con-tem-pla-tions;  
Bright-er vi-sions beam a-far;  
Seek the great De-sire of Na-tions;  
Ye have seen His - na-tal star:  
Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship,  
Wor-ship Christ, the new born King!

Saint, be-fore the al-tar bend-ing,  
Watch-ing long in hope and fear,  
Sud-den-ly, the Lord des-cend-ing,  
In His tem-ple - shall ap-pear:  
Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship,  
Wor-ship Christ, the new born King!

## Angels We Have Heard On High

An-gels we have - heard on high,  
Sweet-ly - sing-ing - o'er the plains,  
And the moun-tains - in re-ply,  
E-cho--ing their - joy-ous strains,  
Glo-----ri-a in ex-cel-sis De-o;  
Glo-----ri-a in ex-cel-sis De--o.

Shep-herds, why this - ju-bi-lee?  
Why your - joy--ous strains pro-long?  
What the glad-some - tid-ings be  
That in--spire your - heav'n-ly song?  
Glo-----ri-a in ex-cel-sis De-o;  
Glo-----ri-a in ex-cel-sis De--o.

Come to Beth-le--hem and see  
Him whose - birth the - an-gels sing;  
Come, a-dore on - bend-ed knee  
Christ the - Lord, the - new-born King.  
Glo-----ri-a in ex-cel-sis De-o;

Glo-----ri-a in ex-cel-sis De--o.

## **Away in a Manger**

A-way in a man-ger, no crib for His bed,  
The lit-tle Lord Je-sus laid down His sweet head.  
The stars in the sky - looked down where He lay,  
The lit-tle Lord Je-sus, a-sleep on the hay.

The cat-tle are low-ing, the poor Ba-by wakes.  
But lit-tle Lord Je-sus, no cry-ing He makes.  
I love Thee, Lord Je-sus, Look down from the sky,  
And stay by my cra-dle till morn-ing is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Je-sus, I ask Thee to stay  
Close by me for-ev-er and love me, I pray!  
Bless all the dear child-ren In Thy ten-der care,  
And take us to hea-ven, to live with Thee there.

## **The Birthday of a King**

In the lit-tle vil-lage of Beth-le-hem,  
There lay a child one day,  
And the sky was bright with a ho-ly light,  
O'er the place where Je-sus lay;  
Al-le-lu-ia! O how the an-gels sang,  
Al-le-lu-ia! how it rang;  
And the sky was bright with a ho-ly light,  
'Twas the birth-day of a King.

'Twas a hum-ble birth-place, but oh! how much  
God gave to us that day,  
From the man-ger bed, what a path has led  
What a per-fect ho-ly way:  
Al-le-lu-ia! O how the an-gels sang,  
Al-le-lu-ia! how it rang;  
And the sky was bright with a ho-ly light,  
'Twas the birth-day of a King.

## The Boar's Head Carol

The boar's head in hand bear I,  
Be-decked with bays and rose-ma-ry:  
And I pray you, my mas-ters, be mer-ry,  
Quot es-tis in con-vi-vi-o:  
Ca-put a-pri de-fe-ro  
Red-dens lau-des Do-mi-no

The boar's head, as I un-der-stand,  
Is the rar-est dish in all this land,  
Which thus be-decked with a gay gar-land,  
Let us ser-vi-re can-ti-co:  
Ca-put a-pri de-fe-ro  
Red-dens lau-des Do-mi-no

Our ste-ward hath pro-vid-ed this,  
In hon-or of the King of bliss,  
Which on this day to be serv-ed  
Is in Re-gin-en-si a-tri-o  
Ca-put a-pri de-fe-ro  
Red-dens lau-des Do-mi-no

## Brightest and Best

Hail the blest morn - and the Great Mi-di-a--tor.  
Down from the re--gions of glo-ry de-scend.  
Shep-herds go wor--ship the babe in the man--ger,  
In slum-ber He's guard--ed, Bright an-gels at-tend.  
Bright-est and best of the Sons of the morn--ing,  
Dawn on our dark-ness and lend us Thine aid;  
Star of the East - the hor-i-zon a-dorn--ing,  
Guide where our in--fant re-deem-er is laid.

Cold on His cra--dle the dew drops are shin--ing;  
Low lies His head - with the beasts of the stall;  
An-gels a dore - Him in slum-ber re-clin--ing,  
Ma-ker and Mon--arch and Sa-viour of all.  
Bright-est and best of the Sons of the morn--ing,  
Dawn on our dark-ness and lend us Thine aid;  
Star of the East - the hor-i-zon a-dorn--ing,  
Guide where our in--fant re-deem-er is laid.

Shall we not yield - Him in cost-ly de-vo--tion,  
O-dors of E--dom and of-frings di-vine,  
Gems of the moun--tain, and pearls of the o--cean,  
Myrrh from the for--est and gold from the mine?  
Bright-est and best of the Sons of the morn--ing,  
Dawn on our dark-ness and lend us Thine aid;  
Star of the East - the hor-i-zon a-dorn--ing,  
Guide where our in--fant re-deem-er is laid.

Vain-ly we of--fer each am-ple o-bla--tion,  
Vain-ly with gifts - would His fa-vor se-cure;  
Rich-er by far - is the heart's a-dor-a--tion,  
Dear-er to God - are the prayers of the poor.  
Bright-est and best of the Sons of the morn--ing  
Dawn on our dark-ness and lend us Thine aid;  
Star of the East - the hor-i-zon a-dorn--ing,  
Guide where our in--fant re-deem-er is laid

## **Christmas is Coming**

Christ-mas is com-ing, The goose is get-ting fat;  
Please to put a pen-ny In the old man's - hat;  
Please to put a pen-ny In the old man's - hat;

Christ-mas is com-ing, The goose is get-ting fat;  
Please to put a pen-ny In the old man's - hat;  
Please to put a pen-ny In the old man's - hat;

Christ-mas is com-ing, The goose is get-ting fat;  
Please to put a pen-ny In the old man's - hat;  
Please to put a pen-ny In the old man's - hat;

Christ-mas is com-ing, The goose is get-ting fat;  
Please to put a pen-ny In the old man's - hat;  
Please to put a pen-ny In the old man's - hat;

Christ-mas is com-ing, The goose is get-ting fat;  
Please to put a pen-ny In the old man's - hat;  
Please to put a pen-ny In the old man's - hat..

## **The Coventry Carol**

Lul-ly, Lul-la, thou lit-tle ti-ny child,  
By by, lul-ly lul-lay.

O sis-ters too, How may - we - do  
For to pre-serve this day,  
This poor - young--ling. - For whom we do sing,  
By by, lul-ly lul-lay?

Lul-ly, Lul-la, thou lit-tle ti-ny child,  
By by, lul-ly lul-lay.

He-rod, the king, in his ra-ging,  
Char-ged he hath this day  
His men of might - In his own sight,  
All young chil-dren to slay.

Lul-ly, Lul-la, thou lit-tle ti-ny child,  
By by, lul-ly lul-lay.

That woe is me, Poor child, - for - thee!  
And eve-ry morn and day,  
For thy - par--ting Nei-ther say nor sing  
By by, lul-ly lul-lay?

Lul-ly, Lul-la, thou lit-tle ti-ny child,  
By by, lul-ly lul-lay.

## Deck the Halls

Deck the halls with boughs of hol-ly  
Fa la la la la, la la la la,  
'Tis the sea-son to be jol-ly,  
Fa la la la la, la la la la,  
Don we now our gay ap-par-el,  
Fa la la la la la, la la la;  
Troll the an-cient Yule-tide car-ol,  
Fa la la la la la la la la.

See the blaz-ing yule be-fore us,  
Fa la la la la, la la la la,  
Strike the harp and join the cho-rus  
Fa la la la la, la la la la,  
Fol-low me in mer-ry mea-sure,  
Fa la la, la la la, la la la;  
While I tell of Yule-tide trea-sure,  
Fa la la la la la la la la.

Fast a-way the old year pas-ses,  
Fa la la la la, la la la la,  
Hail the New Year, lads and las-ses,  
Fa la la la la, la la la la,  
Sing we joy-ous, all to-ge-ther,  
Fa la la, la la la, la la la;  
Heed-less of the wind and wea-ther,  
Fa la la la la la la la la.

## The First Nowell

The - first - No--well the - an-gel did say  
Was to cer-tain poor shep-herds in fields as they lay;  
In - fields - where - they lay, - keep-ing their sheep,  
On a cold win-ter's night - that was - so deep:  
No--well, - No--well, No--well, No-well,  
Born is the King - of Is--ra-el!

They - look--ed - up and - saw - a star,  
Shin-ing in - the east - Be-yond - them far;  
And - to - the - earth it - gave - great light,  
And - so it con-tin-ued both day - and night:  
No--well, - No--well, No--well, No-well,  
Born is the King - of Is--ra-el!

And - by - the - light of - that - same star,  
Three - Wise - Men came - from coun - try far;  
To - seek - for a king was - their - in-tent,  
And to fol-low the star where-so-ev-er it went:  
No--well, - No--well, No--well, No-well,  
Born is the King - of Is--ra-el!

The - star - drew - nigh to - the - north-west;  
O'er - Beth--le-hem - it took - its rest,  
And - there - it - did both - stop - and stay  
Right - o-ver the place - where Je--sus lay:  
No--well, - No--well, No--well, No-well,  
Born is the King - of Is--ra-el!

Then - did - they - know as--sur--ed-ly  
With--in - that house - the King - did lie:  
One - en--ter-ed in then - for - to see,  
And - found - the Babe - in po--ver-ty:  
No--well, - No--well, No--well, No-well,  
Born is the King - of Is--ra-el!

Then - en--ter-ed in those - Wise - Men three,  
Fell - re-verent--ly - up-on - their knee,  
And - of--fer-ed there in - His - pres-ence  
Both - gold - and myrrh - and frank--in-cense:  
No--well, - No--well, No--well, No-well,  
Born is the King - of Is--ra-el!

Be--tween - an - ox-stall - and - an ass  
This - Child - tru--ly there born - He was;  
For - want - of - cloth--ing they did Him lay  
All - in - the man-ger, a-mong - the hay:  
No--well, - No--well, No--well, No-well,  
Born is the King - of Is--ra-el!



Then - let - us - all with - one - ac-cord  
Sing - prais--es to - our hea-ven-ly Lord,  
That - hath - made - heav'n and - earth - of naught,  
And - with - His blood - man-kind - hath bought:  
No--well, - No--well, No--well, No-well,  
Born is the King - of Is--ra-el!

If - we - in - our time - shall - do well,  
We - shall - be free - from death - and hell;  
For - God - hath pre-par-ed - for - us all  
A - rest--ing place - in gen--er-al:  
No--well, - No--well, No--well, No-well,  
Born is the King - of Is--ra-el!

### **God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen**

God rest ye mer-ry, gen-tle-men,  
Let noth-ing you dis-may;  
Re-mem-ber Christ, our Sa--viour,  
Was born on Christ-mas day,  
To save us all from Sa-tan's pow'r  
When we were gone a-stray:  
O - tid-ings of com--fort and joy, com-fort and joy,  
O - tid--ings of com--fort and joy.

In Beth-le-hem in Jew--ry  
This bless-ed Babe was born,  
And laid with-in a man--ger  
U-pon this bless-ed morn;  
The which His Moth-er, Ma--ry  
Did noth-ing take in scorn:  
O - tid-ings of com--fort and joy, com-fort and joy,  
O - tid--ings of com--fort and joy.

From God, our heavn'-ly Fa--ther  
A bless-ed an-gel came,  
And un-to cer-tain shep--herds  
Brought tid-ings of the same,  
How that in Beth-le-hem was born  
The Son of God by name:  
O - tid-ings of com--fort and joy, com-fort and joy,  
O - tid--ings of com--fort and joy.

Fear not, then said the an--gel,  
Let noth-ing you af-fright,  
This day is born a Sa--viour,  
Of vir-tue, pow'r and might;  
So fre-quent-ly to van-quish all  
The friends of Sa-tan quite.  
O - tid-ings of com--fort and joy, com-fort and joy,

O - tid--ings of com--fort and joy.

The shep-herds at those tid--ings  
Re-jo-ced much in mind,  
And left their flocks a-feed--ing,  
In tem-pest, storm and wind,  
And went to Beth-le-hem straight-way  
This bless-ed Babe to find:  
O - tid-ings of com--fort and joy, com-fort and joy,  
O - tid--ings of com--fort and joy.

### **Good Christian Men, Rejoice**

Good Christ-ian men, re-joyce -  
With heart and soul and voice; -  
Give ye heed to what we say:  
News! News! Je-sus Chirst is born to-day:  
Ox and ass be-fore him bow,  
And He is in the man-ger now,  
Christ is born to-day  
Christ is born to-day

Good Christ-ian men, re-joyce -  
With heart and soul and voice; -  
Now we hear of end-less bliss;  
Joy! Joy! Je-sus Chirst was born for this!  
He has oped the heavn'-ly door,  
And man is bless-ed e-ver-more  
Christ was born for this!  
Christ was born for this!

Good Christ-ian men, re-joyce -  
With heart and soul and voice; -  
Now ye need not fear the grave:  
Peace! Peace! Je-sus Chirst was born to save!  
Calls you one and calls you all,  
To gain His e-ver-last-ing hall.  
Christ was born to save!  
Christ was born to save!

## Good King Wenceslas

Good King Wen-ces-las looked out  
on the feast of Ste-phen  
When the snow lay round a-bout,  
deep and crisp and e-ven.  
Bright-ly shone the moon that night.  
Though the frost was cru-el,  
When a poor man came in sight,  
Gath'-ring win-ter fu--el.

Hi-ther page, and stand by me,  
If thou know'st it tell-ing,  
Yon-der pea-sant who is he?  
Where and what his dwell-ing?  
Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
Un-der-neath the moun-tain;  
Right a-against the for-est fence,  
By St. Ag-nes' foun--tain.

Bring me flesh and bring me wine,  
bring me pine-logs hi-ther;  
Thou and I will see him dine,  
when we bear them thi-ther.  
Page and mon-arch forth they went,  
Forth they went to-geth-er;  
Through the rude wind's wild la-ment,  
And the bit-ter wea--ther.

Sire, the night is dark-er now,  
And the wind blows strong-er;  
Fails my heart, I know not how,  
I can go no long-er.  
Mark my foot-steps Good My Page!  
Tread thou in them bold-ly:  
Thou shalt find the win-ter's rage  
Freeze thy blood less cold--ly.

In his mas-ter's steps he trod,  
Where the snow lay dint-ed;  
Heat was in the ve-ry sod  
Which the saint had print-ed.  
There-fore Christ-ian men, be sure,  
Wealth or rank pos-sess-ing,  
Ye who now will bless the poor,  
Shall your-selves find bless--ing.-

## **Hark! The Herald Angels Sing**

Hark! The her-ald an-gels sing  
"Glo-ry to the new-born King!"  
Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild;  
God and sin-ners re-con-ciled!  
Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,  
Join the tri-umph of the skies;  
With th'an-gel-ic hosts pro-claim,  
"Christ is - born in Beth-le-hem!"  
Hark! The her-ald an-gels sing,  
"Glo-ry - to the new-born King!"

Christ, by high-est heav'n a-dored;  
Christ, the ev-er-las-ting Lord;  
Late in time be-hold Him come,  
Off-spring of the Vir-gin's womb.  
Veiled in flesh the God-head see;  
Hail th' Incar-nate De-i-ty,  
Pleased as man with man to dwell;  
Je-sus, - our Em-man-u-el:  
Hark! The her-ald an-gels sing,  
"Glo--ry to the new born King!"

Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail, the Sun of Right-eous-ness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Ris'n with heal-ing in His wings;  
Mild He lays His glo-ry by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to - give them se-cond birth:  
Hark! The her-ald an-gels sing,  
"Glo-ry - to the new born King!"

## Here We Come A-Wassailing

Here we come a-was-sail-ing a-mong the leaves so green,  
Here we come a-wan-der-ing, so fair - to be seen:  
Love and joy come to you, And to you your was-sail too,  
And God bless you and send - you a hap--py New Year,  
And God send you a hap--py New Year.

Our was-sail cup is made - of the rose--ma-ry tree,  
So - is your beer - of the best - bar--ley:  
Love and joy come to you, And to you your was-sail too,  
And God bless you and send - you a hap--py New Year,  
And God send you a hap--py New Year.

We are not dai-ly beg--ers that beg from door to door,  
But we are neigh-bours' child--ren whom you have seen be-fore:  
Love and joy come to you, And to you your was-sail too,  
And God bless you and send - you a hap--py New Year,  
And God send you a hap--py New Year.

Call up the but-ler of this house, put on his gold-en ring;  
Let him bring us a glass of beer and bet-ter we shall sing:  
Love and joy come to you, And to you your was-sail too,  
And God bless you and send - you a hap--py New Year,  
And God send you a hap--py New Year.

We have got a lit-tle purse of stretch-ing lea-ther skin;  
We want a lit-tle of your mon-ey to line it well with-in:  
Love and joy come to you, And to you your was-sail too,  
And God bless you and send - you a hap--py New Year,  
And God send you a hap--py New Year.

Bring us - a - ta--ble and spread it with a cloth;  
Bring us out a moul-dy cheese and some of your Christ-mas loaf:  
Love and joy come to you, And to you your was-sail too,  
And God bless you and send - you a hap--py New Year,  
And God send you a hap--py New Year.

God bless the mas-ter of this house, like-wise the mis-tress too;  
And all the lit-tle child--ren that round the tab-le go:  
Love and joy come to you, And to you your was-sail too,  
And God bless you and send - you a hap--py New Year,  
And God send you a hap--py New Year.

Good mas-ter and good mis--tress, while your're sit-ting by the fire,  
Pray think of us poor child--ren a-wan-d'ring in the mire:  
Love and joy come to you, And to you your was-sail too,  
And God bless you and send - you a hap--py New Year,  
And God send you a hap--py New Year.

## **The Holly and the Ivy**

The hol-ly and the i-vy, When they are both full grown,  
Of - all the trees that are in the wood, The - hol-ly bears the crown.  
The ris-ing of the sun - And the run-ning of the deer,  
The - play-ing of the mer-ry or-gan, Sweet sing-ing in the choir.

The hol-ly bears the blos-som, As white as the li-ly flower,  
And - Ma-ry bore sweet Je-sus Christ To - be our sweet Sa-viour:  
The ris-ing of the sun - And the run-ning of the deer,  
The - play-ing of the mer-ry or-gan, Sweet sing-ing in the choir.

The hol-ly bears a ber-ry, As red as a-ny blood,  
And - Ma-ry bore sweet Je-sus Christ To - do poor sin-ners good:  
The ris-ing of the sun - And the run-ning of the deer,  
The - play-ing of the mer-ry or-gan, Sweet sing-ing in the choir.

The hol-ly bears a pric-kle, As sharp as a-ny thorn,  
And - Ma-ry bore sweet Je-sus Christ On - Christ-mas day in the morn.  
The ris-ing of the sun - And the run-ning of the deer,  
The - play-ing of the mer-ry or-gan, Sweet sing-ing in the choir.

The hol-ly bears a bark, - As bit-ter as a-ny gall,  
And - Ma-ry bore sweet Je-sus Christ For - to re-deem us all:  
The ris-ing of the sun - And the run-ning of the deer,  
The - play-ing of the mer-ry or-gan, Sweet sing-ing in the choir.

## **I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day**

I heard the bells on Christ-mas Day  
Their old fa-mil-iar car-ols play,  
And wild and sweet the words re-peat  
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

I thought - how, as the day had come,  
The bel-fries of all Christ-en-dom  
Had rolled a-long th'un-bro-ken song  
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And in des-pair I bowed my head;  
"There is no peace on earth," I said,  
"For hate is strong and mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;  
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;  
The wrong shall fail, the right pre-vail,  
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Till ring-ing, sing-ing on its way,  
The world re-volved from night to day,  
A voice, a chime, a chant sub-lime,  
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

## **I Saw Three Ships**

I saw three ships come sail-ling in,  
On Christ-mas Day, - on Christ-mas Day,  
I saw three ships come sail-ling in,  
On Christ-mas Day in the morn-ing.

And what was in those ships all three?  
On Christ-mas Day, - on Christ-mas Day,  
And what was in those ships all three?  
On Christ-mas Day in the morn-ing.

Our Sav-iour, Christ, and His La-dy.  
On Christ-mas Day, - on Christ-mas Day,  
Our Sav-iour, Christ, and His La-dy.  
On Christ-mas Day in the morn-ing.

Pray, whi-ther sailed those ships all three?  
On Christ-mas Day, - on Christ-mas Day,  
Pray, whi-ther sailed those ships all three?  
On Christ-mas Day in the morn-ing.

O, - they sailed to Beth-le-hem.  
On Christ-mas Day, - on Christ-mas Day,  
O, - they sailed to Beth-le-hem.  
On Christ-mas Day in the morn-ing.

And all the bells on earth shall ring.  
On Christ-mas Day, - on Christ-mas Day,  
And all the bells on earth shall ring.  
On Christ-mas Day in the morn-ing.

And all the an-gels in hea-ven shall sing.  
On Christ-mas Day, - on Christ-mas Day,  
And all the an-gels in hea-ven shall sing.  
On Christ-mas Day in the morn-ing.

And all the souls on earth shall sing.  
On Christ-mas Day, - on Christ-mas Day,  
And all the souls on earth shall sing.  
On Christ-mas Day in the morn-ing.

Then let us all re-joice and sing.  
On Christ-mas Day, - on Christ-mas Day,  
Then let us all re-joice and sing.  
On Christ-mas Day in the morn-ing.-





## It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

It came up-on - a mid-night clear,  
That glo-ri-ous song - of old,  
From an-gels bend--ing near the earth  
To touch their harps - of gold;  
"Peace on the earth, - good will to men,  
From heav-en's all gra--cious King."  
The world in sol--emn still-ness lay  
To hear the an--gels sing.

Still through the clo--ven skies they came,  
With peace--ful wings - un-furled,  
And still their hea-ven-ly mu-sic floats  
O'er all the wea--ry world;  
A-bove its sad - and low-ly plains  
They bend - on hov-er-ing wing,  
And e-ver o'er - its Ba-bel sounds  
The bles-sed an--gels sing.

O ye, be-neath - life's crush-ing load,  
Whose forms - are bend--ing low,  
Who toil a-long - the climb-ing way,  
With pain-ful steps - and slow;  
Look now, for glad - and gold-en hours  
Come swift--ly on - the wing:  
O rest be-side - the wea-ry road,  
And hear the an--gels sing!

For lo! the days - are haste-ning on,  
By pro--phets seen - of old,  
When with the e--ver cir-cling years,  
Shall come the time - for-told,  
When the new hea-ven and earth shall own  
The Prince - of Peace - their King,  
And - the whole world send back the song  
Which now the an--gels sing.

## **Bring a Torch, Jeanette, Isabella**

Un flam-beau, - Jean-ette, I-sa-bel-le!  
Un flam-beau, - cou-rons au ber-ceau!  
C'est Jé-sus, bon-nes gens du ha-meau,  
Le Christ est né, Ma-rie ap-pel-le,  
Ah! ah! ah! que la mère est bel-le,  
Ah! ah! ah! que l'En-fant est beau!

C'est un tort - quand l'En-fant som-meil-le,  
C'est un tort - de cri-er si fort.  
Tai-sez-vous, - l'un et l'au-tre d'a-bord!  
Au moin-dre bruit, Jé-sus s'e-veil-le,  
Chut! chut! chut! Il dort à mer-veil-le,  
Chut! chut! chut! voy-ez comme il dort!

Douce-ment, dans - l'é-ta--ble clo-se,  
Douce-ment, ven--ez un - mo-ment!  
Ap-proch-ez, que - Jé-sus est char-ment!  
Comme Il est blanc! Comme Il est ro-se!  
Do! do! do! que l'En-fant re-pos-se!  
Do! do! do! qu'il rit en dor-mant!

## **The Gloucester Wassail**

Was-sail, was-sail, - all o-ver the town!  
Our toast it is white and our ale - it - is brown.  
Our bowl - it - is - made of the white ma-ple tree;  
With the was-sail-ing bowl, we'll drink - to thee.

So here is to Cher-ry and to his right cheek,  
Pray God send our mas-ter a good - piece - of beef,  
And a good - piece - of - beef that - may we all see;  
With the was-sail-ing bowl, we'll drink - to thee.

And here is to Dob-bin and to his right eye,  
Pray God send our mas-ter a good - Chirst--mas pie,  
And a good - Chirst--mas - pie that - may we all see;  
With the was-sail-ing bowl, we'll drink - to thee.

So here is to Broad May and to her broad horn,  
Pray God send our mas-ter a good - crop - of corn,  
And a good - crop - of - corn that - may we all see;  
With the was-sail-ing bowl, we'll drink - to thee.

And here is to Fill-pail and to her left ear,  
Pray God send our mas-ter a hap--py - New Year,  
And a hap--py - New - Year as - e're he did see;  
With our was-sail-ing bowl, we'll drink - to thee.

And here is to Col-ly and to her long tail,  
Pray God send our mas-ter he nev--er - may fail

A bowl - of - strong - beer! I - pray you draw near,  
And our jol-ly was-sail it's then you shall hear.

Come, but-ler, come fill us a bowl of the best;  
Then we hope that your soul in hea--ven - may rest;  
But if you - do - draw - us a - bowl of the small,  
Then - down shall we go but-ler, bowl - and all.

Then here's to the maid in the lil-y white smock,  
Who tripped to the door - and slipped - back - the lock!  
Who tripped - to - the - door and - pulled back the pin  
For to let these - jol-ly was-sail-ers in!

## Jingle Bells

Dash-ing through the snow In a one-house o-pen sleigh,  
O'er the fields we go, Laugh-ing all the way;  
Bells on Bob-tail ring, Mak-ing spir-its bright,  
What fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to-night!  
Jin-gle bells, Jin-gle bells! Jin-gle all the way!  
Oh what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o-pen sleigh!  
Jin-gle bells, Jin-gle bells! Jin-gle all the way!  
Oh what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o-pen sleigh!

A day or two a-go, I thought I'd take a ride,  
And soon Miss Fan-ny Bright Was seat-ed by my side;  
The horse was lean and lank; Mis-for-tune seemed his lot;  
He got in-to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up-sot.  
Jin-gle bells, Jin-gle bells! Jin-gle all the way!  
Oh what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o-pen sleigh!  
Jin-gle bells, Jin-gle bells! Jin-gle all the way!  
Oh what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o-pen sleigh!

A day or two a-go, the sto-ry I must tell  
I went out on the snow And on my back I fell;  
A gent was rid-ing by In a one-horse o-pen sleigh,  
He laughed as there I sprawl-ing lie, But quick-ly drove a-way.  
Jin-gle bells, Jin-gle bells! Jin-gle all the way!  
Oh what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o-pen sleigh!  
Jin-gle bells, Jin-gle bells! Jin-gle all the way!  
Oh what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o-pen sleigh!

Now the ground is white Go it while you're young,  
Take the girls to-night And sing this sleigh-ing song;  
Just get a bob-tailed bay Two-for-ty as his speed;  
Hitch him to an o-pen sleigh And crack! you'll take the lead.  
Jin-gle bells, Jin-gle bells! Jin-gle all the way!  
Oh what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o-pen sleigh!  
Jin-gle bells, Jin-gle bells! Jin-gle all the way!  
Oh what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o-pen sleigh!

## Joy to the World

Joy to the world! The Lord is come!  
Let earth re-ceive her King;  
Let ev-'ry - heart - - pre-pare - Him - room, -  
And heav'n and na-ture - sing; and - heav'n and na-ture - sing;  
And - hea-v'n, and hea--v'n and na-ture sing.

Joy to the world! The Sav-iour reigns!  
Let men their songs em-ploy;  
Fields - - and - floods, - - rocks, hills - and - plains -  
Re-peat the sound-ing - joy; re--peat the sound-ing - joy;  
Re--peat, - re-peat - - the sound-ing joy.

No more let sin and sor-row grow,  
Nor thorns in-fest the ground;  
He comes - to - make - - His bless--ings - flow -  
Far as the curse is - found, far - as the curse is - found  
Far - as - far as - - the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the na-tions prove  
The glo--ries - of - - His right--eous--ness -  
And won-ders of His - love and - won-ders of His - love;  
And - won-ders and won--ders, - of His love.

## Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

Lo, how a Rose e'er bloom-ing  
From ten-der stem hath sprung!  
Of Jes-se's lin-eage com-ing  
As men of old have sung.  
It came, a flower-et bright,  
A-mid the cold of win-ter,  
When half spent was the night.

I-sa-iah 'twas fore-told it,  
The Rose I have in mind,  
With Ma-ry we be-hold it,  
The Vir-gin Moth-er kind.  
To show God's love a-right,  
She bore to men a Sav-iour,  
When half spent was the night.

To Ma-ry, Rose of hea-ven,  
With lov-ing hearts we say  
Let our sins be for-giv-en,  
And grief be turned a-way  
Up on this Christ-mas Day;  
To Je-sus, child of win-ter,  
For grace and hope we pray.



## Masters in This Hall

Mas-ters in this hall, - Hear ye news to-day - -  
Brought from o'er the sea - And ev-er I you pray:  
No-well! No-well! No-well! No-well sing we clear!  
Holp-en are all folk on earth, - Born - is God's Son so dear:  
No-well! No-well! No-well! No-well sing we loud!  
God to-day hath poor folk rais-ed And - cast a-down the proud.

Go-ing o'er the hills, - Through the milk-white snow, - -  
Heard I ewes - bleat - While the - wind did blow:  
No-well! No-well! No-well! No-well sing we clear!  
Holp-en are all folk on earth, - Born - is God's Son so dear:  
No-well! No-well! No-well! No-well sing we loud!  
God to-day hath poor folk rais-ed And - cast a-down the proud.

Shep-herds ma-ny an one Sat a-mong the sheep, - -  
No man spake more word - Than they had been a-sleep:  
No-well! No-well! No-well! No-well sing we clear!  
Holp-en are all folk on earth, - Born - is God's Son so dear:  
No-well! No-well! No-well! No-well sing we loud!  
God to-day hath poor folk rais-ed And - cast a-down the proud.

## O, Christmas Tree (O, Tannenbaum)

O, Christ-mas Tree, O, Christ-mas Tree,  
Your branch-es green de-light us.  
O, Christ-mas Tree, O, Christ-mas Tree,  
Your branch-es green de-light us.  
They're green when sum-mer days are bright;  
They're green when win-ter snow is white.  
O, Christ-mas Tree, O, Christ-mas Tree,  
Your branch-es green de-light us.

O, Christ-mas Tree, O, Christ-mas Tree,  
You give us so much pleas-ure!  
O, Christ-mas Tree, O, Christ-mas Tree,  
You give us so much pleas-ure!  
How oft at Christ-mas tide the sight,  
O green fir tree, gives us de-light!  
O, Christ-mas Tree, O, Christ-mas Tree,  
You give us so much pleas-ure!

O, Christ-mas Tree, O, Christ-mas Tree,  
Your branch-es green de-light us.  
O, Christ-mas Tree, O, Christ-mas Tree,  
Your branch-es green de-light us.  
They're green when sum-mer days are bright;  
They're green when win-ter snow is white.  
O, Christ-mas Tree, O, Christ-mas Tree,  
Your branch-es green de-light us.





## **O Come, All Ye Faithful (Adeste Fideles)**

O come, all ye faith-ful, joy-ful and tri-umph-ant,  
O come ye, O come - ye to Beth--le-hem!  
Come and be-hold Him, born the King of An--gels;  
O come, let us a-dore Him; O come, let us a-dore Him;  
O come, let us a-dore Him, - Christ - the Lord.

Sing, choirs of an-gels, sing in ex-ul-ta-tion,  
O Sing, all ye cit-i-zens of hea-ven a-bove!  
Glo-ry to God - in - the - high--est:  
O come, let us a-dore Him; O come, let us a-dore Him;  
O come, let us a-dore Him, - Christ - the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this hap-py morn-ing,  
Je-sus, to Thee be all - glo--ry giv'n.  
Word of the Fa-ther now in flesh ap-pear--ing:  
O come, let us a-dore Him; O come, let us a-dore Him;  
O come, let us a-dore Him, - Christ - the Lord.

## O Come, O Come Emmanuel

O come, O come, Em-man---u-el,  
And ran-som cap-tive Is---ra-el,  
That mourns in lone-ly ex-ile - here  
Un-til the Son of God - ap--pear:  
Re-joice! Re-joice! Em-man---u-el  
Shall come to thee, O Is---ra-el.

O come, O come, thou Rod of Jes-se, free  
Thine own from Sa-tan's tyr--an--ny:  
From depths of hell Thy peo-ple - save,  
And give them vic-tor-y - o'er the grave:  
Re-joice! Re-joice! Em-man---u-el  
Shall come to thee, O Is---ra-el.

O come, thou Day spring, come - and - cheer  
Our spi-rits by thine ad--vent - here;  
Dis-perse the gloom-y clouds of - night,  
And death's dark sha-dows put - to - flight:  
Re-joice! Re-joice! Em-man---u-el  
Shall come to thee, O Is---ra-el.

O come, Thou Key of Da---vid, come,  
And o-pen wide our hea-ven-ly - home.  
Make safe the way that leads on - high,  
And close the path to mi--ser--y:  
Re-joice! Re-joice! Em-man---u-el  
Shall come to thee, O Is---ra-el.

O come, O come, Thou Lord - of - Might,  
Who to Thy tribes on Si--nai's - height  
In an-cient times did give Thy - Law,  
In cloud and ma-jes-ty - and - awe:  
Re-joice! Re-joice! Em-man---u-el  
Shall come to thee, O Is--ra--el.

## **O Holy Night (Cantique de Noel)**

O ho-ly night, The stars are bright-ly shin-ing.  
It is the night of the dear Sav-iour's birth!  
Long lay the world in sin and er-ror pin-ing,  
Till He ap-peared and the soul felt its worth.  
A thrill of hope the wea-ry world re-joi-ces,  
For yon-der breaks a new and glo-rious morn!  
Fall on your knees! O hear the an-gel voi-ces!  
O night - di-vine O - night when Christ was born!  
O night di-vine! O - - night, O night di-vine!

Led by the light of Faith se-rene-ly beam-ing,  
With glow-ing hearts by His cra-dle we stand.  
So led by light of a star - sweet-ly gleam-ing,  
Here came the wise men from O-ri-ent land.  
The King of Kings lay thus in low-ly man-ger.  
In all our trials born to - be our friend!  
Fall on your knees! O hear the an-gel voi-ces!  
O night - di-vine O - night when Christ was born!  
O night di-vine! O - - night, O night di-vine!

Tru-ly He taught us to love - one a-noth-er  
His law is love and His gos-pel is peace.  
Chains shall He break for the slave - is our bro-ther  
And in His name all op-pres-sion shall cease.  
Sweet hymns of joy in grate-ful cho-rus raise we,  
Let all with-in us praise His ho-ly name!  
Fall on your knees! O hear the an-gel voi-ces!  
O night - di-vine O - night when Christ was born!  
O night di-vine! O - - night, O night di-vine!

## **O, Little Town of Bethlehem**

O, lit-tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we - see thee lie!  
A-bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si-lent - stars go by;  
Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The ev-er-last-ing Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Ma--ry, And ga-thered - all a-bove,  
While mor-tals sleep, the an-gels keep Their watch of - wond'-ring love.  
O morn-ing stars, to-geth-er Pro-claim the ho-ly birth,  
And prais-es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!

How si-lent-ly, how si-lent-ly, The wond-rous - gift is giv'n!  
So God im-parts to hu-man hearts The bles-sings - of His heav'n.  
No ear may hear His com-ing, But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will re-ceive Him still, The dear Christ en-ters in.

O Ho-ly Child of Beth-le-hem, Des-cend to - us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin and en-ter in; Be born in - us to-day!  
We hear the Christ-mas an-gels The great glad tid-ings tell;  
O come to us, a-bide with us, Our Lord Em-man-u-el!

### **Once in Royal David's City**

Once in roy-al Dav--id's - ci-ty  
Stood a low-ly cat--tle - shed.  
Where a moth-er laid - her - ba-by  
In a man-ger for - His - bed;  
Ma-ry was that moth-er mild,  
Je-sus Christ her lit--tle - Child.

He came down to earth - from - hea-ven,  
Who is God and Lord - of - all,  
And His shel-ter was - a - sta-ble  
And His cra-dle was - a - stall;  
With the poor, and mean, and low-ly,  
Lived on earth our Sav--iour - ho-ly.

And through all His won--drous - child-hood,  
He would ho-nour and - o--bey,  
Love, and watch the low--ly - maid-en  
In whose gen-tle arms - He - lay;  
Christ-ian child-ren all must be  
Mild, o-be-dient, good - as - He.

For He is our child--hood's - pat-tern,  
Day by day like us - He - grew:  
He was lit-tle, weak, - and - help-less,  
Tears and smiles, like us - He - knew;  
And He feel-eth for our sad-ness,  
And He shar-eth in - our - glad-ness.

And our eyes at last - shall - see Him,  
Through His own re-deem--ing - love;  
For that Child, so dear - and - gen-tle,  
Is our Lord in hea--ven a-bove;  
And He leads His child-ren on  
To the place where He - is - gone.

Not in that poor low--ly - sta-ble,  
With the ox-en stand--ing - by,  
We shall see Him, but - in - hea-ven,  
Set at God's right hand - on - high;  
When like stars His child-ren rise  
Sing-ing prais-es in - the - skies.

## Pat-a-pan

Wil-lie, take your lit-tle drum;  
Rob-in, take your flute and come.  
When we hear the tune you play  
Tu-re-lu-re-ly, pat-a-pat-a-pan;  
When we hear the tune you play,  
How can an-y - one be glum?

When the men of old-en days  
Gave the King of Kings their praise,  
They had pipes on which to play  
Tu-re-lu-re-ly, pat-a-pat-a-pan;  
They had drums on which to play,  
Full of joy on - Christ-mas Day.

God and man this day be-come  
Joined as one with flute and drum.  
Let the hap-py tune play on  
Tu-re-lu-re-ly, pat-a-pat-a-pan;  
Flute and drum to-geth-er play  
As we sing on - Christ-mas Day.

## Silent Night

Si--lent night, ho--ly night!  
All is calm, all is bright  
'Round yon vir--gin Moth-er and child.  
Ho-ly in-fant, so ten-der and mild,  
Sleep in heav-en-ly peace!  
Sleep - in heav-en-ly peace!

Si--lent night, ho--ly night!  
Shep-herds quake at the sight.  
Glo-ries stream - from hea-ven a-far  
Heav'n-ly hosts--sing "Al-le-lu-ia"  
Christ the Sav-iour is born!  
Christ - the Sav-iour is born!

Si--lent night, ho--ly night!  
Won-drous star, lend thy light!  
With the an--gels let - us sing  
Al-le-lu-i-a to - our King!  
Christ the Sav-iour is here,  
Je-sus the Sa-viour is here!

Si--lent night, ho--ly night!  
Son of God, love's pure light,  
Rad-iant beams - from Thy ho-ly face,  
With the dawn of re-deem--ing grace,  
Je-sus, Lord, at thy birth!

Je-sus, - Lord, at thy birth!

## **The Twelve Days of Christmas**

On the first day of Christ-mas my true love sent to me  
A par-tridge - in a pear tree.

On the sec-ond day of Christ-mas my true love sent to me  
Two tur-tle doves  
And a par-tridge - in a pear tree.

On the third day of Christ-mas my true love sent to me  
Three French - hens,  
Two tur-tle doves  
And a par-tridge - in a pear tree.

On the fourth day of Christ-mas my true love sent to me  
Four cal-ling birds,  
Three French - hens,  
Two tur-tle doves  
And a par-tridge - in a pear tree.

On the fifth day of Christ-mas my true love sent to me  
Five gold-en rings.  
Four - cal-ling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two - tur-tle doves  
And a par-tridge - in a pear tree.

On the sixth day of Christ-mas my true love sent to me  
Six geese a-lay-ing,  
Five gold-en rings.  
Four - cal-ling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two - tur-tle doves  
And a par-tridge - in a pear tree.

On the sev-enth day of Christ-mas my true love sent to me  
Sev-en swans a-swim-ming,  
Six geese a-lay-ing,  
Five gold-en rings.  
Four - cal-ling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two - tur-tle doves  
And a par-tridge - in a pear tree.

On the eighth day of Christ-mas my true love sent to me  
Eight maids a-milk-ing,  
Sev-en swans a-swim-ming,  
Six geese a-lay-ing,  
Five gold-en rings.  
Four - cal-ling birds,

Three French hens,  
Two - tur-tle doves  
And a par-tridge - in a pear tree.

On the ninth day of Christ-mas my true love sent to me  
Nine lad-ies dan-cing,  
Eight maids a-milk-ing,  
Sev-en swans a-swim-ming,  
Six geese a-lay-ing,  
Five gold-en rings.  
Four - cal-ling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two - tur-tle doves  
And a par-tridge - in a pear tree.

On the tenth day of Christ-mas my true love sent to me  
Ten lords a-leap-ing,  
Nine lad-ies dan-cing,  
Eight maids a-milk-ing,  
Sev-en swans a-swim-ming,  
Six geese a-lay-ing,  
Five gold-en rings.  
Four - cal-ling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two - tur-tle doves  
And a par-tridge - in a pear tree.

On th'e-lev-enth day of Christ-mas my true love sent to me  
Elev-en pip-ers pip-ing,  
Ten lords a-leap-ing,  
Nine lad-ies dan-cing,  
Eight maids a-milk-ing,  
Sev-en swans a-swim-ming,  
Six geese a-lay-ing,  
Five gold-en rings.  
Four - cal-ling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two - tur-tle doves  
And a par-tridge - in a pear tree.

On the twelfth day of Christ-mas my true love sent to me  
Twelve drum-mers drum-ming,  
Elev-en pip-ers pip-ing,  
Ten lords a-leap-ing,  
Nine lad-ies dan-cing,  
Eight maids a-milk-ing,  
Sev-en swans a-swim-ming,  
Six geese a-lay-ing,  
Five gold-en rings.  
Four - cal-ling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two - tur-tle doves  
And a par-tridge - in a pear tree.



## Up on the House Top

Up on the house-top - rein-deer pause;  
Out jumps good old San-ta Claus,  
Down through the chim-ney with lots of toys,  
All for the lit-tle ones' Christ-mas joys.  
Ho, ho, ho Who would-n't go?  
Ho, ho, ho who would-n't go?  
Up on the house-top, click, click, click,  
Down through the chim-ney with good Saint Nick.

First comes the stock-ing of lit-tle Nell;  
Oh, dear San-ta, fill it well;  
Give her a dol-ly that laughs and cries,  
One that can o-pen and shut its eyes.  
Ho, ho, ho Who would-n't go?  
Ho, ho, ho who would-n't go?  
Up on the house-top, click, click, click,  
Down through the chim-ney with good Saint Nick.

Look in the stock-ing of lit-tle Bill;  
Oh, just see that glo-rious fill!  
Here is a ham-mer and lots of tacks,  
Whis-tle and ball and a set of jacks.  
Ho, ho, ho Who would-n't go?  
Ho, ho, ho who would-n't go?  
Up on the house-top, click, click, click,  
Down through the chim-ney with good Saint Nick.

## We Three Kings

We three kings of Or-i-ent are;  
Bear-ing gifts we tra-verse a-far  
Field and foun-tain, moor and moun--tain,  
Fol-low-ing yon-der star:  
Oh - star of wond-der, star of night,  
Star with roy-al beau-ty bright,  
West-ward lead-ing, still pro-ceed-ing,  
Guide us to thy per-fect light.

Born a king on Beth-le-hem's plain,  
Gold I bring to crown Him a-gain  
King for-ev-er, ceas-ing ne--ver,  
O-ver us all to reign:  
Oh - star of wond-der, star of night,  
Star with roy-al beau-ty bright,  
West-ward lead-ing, still pro-ceed-ing,  
Guide us to thy per-fect light.

Frank-in-cense to of-fer have I;  
In-cense owns a De-i-ty nigh:  
Prayer and prais-ing, all men rais--ing,  
Wor-ship Him, God most high:  
Oh - star of wond-der, star of night,  
Star with roy-al beau-ty bright,  
West-ward lead-ing, still pro-ceed-ing,  
Guide us to thy per-fect light.

Myrrh is mine; its bit-ter per-fume  
Breathes a life of ga-ther-ing gloom;  
Sor-rowing, sigh-ing, bleed-ing, dy--ing,  
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb:  
Oh - star of wond-der, star of night,  
Star with roy-al beau-ty bright,  
West-ward lead-ing, still pro-ceed-ing,  
Guide us to thy per-fect light.

Glor-rious now, be-hold him a-rise,  
King, and God, and Sac--ri-fice!  
Heav'n sings, "Al-le al-le-lu--ia  
"Al-le-lu-ia!" th'earth re-plies:  
Oh - star of wond-der, star of night,  
Star with roy-al beau-ty bright,  
West-ward lead-ing, still pro-ceed-ing,  
Guide us to thy per-fect light.

## **We Wish You a Merry Christmas**

We wish you a Mer-ry Christ-mas,  
We wish you a Mer-ry Christ-mas,  
We wish you a Mer-ry Christ-mas, And a hap-py New Year!  
Glad tid-ings we bring To you and your kin;  
Glad - tid-ings for Christ-mas And a hap-py New Year!

Please bring us some fig-gy pud-ding  
Please bring us some fig-gy pud-ding  
Please bring us some fig-gy pud-ding Please bring it right here!  
Glad tid-ings we bring To you and your kin;  
Glad - tid-ings for Christ-mas And a hap-py New Year!

We won't go un-til we get some,  
We won't go un-til we get some,  
We won't go un-til we get some, Please - bring it right here!  
Glad tid-ings we bring To you and your kin;  
Glad - tid-ings for Christ-mas And a hap-py New Year!

We wish you a Mer-ry Christ-mas,  
We wish you a Mer-ry Christ-mas,  
We wish you a Mer-ry Christ-mas, And a hap-py New Year!  
Glad tid-ings we bring To you and your kin;  
Glad - tid-ings for Christ-mas And a hap-py New Year!

## **What Child is This**

What child is this, - who laid to rest,  
On Ma-ry's lap - is sleep--ing?  
Whom an-gels greet - with an-thems sweet,  
While shep--herds watch - are keep-ing?  
This, this - is Christ the King,  
Whom shep-herds guard - and an-gels sing,  
Haste, haste - to bring Him laud,  
The Babe, - the Son - of Ma-ry.

Why lies He in - such mean es-tate  
Where ox and ass - are feed--ing?  
Good Christ-ian, fear: - for sin-ners here  
The si--lent Word - is plead-ing.  
This, this - is Christ the King,  
Whom shep-herds guard - and an-gels sing,  
Haste, haste - to bring Him laud,  
The Babe, - the Son - of Ma-ry.

So bring Him in--cense, gold, and myrrh,  
Come, pea-sant, King - to own - Him;  
The King of Kings - sal-va-tion brings,  
Let lov--ing hearts - en-throne Him:  
This, this - is Christ the King,  
Whom shep-herds guard - and an-gels sing,  
Haste, haste - to bring Him laud,  
The Babe, - the Son - of Ma-ry.

## **While Shepherds Watched Their Flock By Night**

While - shep-herds watched their flock by - night,  
All - seat-ed on the - ground,  
The - an-gel of the Lord came - down,  
And - glo-ry shone a-round  
And glo-ry shone a-round.

"Fear - not!" said he: for might--y dread  
Had - seized their trou-bled - mind,  
"Glad - ti-dings of great joy I - bring,  
To - you and all man-kind,  
To you and all man-kind.

"To - you in Da-vid's town, this - day  
Is - born of Da-vid's - line,  
The - Sav-iour, who is Christ the - Lord;  
And - this shall be the sign;  
And this shall be the sign;

"All - glo-ry be to God on - high,  
And - to the earth be - peace,  
Good - will hence-forth from heav'n to - men,  
Be--gin and nev-er cease,  
Be-gin and ne-ver cease!"