

# CHRISTMAS SONGS



WE LOVE



## Deck the Hall

Deck the hall 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.  
Troll 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.  
Strike the harp and join 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.  
While I tell of Yuletide treasure,  
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Traditional



## Angels We Have Heard on High

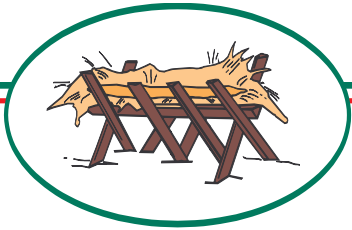
Angels we have heard on high,  
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,  
And the mountains in reply  
Echoing their joyous strains.

Gloria in excelsis Deo!  
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Shepherds, why this jubilee?  
Why your joyous strains prolong?  
What the gladsome tidings be  
Which inspire your heavenly song?

Gloria in excelsis Deo!  
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

French carol  
Trans. James Chadwick



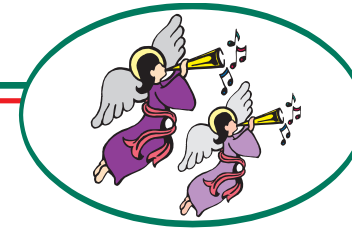
## Away in a Manger

Away in a manger,  
No crib for His bed,  
The little Lord Jesus  
Laid down His sweet head.

The stars in the bright sky  
Looked down where He lay,  
The little Lord Jesus,  
Asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing,  
The poor Baby wakes,  
But little Lord Jesus,  
No crying He makes.

I love Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Look down from the sky,  
And stay by my side  
Until morning is nigh.



## Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Hark! The herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn King.  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled!"  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
With the angelic host proclaim,  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"  
Hark! The herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Son of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings.  
Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that we no more may die,  
Born to raise us from the earth,  
Born to give us second birth.  
Hark! The herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn King!"



## It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth,  
To touch their harps of gold:  
"Peace on the earth, goodwill to all,  
From heaven's all gracious King":  
The world in solemn stillness lay,  
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled,  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world:  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1849



## Joy to the World

Joy to the world! the Lord is come:  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing,  
And heaven and nature sing,  
And heaven, and heaven, and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Savior reigns:  
Let us our songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

Isaac Watts, 1719

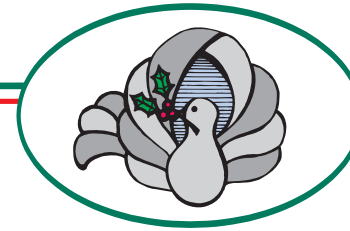


## O Come, All Ye Faithful

O Come, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant,  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!  
Come, and behold Him,  
Born the King of angels!  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
Christ, the Lord!

Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing in exultation!  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!  
Glory to God, all Glory in the highest!  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
Christ, the Lord!

John Francis Wade (c. 1740–1743)  
Trans. Frederick Oakeley, 1841



## O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

O come, O come, Emmanuel,  
And ransom captive Israel,  
That mourns in lonely exile here  
Until the Son of God appear.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Latin, c. 12th century  
Trans. John Mason Neale, 1851



## O Little Town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary;  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to all on earth.

How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him, still  
The dear Christ enters in.

Phillips Brooks, 1868



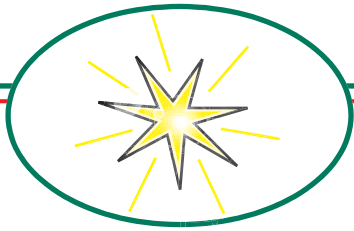
## Silent Night

Silent night, holy night!  
All is calm, all is bright,  
Round yon virgin mother and child!  
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,  
Sleep in heavenly peace,  
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night!  
Shepherds quake at the sight,  
Glories stream from heaven afar,  
Heavenly hosts sing: "Alleluia;  
Christ the Savior is born,  
Christ the Savior is born."

Silent night, holy night!  
Son of God, love's pure light  
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,  
With the dawn of redeeming grace,  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Joseph Mohr, 1818  
Trans. John Freeman Young, 1863



## The First Nowell

The first Nowell, the angel did say  
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;  
In fields where they lay a-keeping their sheep,  
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,  
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star  
Shining in the east beyond them far,  
And to the earth it gave great light,  
And so it continued both day and night.  
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,  
Born is the King of Israel.

English carol, 17th century



## What Child Is This?

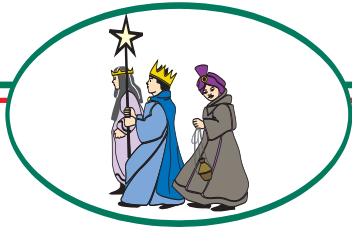
What Child is this, who, laid to rest,  
On Mary's lap is sleeping?  
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet  
While shepherds watch are keeping?

This, this is Christ the King,  
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing;  
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,  
the Babe, the Son of Mary!

Why lies He in such mean estate  
Where ox and ass are feeding?  
Good Christian, fear; for sinners here  
The silent Word is pleading.

This, this is Christ the King,  
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing;  
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,  
the Babe, the Son of Mary!

William Chatterton Dix, c. 1871



## We Three Kings

We three kings of Orient are,  
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,  
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,  
Following yonder star.

O star of wonder, star of night,  
Star with royal beauty bright;  
Westward leading, still proceeding,  
Guide us to thy perfect light!

John Henry Hopkins, Jr., 1857



## Go, Tell It on the Mountain

Refrain:

Go, tell it on the mountain  
Over the hills and everywhere;  
Go, tell it on the mountain  
That Jesus Christ is born!

While shepherds kept their watching  
O'er silent flocks by night,  
Behold throughout the heavens  
There shone a holy light.

Refrain

The shepherds feared and trembled  
When lo! above the earth,  
Rang out the angel chorus  
That hailed our Savior's birth.

Refrain

John Wesley Work II, 1907



## We Wish You a Merry Christmas

We wish you a Merry Christmas;  
We wish you a Merry Christmas;  
We wish you a Merry Christmas  
and a Happy New Year.

Good tidings we bring to you and your kin;  
Good tidings for Christmas and a Happy New Year.

English 16th century carol



## Jingle Bells

Dashing through the snow,  
In a one-horse open sleigh,  
O'er the fields we go,  
Laughing all the way.  
Bells on bob-tails ring,  
Making spirits bright,  
What fun it is to laugh and sing  
A sleighing song tonight.

Oh, jingle bells, jingle bells,  
Jingle all the way  
Oh, what fun it is to ride  
In a one-horse open sleigh  
Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
Jingle all the way  
Oh, what fun it is to ride  
In a one-horse open sleigh.

James Pierpoint, 1857

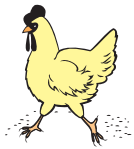
# Twelve Days of Christmas



On the first day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
A partridge in a pear tree.



On the second day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Two turtle doves  
And a partridge in a pear tree.



On the third day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.



On the fourth day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens, two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.



On the fifth day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Five golden rings,  
Four calling birds, three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.



On the sixth day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five golden rings, four calling birds,  
Three French hens, two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.



On the seventh day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying, five golden rings,  
Four calling birds, three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.



On the eighth day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying, five golden rings,  
Four calling birds, three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.



On the ninth day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Nine ladies dancing,  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying, five golden rings,  
Four calling birds, three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.



On the tenth day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Ten lords a-leaping,  
Nine ladies dancing, eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying, five golden rings,  
Four calling birds, three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.



On the eleventh day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Eleven pipers piping,  
Ten lords a-leaping,  
Nine ladies dancing,  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying, five golden rings,  
Four calling birds, three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.



On the twelfth day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Twelve drummers drumming,  
Eleven pipers piping,  
Ten lords a-leaping,  
Nine ladies dancing,  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying, five golden rings,  
Four calling birds, three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.