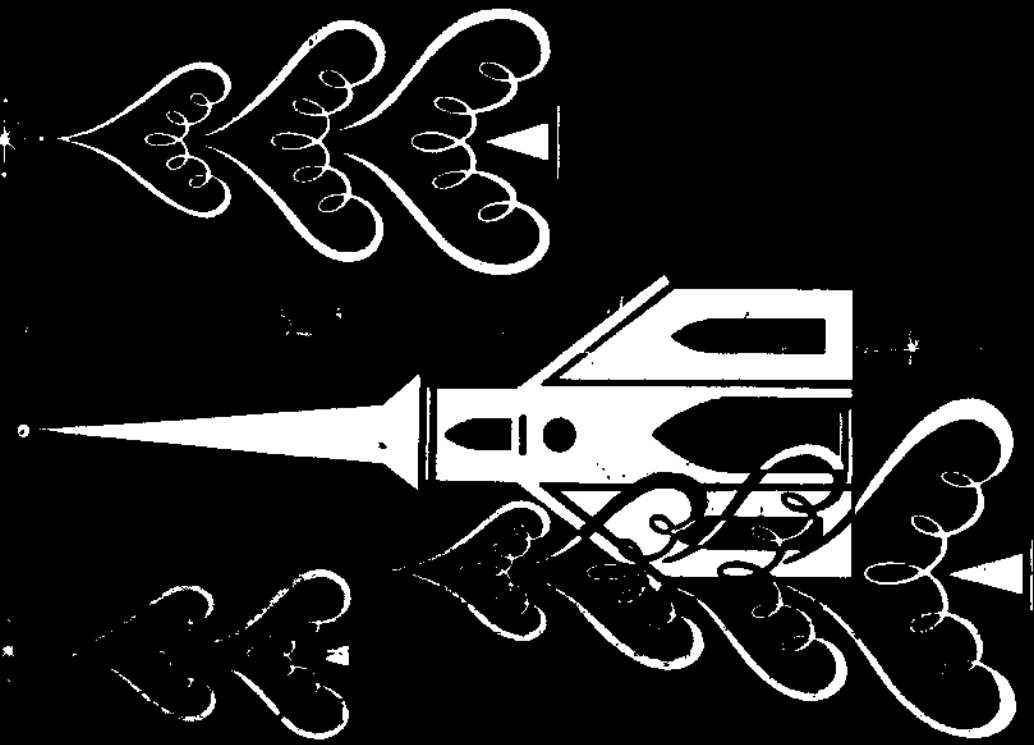
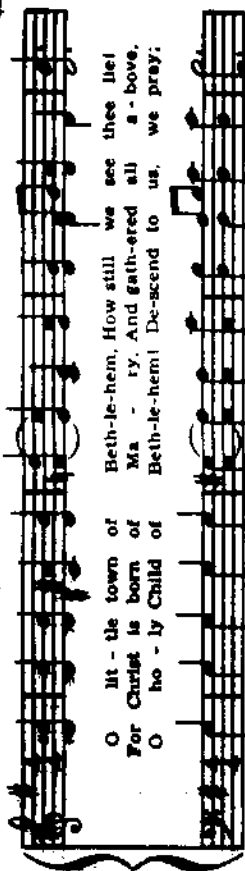


Christmas Carols

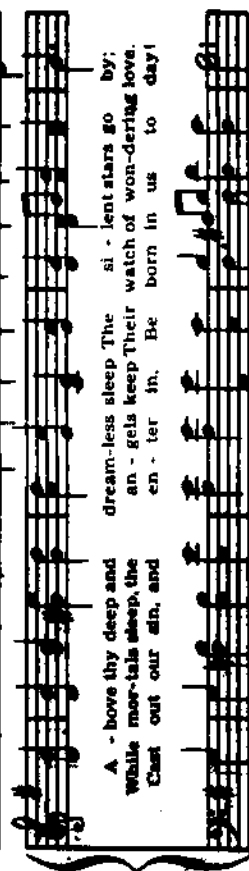


Twelve Town of BETHLEHEM

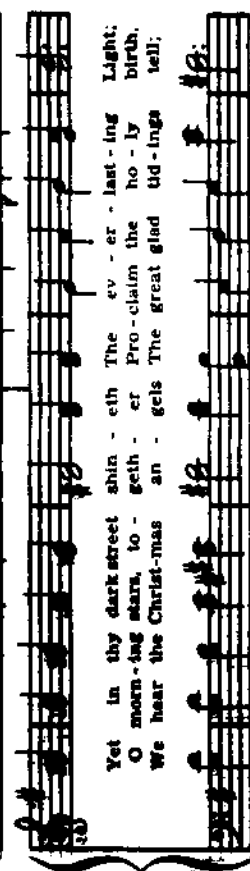
NOT TOO FAST



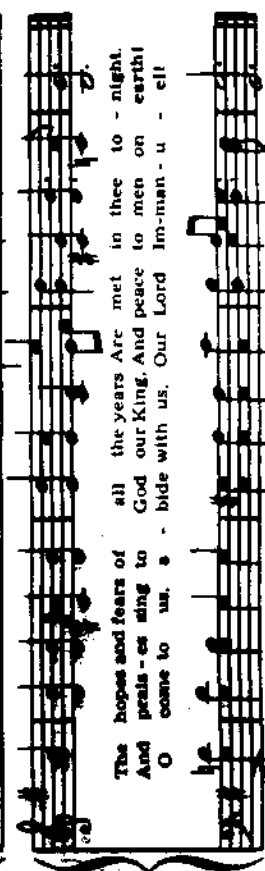
O lit - the town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie!
For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath-ered all a - bove,
O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem! De-scend to us, we pray;



A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The sil - lent stars go by;
While mor-tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won-dering love,
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to day!



Yet in thy dark street shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light,
O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth,
We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great glad tid-ings tell;



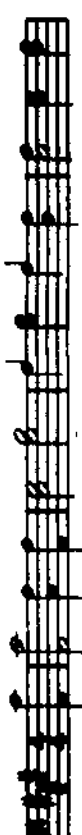
The hopes and fears of all the years Arc met in thee to - night,
And peac - es sing to God our King, And peace to men on earth!
O come to us, e - bid with us, Our Lord Im-man - u - el!

Had not this extremely popular carol met with an instantaneous success, its origin might have been lost to posterity because the author, Phillips Brooks, in 1868 neglected to sign it.

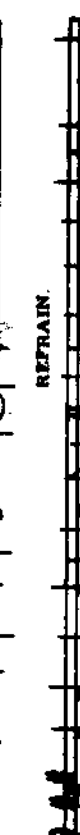
The Faithful



1. O come, all ye faith-ful, joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O
 Sing, choirs of an-gels, sing in ex-ul-ta-tion, O
 2. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this hap-py morn-ing.



come ye, O come ye to Beth-le-hem! Come and be-hold Him,
 sing, all ye cit-i-zens of heav'n a-bove! Glo-ry to God, all
 Je-sus, to Thee be all glo-ry giv'n; Word of the Fa-ther.



born the King of an-gels!
 glo-ry in the high-east!
 now in flesh ap-pear-ing!



come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ, the Lord!



words of this spirited, popular air were
 written in 1811 by Canon Frederick Oakley,
 English clergyman.



SLOWLY, WITH EXPRESSION



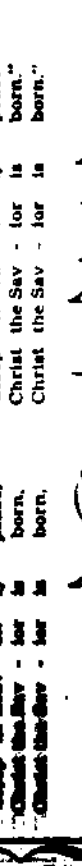
All is calm, all is bright,
 Dark-ness flies, all is light;
 Won-drous Star, lend thy light;



Ho-ly In-fant, so ten-der and mild,
 "Al-le-lu-ia! In-hall the King!"
 Al-le-lu-ia! to our King;



Sleep in heav-en-ly peace,
 Christ the Sav-ior is born,
 Christ the Sav-ior is born.



Sleep in heav-en-ly peace,
 Christ the Sav-ior is born,
 Christ the Sav-ior is born.

Few literary products have known such a curious history as this best known
 midnight beloved of all Christmas songs. Truly inspired, it represents the com-
 bined efforts of Franz Gruber and Josef Mohr, schoolmaster and assistant
 schoolmaster, respectively, of the tiny Bavarian village of Oberndorf.

Hark the Herald Angels Sing



MAESTOSO

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing. "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."
Light and life to all He brings. Risen with heal - ing in His Wings.

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions rise, Join the triumph of the skies;
Mild He lays His glo - ry by. Born that man no more may die.

With an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing. "Glo - ry to the new-born King."

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy is credited with the composition of this carol. The words are from the pen of Charles Wesley, brother of the famous theologian, John Wesley.



Holy Night

ANDANTE MAESTOSO

1. O ho - ly night! the stars are bright - ly shin - ing, it is the
2. Led by the light of Faith se - rene - ly beam - ing, With glow - ing
3. Tru - ly He taught us to love one an - oth - er; His law is

light of the dear Sav - iour's birth!
heard by His cri - mels we stand.
love and His gos - pel is peace.

Long lay the world in sin and er - ror
So led by light of a star sweet - ly
Chains shall He break, for the slave is our

pen - it, Till He ap - peared and the soul felt its worth. A thrill of hope the
gleam - ing stars came the wise men from the O - rient land. The King of Kings lay
broth - er And in His name all op - pres - sion shall cease. Sweet hymns of joy in
was - ty world re - joice - ed. For you - der breaks a new and glo - rious morn!

thus in low - ly man - ner, in all our tri - als born to be our friend!
grave - ful cheer - us raise we, Let all with - in us praise His ho - ly name!

Fall on your knees! O hear the an - gel voices! O night di - vine O
night when Christ was born. O night di - vine! O night. O night di - vine!

*is young French composer, Adolphe Adam, inspired
some a century ago as a writer of grand opera, it
was the author of this beautiful hymn that succeeding
generations have come to remember him.*

The First Noel

MODERATELY

Traditional

1. The first No - el, the an - gels did say, Was to cer - tain poor
 2. They look - ed up and saw a star shin - ing in the
 3. Then en - tered in the wise - men three, Full rev - er - ent -

shep - herds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay
 east, be - yond them far, And to the earth it
 ly up - on their knee, And of - fered there, in

keeping their sheep. On a cold win - ter's night that was so deep,
 gave great light. And so it con - tin - ued both day and night.
 His pres - ence. Their gold and myrrh and frank - in - cense.

REFRAIN
 No - el, No - el, No - el, No - el, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

This medieval shepherd's tune first appeared in print in England and is, the reader will note, the story of the Nativity as told to the shepherds by an angel.

We Three Kings

1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are; Bear - ing gifts we trav - erse a - far
 2. Born a King on Beth - le - hem's plain, Gold I bring to crown Him a - gain,
 3. Frank - in - cense to of - fer have I; In - cense owns a De - i - ty nigh;
 4. Myrrh is mine; its bit - ter per - fume Breathes a life of gath - er - ing gloom;
 5. Cho - rous now be - hold Him a - rise, King and God and Sac - ri - fice;

Field and foun - tain, moor and mountain, Fol - low - ing yon - der star.
 King for ev - er, cease - ing nev - er O - ver us all to reign.
 Prayer and praise - ing all men rais - ing, Wor - ship Him, God on high.
 Swe - et - smelling - ing; bleed - ing, dy - ing, Sealed in the stone - cold tomb.
 'Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! Sounds thro' the earth and skies.

REFRAIN
 O star of won - 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.

This might well be called the first all-American carol, for both words and music were written by an American clergyman, John Henry Hopkins, in 1857.

Merry Gentlemen We Have Heard On High

1. An - gels we have heard, on high, Sing - ing sweet - ly
 2. Shep - herds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why your rap - tu - ous
 3. Come to Beth - le - hem and see Him whose birth the

o'er our plains, And the moun - tains in re - ply.
 strains pro - long? What the glad - some tid - ings be
 an - gels sing; Come, a - fore on bend - ed knee

Cho - ing their joy - ous strains
 which in - spires your hea - venly song? Glo
 Christ the Lord, the new born King

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

This is a traditional French carol which is usually identified by its extended Gloria after each verse of the hymn.

WITH SPIRIT

1. God rest ye mer - ry gen - tle - men Let noth - ing you dis - may, Be -
 2. From God that is our Fa - ther The bless - ed An - gels came, Un -
 3. God bless the rul - er of this House, And send Him long to reign, And

mem - ber Christ our Sa - vour Was born on Christ - mas day, To save poor souls from
 to some cer - tain Shep - herds, With tid - ings of the same; That there was born in
 many a mer - ry Christ - mas May live to see a - gain. A - mong your friends and

CHORUS

Sa - tan's power Which had long time gone a - stray, And God send you
 Beth - le - hem, The Son of God by name,
 kin - dred, That live both far and near,

hap - py new year, hap - py new year; And God send you a hap - py new year.

The words and music of this lighthearted air are the work of some sixteenth-century English composer whose identity is no longer known.



Joy to the World



Time: Andante

Joy to the world! The Lord is come: Let earth re-
 Joy to the world! The Sav - lor reigns: Let men their
 He rules the world with truth and grace. And makes the

ative her King: Let ev - ery heart pre - pare Him
 mess - em - plo - y: While fields and floods, hills and
 na - tions prove: The glo - ries of his right - eous -

(Hum)

room, And Heaven and na - ture sing. And Heaven and na - ture
 plains, Re - peat the sound - ing joy. Re - peat the sound - ing
 zens, And won - ders of His love. And won - ders of His

1. And Heaven and na - ture sing. And
 sing. And Heaven, and Heaven and na - ture sing.
 joy. Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.
 Heaven and na - ture sing.

The stirring words of this inspiring carol were penned by Isaac Watts, a retired minister who devoted his life to the writing of hymns after a serious illness forced his retirement from active duty. At the home of Sir Thomas Abney, his dearest friend, Watts continued to compose poems until he became known as the Father of Hymnody. Lowell Mason, an American musician, set these words to the wonderful music of Handel.

The Midnight Clear



It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
 Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled,
 For lo! the days are has - ten - ing on. By pro - phet bands fore - told,

From an - gels bending near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
 And still their heav - en - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the we - ry world:
 When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;

"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heav - en's all gra - cious King,"
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on how - ering wing,
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dors fling.

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay. To hear the an - gels sing.
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - ble sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
 And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

This happy, tuneful air is another collaboration, the work of two American ministers: Edmund Sears, who wrote the words, and Richard Willis, who set them to music.



Away In a Manger



SLOWLY, GENTLY

A - way in a man-ger, no crib for His bed, The lit-tle Lord
The cat-tle are low-ing, the poor Ba - by wakes, But lit-tle Lord

Je - sus laid down His sweet head, The stars in the sky look-ing
Je - sus, no cry - ing He makes, I love Thee, Lord Je - sus; look

down where He lay, The lit-tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep in the hay,
down from the sky, And stay by my crib, watch-ing my lul - la - ry,



Royal David's City



Moderately

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's Ci - ty stood a
2. He came down to earth from hea - ven Who is
3. He is still our child - hood pat - tern Day by
4. And our eyes at last shall see Him Thru His

low - ly cat - the shed, Where a moth - er laid her
God and Lord of all, And His shel - ter was a
day like us he grew; He was lit - tle, weak, and
own re - deem - ing love; For that child so dear and

ba - by In a man - ger for His bed; Ma - ry
sta - ble And His cra - dle was a stall; With the
help - less Tears and smiles like us He knew; And He
gen - tle Is our Lord in hea - ven a - bove; And He

was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ Her lit - tle child,
poor, and mean, and low - ly, Lived on earth our Sav - iour Ho - ly,
feels for all our sad - ness, And He shares in all our glad - ness,
leads His child - ren on To the place where He is gone.

This beautiful carol was written by C. F. Alexander and H. J. Gauntlett in the middle of the Nineteenth Century and stresses the simple humility of the Nativity.

The Good King Wenceslaus



Good King Wen-ces-laus look'd out
"Silts - er, Page, and stand by me,
In his mas-ter's steps he trod,
On the Feast, of Six - phen,
If thou know'st it, tell - ing,
Where the snow lay dint - ed:

When the snow lay round a - bout,
Deep, and crisp, and e - ven:
Yea - der peas-ant, who is he?
Heat was in the ve - ry nod
Which the saint had print - ed.

Bright - ly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cru - el,
"Sirs, he lives a good league hence,
Un - der-neath the moun-tain;
There-fore, Chris-tian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank pos - ses - ing.

When a poor man came in sight,
Ga-thering win-ter fu - el,
Right a - gainst the for - est fence,
By Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain,"
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall your-selves find bless - ing.

This is the story, in song, of the legendary king of Bohemia who lived early in the tenth century and was famous for his generosity. It was first published as one of Luther's collection of "Pine Cantiones" in 1522.



JINGLE BELLS

Dashing thro' the snow
In a one horse open sleigh,—
O'er the fields we go,
Laughing all the way;
Bells on bobtail ring,
Making spirits bright,
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song tonight!

(Chorus)

Jingle bells, jingle bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride in
a one horse open sleigh!

A day or two ago

I thought I'd take a ride,
And soon Miss Fannie Bright
Was seated by my side;
The horse was lean and lank,
Misfortune seem'd his lot,
He go into a drifted bank,
And we, we got upst.

(Chorus)

We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door,
But we are neighbors' children
Whom you have seen before.
(Chorus)

Good Master and good Mistress,
As you sit by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
Who are wandering in the mire.
(Chorus)

We have a little purse
Made of rattling leather skin;
We want some of your small change
To line it well within.
(Chorus)

Bring us out a table,
And spread it with a cloth;
Bring us out a mouldy cheese,
And some of your Christmas loaf.
(Chorus)

God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress, too;
And all the little children
That round the table go.
(Chorus)



THE WASSAIL SONG

Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wandering,
So fair to be seen.

(Chorus)

Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail, too;
And God bless you, and send you
A Happy new year,
And God send you a happy new year.

Our wassail cup is made
Of the rosemary tree,
And so is your draught
Of the best, for thee.
(Chorus)



O CHRISTMAS TREE

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,
How faithful are thy branches!
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,
How faithful are thy branches!
Green not alone in Summer time,
But in the Winter's frost and rune;
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,
How faithful are thy branches.

'Tis not alone in Summer's sheath,
Its boughs are broad, its leaves are green;
It blooms for us when wild winds blow.
And earth is white with feath'ry snow
A voice tells all its boughs among
Of shepherd's watch and angel's song;
Of holy Babe in manger low,
The story of so long ago.



DECK THE HALLS

Deck the halls with boughs of holly,

Fa 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.

Troll the ancient Yuletide carol,

Fa la la la la la la la.

See the blazing Yule before us,

Fa la la la la la la la.

Strike the harp and join the chorus,

Fa la la la la la la la.

Follow me in merry measure,

Fa la la la la la.

While I tell of Yuletide treasure,

Fa la la la la la la la.

Fast away the old year passes,

Fa la la la la la la la.

Hail the new, ye lads and lasses,

Fa la la la la la la la.

Sing we joyous all together,

Fa la la la la la la.

Headless of the wind and weather,

Fa la la la la la la la.



I HEARD THE BELLS ON CHRISTMAS DAY

I heard the bells on Christmas day

Their old familiar carols play,

And wild and sweet the words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

I thought how, as the day had come,

The belfries of all Christendom

Had rolled along the unbroken song

Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

And in despair 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 prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men.'

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.



AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD

Words by

William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898)

Music by

Conrad Kocher (1786-1872)

As with gladness men of old

Did the guiding star behold;

As with joy they hailed its light,

Leading onward, beaming bright;

So, most gracious Lord, may we

Evermore be led to thee.

As with joyful steps they sped

To that lowly manger-bed,

There to bend the knee before

Him whom heaven and earth adore;

So may we with willing feet

Ever seek thy mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare,

At that manger rude and bare,

So may we with holy joy,

Pure and free from sin's alloy,

All our costliest treasures bring.

Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day

Keep us in the narrow way;

And, when earthly things are past,

Bring our ransomed souls at last

Where they need no star to guide,

Where no cloud thy glory hide.