

*Never Be
At a Loss for
Words When
It Comes to
the Songs of
the Season.*

*Here are the words to
some of the more popular
traditional songs you'll be
hearing this Holiday Season.*

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“JINGLE BELLS”

Words and music by James Pierpont (1857)

Dashing through 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!

*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!*

A day or two ago I thought I'd take a ride,
And soon Miss Fanny Bright was seated by my side;
The horse was lean and lank,
Misfortune seemed his lot,
He got into a drifted bank, and we, we got “upsot.”

*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!*

Now the ground is white, go it while you're young,
Take the girls tonight, and sing this sleighing song;
Just get a bobtailed nag, two-forty for his speed,
And hitch him to an open sleigh, and crack!
You'll take the lead.

*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!*

“SILENT NIGHT”

Words and music by Joseph Mohr and Franz Gruber (1816)

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,
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia;

Christ the Saviour is born...Christ the Saviour is born.

Silent night! Holy night!
Guiding Star, lend thy light!
See the Eastern Wise Men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!

Christ the Saviour is born...Christ the Saviour 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.

“O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL”

Originally written in Latin as “Adeste Fideles”

English version by Frederick Oakeley (1841)

Music from John Francis Wade’s *Cantus Diversi* (1751)

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
In the highest:

*O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!*

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:

*O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!*

“WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE”

Words and music by John H. Hopkins (1857)

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.*

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring, to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never...over us all to reign.

(Chorus)

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh,
Prayer and praising, all men raising, worship Him...God most high.

(Chorus)

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying...sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

(Chorus)

Glorious now behold Him arise.
King and God and Sacrifice,
Alleluia, Alleluia...earth to heaven replies.

(Chorus)

“THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS”

English traditional

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 turtledoves
And a partridge in a pear tree.

On the **third day** of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Three French hens, Two turtledoves
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 turtledoves
And a partridge in a pear tree.

On the **fifth day** of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
**Five gold rings; Four calling birds, Three French hens,
Two turtledoves**
And a partridge in a pear tree.

On the **sixth day** of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
**Six geese a-laying, Five gold rings; Four calling birds,
Three French hens, Two turtledoves**
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 gold rings;
Four calling birds, Three French hens, Two turtledoves**
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 gold rings; Four calling birds,
Three French hens, Two turtledoves**

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 gold rings;
Four calling birds, Three French hens, Two turtledoves**

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 gold rings; Four calling birds,
Three French hens, Two turtledoves**

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 gold rings;
Four calling birds, Three French hens, Two turtledoves**

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 gold rings; Four calling birds,
Three French hens, Two turtledoves**

And a partridge in a pear tree

“DECK THE HALL

WITH BOUGHS OF HOLLY”

Welsh traditional

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.

Fast away the old year passes,

Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.

Hail the new, ye lads and lasses,

Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.

Sing we joyous all together,

Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.

Heedless of the wind and weather,

Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.

“GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN”

English traditional arranged by Sir John Stainer (1867)

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.

*O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy;
O tidings of comfort and joy.*

From God our Heavenly Father
A blessed Angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

*O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy;
O tidings of comfort and joy.*

“Fear not, then,” said the Angel,
“Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in Him
From Satan's power and might.”

*O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy;
O tidings of comfort and joy.*

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm and wind:
And went to Bethlehem straight
away. . . The Son of God to find.

*O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy;
O tidings of comfort and joy.*

And when they came to Bethlehem
Where our dear Saviour lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His Mother Mary kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.

*O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy;
O tidings of comfort and joy.*

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.

*O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy;
O tidings of comfort and joy.*

“O HOLY NIGHT”

Originally written as “Cantique de Noël” by Placide Cappeau
English version by John Sullivan Dwight
Music by Adolphe Adam (1847)

O holy night! the stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Saviour’s birth;
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope, the weary soul rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.
Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was born!
O night, O holy night, O night divine!

Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,
With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand;
So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,
Here came the wise men from the Orient land.
The King of Kings lay thus in lowly manger,
In all our trials born to be our friend;
He knows our need, to our weakness is no stranger,
Behold your King, before Him lowly bend!
Behold your King, before Him lowly bend!

Truly He taught us to love one another;
His law is love and His gospel is peace;
Chains shall He break, for the slave is our brother,
And in His name all oppression shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,
Let all within us praise His holy name!
Christ is the Lord! O praise His name forever!
His power and glory evermore proclaim!
His power and glory evermore proclaim!

“HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING”

Words by Charles Wesley (1739)
Music by Felix Mendelssohn (1840)

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.*

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin’s womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, the Incarnate Trinity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

(Chorus)

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

(Chorus)

“GOOD KING WENCESLAS”

Words by John Mason Neale (1853)

Music from *Piae Cantiones* (1582) arranged by Sir John Stainer (1871)

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

“Hither page, and stand by me,
If thou knowest it, telling:
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?”
“Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes’ fountain.”

“Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine
When we bear them thither.”
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind’s wild lament
And the bitter weather.

“Sire the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer.”
“Mark my footsteps, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter’s rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.”

In his master’s steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

*Season's
Greetings
and a
Happy
New Year!*

Lawrence Creaghan