

# Christmas Songs—Religious

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# Angels from the Realms of Glory

lyrics by James Montgomery (1816) and music by Henry Smart (1867). (I, V)

**G** **G** <sup>(D7)</sup>  
Angels, from the realms of glory,  
**C**<sup>(½)</sup> **G**<sup>(½)</sup> **D7**<sup>(½)</sup> **G**<sup>(½)</sup>  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
**G** **G**<sup>(¼)</sup> **D7**<sup>(¼)</sup> **Em**<sup>(¼)</sup> **B7**<sup>(¼)</sup>  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
**Em**<sup>(¼)</sup> **B7**<sup>(¼)</sup> **Em**<sup>(½)</sup> **D**<sup>(¼)</sup> **A7**<sup>(¼)</sup> **D**<sup>½</sup>  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:

**D7** **G**<sup>(¼)</sup> **G7**<sup>(¼)</sup> **C**<sup>(½)</sup>  
Come and worship, Come and worship,  
**Am**<sup>(¼)</sup> **G**<sup>(¼)</sup> **D7**<sup>(¼)</sup> **Em**<sup>(¼)</sup> **Dsus**<sup>(¼)</sup> **D**<sup>(¼)</sup> **G**<sup>(½)</sup>  
Worship Christ the newborn King!

Shepherds, in the fields abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with us is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant Light:

Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of Nations;  
Ye have seen His natal star:

Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In His temple shall appear:

# Angels Have We Heard on High traditional French carol. (V, III)

*G*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Em*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Cma7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *G*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub>  
 An gels have we heard on high,  
*Cma7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D*<sub>(¼)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *Cma7*<sub>(½)</sub> (D) *G*<sub>(½)</sub>  
 Sweet ly singing o'er the plains,  
*G*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Em*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Cma7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *G*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub>  
 And the moun tains in re ply  
*Cma7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D*<sub>(¼)</sub> *G*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Cma7*<sub>(½)</sub> (D) *G*<sub>(½)</sub>  
 Ech o ing their joy ous strains.

*G*<sub>(½)</sub> *Cma7*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *D7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*  
 Glo----- ----ria  
*G*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Em*<sub>(¼)</sub> *C*<sub>(¼)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub>  
 in ex cel sis Deo,  
*G*<sub>(½)</sub> *Cma7*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *D7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*  
 Glo----- ----ria  
*G*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Em*<sub>(¼)</sub> *C*<sub>(¼)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *D7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*  
 in ex cel sis De o

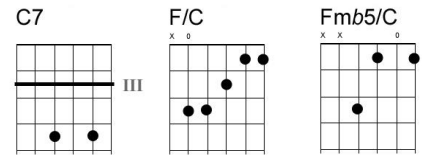
Shepherds, why this jubilee?  
 Why your joyful strains prolong?  
 Say what may the tidings be,  
 Which inspire your heav'nly song?

Come to Bethlehem, and see  
 Him whose birth the angels sing;  
 Come, adore on bended knee  
 Christ the Lord, the newborn King.

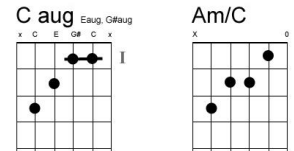
See within a manger laid:  
 Jesus, Lord of heav'n and earth!  
 Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,  
 With us sing our Savior's birth.

# Ave Maria by Franz Schubert (1825) (I, I)

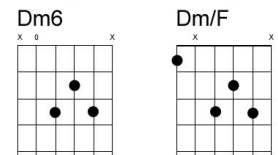
C C C C7 F/C Fm-5/C C C



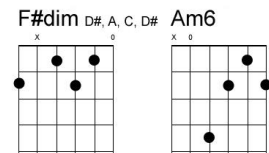
C Am6 C/G G7 Am/C Am/C Dm/F G7 C C  
 A ve Ma ri a Gra ti a ple na  
 Caug Am/C F#m-5/B B7 Dm6 Dm6 Am Am6  
 Ma ria, gratia ple na Ma ria, gratia ple na  
 G/B A7 G D7 G G  
 Ave, ave dominus Dominus tecum



G7 G7 C/G C/G G7 G7 Am Am  
 Bene dicta tu in mulieribus Et benedic tus  
 G E Dm Dm Dm/F F#dim G G7  
 Et benedictus fructus ventris Ventris tui, Jes u  
 C Am6 C/G G7 C C  
 A ve Ma ri a  
 C C7 F/C Fm-5/C C C



C Am6 C/G G7 Am/C Am/C Dm/F G7 C C  
 Sanc ta Ma ri a Ma ter Dei  
 Caug Am/C F#m-5/B B7 Dm6 Dm6 Am Am6  
 O ra pro nobis peccatori bus Ora, ora pro nobis  
 G/B A7 G D7 G G  
 Ora, ora pro nobis peccatoribus,



G7 G7 C/G C/G G7 G7 Am Am  
 Nunc, et in hora mortis in hora mortis no strae  
 G E Dm Dm Dm/F F#dim G G7  
 in hora mortis, mortis nostrae, in hora mortis no strae  
 C Am6 C/G G7 C C  
 A ve Ma ri a  
 C C7 F/C Fm-5/C C C

# Away in a Manger

traditional German carol, first two verses by Martin Luther, third verse by John McFarland. (I, V)

*E*     *E*            *A*            *E*  
Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,  
*B7*     *B7*            *A*                    *E*  
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.  
*E*            *E*            *A*                    *E*  
The stars in the sky looked down where he lay,  
*B7*            *E*            *F#m(2)*     *B7(1)* *E*  
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the    hay.

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,  
But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.  
I love Thee, Lord Jesus; look down from the sky,  
And stay by my cradle 'til morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay  
Close by me forever and love me, I pray.  
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,  
And fit us for heaven to live with Thee there.

# Bring a Torch, Jeanette, Isabella traditional 15<sup>th</sup> century French (I, V)

*F Dm Gm Am<sub>(2)</sub> C<sub>(1)</sub>*  
 Bring a torch, Jeanette, Isabel la  
*F/A Dm Gm<sub>(2)</sub> C7<sub>(1)</sub> F*  
 Bring a torch, come swiftly and run  
*F C7<sub>(2)</sub> F<sub>(1)</sub> F<sub>(2)</sub> Bb<sub>(1)</sub> F<sub>(2)</sub> C<sub>(1)</sub>*  
 Christ is born, tell the folk of the vil lage  
*Bb6 C6<sub>(2)</sub> F<sub>(1)</sub> Bb6 C6<sub>(2)</sub> C7<sub>(1)</sub>*  
 Jesus is sleep ing in His cra dle  
*Dm C F C F/C<sub>(2)</sub> C7<sub>(1)</sub>*  
 Ah, ah, beautiful is the Moth er  
*Dm Gm/Bb F<sub>(2)</sub> Bb<sub>(1)</sub> C<sub>(2)</sub> C7<sub>(1)</sub> F*  
 Ah, ah, beautiful is her Son

Hasten now, good folk of the village  
 Hasten now, the Christ Child to see  
 You will find Him asleep in the manger  
 Quietly come and whisper softly  
 Hush, hush, peacefully now He slumbers  
 Hush, hush, peacefully now He sleeps

## English

*Bring a torch, Jeanette, Isabelle!*  
*Bring a torch, to the stable run*  
*Christ is born. Tell the folk of the village*  
*Jesus is born and Mary's calling.*  
*Ah!\* Ah! beautiful is the Mother!*  
*Ah! Ah! beautiful is her child*

*Who is that, knocking on the door?*  
*Who is it, knocking like that?*  
*Open up, we've arranged on a platter*  
*Lovely cakes that we have brought here*  
*Knock! Knock! Knock! Open the door for us!*  
*Knock! Knock! Knock! Let's celebrate!*

*It is wrong when the child is sleeping,*  
*It is wrong to talk so loud.*  
*Silence, now as you gather around,*  
*Lest your noise should waken Jesus.*  
*Hush! Hush! see how he slumbers;*  
*Hush! Hush! see how fast he sleeps!*

*Softly now unto the stable,*  
*Softly for a moment come!*  
*Look and see how charming is Jesus,*  
*Look at him there, His cheeks are rosy!*  
*Hush! Hush! see how the Child is sleeping;*  
*Hush! Hush! see how he smiles in dreams!*

## French

*Un flambeau, Jeanette, Isabelle --*  
*Un flambeau! Courons au berceau!*  
*C'est Jésus, bonnes gens du hameau.*  
*Le Christ est né; Marie appelle!*  
*Ah! Ah! Ah! Que la Mère est belle,*  
*Ah! Ah! Ah! Que l'Enfant est beau!*

*Qui vient là, frappant de la porte?*  
*Qui vient là, en frappant comme ça?*  
*Ouvrez-donc, j'ai pose sur un plat*  
*Des bons gateaux, qu'ici j'apporte*  
*Toc! Toc! Toc! Ouvrons-nous la porte!*  
*Toc! Toc! Toc! Faisons grand gala!*

*C'est un tort, quand l'Enfant sommeille,*  
*C'est un tort de crier si fort.*  
*Taisez-vous, l'un et l'autre, d'abord!*  
*Au moindre bruit, Jésus s'éveille.*  
*Chut! chut! chut! Il dort à merveille,*  
*Chut! chut! chut! Voyez comme il dort!*

*Doucement, dans l'étable close,*  
*Doucement, venez un moment!*  
*Approchez! Que Jésus est charmant!*  
*Comme il est blanc! Comme il est rose!*  
*Do! Do! Do! Que l'Enfant repose!*  
*Do! Do! Do! Qu'il rit en dormant!*

# Calypso Carol (See Him Lying on a Bed of Straw)

by Michael Perry (1965)

*D*<sub>(½)</sub> *Gm*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *Gm*<sub>(½)</sub>

*D* *Em/G* *Em7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
See him lying on a bed of straw: a  
*A7* *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7#5*<sub>(½)</sub>  
draughty stable with an open door;  
*D* *Em/G*<sub>(½)</sub> *Em7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
Mary cradling the babe she bore the  
*A7* *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *D7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
Prince of glory is his name.

*G* *D/F#*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bm*<sub>(½)</sub>  
O now carry me to Bethlehem to  
*Em*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7#5*<sub>(½)</sub>  
see the Lord of love again:  
*D*<sub>(½)</sub> *B7*<sub>(½)</sub> *Em*  
just as poor as was the stable then, the  
*A7* *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *Gm/D*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *Gm/D*<sub>(½)</sub>  
Prince of glory when he came.

See him lying on a bed of straw,  
A draughty stable with an open door;  
Mary cradling the babe she bore  
The Prince of glory is his name.

Angels, sing again the song you sang,  
Sing the glory of God's gracious plan;  
Sing that Bethlehem's little baby can  
Be the Saviour of us all.

Star of silver, sweep across the skies,  
Show where Jesus in the manger lies;  
Shepherds, swiftly from your stupor rise  
To see the Saviour of the world!

Mine are riches, from your poverty,  
From your innocence eternity;  
Mine forgiveness by your death for me,  
Child of sorrow for my joy.

**Coventry Carol** (traditional English carol). December 28 is the memorial of the Holy Innocents, the second of the sad observations during Christmas. Holy Innocents Day is based upon the slaughter of children by Herod. (Music: 16<sup>th</sup> century English. Often mixed 2/4 and 3/4 time, as below 3/4 time only) (I, I)

*Em Em B Em Em Em D D Am B B B*  
Lul ly lul lay, thou little tiny Child.

*Em B Em Am Am B Em Em Em Em Em Em Em*  
By, by, lu ly, lul lay Lul

*D D Em D D G Am6 Am6 Am6 B B B*  
lay, thou lit tle ti ny child

*Em B Em Am Am B E E E E E E*  
By, by, lu ly lul lay

Lullay, Thou little tiny Child,  
By, by, lully, lullay.  
Lullay, Thou little tiny Child.  
By, by, lully, lullay.

O sisters, too, how may we do,  
For to preserve this day;  
This poor Youngling for whom we do sing,  
By, by, lully, lullay.

Herod the King, in his raging,  
Charged he hath this day;  
His men of might, in his own sight,  
All children young, to slay.

Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee,  
And ever mourn and say;  
For Thy parting, nor say nor sing,  
By, by, lully, lullay.



# Ding Dong Merrily on High

traditional 16<sup>th</sup> century French carol, English lyrics by George Ratcliffe Woodward in 1924 (I, I)

*G*<sub>(½)</sub>      *C*<sub>(½)</sub>      *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Am7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Dsus4*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D*<sub>(¼)</sub> *G*  
 Ding dong! merrily on high, in heav'n the bells are ringing:  
*G*<sub>(½)</sub>      *C*<sub>(½)</sub>      *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Am7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Dsus4*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D*<sub>(¼)</sub> *G*  
 Ding dong! verily the sky, is riv'n with an gel singing.  
*G*<sub>(½)</sub> *Em7*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *D7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *Em*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub>  
 Glo..... ria, Ho  
*C*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Am7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Dsus4*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D*<sub>(¼)</sub> *G*  
 san na in ex celsis!

E'en so here below, below,  
 Let steeple bells be swungen,  
 And "Io, io, io!"  
 By priest and people sungen.  
 Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime  
 Your matin chime, ye ringers;  
 May you beautifully rime  
 Your evetime song, ye singers.  
 Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

# Dona, Nobis Pacem (Give Us Peace) traditional

(I, I)

C G7 C G7  
Dona nobis pacem, pacem  
F C G7 C  
Dona nobis pa cem

3-part round attributed to  
Palestrina 1525-1594

1 Do - na no - bis, pa - cem, pa-cem, Do-na no - bis, pa - cem.

2 Do - na no - bis pa-cem, Do-na no-bis pa - cem.

3 Do - na no - bis, pa-cem, Do-na no-bis, pa - cem.

# Do You Hear What I Hear?

lyrics and music by Noel Regney and Gloria Shayne (1962) (I, I)

Said the night wind to the little lamb, do you see what I see

Way up in the sky, little lamb, do you see what I see

A star, a star, dancing in the night

With a tail as big as a kite with a

tail as big as a kite

Said the little lamb to the shepherd boy, do you hear what I hear

Ringing through the sky, shepherd boy, do you hear what I hear

A song, a song, high above the trees

With a voice as big as the sea

With a voice as big as the sea

Said the shepherd boy to the mighty king, do you know what I know

In your palace warm, mighty king, do you know what I know

A Child, a Child shivers in the cold

Let us bring Him silver and gold

Let us bring Him silver and gold

Said the king to the people everywhere, listen to what I say

Pray for peace, people everywhere, listen to what I say

The Child, the Child, sleeping in the night

He will bring us goodness and light He will

bring us goodness and light

# First Noel

traditional English carol (V, III)

*D<sub>(2)</sub> Bm<sub>(1)</sub> A<sub>(2)</sub> Em<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(2)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(2)</sub> (G) (A7)*  
 The first Noel the angel did say, was to  
*D<sub>(2)</sub> A7<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> A7<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(2)</sub> A7<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(2)</sub> A7<sub>(1)</sub>*  
 certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay; in  
*D<sub>(2)</sub> Bm<sub>(1)</sub> A<sub>(2)</sub> Em<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(2)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(2)</sub> (G) (A7)*  
 fields where they lay keeping their sheep, on a  
*D<sub>(2)</sub> A7<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> A7<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(2)</sub> A7<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(2)</sub> A7<sub>(1)</sub>*  
 cold winter's night that was so deep. No

*D<sub>(2)</sub> Bm<sub>(1)</sub> A<sub>(2)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> G D<sub>(2)</sub> A<sub>(1)</sub>*  
 Noel, noel, noel, noel,  
*Bm<sub>(1)</sub> Dma7<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> A<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(2)</sub> A7<sub>(1)</sub> D*  
 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.

And by the light of that same star,  
 Three wise men came from country far;  
 To seek for a king was their intent,  
 And to follow the star wherever it went.

This star drew nigh to the northwest;  
 O'er Bethlehem it took its rest;  
 And there it did both stop and stay,  
 Right over the place where Jesus lay.

# Friendly Beasts

12<sup>th</sup> century Latin Hymn, 13<sup>th</sup> century plainsong (I, I)

A            A            D<sub>(2)</sub> E<sub>(1)</sub> A  
Jesus our brother kind and good

          A            D            E7        A  
Was humbly born in a stable rude

                  A            E            E            A  
And the friendly beasts a round him stood

A<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(2)</sub>        A            E            A  
Je sus our brother kind and good

"I" said the donkey shaggy and brown  
I carried his mother up hill and down  
I carried him safely to Bethlehem town  
"I" said the donkey shaggy and brown

And "I" said the cow all white and red  
I gave him my manger for a bed  
I gave him my hay for to pillow his head  
"I" said the cow all white and red

"I" said the sheep with a curly horn  
I have him my wool for his blanket warm  
And he wore my coat on that Christmas morn  
"I" said the sheep with a curly horn

"I" said the dove from the rafters high  
Cooed him to sleep that he should not cry  
We cooed him to sleep my love and I  
"I" said the dove from the rafters high

And "I" said the camel all yellow and black  
Over the desert upon my back  
I brought him a gift in the wise men's pack  
"I" said the camel all yellow and black

Thus every beast remembering it well  
In the stable dark was so proud to tell  
Of the gifts that they gave Emmanuel  
The gifts that they gave Emmanuel

# Fum, Fum , Fum tradiational Catalan (I, I)

*Am* *Dm*<sup>(½)</sup> *E7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am*<sup>(½)</sup> *E7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am*  
On December five and twenty, fum, fum, fum!  
*Am* *Dm*<sup>(½)</sup> *E7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am*<sup>(½)</sup> *E7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am*  
On December five and twenty, fum, fum, fum! Oh! A  
*C*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *C*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *C*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *C* substitute Ddim7 for G  
child was born this night so rosy white, so rosy white. Son of  
*Dm*<sup>(½)</sup> *E*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Am* *Dm*<sup>(½)</sup> *E7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am*<sup>(½)</sup> *E7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am* one measure of three at start  
Mary, virgin holy, in a stable, mean and lowly, fum, fum, fum!

On December five and twenty, fum, fum, fum!  
On December five and twenty, fum, fum, fum!  
Comes a most important day, let us be gay, let us be gay. We go  
first to church and then we, have the sweetest buns and candy, fum, fum, fum!

God will send us days of feasting, fum, fum, fum!  
God will send us days of feasting, fum, fum, fum! Both in  
hot months and in cold for young and old for young and old. We will  
tell the holy story, ever singing of his glory, fum, fum, fum!

On this joyful Christmas Day, sing fum, fum, fum!  
On this joyful Christmas Day, sing fum, fum, fum! For a  
blessed Babe was born upon this day at the break of morn. In a  
manger poor and lowly, lay the Son of God most holy, fum, fum, fum!

Thanks to God for holidays, fum, fum, fum!  
Thanks to God for holidays, fum, fum, fum! Now we  
all our voices raise and sing a song of grateful praise. Cele-  
brate in song and story, all the wonders of His glory,

fum, fum, fum! Fum, fum, fum!

# God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen traditional English

carol (I, I)

*Em B7 Em(½) Bm(½) C(½) G(½)*  
 God rest ye merry, gen tle men, let  
*C(½) B7(½) Em(½) Am(½) B7 B7(½) Em(½)*  
 No thing you dis may;  
*Em B7 Em(½) Bm(½) C(½) G(½)*  
 Remember Christ our Sa vi or was  
*C(½) B7(½) Em(½) Am(½) B7 B7(½) E7(½)*  
 born on Christ mas Day to  
*Am(½) D(½) G(½) C(½) G7(½) C(½) G(½) B7(½)*  
 To save us all from Sa tan's pow'r when  
*Em(½) A(½) D D Em(½) D(½)*  
 we were gone astray. O

*G C(½) G(½) G(½) D(½) Em(½) B7(½) Em Em(½) A7(½) D*  
 ti dings of com fort and joy, comfort and joy,  
*Em(½) D(½) G(½) C(½) G(½) C(½) G(½) D(½) Em(½) B7(½) Em*  
 O ti dings of com fort 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.

"Fear not, then," said the angel,  
 "Let nothing you afright;  
 This day is born a Savior  
 Of a pure virgin bright,  
 To free all those who trust in Him  
 From Satan's power and might."

# Good Christian Men, Rejoice

14<sup>th</sup> century German  
carol (I, I)

*D*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bm*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*<sup>(G) (D)</sup>  
Good Christian men, rejoice  
*D*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bm*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*<sup>(G) (D)</sup>  
With heart, and soul, and voice;  
*D*<sup>(½)</sup> *F#m*<sup>(½)</sup> *A*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bm*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Give ye heed to what we say:  
*D* *Bm*  
(News, news!)

*Em*<sup>(½)</sup> *A*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bm*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Jesus Christ is born today;  
*D*<sup>(½)</sup> *F#m*<sup>(½)</sup> *A*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bm*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Ox and ass be fore him bow,  
*Em*<sup>(½)</sup> *A*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bm*<sup>(½)</sup> *Dmaj7*<sup>(½)</sup>  
And he is in the manger now.  
*G*<sup>(½)</sup> *A7*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
Christ is born today!  
*D*<sup>(½)</sup> *A7*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
Christ is born today!

Good Christian men, rejoice!  
With heart, and soul, and voice;  
Now ye hear of endless bliss:  
(News, news!)  
Jesus Christ was born for this!  
He has ope'd the heavenly door,  
And we are blessed evermore.  
Christ was born for this!  
Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice  
With heart, and soul, and voice;  
Now ye need not fear the grave:  
(News, news,)  
Jesus Christ was born to save!  
Calls you one and calls you all,  
To gain his everlasting hall.  
Christ was born to save!  
Christ was born to save!



# Good King Wenceslas

traditional Czech carol, the Feast of Stephen is celebrated on December 26<sup>th</sup>. (I, I)

*G G Em D G C D D*  
 Good King Wenceslas looked out ,  
*C G C D G G G G*  
 On the feast of Stephen  
*G G Em D G C D D*  
 When the snow lay round a bout  
*C G C D G G G G*  
 deep and crisp and even  
*G D G D G D Em Em*  
 Brightly shown the moon that night  
*C G C D G G G G*  
 though the frost was cruel  
*G G C B7 Em Em D D*  
 When a poor man came in sight,  
*Bm Am G D Em Em C C G G G G*  
 gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,  
 If thou know'st 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;  
 Thro' 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, good my 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.

# Go Tell It On The Mountain traditional (I, III)

*D*<sup>(½)</sup> *Dma7*<sup>(½)</sup> *D7* *Bm* *Bm* *Em*<sup>(½)</sup> *Em7*<sup>(½)</sup> *A*<sup>(½)</sup> *A7*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *Dma7*<sup>(½)</sup> *D* *First Verse*  
When I was a sinner, I prayed both night and day.  
*D*<sup>(½)</sup> *Dma7*<sup>(½)</sup> *D7* *F#m* *Bm* *E* *E7* *A* *A7*  
I asked the Lord to help me, and he showed me the way.

When I was a seeker I thought both night and day.  
I asked my Lord to help me and he taught me to pray.

He made me a watchman upon the city wall.  
And if I am a Christian, I am the least of all.

*D* *D* *Bm* *D* *Em* *A* *F#m* *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *A7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Chorus*  
Go tell it on the mountain, over the hill and every where  
*D* *F#7* *G* *G* *A7* *D* *A7* *D* *A7*  
Go tell it on the mountain, to let my people go.

*D* *D* *Bm* *D* *G* *A7* *D* *A* *Second Verse*  
Who's that yonder dressed in red? Let my people go.  
*D* *D* *Bm* *Bm* *Em* *Em7* *A7* *A7*  
Must be the children that Moses led. Let my people go.  
*D* *D* *D7* *D7* *G* *G* *Em* *Em7*  
Who's that yonder dressed in red? Must be the children that Moses led.  
*D* *D* *G* *G* *A7* *D* *A7* *D* *A7*  
Go tell it on the mountain, to let my people go.

Who's that yonder dressed in white? Let my people go.  
must be the children of the Israelites. Let my people go.  
Who's that yonder dressed in white? Must be the children of the Israelites.  
Go tell it on the mountain, to let my people go.

Who's that yonder dressed in black? Let my people go.  
Must be the hypocrites turnin' back. Let my people go.  
Who's that yonder dressed in black? Must be the hypocrites turnin' back.  
Go tell it on the mountain, to let My people go.

*D* *D* *Bm* *D* *Em* *A* *F#m* *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *A7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Final Chorus*  
Go tell it on the mountain, over the hill and every where  
*D* *F#7* *G* *G* *A7* *D* *D* *A7* *A7* *G* *A* *D*  
Go tell it on the mountain, to let my people go.

While shepherds kept their watching o'er silent flocks by night, *Christmas Lyric*  
Behold, throughout the heavens, there shone a holy light.

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

Down in a lonely manger the humble Christ was born.  
And God sent our salvation that blessed Christmas morn.

# Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

lyrics by Charles Wesley (1739) and music by Felix Mendelssohn (1840). (IV, V)

*G*<sub>(¾)</sub>            *D7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *G*<sub>(¾)</sub>    *D7*<sub>(¼)</sub>  
 Hark, the herald    angels sing,  
*G*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Bm*<sub>(¼)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub>    *G*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub>  
 "Glo ry    to the new born King.  
*G*<sub>(¾)</sub>            *D7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Em*<sub>(¼)</sub> *G*<sub>(¼)</sub> *A7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
 Peace on earth and mer cy mild,  
*D*<sub>(¼)</sub> *A7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub>    *D*<sub>(¼)</sub> *A7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub>  
 God and sinners re con ciled."  
*G*            *D7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub>    *D7*<sub>(¼)</sub>  
 Joyful all ye na tions rise,  
*G*            *D7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub>    *D7*<sub>(¼)</sub>  
 Join the triumph of    the skies,  
*C*<sub>(¾)</sub>            *E7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Am*<sub>(¼)</sub> *E7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub>  
 With th'angelic host pro claim,  
*D7*<sub>(½)</sub>    *G*<sub>(½)</sub>    *G*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub>  
 "Christ is born in Beth le hem."  
*C*<sub>(¾)</sub>            *E7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Am*<sub>(¼)</sub> *E7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub>  
 Hark, the herald an gels sing,  
*D7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub>  
 "Glory to the new born King!"

Christ by highest heav'n adored,  
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
 Late in time behold Him come,  
 Offspring of a virgin's womb.  
     Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see;  
     Hail, th'incarnate Deity;  
     Pleased as man with men to dwell,  
     Jesus, our Emmanuel.  
     Hark, the herald angels sing,  
     "Glory to the newborn King!"

Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace,  
 Hail the Son of Righteousness!  
 Light and life to all He brings,  
 Ris'n 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 us second birth.  
     Hark, the herald angels sing,  
     "Glory to the newborn King!"

# I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day

lyrics by Henry Longfellow (1864) and music by John Baptiste Calkin (1872). (I, I)

*D* (*Ddim7*) *D* (*Adim7*) *A7* (*Adim7*) *A7* (*Ddmin7*)  
I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day, their  
*D* *D* *A7* *A7* (*D*)  
Their old familiar carols play, and  
*G* *D*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *A7*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *F#7* *Bm*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *G*( $\frac{1}{2}$ )  
wild and sweet the words repeat, of  
*D*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *G*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *D*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *G*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *A7* *D*  
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!

# I Saw Three Ships traditional (I, V)

*G*            *D*    (*G*)    *G*        *D*  
I saw three ships come sailing in, on  
*Em*            *C*            *D*            *D*  
Christmas Day, on Christmas Day

*Em*            *D*    (*G*)    *G*        *D*  
I saw three ships come sailing in, on  
*G*            *G*            *D*        *G*  
Christmas Day in the morning

And what was in those ships all three,  
On Christmas day, on Christmas day?  
And what was in those ships all three,  
On Christmas day in the morning?

And all the bells on Earth shall ring,  
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;  
And all the bells on Earth shall ring,  
On Christmas day in the morning.

Our Savior Christ and His lady,  
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;  
Our Savior Christ and His lady,  
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the angels in Heav'n shall sing,  
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;  
And all the angels in Heav'n shall sing,  
On Christmas day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,  
On Christmas day, on Christmas day?  
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,  
On Christmas day in the morning?

And all the souls on Earth shall sing,  
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;  
And all the souls on Earth shall sing,  
On Christmas day in the morning.

O they sailed into Bethlehem,  
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,  
O they sailed into Bethlehem,  
On Christmas day in the morning.

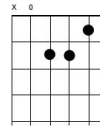
Then let us all rejoice again,  
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;  
Then let us rejoice again,  
On Christmas day in the morning.  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

# I Wonder As I Wander traditional Appalachian (I, V)

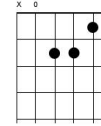
*Em* *Am7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Am6*<sub>(1)</sub> *Am7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Bm*<sub>(2)</sub> *Em*<sub>(1)</sub> *D*<sub>(2)</sub> *B7/E*<sub>(1)</sub>  
 I wonder as I wander out under the sky, How  
*Em* *Am7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Am6*<sub>(1)</sub> *Am7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Cma7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Cma7b5*<sub>(1)</sub> *Cma7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Em*  
 Jesus the Saviour did come for to die  
*Em* *Am7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Am6*<sub>(1)</sub> *Am7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Cma7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Cma7b5*<sub>(1)</sub> *Cma7*<sub>(1)</sub> *E7*<sub>(2)</sub> *B7/E*<sub>(1)</sub>  
 for poor ord'n'ry people like you and like me. I  
*Em* *Am7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Am9*<sub>(hold)</sub> *Am7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Cma7*<sub>(2)</sub> *B7/E*<sub>(1)</sub> *Em+2*  
 wonder as I wander out under the sky.

When Mary birthed Jesus, 'twas in a cow's stall,  
 With wise men and farmers and shepherds and all.  
 But high from God's heaven a star's light did fall,  
 And the promise of ages it did then recall.

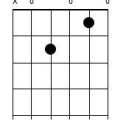
Am7



Am6

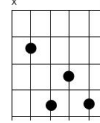


Am7

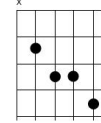


If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing,  
 A star in the sky, or a bird on the wing,  
 Or all of God's angels in heav'n for to sing,  
 He surely could have it, 'cause he was the King.

Cma7



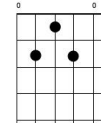
Cma7b5



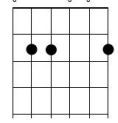
III

III

B7/E



Em+2



*Em* *Am7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Am6*<sub>(1)</sub> *Am7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Bm*<sub>(2)</sub> *Em*<sub>(1)</sub> *D*<sub>(2)</sub> *B7/E*<sub>(1)</sub>  
 I wonder as I wander out under the sky, How  
*Em* *Am7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Am6*<sub>(1)</sub> *Am7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Cma7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Cma7b5*<sub>(1)</sub> *Cma7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Em*  
 Jesus the Saviour did come for to die  
*Em* *Am7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Am6*<sub>(1)</sub> *Am7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Cma7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Cma7b5*<sub>(1)</sub> *Cma7*<sub>(1)</sub> *E7*<sub>(2)</sub> *B7/E*  
 for poor ord'n'ry people like you and like me. I  
*Em* *Am7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Am9*<sub>(hold)</sub> *Am7*<sub>(1)</sub> *Cma7*<sub>(2)</sub> *B7/E*<sub>(1)</sub> *Em+2*  
 wonder as I wander out under the sky.

# It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

lyrics by Edmund Sears (1849) and music by Richard S. Willis (1850). (IV, V)

$A_{(1/4)}$   $Aaug_{(1/4)}$   $D_{(1/2)}$   $A_{(1/4)}$   $D_{(1/4)}$   $A_{(1/2)}$   
It came up on a mid night clear,  
 $D_{(1/2)}$   $B7_{(1/2)}$   $E7$   
That glorious song of old  
 $A_{(1/4)}$   $Aaug_{(1/4)}$   $D_{(1/2)}$   $A_{(1/4)}$   $D_{(1/4)}$   $A_{(1/2)}$   
From an gels bending near the earth  
 $D_{(1/2)}$   $E_{(1/2)}$   $A$   
To touch their harps of gold:

$C\#7$   $F\#m_{(1/4)}$   $C\#7_{(1/4)}$   $F\#m_{(1/2)}$   
Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,  
 $E_{(1/2)}$   $B7_{(1/2)}$   $E$   
From heav'n's all-gracious King."  
 $A_{(1/4)}$   $Aaug_{(1/4)}$   $D_{(1/2)}$   $A_{(1/4)}$   $D_{(1/4)}$   $A_{(1/2)}$   
The world in solemn stillness lay  
 $D_{(1/2)}$   $E7_{(1/2)}$   $A$   
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 sound  
The blessed angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow,  
Look now! for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing.  
O rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,  
By prophet seen of old,  
When, with the ever-circling years,  
Shall come the time foretold,  
When the new heaven and earth shall own  
The Prince of Peace their King,  
and the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

# Joy to the World!

lyrics adapted from Psalm 98 by Isaac Watts (1719) and music by George F. Handel (1742). (I, I)

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

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

No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
 Nor thorns infest the ground;  
 He comes to make His blessings 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 nations prove  
 The glories of His righteousness,  
 And wonders of His love,  
 And wonders of His love,  
 And wonders, wonders of His love.



# Light One Candle by Peter Yarrow (1981) (I, V)

*G* *G* *G* *Em*  
Light one candle for the Macabe children with thanks their light didn't die.  
*C* *C* *C* *B7*  
Light one candle for the pain they endured when their right to exist was denied  
*Em* *Em* *C* *A*  
Light on candle for the terrible sacrifice, justice and freedom demand.  
*G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Em*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Em*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *D*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *B7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Light one candle for the wisdom to know when the peace makers time is at hand.

*E* *Am* *D* *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *B7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Don't let the light go out. It's lasted for so many years.  
*E* *Am* *D* *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *B7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Em*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Em9*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Em*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Em9*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Don't let the light go out. Let it shine through our love and our tears.

Light one candle for the strength that we need to never became our own foe.  
And light one candle for those who are suffering, pain we learned so long ago.  
Light one candle for all we believe in, let anger not tear us a-part.  
And light one candle to bind us together with peace as the song in our hearts.

And what is the memory that's valued so highly that we keep it alive in the flame?  
What's the commitment for those who have died, we cry out they have not died in vain?  
We have come this far, always believing that justice will somehow prevail.  
This is the burden! This is the promise! and this is why we will not fail!

*E* *Am* *D* *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *B7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Don't let the light go out. It's lasted for so many years.  
*E* *Am* *D* *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *B7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Don't let the light go out. Let it shine through our love and our tears.  
*E* *Am* *D* *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *B7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Don't let the light go out. It's lasted for so many years.  
*E* *Am* *D* *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *B7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Don't let the light go out. Let it shine through our love and our tears.  
*Em* *Am* *Em* *Am*  
Don't let the light go out! Don't let the light go out!  
*Em* *Am*  
Don't let the light go out!

# Little Drummer Boy

lyrics and music by Katherine Davis, Henry Onorati, and Harry Simeone (1958) (I, I)

*A* *A* *D*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *A*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *A*  
Come they told me (pa-rum pum pum pum)  
*A* *A* *D*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *A*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *A*  
A newborn King to see (pa-rum pum pum pum)  
*E* *E*<sub>(3/4)</sub> *Bm7*<sub>(1/4)</sub> *E7*<sub>(1/4)</sub> *A7*<sub>(1/4)</sub> *E7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *E*  
Our finest gifts we bring pa rum pum pum pum  
*E7* *A*<sub>(3/4)</sub> *D*<sub>(1/4)</sub> *A7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *D*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
To lay before the King pa rum pum pum pum  
*D*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *A*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *A*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *E*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *E*  
rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum  
*A* *A* *D*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *A*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *A*  
So to honor Him pa-rum pum pum pum)  
*E7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *A*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *A* *A* *A*  
when we come

Little Baby (pa-rum pum pum pum)  
I am a poor boy too (pa-rum pum pum pum)  
I have no gift to bring (pa-rum pum pum pum)  
that's fit to give our King (pa-rum pum pum pum)  
(pa-rum pum pum pum) (pa-rum pum pum pum)  
Shall I play for You? (pa-rum pum pum pum)  
On my drum

Mary nodded (pa-rum pum pum pum)  
The ox and lamb kept time (pa-rum pum pum pum)  
I played my drum for Him (pa-rum pum pum pum)  
I played my best for Him (pa-rum pum pum pum)  
(pa-rum pum pum pum) (pa-rum pum pum pum)  
Then He smiled at me (pa-rum pum pum pum)  
Me and my drum

# Los Peces en el Río traditional

*Am Am E7 E7 E7 E7 Am Am*  
La Virgen se está pei-nan-do entre cortina y corti na.  
*Am Am E7 E7 E7 E7 Am Am*  
Los cabellos son de o ro y el peine de plata fin a.

*Am Am Dm E7*  
Pero mira como beben los peces en el río  
*E7 E7 Am Am*  
pero mira como beben por ver al Dios nacido.  
*Am Am Dm E7*  
Beben y beben y vuelven a beber  
*E7 E7 E7 Am*  
los peces en el río por ver a Dios nacer.

*Am Am E7 E7 E7 E7 Am Am*  
La Virgen se está pei-nan-do entre cortina y corti na.  
*Am Am E7 E7 E7 E7 Am Am*  
Los cabellos son de o ro y el peine de plata fin a.

*Am Am E7 E7 E7 E7 Am Am*  
La Virgen está lavan-do y tendiedo en el rome----ro.  
*Am Am E7 E7 E7 Am Am*  
Los pajaritos cantando y el romero florecien-do

# Mary Had a Baby traditional (I, I)

G Am<sup>(1/2)</sup> Bm<sup>(1/2)</sup> C G  
 Mary had a ba by, Oh Lord;  
 G Am<sup>(1/2)</sup> Bm<sup>(1/2)</sup> Em7 D  
 Mary had a ba by, Oh my Lord;  
 G Am<sup>(1/2)</sup> Bm<sup>(1/2)</sup> C G  
 Mary had a ba by, Oh, Lord;  
 G Em7 Bm<sup>(1/2)</sup> D7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G  
 The people keep a- coming and the train done gone.

Mary had a baby

Where did she lay him

Laid him in a manger

What did she name him?

Named him King Jesus

Who heard the singing?

Shepherds heard the singing

Star keeps shining

Moving in the elements

Jesus went to Egypt

Traveled on a donkey

Angels went around him

# Masters in This Hall

traditional French carol, English lyrics 1860  
by William Morris. (I, I)

*Am Em Am G C C Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> E<sub>(1)</sub>*  
Masters in this Hall, hear ye news today  
*Am Em Am G C F<sub>(2)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am*  
Brought from over sea, and ever I you pray:

*Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> E7<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> E7<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> Am7<sub>(1)</sub>*  
Nowell! No well! No well! Nowell, sing we clear! Hol pen  
*Dm E Am F Am E Am Am*  
are all folk on earth, born is God's son so dear:  
*Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> E7<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> E7<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> Am7<sub>(1)</sub>*  
Nowell! No well! No well! Nowell, sing we loud! God to  
*Dm E Am F Am F<sub>(2)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am*  
day hath poor folk raised and cast a-down the proud.

Going o'er the hills, through the milk-white snow,  
Heard I ewes bleat, while the wind did blow:

Then to Bethlem town we went two by two,  
And in a sorry place heard the oxen low:

Therein did we see a sweet and goodly may  
And a fair old man, upon the straw she lay:

And a little child on her arm had she.  
"Wot ye who this is?" said the hinds to me:

This is Christ the Lord, Masters be ye glad!  
Christmas is come in, and no folks should be sad:

# O Come, All Ye Faithful

lyrics and music by John Wade  
(1751). (III, I)

A            E        A<sup>(¼)</sup> E<sup>(¼)</sup> A<sup>(¼)</sup> D<sup>(¼)</sup> A<sup>(½)</sup> E<sup>(¼)</sup>    A<sup>(¼)</sup>  
 O come, all ye faithful, joy ful and tri um phant;  
F#m<sup>(½)</sup> E<sup>(¼)</sup> B7<sup>(¼)</sup> E<sup>(¾)</sup>        A<sup>(¼)</sup> E<sup>(½)</sup> B7<sup>(¼)</sup> E<sup>(¼)</sup> E  
 O come ye, O come ye to Beth le hem.  
A<sup>(½)</sup> Bm<sup>(¼)</sup> A<sup>(¼)</sup> Bm<sup>(½)</sup> A<sup>(½)</sup> E<sup>(¼)</sup> A<sup>(¼)</sup> F#m<sup>(¼)</sup> Bm<sup>(¼)</sup> E  
 Come and be hold Him, Born the King of angels;

A<sup>(¼)</sup> E7<sup>(¼)</sup> A<sup>(¼)</sup> E7<sup>(¼)</sup> A  
 O come, let us a dore Him;  
A<sup>(¼)</sup> E7<sup>(¼)</sup> A<sup>(¼)</sup> E7<sup>(¼)</sup> A<sup>(½)</sup> E7<sup>(¼)</sup> A<sup>(¼)</sup>  
 O come, let us a dore Him;  
E7<sup>(¼)</sup> A<sup>(¼)</sup> E7<sup>(¼)</sup> A<sup>(¼)</sup> E7<sup>(½)</sup> A<sup>(¼)</sup> D<sup>(¼)</sup>  
 O come, let us a dore Him,  
A<sup>(½)</sup> E7<sup>(½)</sup> A  
 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!"

Yea, Lord we greet Thee, Born that happy morning;  
 Jesus, to Thee be all glory giv'n.  
 Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing:

# O Come, Little Children

music by Johann Abraham Peter  
Schultz and lyrics by Christoph von Schmidt (1837) (V, V)

*D* *D* *C#dim7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *A7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D*  
O come, little children, O come one and all,  
*D* *D#dim7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *B7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Em*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *A7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D*  
To Bethlehem's stable, in Bethlehem's stall,  
*A* *A7* *D* *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G#dim7/D*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
And see with rejoicing this glorious sight  
*A* *Bm* *Em*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *A7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D*  
Our Father in heaven has sent us this night

Oh, come, little children, oh, come, one and all,  
To Bethlehem's stable, in Bethlehem's stall.  
And see with rejoicing this glorious sight,  
Our Father in heaven has sent us this night.

Oh, see in the manger, in hallowed light  
A star throws its beam on this holiest sight.  
In clean swaddling clothes lies the heavenly Child,  
More lovely than angels, this Baby so mild.

Oh, there lies the Christ Child, on hay and on straw;  
The shepherds are kneeling before Him with awe.  
And Mary and Joseph smile on Him with love,  
While angels are singing sweet songs from above

# O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

12<sup>th</sup> century Latin hymn and 13<sup>th</sup> century plainsong. Translated by John M. Neale (1851, with the seventh verse by Henry S. Coffin 1916). Music by Thomas Helmore (1854). (I, I)

*Em G Am D7 G G(½) D(½)*  
 O come, O come, Em ma-nu-el, and  
*G C Am Am(½) Bm(½) Em Em .*  
 ransom captive Is - ra - el.  
*Am Em A7 A7 D D(½) Em(½)*  
 That mourns in lowly ex ile here, Un  
*D(½) G(½) Am D7 D7 G G*  
 til the Son of God appear.

*D D(½) Em(½) Bm Bm Am D7 Em Em(½) D(½)*  
 Re joice! Re joice! Em ma - nu - el shall  
*G C Am Am(½) Bm(½) Em Em Em Em*  
 come to thee, O Is - ra - el.

O come, thou Wisdom from on high,  
 Who ord'rest all things mightily;  
 To us the path of knowledge show  
 And teach us in her ways to go.

O come, thou Key of David, come  
 And open wide our heavenly home;  
 Make safe the way that leads on high,  
 And close the path to misery.

O come, O come, thou Lord of might,  
 Who to thy tribes on Sinai's height  
 In ancient times didst give the law  
 In cloud and majesty and awe.

O come, thou Dayspring, come and cheer  
 Our spitis by thine advent here;  
 Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
 And death's dark shadows put to flight.

O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free  
 Thine own from Satan's tyranny;  
 From the depths of hell Thy people save  
 And give them vict'ry o'er the grave.

O come, Desire of nations, bind  
 All peoples in one heart and mind;  
 Bid Thou our sad divisions cease,  
 And be Thyself our King of Peace.



# O Holy Night

by Adolphe Charles Adam (1847) (I, III)

A A D A A  
O holy night, the stars are brightly shining;

A E7 A

It is the night of the dear Savior's birth.

A A D A A  
Long lay the world in sin and error pining, till he

C#m G#7 C#m C#m

appeared and the soul felt its worth.

E7 E7 A A  
A thrill of hope, the weary soul rejoices,  
E E A A  
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.

F#m F#m C#m C#m Bm Bm F#m F#m  
Fall on your knees, Oh, hear the angel voices!

A E7 A A(1/2) D(1/2)  
Oh night divine, Oh

A A(1/2) E7(1/2) A A  
night when Christ was born!

E E A A(1/2) Bm(1/2) A E7 A D(1/2) Bm(1/2) A(hold)  
Oh night, divine! Oh night, Oh, night divine!

Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,  
With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand.  
O'er the world a star is sweetly gleaming,  
Now come the wisemen from out of the Orient land.

The King of kings lay thus lowly manger;  
In all our trials born to be our friends.

He knows our need, 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 he shall break, for the slave is our brother.  
And in his name all oppression shall cease.

Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,  
With all our hearts we praise His holy name.

Christ is the Lord! Then ever, ever praise we,  
His power and glory ever more proclaim!  
His power and glory ever more proclaim!

# O Little Town of Bethlehem

lyrics by Phillips Brooks  
(1868) and music by Lewis H. Redner (1868). (IV, III)

$G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Gdim7^{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G^{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Fdim7^{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Am^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7^{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
O little town of Beth le hem, how  
 $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G$   
How still we see thee lie;  
 $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $E7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Am$   
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the  
 $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G$   
silent stars go by.  
 $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cdim7^{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Gdim7^{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $B7$   
Yet in the dark streets shineth  
 $Em^{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $B7^{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G^{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Am^{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $B7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
The ev er last ing light;  
 $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Gdim7^{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G^{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $E7^{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Am^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C^{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
The hopes and fears of all the years are  
 $G^{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $A7^{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G^{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $D7^{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G$   
met in thee to night.

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

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

O holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin and enter in,  
Be born in us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord, Emmanuel.

# Rise Up Shepherd and Follow traditional (I, I)

*C* *F* *C* *Em*  
There's a star in the East on Christmas morn,  
*C* *Bb* *C* *C*  
Rise up, shepherd, and follow.

*C* *F* *C*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *F*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Fm*  
It will lead to the place where the Saviour's born,  
*C* *Dm7* *C* *C*  
Rise up, shepherd, and follow.

*C* *C* *Em* *Em* *C* *Bb* *C* *Em*  
Follow, follow, rise up, shepherd, and follow.  
*C* *C* *F*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *C*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *F*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Fm*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
Follow the Star of Bethlehem...m,  
*C* *Dm7* *C* *C*  
Rise up, shepherd, and follow.

If you take good heed to the angel's words,  
Rise up, shepherd, and follow.  
You'll forget your flocks, you'll forget your herds,  
Rise up, shepherd, and follow.

# Sankta Lucia Sungen!

traditional Scandanavian carol and celebration of Sankta Lucia on December 13<sup>th</sup> (Lucia was a martyr of December 13, 304 A.D.) (I, V)

*F*            *C7*            *C7*            *F*  
 Nightly, go heavy hearts, round farm and steading  
*F*            *F#dim7(1)* *C7(2)* *C7*            *F*  
 On earth, where sun de parts, shadows are spreading.  
*F*            *Bb*            *Bb*            *Bdim7(1)* *F(2)*  
 Then on our darkest night, comes with her shining light  
*F*            *C7* *C7*            *C(1)* *F(2)*  
 Sankta Lucia! Sankta Lu ci a  
*F*            *Bb*            *Bb*            *Bdim7(1)* *F(2)*  
 Then on our darkest night, comes with her shining light  
*F*            *C7* *C7*            *C(1)* *F(2)*  
 Sankta Lucia! Sankta Lu ci a

Night-darkling, huge and still. Hark, something's stirring!  
 In all our silent rooms, wingbeats are whisp'ring!  
     Stands on our threshold there, white clad, lights in her hair,  
     Sankta Lucia! Sankta Lucia!  
     Stands on our threshold there, white clad, lights in her hair,  
     Sankta Lucia! Sankta Lucia!

Darkness shall fly away through earthly portals.  
 She brings such wonderful words to us mortals!  
     Daylight, again renewed, will rise, all rosy-hued!  
     Sankta Lucia! Sankta Lucia!  
     Daylight, again renewed, will rise, all rosy-hued.  
     Sankta Lucia! Sankta Lucia!

Santa Lucia Sungen. (Swedish)

Sankta Lucia, ljusklara hägring,  
 sprid i vår vinternatt glans av din fågring.  
 ||: Drömmar med vingesus under oss sia,  
 tänd dina vita ljus, Sankta Lucia.

Trollsejd och mörkermakt ljust du betvingar,  
 signade lågors vakt skydd åt oss bringar.  
 ||: Drömmar med vingesus, under oss sia,  
 tänd dina vita ljus, Sankta Lucia.

Kom i din vita skrud, huld med din maning  
 Skänk oss, du julens brud, julfröjders aning.  
 ||: Drömmar med vingesus, under oss sia,  
 tänd dina vita ljus, Sankta Lucia.

Stjärnor som leda oss, vägen att finna,  
 bli dina klara bloss, fagra prästinna.  
 ||: Drömmar med vingesus, under oss sia,  
 tänd dina vita ljus, Sankta Lucia.

# Seven Joys of Mary 15<sup>th</sup> century traditional carol

*G C G<sub>(2)</sub> D7<sub>(1)</sub> G Am D G G*  
The first good joy that Ma ry had, it was the joy of one;  
*G C B7 Em Am D7 G G*  
To see the blessed Jesus Christ when He was first her son,  
*D D D7 D*  
When He was first her Son, Good Lord  
*G G (D) G<sub>(2)</sub> D7<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(hold)</sub> D7<sub>(1)</sub>*  
And happy may we be ; praise  
*G<sub>(2)</sub> D7<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(2)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> B7 Em Am D7 G G*  
Fa ther, Son and Holy Ghost, to all eternity.

The next good joy that Mary had, it was the joy of two;  
To see her own Son Jesus Christ making the lame to go  
Making the lame to go, Good Lord,

The next joy that Mary had, It was the joy of three;  
To see her own Son Jesus Christ making the blind to see  
Making the blind to see, Good Lord,

The next good joy that Mary had, it was the joy of four;  
To see her own Son Jesus Christ reading the Bible o'er.  
Reading the Bible o'er, Good Lord,

The next good joy that Mary had, it was the joy of five;  
To see her own Son Jesus Christ raising the dead to life.  
Raising the dead to life, Good Lord,

The next good joy that Mary had, it was the joy of six;  
To see her own Son Jesus Christ upon the Crucifix,  
Upon the Crucifix, Good Lord,

The next good joy that Mary had, it was the joy of seven;  
To see her own Son Jesus Christ ascending into Heaven.  
Ascending into Heaven, Good Lord,

# Silent Night

lyrics by Joseph Mohr and music by Franz Gruber ( 1818).  
(I, I)

G G G G  
Silent night! Holy night!  
D D7 G G  
All is calm, all is bright,

C C G G  
Round yon virgin mother and child!  
C C G G  
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,

D<sub>(1/2)</sub> D G G  
Sleep in heavenly peace,  
G D7 G G  
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night! Holy night!  
Shepherds quake at the sight,  
Glories streams 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.

Silent night! Holy night!  
Wondrous star, lend thy light;  
With the angels let us sing,  
Alleluia to our King;  
Christ the Savior is born,  
Christ the Savior is born.

# We Three Kings

lyrics and music by John H. Hopkins, Jr.(1857).

(V, V)

*Em Em B7 Em*  
We three kings of Orient are;  
*Em Em B7 Em*  
Bearing gifts, we traverse afar,  
*Em D G D7(2) G(1)*  
Field and fountain, moor and moun tain,  
*Am Em(2) B7(1) Em*  
Following yon der star.

*D7 G G Em(2) C(1) G*  
O, star of wonder, star of night,  
*G G Em(2) C(1) G*  
Star with royal beau ty bright,  
*Em D C(2) G(1) C(2) D7(1)*  
Westward leading, still pro ceed ing  
*G G C G*  
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.

Frankincense to offer have I;  
Incense owns a Deity night;  
Prayer and praising, voices raising,  
Worship Him, God on high.

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

Glorious now behold Him arise,  
King and God and Sacrifice;  
Alleluia, Alleluia!  
Peals through the earth and skies.

# Were You There on That Christmas Night?

lyrics and music by Natalie Sleeth, 1976 (I, V)

*F Fsus4 F C/F F Bb/F Csus4 C*

*F Dm Bb6 C*  
Were you there? Were you there on that Christmas night?

*F Am Bb Csus4*  
When the world was filled with a holy light?

*Am Dm Gm7 C F Bb/F Csus4 C*  
Were you there to behold as the wonder foretold came to Earth?

*F Dm Bb6 C*  
Did you see? Did you see? How they hailed him king?

*F Am Bb C*  
With their gifts so rare that they chose to bring?

*Am Dm Gm C F Bb/F F F7*  
Did you see how they bowed as they praised him aloud at his birth?

*Bb C/Bb Am7 Dm Gm C Fma7 F7*  
Did you hear how the choirs of angels sang at the glory of the sight?

*Bb C/Bb F Dm G G7 C C*  
Did you hear how the bells of Heaven rang all through the night?

*F Dm Gm C*  
Did you know, did you know it was God's own son?

*F Am Gm7 C*  
The salvation of the world begun?

*Am Dm Gm C F Dm Gm7 C*  
Did you know it was love that was sent from above to the Earth?

*Am Dm Gm7 C F Bb/F F F*  
Did you know it was love that was sent from above to the Earth?



# What Child Is This?

lyrics by William Dix (1865) to a traditional English melody (IV, I)

*Em* *(D)* *G*      *D*      *Bm* *(Cdim7)*  
What Child is this, who, laid to rest, on  
*Em*   *Am*   *B*      *B7*      *(Em)*  
Mary's lap is sleeping? Whom  
*Em* *(D)*   *G*           *D*           *Bm*      *(Cdim7)*  
an gels greet with anthems sweet, while  
*Em*   *(Am)*   *B*           *Em*   *Em*  
shepherds watch are keep ing?

*Bm*   *G*           *D*           *Bm*      *(Cdim7)*  
This, this is Christ the King, whom  
*Em*           *Am*           *B*           *B*  
shepherds guard and angels sing:  
*Bm*   *G*           *D*           *Bm*      *(Cdim7)*  
Haste, haste to bring Him laud, the  
*Em*   *(Am)*   *B*           *Em*           *Em*  
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.

So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh,  
Come, peasant, king, to own Him;  
The King of kings salvation brings,  
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.