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# A Soalin' traditional

*Em Bm Em Bm*  
Soal, soal, soal cake,  
*Em Bm Em Bm*  
please good missus a soal cake.  
*Em Bm Em Bm*  
An apple, a pear, a plum, a cherry,  
*Em Bm Em Bm*  
Any good thing to make us all merry  
*Em Bm Em Bm*  
One for Peter, two for Paul,  
*Em Bm Em Em*  
three for Him who made us all.

*Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm*  
Hey ho, nobody home, meat nor drink nor money have I none  
*Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm*  
Yet shall we be merry, hey ho, nobody home.  
*Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm*  
Hey ho, nobody home, meat nor drink nor money have I none  
*Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm*  
Yet shall we be merry, hey ho, nobody home. Hey ho, nobody home.

God bless the master of this house, and the mistress also  
And all the little children that round your table grow.  
The cattle in your stable and the dog by your front door  
And all that dwell within your gates  
We wish you ten times more.

Go down into the cellar and see what you can find  
If the barrels are not empty we hope you will be kind  
We hope you will be kind with your apple and strawber  
For well come no more a soalin till this time next year.

The streets are very dirty, my shoes are very thin.  
I have a little pocket to put a penny in.  
If you havent got a penny, a ha penny will do.  
If you havent got a ha penny then God bless you.

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 of beauty and of grace,  
Oh tidings of comfort and joy.

# Auld Lang Syne

lyrics by Robert Burns (1788), traditional melody (I,V)

D A7  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
D G  
 And never brought to mind  
D A7(3) F#7(1)  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot and  
Bm(2) Em(1) A7(1) D  
 days of auld lang syne

D A7  
 For auld lang syne, my dear,  
D G  
 For auld lang syne,  
D A7(3) F#7(1)  
 We'll take a cup o' kindness yet, and  
Bm(2) Em(1) A7(1) D  
 days of auld lang syne

Burns' original Scots verse. <sup>1</sup>	English translation (minimalist)
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind ? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days o' lang syne ?  For auld lang syne, my jo, For auld lang syne, We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.  And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp ! And surely I'll be mine ! And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.  We twa hae run about the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine ; But we've wander'd mony a weary foot, Sin auld lang syne.  We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn, Frae morning sun till dine ; But seas between us braid hae roar'd Sin auld lang syne.  And there's a hand, my trusty fiere ! And gie's a hand o' thine ! And we'll tak a right gude-willy waught, For auld lang syne.	Should <i>old</i> acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind ? Should <i>old</i> acquaintance be forgot, and <i>old</i> times since ?  For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne, we'll take a cup of kindness yet, for auld lang syne.  And surely you'll <i>buy</i> your pint <i>cup</i> ! And surely I'll <i>buy</i> mine ! And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.  We <i>two have</i> run about the <i>slopes</i> , and <i>picked</i> the <i>daisies</i> fine ; But we've wandered <i>many</i> a weary <i>foot</i> , <i>since</i> auld lang syne.  We <i>two have paddled</i> in the <i>stream</i> , <i>from</i> morning sun till dine <sup>†</sup> ; But seas between us <i>broad have roared</i> <i>since</i> auld lang syne.  And there's a hand my trusty <i>friend</i> ! And <i>give us</i> a hand o' thine ! And we'll <i>take</i> a right <i>good-will draught</i> , for auld lang syne.

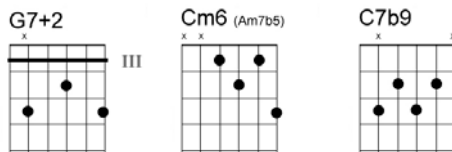
# Blue Christmas

lyrics and music by Billy Hayes and Jay Johnson  
(1948) (I,III)

*F F C7(½) Gm7(½) C7*  
 I'll have a blue Christmas without you. I'll be so  
*Gm7 C7 F Fma7*  
 blue just thinking about you Decor  
*Am7b5(½) D7b9(½) Am7b5(½) D7(½) Gm7 Bbm7*  
 a tions of red on a green Christmas tree  
*G7+2(½) G7(½) G7+2(½) G7(½) C7 C7*  
 Won't mean a thing, if you're not here with me

*F F C7(½) Gm7(½) C7*  
 I'll have a blue Christmas that's certain. And when that  
*Gm7 C7 F Fma7*  
 blue heartache starts hurtin'. You'll be  
*Am7b5(½) D7b9(½) Am7b5(½) D7(½) Gm Bdim7*  
 do in' all right, with your Christmas of white  
*C7 Gm(½) C7b9(½) F F*  
 But I'll have a blue, blue Christmas

*F F C7(½) Gm7(½) C7*  
 And when those blue snowflakes start fallin'. That's when those  
*Gm7 C7 F Fma7*  
 blue memories start callin'. You'll be  
*Am7b5(½) D7b9(½) Am7b5(½) D7(½) Gm Bdim7*  
 do in' all right, with your Christmas of white  
*C7 Gm(½) C7b9(½) F F*  
 But I'll have a blue, blue Christmas



# Christmas at the Airport

by Nick Lowe (2013)

*G* *Am* *D* *G*  
Outside the taxi window on the way to catch my flight.  
*G* *Am* *D* *G*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *E*( $\frac{1}{2}$ )  
I noticed snowflakes playing in the ever failing light. When you dropped me at  
*Am* *Bm* *G* *E*  
departures, it was really coming down, deep and crisp  
*Am*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *D*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *G*  
even, it settled on ground. It looks like the

*C* *D* *G* *G*  
Christmas, Christmas at the airport. All the flights are  
*Am* *D* *G* *G*  
grounded and the fog is rolling in. It looks like  
*C* *D* *G* *E*  
Christmas, Christmas at the airport this year; doors are locked and  
*Am* *D* *G* *G* *G*  
bolted, let festivities begin The

*G* *Am* *D* *G*  
terminal was seething without much Christmas cheer.  
*G* *Am* *D* *G*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *E*( $\frac{1}{2}$ )  
So I found an empty closet and bedded down in there. When I woke much  
*Am* *Bm* *G* *E*  
later, I was quite alone. Check-in was  
*Am*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *D*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *G*  
deserted, everyone had gone. It looks like

Christmas, Christmas at the airport. I took a set of  
x-rays and they came out very well. It looks like  
Christmas, Christmas at the airport this year.. Now I'm doing Santa's  
sleigh ride on the baggage carousel

It looks like  
Christmas, Christmas at the airport. I should be at the  
table with all my kith and kin. It looks like  
Christmas, Christmas at the airport this year. Don't save me any  
turkey, I found a burger in a bin

# Christmas Dinner

by Noel Stookey (1963) (I, V)

*Em D C G*  
And it .. came to pass on a Christmas evening  
*Am7 G A B*  
While all the doors were shuttered tight  
*Em D C G*  
Outside standing, lonely boy-child  
*Am7 G B B Em Em Em Em*  
Cold and shivering in the night

On the street every window  
Save but one, was gleaming bright  
And to this window walked the boychild  
Peeking in saw, candlelight

Through other windows he had looked at turkeys  
Ducks and geese, cherry pies  
But through this window saw a grey-haired lady  
Table bare and tears in her eyes

Into his coat reached the boy-child  
Knowing well there was little there  
He took from his pocket, his own Christmas dinner  
A bit of cheese, some bread ... to share

His outstretched hands held the food and they trembled  
As the door, it opened wide  
Said he, "Would you share with me Christmas dinner"  
Gently said she, "Come inside."

The grey-haired lady brought forth to the table  
Glasses two and her last drop of wine  
Said she, "Here's a toast to everyone's Christmas  
and especially, yours and mine"

And it came to pass on that Christmas evening  
While all the doors were shuttered tight  
That in that town, the happiest Christmas  
Was shared by candle light

# Christmas in the Trenches by John McCutcheon (1984)

(I, V)

*D D/C# Bm Bm7 G D/F# Em D C# B A G F# E*  
My name is Francis Toliver, I come from Liverpool.  
*A7 A7 G/B A7/C# G D/F# D D A B C# G F# D*  
Two years ago the war was waiting for me after school.  
*D D/C# Bm Bm7 G D/F# Em Em*  
To Belgium and to Flanders, Germany to here.  
*A7 A7 G/B A7/C# D D D D*  
I fought for King and country I love dear.

*A7 A7 G/B A7/C# G D/F# D D*  
Twas Christmas in the trenches, where the frost so bitter hung.  
*Bm Bm Bm/A Bm/A G D/F# A7sus A7*  
The frozen fields of France were still, no Christmas song was sung.  
*D D/C# Bm Bm/A G D/F# Em*  
Our families back in England were toasting us that day,  
*A7 A7 G/B A7/C# D D D D*  
Their brave and glorious lads so far away.

I was lying with my mess mate on the cold and rocky ground.  
When across the lines of battle came a most peculiar sound.  
Says I, "now listen up me boys." Each soldier strained to hear  
As one young German voice sang out so clear.  
"He's singing bloody well y'know," my partner says to me.  
Soon one by one each German voice joined in in harmony.  
The cannons rested silent, and the gas clouds rolled no more.  
As Christmas brought us respite from the war.

As soon as they were finished, and a reverent pause was spent,  
"God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" struck up some lads from Ghent.  
Oh the next they sang was "Stille Nacht", 'tis Silent Night says I.  
And in two tongues one song filled up that sky.  
"There's someone coming towards us", the front line sentry cried.  
All sights were fixed on one lone figure trudging from their side.  
His truce flag like a Christmas star shone on that plain so bright  
As he bravely strolled unarmed into the night.

Then one by one on either side walked into no-man's land.  
With neither gun nor bayonet we met there hand to hand.  
We shared some secret brandy and we wished each other well.  
And in a flare-lit soccer game we gave 'em hell.  
We traded chocolates, cigarettes and photographs from home.  
These sons and fathers far away from families of their own.  
Young Sanders played the squeezebox and they had a violin.  
This curious and unlikely band of men.

Soon daylight stole upon us and France was France once more.  
With sad farewells we each began to settle back to war.  
But the question haunted every heart that lived that wondrous night.  
"Whose family have I fixed within my sights?"  
'Twas Christmas in the trenches, where the frost so bitter hung.  
The frozen fields of France were warmed as songs of peace were sung.  
For the walls they kept between us to exact the work of war  
Had been crumbled and were gone forever more.

My name is Francis Toliver, in Liverpool I dwell.  
Each Christmas comes since World War I, I've learned its lessons well.  
For the ones who call the shots won't be among the dead and lame,  
And on each end of the rifle we're the same.

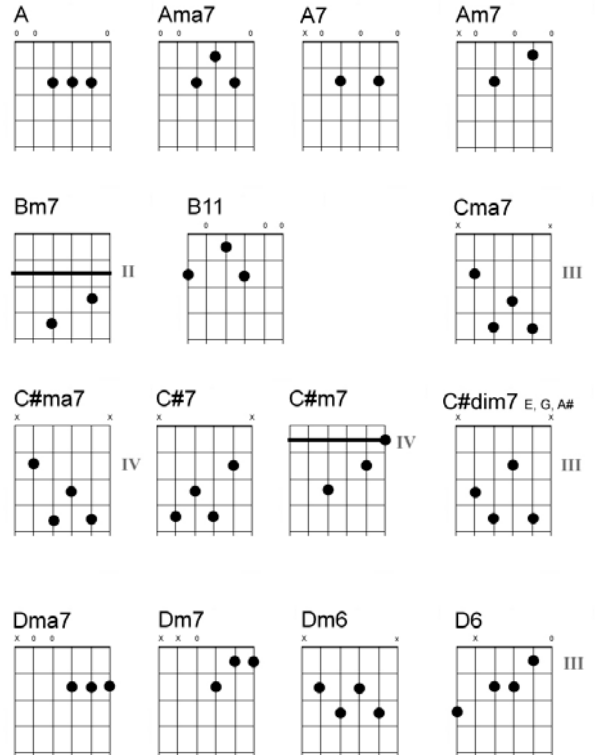




# Christmas Song

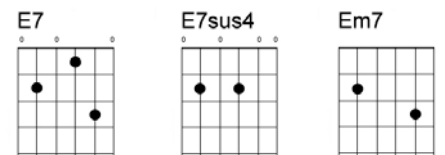
by Mel Tourmé and Robert Wells (1946) (I I)

*Ama7 E7sus Ama7 E7sus*  
 Chestnuts roasting on an open fire  
*F#m7 A7 Dma7 C#7*  
 Jack Frost nipping at your nose  
*F#m7 Dm6 A G#7*  
 Yuletide carols being sung by a choir and  
*C#ma7 G7sus Cma7 E7sus*  
 folks dressed up like Eski mos.....everybody

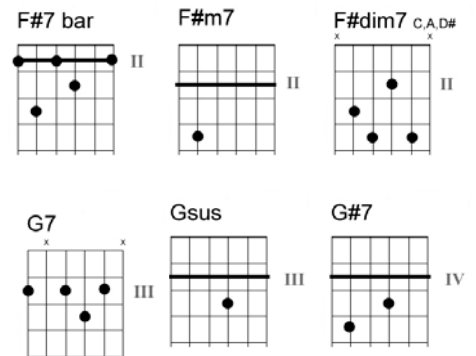


*Ama7 E7sus Ama7 E7sus*  
 knows a turkey and some mistletoe  
*F#m7 A7 Dma7 C#7*  
 Help to make the season bright  
*F#m7 Dm6 A G#7*  
 Tiny tots with their eyes all aglow will  
*C#m7 C#dim7 Bm7 E7 A A*  
 find it hard to sleep to night

*Em7 A7 Em7 A7*  
 They know that Santa's on his way He's loaded  
*Em7 A7 Dma7 D6*  
 lots of toys and goodies on his sleigh, and ev'ry  
*Dm7 G7 Cma7 Am7*  
 mother's child is gonna spy to see if  
*F#7 B11 Bm7 E7*  
 Reindeer really know how to fly



*Ama7 E7sus Ama7 E7sus*  
 And so I'm offering this simple wish  
*F#m7 A7 Dma7 C#7*  
 To kids from one to ninety-two  
*F#m7 Dm7 A F#7*  
 Although it's been said many times, many ways "Merry  
*Bm7 E7 Ama7 A6(hold)*  
 Christmas to you



# Christmas Wishes

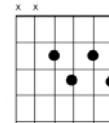
by Art Podell and Randy Sparks (1963) (I, V)

*A* *E7* *A* *A*  
If I had my way this Christmas  
*D* *E7* *A* *A*  
If all I would wish could be  
*D* *E* *A* *F#m*  
Of all the great wishes in a wonderful world  
*Bm* *E7* *A* *A*  
I'd only ask for three

If I could have three wishes  
If my first wish came true  
There'd be peace on earth, good will among men  
And love in all that we do

*A* *Gdim*  
Can you imagine a world like that  
*D* *E* *A* *A*  
What a wonderful world it would be  
*D* *E* *A* *F#m*  
And then I would wish it could go on forever  
*Bm* *E7* *A* *A*  
For people like you and me

Gdim7



If I had my way this Christmas  
And if the two others came true  
My third wish would be, for now and forever  
To share all my wishes with you

My third wish would be, for now and forever  
To share all my wishes with you

# Deck the Halls

traditional Welsh carol (I, V)

$D_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   
Deck the halls with boughs of holly,  
 $A$   $D_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $Em_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   
Fa la la la la, la la la la  
 $D_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   
Tis the sea son to be jolly,  
 $A$   $D_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $Em_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   
Fa la la la la, la la la la

$A$   $A$   $D_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $A_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
Don we now our gay apparel,  
 $D_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $E_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $E_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $A_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A$   
Fa la la, la la la, la la la  
 $D_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   
Troll the an cient Yule tide carol,  
 $G$   $D_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $Em_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   
Fa la 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, la, la  
While I tell the 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, la  
Heedless of the wind and weather,  
Fa la la la la, la, la, la

# Feliz Navidad

by José Feliciano (1970) (IV, I)

*Em7 A7 D<sub>(½)</sub> G<sub>(½)</sub> D*

*D* *Em*  
Feliz Navidad  
*A7* *D*  
Feliz Navidad  
*D7* *Em6*  
Feliz Navidad, prospero  
*A7* *D*  
Año y Felicidad

*D* *G*  
I wanna wish you a Merry Christmas  
*A7* *D*  
I wanna wish you a Merry Christmas  
*Bm* *G*  
I wanna wish you a Merry Christmas  
*A7* *D*  
From the bottom of my heart.

# Frosty the Snowman

lyrics and music by Steve Nelson and Jack Rollins (1950) (I, V)

C C<sup>(1/2)</sup> C7<sup>(1/2)</sup> F<sup>(1/2)</sup> F#dim7<sup>(1/2)</sup> C  
 Frosty the Snow Man was a jolly happy soul  
 F<sup>(1/2)</sup> F#dim7<sup>(1/2)</sup> C<sup>(1/2)</sup> A7<sup>(1/2)</sup> Dm7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G7<sup>(1/2)</sup> C<sup>(1/2)</sup> G7<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 With a corn-cob pipe and a button nose and two eyes made out of coal.  
 C C<sup>(1/2)</sup> C7<sup>(1/2)</sup> F<sup>(1/2)</sup> F#dim7<sup>(1/2)</sup> C  
 Frosty the Snow Man is a fairy tale they say  
 F<sup>(1/2)</sup> F#dim7<sup>(1/2)</sup> C<sup>(1/2)</sup> A7<sup>(1/2)</sup> Dm7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G7<sup>(1/2)</sup> C<sup>(1/2)</sup> C7<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 He was made of snow but the children know how he came to life one day.

F<sup>(1/2)</sup> F#dim7<sup>(1/2)</sup> C<sup>(1/2)</sup> Dm7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G7<sup>(1/2)</sup> C<sup>(3/4)</sup> Caug<sup>(1/4)</sup>  
 There must have been some magic in that old silk hat they found, for  
 G G<sup>(1/2)</sup> Ddim<sup>(1/2)</sup> Am<sup>(1/2)</sup> D7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G  
 when they put it on his head he began to dance around.

C C<sup>(1/2)</sup> C7<sup>(1/2)</sup> F<sup>(1/2)</sup> F#dim7<sup>(1/2)</sup> C  
 Oh, Frosty the Snow Man was alive as he could be,  
 F<sup>(1/2)</sup> F#dim7<sup>(1/2)</sup> C<sup>(1/2)</sup> A7<sup>(1/2)</sup> Dm7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G7<sup>(1/2)</sup> C<sup>(1/2)</sup> G7<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 And the children say he could laugh and play just the same as you and me.

Frosty the Snow Man knew the sun was hot that day,  
 So he said, "Let's run and we'll have some fun now before I melt away."  
 Down to the village with a broomstick in his hand,  
 Running here and there all around the square, saying "Catch me if you can."

He led them down the streets of town right to the traffic cop,  
 And he only paused a moment when he heard him holler, "Stop!"

For Frosty the Snow Man had to hurry on his way,  
 But he waved good-bye, saying, "Don't you cry; I'll be back again some day."

C C C G7  
 Thumpety thump thump, thumpety thump thump, Look at Frosty go.  
 G7 G7 G7 C  
 Thumpety thump, thump, thumpety thump thump, Over the hills of snow.

# Greensleeves (traditional English folk song) (V, I)

<i>Em</i> <sub>(2)</sub> <i>D</i> <sub>(1)</sub> <i>G</i> <i>D</i> <i>Bm</i> <sub>(2)</sub> <i>Cdim</i>	<i>Bm</i> <i>G</i> <i>D</i> <i>Bm</i> <sub>(2)</sub> <i>Cdim</i>
Alas, my love, you do me wrong, to	Greensleeves was all my joy
<i>Em</i> <i>Am</i> <i>B7</i> <i>B7</i>	<i>Em</i> <i>Am</i> <i>B7</i> <i>B7</i>
cast me off discourteously. For	Greensleeves was my delight,
<i>Em</i> <sub>(2)</sub> <i>D</i> <sub>(1)</sub> <i>G</i> <i>D</i> <i>Bm</i> <sub>(2)</sub> <i>Cdim</i>	<i>Bm</i> <i>G</i> <i>D</i> <i>Bm</i> <sub>(2)</sub> <i>Cdim</i>
I have loved you well and long, De	Greensleeves was my heart of gold, and
<i>Em</i> <sub>(2)</sub> <i>Am</i> <sub>(1)</sub> <i>B7</i> <i>Em</i> <i>Em</i>	<i>Em</i> <sub>(2)</sub> <i>Am</i> <sub>(1)</sub> <i>B7</i> <i>Em</i> <i>Em</i>
lighting in your company.	Who but my lady Greensleeves?

Your vows you've broken, like my heart, Oh, why did you so enrapture me?  
Now I remain in a world apart, but my heart remains in captivity.  
    Ah, Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu, to God I pray to prosper thee,  
    For I am still thy lover true, come once again and love me.

The old year now away is fled, the new year it is entered;  
Then let us all our sins down tread, and joyfully all appear.  
    Let's merry be this holiday, and let us run with sport and play,  
    Hang sorrow, let's cast care away -- God send us a merry new year!  
The name day now of Christ we keep, who for our sins did often weep;  
His hands and feet were wounded deep, and his blessed side with a spear.  
    His head they crowned with thorn, and at him they did laugh and scorn,  
    Who for our good was born; God send us a Happy New Year!  
And now with New Year's gifts each friend unto each other they do send:  
God grant we may our lives amend, and that truth may now appear.  
    Now, like the snake, cast off your skin, cast off, of evil thoughts and sin,  
    And so the year begin: God send us a Happy New Year!

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 lays He in such mean estate, where ox and ass are feeding?  
Good Christians, fear, for sinners here, the silent Word is pleading.

Nails, spear shall pierce Him through, the cross be borne for me, for you.  
Hail, hail the Word made flesh, the Babe, the Son of Mary.

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

Raise, raise a song on high, the virgin sings her lullaby.  
Joy, joy for Christ is born, the Babe, the Son of Mary.

# Have a Holly Jolly Christmas

by Johnny Marks (1962)

(I, V)

*C* *C* *C*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *C#dim7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G7*  
Have a holly, jolly Christmas, it's the best time of the year,  
*G7* *G7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *C#dim7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G7* *C*<sup>(3/4)</sup> *G7*<sup>(1/4)</sup>  
I don't know if there'll be snow, but have a cup of cheer. Have a  
*C* *C* *C*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *C#dim7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G7*  
holly, jolly Christmas, and when you walk down the street,  
*G7* *G7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *C#dim7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G7* *C*  
Say hello to friends you know and everyone you meet.

*F* *Em* *F* *C*  
Hey, ho, the mistletoe, hung where you can see,  
*Dm* *Am* *D7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Am7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *D7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *G7*  
Somebody's waits for you, kiss her once for me.  
*C* *C* *C*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *C#dim7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G7*  
Have a holly, jolly Christmas and in case you didn't hear,  
*G7* *C* *D7*<sup>(3/4)</sup> *G7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *C*  
Oh, by golly, have a holly, jolly Christmas this year.

*G7* *C* *D7* *D7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *C* *Dm7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *G7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *C*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
Oh, by golly, have a holly, jolly Christmas this year.



# Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas

lyrics and music by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane (1943) (I, I) or (VII, VII)

*C G7 Am G F Em D7 G7*  
When the steeple bells sound their "A", they don't play it in tune  
Christmas future is far away, Christmas past is past  
*Am7 Em Am Em G D9 Dm7 G7*  
But the welkin will ring one day, and that day will be soon  
Christmas present is here today, bringing joy that may last

*C Am Dm7 G7 C Am Dm7 G7*  
Have yourself a merry little Christmas; let your heart be light  
Have yourself a merry little Christmas, may your heart be light  
*C Am7 Dm7 G7 E7 A7 D9 G7*  
From now on our troubles will be out of sight  
In a year our troubles will be out of sigh

*C Am Dm7 G7 C Am Dm7 G7*  
Have yourself a merry little Christmas, make the Yuletide bright  
Have yourself a merry little Christmas, make the Yuletide gay  
*C Am7 Dm7 E7b9 Am7 Am7 C7 C7#5*  
From now on our troubles will be miles away  
In a year our troubles will be miles away

*Fmaj7 Fm C Cdim7 Dm7 Gaug Cmaj7 Am7*  
Here we are as in olden days, happy golden days of yore  
Here we are as in olden days. Happy golden days of yore  
*Am6 B7 Em A7 G D7 Dm7 G7*  
Faithful friends who are dear to us, gather near to us once more  
Precious friends who are dear to us, gather near to us once more

*C Am Dm7 G7 C Am Dm7 G7*  
Through the years we'll always be together, if the fates allow  
I know that in a year we all will be together if the fates allow  
*C Am7 Dm7 E7 Am Am C7 C7#5*  
Hang a shining star upon the highest bough  
Until then, we'll just have to muddle through somehow  
*Fmaj7 Am Dm7 G7b9 C Dm7 Cma7 Cma7*  
And have yourself a merry little Christmas now  
So have yourself a merry little Christmas now

# Here Comes Santa Claus

by Gene Autry and Oakley Haldeman (1947) (V, V)

*F* *F*  
Here comes Santa Claus, Here comes Santa Claus,  
*C7*<sup>(3/4)</sup> *Cdim7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *C7*  
right down Santa Claus Lane.  
*C7* *C7*  
Vixen and Blitzen and all his reindeer  
*F7*<sup>(3/4)</sup> *Fdim7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *F*<sup>(3/4)</sup> *F7*<sup>(1/4)</sup>  
are pulling on the rein.

*Bb*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Bdim7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *F*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D7*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
Bells are ringing, children singing,  
*Gm7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *C7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *F*<sup>(3/4)</sup> *F7*<sup>(1/4)</sup>  
all is merry and bright.  
*Bb*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Bdim7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *F*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D7*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
Hang your stockings and say your pray'rs, for  
*Gm7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *C7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *F*  
Santa Claus comes tonight.

Here comes Santa Claus, here comes Santa Claus,  
right down Santa Claus Lane.  
He's got a bag that is filled with toys  
for the boys and girls again.

Hear those sleigh bells jingle jangle,  
what a beautiful sight!  
Jump in bed, cover up your head,  
'Cause Santa Claus comes tonight!

# Home for the Holidays

lyrics by Al Stillman and music by Robert Tallen (1954) (V, III)

Oh, there's no place like home for the holidays Cause no  
 matter how far away you roam when you  
 pine for the sunshine of a friendly face for the  
 Holiday days, you can't beat home, sweet home I met a

man who lives in Tennessee and he was headin' for Pennsyl  
 vania and some home made pumpkin pie from Penn syl  
 vania folks a travelin' down to Dixie's sunny shore, from At  
 lantic to Pacific, gee the traffic is terrific Oh there's

Oh, there's no place like home for the holidays Cause no  
 matter how far away you roam when you  
 pine for the sunshine of a friendly face for the  
 Holiday days, you can't beat home, sweet home A home that

knows your joy and laughter filled with mem'ries by the shore is a  
 home you're glad to welcome with your heart, from Califor  
 nia to New England down to Dixie's sunny shore, From At  
 lantic to Pacific, gee the traffic is terrific Oh there's

# I'll Be Home for Christmas

by Kim Gannon and Walter Kent (1943)

*Fma7* (¾) (½) (¼) (1) (2) *Gm7 Fma7*

*Fma7 Em7 Dm7 Am7*  
I'm dreaming tonight, of a place I love  
*Dm7 Db7 Cma7 Cma7*  
Even more than I usually do  
*Fma7 Em7 Dm7 Am7*  
And although I know it's a long road back  
*D7 D9 Dm7 G7+5*  
I promise you

*C C Cdim7 Cdim7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7*  
I'll be home for Christmas;  
*Gm6(sus2) Gm6 A7b9 A7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7*  
You can count on me.  
*Fm6 Fm6 G7b9 G7b9 Cma7 Cma7 Am7 Am7*  
Please have snow and mistle toe  
*D7 D7 Abdim7 Abdim7 Dm Dm7 G9 G7*  
And presents on the tree.

*C C Cdim7 Cdim7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7*  
Christmas Eve will find me  
*Gm6(sus2) Gm6 A7b9 A7 Dm Dm Dm7 Dm7*  
Where the love light gleams;  
*F6 F6 Fm6 Fm6 Em Em A7 A7*  
I'll be home for Christmas,  
*D7 D9 Dm7 Fdim7 C C Dm7 G7+5*  
If only in my dreams.

# It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like Christmas

by Meredith Willson (1951) (II, III)

*D6*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D9*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G* *D* *D* *Dma7* *F#7* *G* *B7*  
 It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas, every where you go.

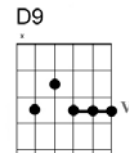
*Em7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G/B*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *A7* *Dma7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *F#m*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *B7*  
 Take a look in the five and ten, glistening once again,

*E7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Cdim*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Bm7-5* *E7* *A7*  
 With candy canes and silver lanes aglow.

*D6*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D9*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G* *D* *D* *Dma7* *F#7* *G* *B7*  
 It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas, toys in every store,

*E7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Bm7-5*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *A7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Fdim*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *F#m*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *B7*  
 But the prettiest sight to see is the holly that will be on your

*Em* *A7* *D*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Dma7*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 own front door. A pair of



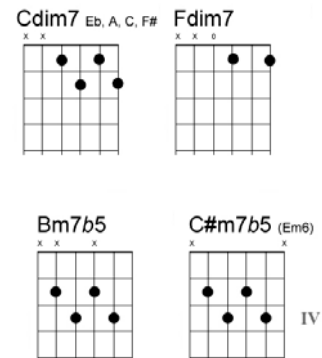
*F#7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *C#m7-5*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *Bm7-5*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *F#7*<sup>(1/4)</sup>  
 Hop-a-long boots and a pistol that shoots are the

*F#7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *C#m7-5*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *Bm*  
 wishes of Barney and Ben.

*E7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *Fdim*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *Bm7-5*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *E7*<sup>(1/4)</sup>  
 Dolls that will talk and will go for a walk is the

*Bm7-5*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *Fdim*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *A7*  
 hope of Janice and Jen.

*A*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *Ama7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *A7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *A7/6*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *Em7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *Fdim*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *A7*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 And Mom and Dad can hardly wait for school to start a gain. It's be



*D6*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D9*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G* *D* *D* *Dma7* *F#7* *G* *G*  
 It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas, every where you go.

*Em7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G/B*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *A7* *Dma7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *F#m*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *B7*  
 There's a tree in the grand hotel, one in the park as well --

*E7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Cdim*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Bm7-5* *E7* *A7*  
 The sturdy kind that doesn't mind the snow.

*D6*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D9*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G* *D* *D* *Dma7* *F#7* *G* *G*  
 It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas, soon the bells will start.

*E7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Bm7-5*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *A7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Fdim*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *F#m*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *B7*  
 And the thing that will make them ring Is the carol that you sing right with

*G* *A7* *F#7* *B7* *G* *A7* *D*  
 in your heart, right within your heart.

# It's the Most Wonderful Time of the Year

lyrics by Eddie Pola and George Wyle (1963) (I, II)

*D Bm7 Em7 A7 D Bm7 Em7 A7*  
It's the most wonderful time of the year

*Em7 A7 F#m7 Bm7*  
With the kids jingle belling and everyone telling you:

*G G G#dim7 G#dim7*

"Be of good cheer"

*D Bm7 Em7 A7 Fma7 F6 Em7 Asus*  
It's the most wonderful time of the year.

*D Bm7 Em7 A7 D Bm7 Em7 A7*  
It's the hap - happiest sea son of all

*Em A F#m7 Bm7*  
With those holiday greetings and gay, happy meetings when

*G G G#dim7 G#dim7*

friends come to call,

*D Bm7 Em7 A7 D Am7 D D7*  
it's the hap - happiest sea son of all.

*Em7 A7 D Bm7*  
There'll be parties for hosting, marshmallows for toasting,

*Em7 A7 D Dma7*  
and caroling out in the snow.

*Gm Gdim7 D B7*  
There'll be scary ghost stories and tales of the glories

*Gm6 (Em7b5) Fdim7 A7sus A7 A7sus A7*  
of Christmases long, long ago.

*D Bm7 Em7 A7 D Bm7 Em7 A7*  
It's the most wonderful time of the year.

*Em7 A7 F#m7 Bm7*  
There'll be mistle-toeing, and hearts will be glowing

*G G G#dim7 G#dim7*

when loved ones are near.

*D Bm7 Em7 A7 D Bb Em7(2) A7(1) D*  
It's the most wonderful time of the year.



# Jingle Bell Rock

lyrics and music by Joe Beal and Jim Boothe (1957)  
(III, I)

$D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dmaj7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
Jingle bell, jingle bell, jingle bell rock  
 $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D\#dim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
Jingle bells swing and jingle bells ring  
 $Em7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
Snowin' and blowin' up bushels of fun  
 $A7$   $A7\#5$   
Now the jingle bell hop has begun

$D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dmaj7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
Jingle bell, jingle bell, jingle bell rock  
 $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D\#dim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
Jingle bells chime in jingle bell time  
 $Em7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
Dancin' and prancin' in Jingle Bell Square  
 $E7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Em7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
In the frosty air

$G$   $G\#dim7$   
What a bright time, it's the right time  
 $D$   $D$   
To rock the night away  
 $Bm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $E7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $E7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
Jingle bell time is a swell time  
 $A7$   $Em7$   $A7$   
To go glidin' in a one-horse sleigh

$D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dmaj7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
Giddyup jingle horse, pick up your feet  
 $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F\#7-5_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $B7+5_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $B7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
Jingle around the clock  
 $G$   $Gm6$   
Mix and a-mingle in a-jinglin' feet  
 $Gm6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $D\#dim7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Em7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
That's the jingle bell rock  
 $Em_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Em7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C\#_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $D_{(hold)}$   
That's the jingle bell rock



# Jolly Old Saint Nicholas

by traditional (III, III)

*C*                    *G7*            *Am*                    *Em*  
Jolly old Saint Nicholas, lean your ear this way  
*F*                    *C*                    *G*                    *G7*  
Don't you tell a single soul what I'm going to say  
*C*                    *G7*                    *Am*                    *Em*  
Christmas Eve is coming soon; now you dear old man  
*F*                    *C*                    *G7*                    *C*  
Whisper what you'll bring to me; tell me if you can

When the clock is striking twelve, when I'm fast asleep  
Down the chimney, broad and black, with your pack you'll creep  
All the stockings you will find hanging in a row  
Mine will be the shortest one, you'll be sure to know

Bobby wants a pair of skates, Suzy wants a sled  
Nellie wants a picture book, yellow, blue, and red  
Now I think I'll leave to you what to give the rest  
Choose for me, dear Santa Claus; you will know the best.

# Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow! lyrics

by Sammy Cahn, and music by Jule Styne (1945) (I, V)

$F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F$   
Oh, the weather outside is frightful,  
 $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Abdim_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
But the fire is so de lightful, and  
 $Gm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Gm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Abdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
since we've no place to go,  
 $C7$   $F$   
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.

$F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F$   
It doesn't show signs of stopping,  
 $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Abdim_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
And I brought some corn for popping.  
 $Gm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Gm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Abdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
The lights are turned way down low,  
 $C7$   $F$   
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.

$C$   $C$   
When we finally kiss good night,  
 $Dm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$   
How I'll hate going out in the storm.  
 $C$   $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Baug_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Gm_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
But if you really hold me tight,  
 $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7$   
All the way home I'll be warm.

$F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F$   
The fire is slowly dying,  
 $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Abdim_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
And, my dear, we're still good -bye-ing,  
 $Gm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Gm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Abdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
But as long as you love me so.  
 $C7$   $F$   
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.

# Mele Kalikimaka

by R. Alex Anderson (1949) (I, V)

G G G7 Eaug Am7 D7 G<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bbdim7<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7

G G G G  
Mele Kalikimaka is the thing to say,  
G G<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bbdim7<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7 D7

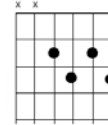
on a bright Hawaiian Christmas Day,  
D7 D7 Am7<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am7<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
that's the island greeting that we send to you from the  
Am7<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am7<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7<sub>(1/2)</sub> G G  
Land where palm trees sway.

G7 G7 C C  
Here we know that Christmas will be green and bright,  
E7 E7 A7<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7

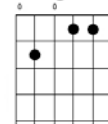
the sun will shine by day and all the stars at night,  
G G G<sub>(1/2)</sub> G7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Eaug7<sub>(1/2)</sub> E7<sub>(1/2)</sub>

Mele Kalikimaka is Hawai i's way  
Am7 D7 G G  
to say "Merry Christmas to you."

Bbdim7



Eaug7



G G G G  
Mele Kalikimaka is the thing to say,  
G G<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bbdim7<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7 D7

on a bright Hawaiian Christmas Day,  
D7 D7 Am7<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am7<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
that's the island greeting that we send to you from the  
Am7<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am7<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7<sub>(1/2)</sub> G G  
Land where palm trees sway.

G7 G7 C C  
Here we know that Christmas will be green and bright,  
E7 E7 A7<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7

the sun will shine by day and all the stars at night,  
G G G<sub>(1/2)</sub> G7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Eaug7<sub>(1/2)</sub> E7<sub>(1/2)</sub>

Mele Kalikimaka is Hawai i's way  
Am7 D7 Am7 D7  
to say "Merry Christmas, a very merry Christmas,  
Am7 D7 G G  
to say "Merry Christmas to you."

# My Two Front Teeth

by Don Gardner (1946) (I, V)

*C* *D7*  
All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth,  
*G7* *C*  
My two front teeth, my two front teeth.

*C* *D7*  
Gee, if I could only have my two front teeth,  
*G7* *C*<sup>(½)</sup> *C7*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Then I could wish you Merry Christmas.

*F*<sup>(½)</sup> *Dm7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Cdim7*  
It seems so long since I could say,  
*C*<sup>(½)</sup> *G7*<sup>(½)</sup> *C*<sup>(½)</sup> *E7*<sup>(½)</sup>  
"Sister Susie sitting on a thistle."  
*Am*<sup>(¾)</sup> *E7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Am*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Am*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D7*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Gosh, oh gee, how happy I'd be,  
*D7* *G7*  
If I could only whistle. (thhh)

*C* *D7*  
All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth,  
*G7* *C*  
My two front teeth, see my two front teeth.  
*C* *C7*<sup>(½)</sup> *F*<sup>(½)</sup> *F#dim7*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Gee, if I could only have my two front teeth,  
*C*<sup>(½)</sup> *G7*<sup>(½)</sup> *C*  
Then I could wish you Merry Christmas.

*spoken*

Oh for goodness sakes, Happy New Year!

# O Tannenbaum

traditional German carol dating to 1550. The best-known version was written in 1824 by Ernst Anshutz (1824) (I, IV)

O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum,  
 wie treu sind deine Blätter!  
 Du grünst nicht nur  
 zur Sommerzeit,  
 Nein auch im Winter, wenn es schneit.  
 O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum,  
 wie treu sind deine Blätter!

*F*<sub>(2)</sub> *C7*<sub>(1)</sub> *F* *Gm*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *Gm*<sub>(1)</sub> *C7*<sub>(1)</sub> *C7*<sub>(1)</sub> *F*<sub>(2)</sub>  
 O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, your branches green de light us )  
*F*<sub>(2)</sub> *C7*<sub>(1)</sub> *F* *Gm*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *Gm*<sub>(1)</sub> *C7*<sub>(1)</sub> *C7*<sub>(1)</sub> *F*<sub>(2)</sub> O  
 Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, with faith ful leaves un changing, They're  
*F*<sub>(1)</sub> *Bb*<sub>(2)</sub> *Gm* *C7* *F*<sub>(2)</sub> *C7*<sub>(1)</sub>  
 green when summer days are bright; They're green when winter snow is white. O  
*F*<sub>(2)</sub> *C7*<sub>(1)</sub> *F*<sub>(1)</sub> *D*<sub>(2)</sub> *Gm*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *Gm*<sub>(1)</sub> *C7*<sub>(1)</sub> *C7*<sub>(1)</sub> *F*<sub>(2)</sub>  
 Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, your branches green de light us.

O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, Of all the trees most lovely.  
 O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, Of all the trees most lovely;  
 Each year you bring to me delight, Gleaming in the Christmas night.  
 O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, Of all the trees most lovely.

O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, Your leaves will teach me also,  
 O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, Your leaves will teach me also  
 That hope and love and faithfulness Are precious things I can possess.  
 O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, Your leaves will teach me also.

O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, How lovely are your branches.  
 O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, How lovely are your branches.  
 In summer sun or winter snow, A coat of green you always show.  
 O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, How lovely are your branches.



# Santa Baby

written by Joan Javits, Tony Springer, and Phillip Springer  
(1953) (I, I)

G<sup>(1/2)</sup> Em<sup>(1/2)</sup> Am<sup>(1/2)</sup> D7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G<sup>(1/2)</sup> ) G#dim<sup>(1/2)</sup> Am7<sup>(1/2)</sup> D7<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
Mister Claus, I feel as tho I know ya. So  
G<sup>(1/2)</sup> Em<sup>(1/2)</sup> Am<sup>(1/2)</sup> D7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G<sup>(1/2)</sup> Em<sup>(1/2)</sup> Am<sup>(1/2)</sup> D7<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
you won't mind if I should get fam milya, will ya?

G Em A7b9 D7 G Em A7b9 D7  
Santa Baby, just slip a sable under the tree for me; been and awful good girl  
G Em Am D7 G Em Am7 D7 Em7b5 for Am7  
Santa Baby, So hurry down the chimney tonight

G Em A7b9 D7 G Em A7b9 D7  
Santa baby, a 'fifty-four convertible too, light blue. I'll wait up for you,  
G Em Am D7 G Em D7 G  
dear Santa baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight

B7 F#m7/B B7 B9  
Think of all the fun I've missed,  
E7 Bm7 E7 E9  
Think of all the fellas that I haven't kissed;  
A7 Em7/A A7 A9  
Next year I could be just as good  
D<sup>(1/2)</sup> C#<sup>(1/2)</sup> Am7/D Cma7<sup>(1/2)</sup> Edim<sup>(1/2)</sup> D7  
If you'll check off my Christ mas list.

G Em A7b9 D7 G Em A7b9 D7  
Santa Baby, I want a yacht and really that's not a lot, Been an angel all  
G Em Am D7 G Em Am7 D7 Em7b5 for Am7  
year, Santa Baby, So hurry down the chimney tonight

G Em A7b9 D7 G Em A7b9 D7  
Santa honey, one little thing I really do need the deed to a platinum mine  
G Em Am D7 G Em Am7 D7 Em7b5 for Am7  
Santa Baby, So hurry down the chimney tonight

*G Em A7b9 D7 G Em A7b9 D7*  
 Santa cutie, and fill my stocking with a du plex and checks, sign your "X" on the  
*G Em Am D7 G Em Am7 D7 Em7b5 for Am7*  
 line, Santa cutie, so hurry down the chimney tonight

*B7 F#m7/B B7 B9*  
 Come and trim my Christmas tree  
*E7 Bm7 E7 E9*  
 With some decorations bought at Tiffany  
*A7 Em7/A A A9*  
 I really do believe in you  
*D(½) C#(½) Am7/D Cma7(½) Edim(½) D7*  
 Let's see if you believe in me

*G Em A7b9 D7 G Em A7b9 D7*  
 Santa Baby, forgot to mention one little thing, a ring, I don't mean on the  
*G Em A7 D7 G Em A7 D7*  
 phone Santa Baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight  
*A7 D7 G Em A7 D7*  
 hurry down the chimney tonight  
*A7 D7 G Em Am7(½) D7b9(½) G*  
 hurry down the chimney tonight



# Santa Claus Is Coming to Town

by Fred Coots and Haven Gillespie (1932) (I, V)

*C Am7 Dm7 G13*

*C C7 F Fm6*  
You'd better watch out, you'd better not cry

*C C7 F Fm6*  
You'd better not pout, I'm telling you why

*C Am Dm G7 C Am7 Dm7 G13*  
Santa Claus is coming to town

*C C7 F Fm6*  
He's making a list, he's checkin' it twice

*C C7 F Fm6*  
He's gonna find out who's naughty and nice

*C Am Dm G7 C Am7 C C7*  
Santa Claus is coming to town

*Gm7 C7 F Dm7*  
He sees you when you're sleeping

*Gm7 C7 F Dm7*  
He knows if you're awake

*Am7 D7 G E7*  
He knows if you've been bad or good

*Am7 D7b5 G G7#5*  
So be good for goodness sake

Little tin horns, little toy drums.  
Rudy-toot-toot and rummy tum tums.  
Santa Claus is coming to town.

Little toy dolls that cuddle and coo,  
Elephants, boats and kiddie cars too.  
Santa Claus is coming to town.

The kids in Girl and Boy Land will have a jubilee.  
They're gonna build a toyland town all around the Christmas tree.

*C C7 F Fm6*  
You'd better watch out, you'd better not cry

*C C7 F Fm6*  
You'd better not pout, I'm telling you why

*C Am Dm7 G7 C*  
Santa Claus is coming to town

# Silver Bells

by Jay.Livingston and Ray Evans (1950) (III, V)

*C*            *C*            *Dm7(2)* *G7(1)* *G7*  
 Christmas makes you feel    e    motional  
*C*            *C*            *Dm7(2)*    *G7(1)* *G7*  
 It may bring parties or thoughts de    votional  
*Am*        *Am*            *Am7*        *D7*  
 Whatever happens or what may be  
*Cma7*        *Ebdim7*    *G7(2)*    *D7b9(1)* *Dm7(2)* *G7(1)*  
 Here is what Christmas means to        me

*C*                    *Em(2)*        *C7(1)*        *F*        *F6*  
 City sidewalks, busy sidewalks dressed in holiday style  
*G7(1)* *Em(1)* *Ebm(1)* *Dm(1)* *Em(1)* *G7(1)* *Dm7(1)* *C(2)*  
 In the air        there's a        feel    ing    of    Christ    mas

*C*                    *Em(2)*        *C7(1)*        *F*        *F6*  
 Children laughing, people passing meeting smile after smile  
*G7(1)* *Em(1)* *Ebm(1)* *Dm(1)* *Em(1)* *G7(1)* *C*    *Dm7(1)* *C(1)* *Dm7(1)*  
 And on ever y        street    cor    ner    you hear

*C*        *C*            *F*        *F*  
 Silver bells,        silver bells  
*G(1)* *G(1)* *D7(1)* *G7*            *C*    *Dm7(1)* *C(1)* *Dm7(1)*  
 It's Christmas-time in the city  
*C*        *C*            *F*        *F*  
 Ring-a-ling,    hear them ring  
*G(1)* *G(1)* *D7(1)* *F(1)* *Dm7(1)* *G7(1)* *C*        *C(2)* *F(1)*  
 Soon it    will    be    Christ    mas    day

Strings of street lights, even stop lights, blink a bright red and green  
As the shoppers run home with their treasures

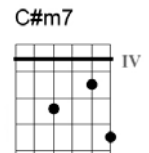
Hear the snow crunch, see the kids bunch , this is Santa's big scene  
And above all the bustle you hear...

Silver bells, silver bells  
 It's Christmas-time in the city  
 Ring-a-ling, hear them ring  
 Soon it will be Christmas day

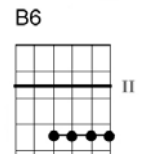
# Sleigh Ride

Lyrics by Mitchell Parish and music by Leroy Anderson (1948)  
(V, V)

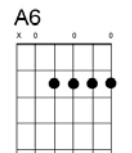
G Am7<sup>(1/2)</sup> D7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G Am7<sup>(1/2)</sup> D7<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 Just hear those sleigh bells jingling, ring tingling too. Come on, its  
G Am7<sup>(1/2)</sup> D7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G Bb<sup>(1/2)</sup> D7<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 lovely weather for a sleigh ride together with you, Outside the  
G Am7<sup>(1/2)</sup> D7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G Am7<sup>(1/2)</sup> D7<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 snow is falling and friends are calling "Yoo hoo," Come on, its  
G Am7<sup>(1/2)</sup> D7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G G  
 lovely weather for a sleigh ride together with you.



C#m7 C#m7<sup>(1/2)</sup> F#7<sup>(1/2)</sup> B B6  
 Giddy up, giddy up, giddy up, let's go, Let's look at the show,  
C#m7 C#m7<sup>(1/2)</sup> F#7<sup>(1/2)</sup> B<sup>(3/4)</sup> Bm<sup>(1/4)</sup>  
 We're riding in a wonder land of snow. Giddy  
Bm7 Bm7<sup>(1/2)</sup> E7<sup>(1/2)</sup> A A6  
 up, giddy up, giddy up, it's grand, Just holding your hand,  
Am7 Am7 D7<sup>(1/2)</sup> Am7<sup>(3/4)</sup> D7  
 We're gliding along with a song of a wintry fairy land. Our cheeks are



Our cheeks are nice and rosy and comfy cozy are we  
 We're snuggled up together like two birds of a feather would be  
 Let's take that road before us and sing a chorus or two  
 Come on, it's lovely weather for a sleigh ride together with you.



There's a birthday party at the home of Farmer Gray  
 It'll be the perfect ending a perfect day  
 We'll be singing the songs we love to sing without a single stop,  
 At the fireplace while we watch the chestnuts pop. Pop! pop! pop!

There's a happy feeling nothing in the world can buy,  
 When they pass around the chocolate and the pumpkin pie  
 It'll nearly be like a picture print by Currier and Ives  
 These wonderful things are the things we remember all through our lives!

# Someday at Christmas

by Ronald N. Miller and Bryan Wells  
(1966)

*A* *E/G#* *Em/G* *D*  
 Someday at Christmas, men won't be boys, playing with bombs like kids play with toys  
*Dm* *A* *Bm7(½)* *E(½)* *Bm7(½)* *E7(½)*  
 One warm December, our hearts will see a world where men are free  
*A* *E/G#* *Em/G* *D*  
 And some day at Christmas, there'll be no wars, when we have learned what Christmas is for  
*Dm* *A* *Bm7(½)* *E(½)* *A*  
 When we have found out what life is really worth, then there'll be peace on Earth

*A* *E/G#*  
 Someday all of our dreams will come to be  
*Em/G* *D*  
 Someday in a world where men are free  
*Dm* *A*  
 Maybe not in time for you or for me, but  
*Bm7(½)* *E7(½)* *A*  
 someday at Christmas time

Someday at Christmas, we'll see a land with no hungry children, no empty hand  
 One happy morning people will share a world where people care  
 And someday at Christmas, there'll be no tears, all men are equal and no men have fears  
 One shining moment my heart ran away from the world that we live in today

Someday all of our dreams will come to be.  
 Someday in a world where men are free  
 Maybe not in time for you or for me, but  
 someday at Christmas time

*A* *E/G#* *Em/G* *D*  
 And someday at Christmas, men will not fail. Hate will be gone and love will prevail  
*Dm* *A* *Bm7(½)* *E(½)* *Bm7(½)* *E7(½)*  
 Someday in a new world that we can only start with hope in every heart

*A* *E/G#* *Em/G* *D*  
 Someday all of our dreams will come to be, someday in a world where men are free  
*Dm* *A* *Bm7(½)* *E(½)* *C#m7(½)* *F#m7(½)*  
 Maybe not in time for you or for me, but someday at Christmas time  
*Bm7* *Bm7(½)* *E7(½)* *A*  
 someday at Christ mas time



Sixth:

*F* *Dm* *Gm<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *C<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *F*  
On the Sixth day of Christmas my true love gave to me  
*C7*

Six geese a laying

*F* *G7* *C7* *C7*

Five golden rings.

*F* *Bb* *C7*

four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle doves, and a

*F<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *Bb<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *F<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *C<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *F*  
a partridge in a pear tree.

Seventh:

*F* *Dm* *Gm<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *C<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *F*  
On the Seventh day of Christmas my true love gave to me  
*C7* *C7*

Seven swans a swimming, Six geese a laying

*F* *G7* *C7* *C7*

Five golden rings.

*F* *Bb* *C7*

four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle doves, and a

*F<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *Bb<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *F<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *C<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *F*  
a partridge in a pear tree.

Eighth:

*F* *Dm* *Gm<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *C<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *F*  
On the Eighth day of Christmas my true love gave to me  
*C7* *C7* *C7*

Eight maids a milking, Seven swans a swimming, Six geese a laying

*F* *G7* *C7* *C7*

Five golden rings.

*F* *Bb* *C7*

four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle doves, and a

*F<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *Bb<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *F<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *C<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *F*  
a partridge in a pear tree.

Ninth:

*F* *Dm* *Gm<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *C<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *F*  
On the Ninth day of Christmas my true love gave to me  
*C7* *C7* *C7*

Nine ladies dancing, Eight maids a milking, Seven swans a swimming

*C7*

Six geese a laying

*F* *G7* *C7* *C7*

Five golden rings.

*F* *Bb* *C7*

four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle doves, and a

*F<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *Bb<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *F<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *C<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *F*  
a partridge in a pear tree.

*Tenth:*

F
Dm
Gm<sup>(½)</sup>
C<sup>(½)</sup>
F  
 On the Tenth day of Christmas my true love gave to me  
 C7C7C7  
 Ten lords a leaping, Nine ladies dancing, Eight maids a milking  
 C7C7  
 Seven swans a swimming, six geese a laying  
 F G7 C7 C7  
 Five golden rings.  
 FBbC7  
 four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle doves, and a  
 F<sup>(½)</sup> Bb<sup>(½)</sup> F<sup>(½)</sup> C<sup>(½)</sup> F  
 a partridge in a pear tree.

*Eleventh:*

F
Dm
Gm<sup>(½)</sup>
C<sup>(½)</sup>
F  
 On the Eleventh day of Christmas my true love gave to me  
 C7C7C7  
 Eleven pipers piping, Ten lords a leaping, Nine ladies dancing,  
 C7C7C7  
 Eight maids a milking, Seven swans a swimming, six geese a laying  
 F G7 C7 C7  
 Five golden rings.  
 FBbC7  
 four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle doves, and a  
 F<sup>(½)</sup> Bb<sup>(½)</sup> F<sup>(½)</sup> C<sup>(½)</sup> F  
 a partridge in a pear tree.

*Twelfth:*

F
Dm
Gm<sup>(½)</sup>
C<sup>(½)</sup>
F  
 On the Twelfth day of Christmas my true love gave to me  
 C7C7  
 Twelve drummers drumming, Eleven pipers piping,  
 C7C7  
 Ten lords a leaping, Nine ladies dancing,  
 C7C7C7  
 Eight maids a milking, Seven swans a swimming, six geese a laying  
 F G7 C7 C7  
 Five golden rings.  
 FBbC7  
 four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle doves, and a  
 F<sup>(½)</sup> Bb<sup>(½)</sup> F<sup>(½)</sup> C<sup>(½)</sup> F  
 a partridge in a pear tree.

# Up on the Housetop

by Benjamin Hanby (1860) (I, V)

*D* *D*  
Up on the housetop, reindeer paws

*G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *A*  
Out jumps good ol' Santa Claus

*D* *D*  
Down through the chimney with lots of toys

*G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *A7*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup>  
All for the little ones, Christmas joys

*G* *D*  
Ho, Ho, Ho! Who wouldn't go?

*A7* *D*  
Ho, Ho, Ho! Who wouldn't go?

*D* *G*  
Up on the housetop, click, click, click.

*D* *A7*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Down through the chimney with good Saint Nick

First comes the stocking of little Nell, O dear Santa, fill it well;  
Give her a dolly that laughs and cries, One that will open and shut her eyes

Next comes the stocking of little Bill, Oh just see what a glorious fill.  
Here is a hammer and lots of tacks, Also, a ball and a whip that cracks.



# Wassail Song

traditional English carol (I, I)

$D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   $D$   
Here we come a wassailing among the leaves so green  
 $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Em$   
Here we come a wander ing so fair to be seen

$F\#m_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   
Love and joy come to you and to you your wassail too, and God  
 $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $B7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $D$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
bless you and send you a happy new year, and God  
 $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $B7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $D$   
send you a happy new year.

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

We have got a little purse  
Of stretching leather skin,  
We want a little of your money  
To line it well within.

Bring us out a table,  
And spread it with a cloth;  
Bring us out a moldy cheese,  
And some of your Christmas loaf.

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

# We Need a Little Christmas

by Jerry Herman (from "Mame"), (1966) (V, V)

A7 A7 D7 D7

G G6 Gma7 G6 G<sup>(1/2)</sup> G6<sup>(1/2)</sup> Gma7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G6<sup>(1/2)</sup> Dm6 E7  
 Haul out the holly, put up the tree be fore, my spirit falls again  
 Am D7 Am<sup>(1/2)</sup> Am7<sup>(1/2)</sup> D7 Am7 Am7b5 D7 D7  
 Fill up the stock ing, I may be rushing things, but deck the halls again  
 Dm6 Dm6 E7 Am6<sup>(1/2)</sup> E7<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 Now. For we

Am D7 G<sup>(1/2)</sup> Gma7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G6<sup>(1/2)</sup> Gaug<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 need a little Christmas, right this very minute  
 Am D7 G<sup>(1/2)</sup> Gma7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G6<sup>(1/2)</sup> Gaug<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 Candles in the window, carols at the spinet. Yes, we  
 C D7 G<sup>(1/2)</sup> Gma7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G6  
 need a little Christmas, right this very minute  
 A7 A7 D7 D7  
 It hasn't snowed a single flurry, but Santa, dear, we're in a hurry

So climb down the chimney, put up the brightest string of lights I've ever seen  
 Slice up the fruitcake. It's time we hung some tinsel on that evergreen bough

For I've grown a little leaner, grown a little colder,  
 grown a little sadder, grown a little older  
 And I need a little angel, sitting on my shoulder  
 Am D9<sup>(1/2)</sup> D76<sup>(1/2)</sup> G  
 Need a little Christ mas now

Haul out the holly, well, once I taught you all to live each living day  
 Fill up the stocking, but Auntie Man it's one week from Thanksgiving Day now

So climb down the chimney, put up the brightest string of lights I've ever seen  
 Slice up the fruitcake, it's time we hung some tinsel on that evergreen bough

For we need a little music, need a little laughter  
 Need a little singing, ringing through the rafter  
 And we need a little snappy, happy ever after'  
 Need a little Christmas now

# We Wish You a Merry Christmas traditional

(version by the Weavers) (I, V)

*E C#m F#7 B7 E C#m F#7 B7*  
Once in a year, it is not thought amiss, to visit our neighbors and sing out like this.

*E A F#7 B7*  
We wish you a merry Christmas, We wish you a merry Christmas  
*E(G#7)<sub>(2)</sub> E7<sub>(1)</sub> A(C#m) B7 E*  
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

*E A F#7 B7*  
We all want some figgy pudding. We all want some figgy pudding  
*E E7 A B7 E*  
We all want some figgy pudding and a cup of good cheer.

*E A F#7 B7*  
And we won't go until we get some. We won't go until we get some,  
*E(G#7)<sub>(2)</sub> E7<sub>(1)</sub> A B7 E*  
We won't go until we get some. So bring it right here.

*A B F# B7*  
Good tidings we bring to you and your kin.  
*E E B7 E*  
Good tidings for Christmas and a happy New Year.

*E C#m F#7 B7 E C#m F#7 B7*  
Once in a year, it is not thought amiss, to visit our neighbors and sing out like this.  
*E C#m F#7 B7 E A B7 E*  
Of friendship and love, good neighbors abound and peace and goodwill the whole year around.

*E A B7 E E C#m F#7 B7*  
(Pace!) (Shanti!) (Salud!) (Shalom!) The words mean the same, whatever your home.  
*E A B7 E*  
Why can't we have Christmas the whole year around?  
*C#m F#m B7 E*  
Why can't we have Christmas the whole year around?

*E A F#7 B7*  
We wish you a merry Christmas. We wish you a merry Christmas  
*G#7 A B7 E*  
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

# White Christmas

by Bing Crosby & Martha Mears (1942), arrangement by Gunharth Randolf

## WHITE CHRISTMAS

(2008 - WWW.BREATHEMUSIC.COM)

**RUBATO**

Cmaj7 Dm7 Cmaj7 Bmaj7 Cmaj7 Dm7 F#7(13) G7(13)

Dm7(11) G7 (sus) Dm7 G7 (13) C(69) G(9sus4) Cmaj7

**TO CODA**

C Cmaj7 C7 F Fmaj7 Fm6

Cmaj7 Dm7(sus2) Em7 F6 C Eb Dm7 G7 **(D.C. AL CODA)**

Fmaj7 Fmaj7(69) Fm6 Cmaj7 C#7 Dm7(9) G7 (b5)

A<sup>b</sup> maj7 D<sup>b</sup> maj7 Cmaj7 Dm7(9) D<sup>b</sup>7(13) Cmaj7(69)

The musical score is written for piano in 4/4 time. It begins with a rubato tempo marking. The first system contains chords Cmaj7, Dm7, Cmaj7, Bmaj7, Cmaj7, Dm7, F#7(13), and G7(13). The second system contains Dm7(11), G7 (sus), Dm7, G7 (13), C(69), G(9sus4), and Cmaj7. The third system is marked 'TO CODA' and contains C, Cmaj7, C7, F, Fmaj7, and Fm6. The fourth system contains Cmaj7, Dm7(sus2), Em7, F6, C, Eb, Dm7, G7, and a boxed instruction '(D.C. AL CODA)'. The fifth system contains Fmaj7, Fmaj7(69), Fm6, Cmaj7, C#7, Dm7(9), and G7 (b5). The sixth system contains A<sup>b</sup> maj7, D<sup>b</sup> maj7, Cmaj7, Dm7(9), D<sup>b</sup>7(13), and Cmaj7(69). The score concludes with a double bar line.

# White Christmas

by Bing Crosby and Martha Mears (1942) (I, III)

*Cma7 Dm7(¼) Cma7(¼) Bma7(¼) Cma7(¼) Dm7 F#7(¼) G7(¾)*  
I'm dream ing of a white Christ mas  
*Dm(½) G7(¼) F+2(¼) Dm7(½) G7(½) C(½) Gdim7(½) Cma7*  
Just like the ones I used to know  
*C(½) Cma7(½) C7 F(½) Fma7(½) Fm6*  
Where the tree tops glisten, and chil dren listen  
*Cma7 F6(¼) C(¼) F6(¼) Ebdim7(¼)*  
To hear sleigh bells in the  
*Dm7(¼) Fma7(¼) Dm(¼) Dm7(¼) G7(¼) G7+2(¼) C7(¼) Fdim7(¼)*  
snow

*Cma7 Dm7(¼) Cma7(¼) Bma7(¼) Cma7(¼) Dm7 F#7(¼) G7(¾)*  
I'm dream ing of a white Christ mas  
*Dm(½) G7(¼) F+2(¼) Dm7(½) G7(½) C(½) Gdim7(½) Cma7*  
With ev ery Christmas card I write  
*C(½) Cma7(½) C7 F(½) Fma7(½) Fm6*  
May your days be merry and bright  
*Cma7(½) C#dim7(½) Dm7(½) G7(½)*  
And may all your Christmases be  
*Cma7(½) Dm7(¼) G#dim7(¼) Cma7(hold)*  
white

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas  
With every Christmas card I write  
May your days be merry and bright  
And may all your Christmases be white

# Winter Wonderland

lyrics by Dick Smith and music by Felix Bernard (1934) (I, V)

*C*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am*<sup>(½)</sup> *Ddim7*<sup>(½)</sup>

*C* *C* *G7* *G7*  
Sleigh bells ring, are you listenin'? In the lane, snow is glistening  
*G7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Dm7*<sup>(½)</sup> *G7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Dm7*<sup>(½)</sup> *D9*<sup>(½)</sup> *G7*<sup>(½)</sup> *C*  
A beautiful sight, we're happy tonight Walking in a Winter Wonderland

*C* *C* *G7* *G7*  
Gone away is the blue bird, in his place is the new bird  
*G7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Dm7*<sup>(½)</sup> *G7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Dm7*<sup>(½)</sup> *D9*<sup>(½)</sup> *G7*<sup>(½)</sup> *C*  
He's singing our song, as we go along, walking in a Winter Wonderland

*E*<sup>(½)</sup> *B9*<sup>(½)</sup> *E*  
In the meadow we can build a snowman  
*E*<sup>(½)</sup> *B9*<sup>(½)</sup> *E*  
Then pretend that he is Parson Brown  
*G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D9*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*  
He'll say "Are you married ?", We'll say "No man,  
*A9*<sup>(½)</sup> *D9*<sup>(½)</sup> *G7*  
But you can do the job when you're in town."

Later on, we'll conspire, as we dream by the fire  
To face unafraid, the plans that we made, walking in a Winter Wonderland

In the meadow we can build a snowman  
And pretend that he's a circus clown  
We'll have lots of fun with Mr. Snowman  
Until the other kiddies knock him down

When it snows, ain't it thrillin', though you know, kids are chillin'  
We'll frolic and play, the Eskimo way, walking in a Winter Wonderland

# 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** ½ )  
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>(¼)</sub> *Cma7*<sub>(¼)</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>(¼)</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.

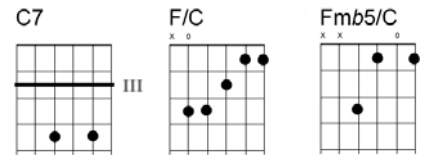
See within a manger laid:  
 Jesus, Lord of heav'n and earth!  
 Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,  
 With us sing our Savior's birth.



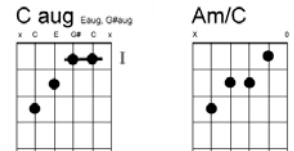
# Ave Maria

by Franz Schubert (1825) (I, I)

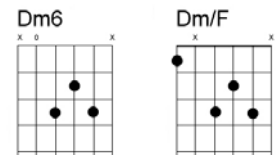
C C C C7 F/C Fm-5/C C C



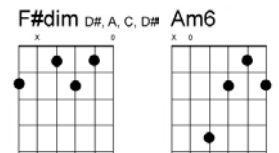
C Am6 C/G G7 Am/C Am/C Dm/F G7 C C  
 A ve Ma ri a Gra ti a ple na  
 C aug Am/C F#m-5/B B7 Dm6 Dm6 Am Am6  
 Ma ria, gratia ple na Ma ria, gratia ple na  
 G/B A7 G D7 G G  
 Ave, ave dominus Dominus tecum



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  
 C aug 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!*

**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*  
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>(1/2)</sub>      *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub>      *D*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/4)</sub>    *Am7*<sub>(1/4)</sub>    *Dsus4*<sub>(1/4)</sub>    *D*<sub>(1/4)</sub>    *G*  
 Ding dong! merrily on high, in    heav'n the    bells    are ringing:  
*G*<sub>(1/2)</sub>      *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub>      *D*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/4)</sub>    *Am7*<sub>(1/4)</sub>    *Dsus4*<sub>(1/4)</sub>    *D*<sub>(1/4)</sub>    *G*  
 Ding dong! verily the sky, is    riv'n with    an    gel    singing.  
*G*<sub>(1/2)</sub>    *Em7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>    *Am*<sub>(1/2)</sub>    *D7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>    *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub>    *Em*<sub>(1/2)</sub>    *Am*<sub>(1/2)</sub>    *D*<sub>(1/2)</sub>    *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub>    *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub>    *D*<sub>(1/2)</sub>    *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
 Glo..... ria, Ho  
*C*<sub>(1/4)</sub>    *Am7*<sub>(1/4)</sub>    *Dsus4*<sub>(1/4)</sub>    *D*<sub>(1/4)</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* (*Ddim7*)  
I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day, their  
*D* *D* *A7* *A7* (*D*)  
Their old familiar carols play, and  
*G* *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *F#7* *Bm*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub>  
wild and sweet the words repeat, of  
*D*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *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.

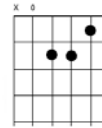
Then let us all rejoice amain,  
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;  
Then let us rejoice amain,  
On Christmas day in the morning.  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

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

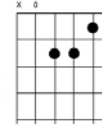
*Em* *Am7(1)* *Am6(1)* *Am7(1)* *Bm(2)* *Em(1)* *D(2)* *B7/E(1)*  
 I wonder as I wander out under the sky, How  
*Em* *Am7(1)* *Am6(1)* *Am7(1)* *Cma7(1)* *Cma7b5(1)* *Cma7(1)* *Em*  
 Jesus the Saviour did come for to die  
*Em* *Am7(1)* *Am6(1)* *Am7(1)* *Cma7(1)* *Cma7b5(1)* *Cma7(1)* *E7(2)* *B7/E(1)*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

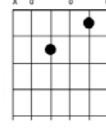
Am7



Am6

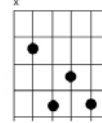


Am7

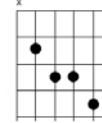


If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing,  
 A star in the sky, or a bird on the wing,  
 Or all of God's angels in heav'n for to sing,  
 He surely could have it, 'cause he was the King.

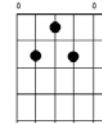
Cma7



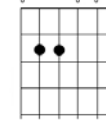
Cma7b5



B7/E



Em+2



*Em* *Am7(1)* *Am6(1)* *Am7(1)* *Bm(2)* *Em(1)* *D(2)* *B7/E(1)*  
 I wonder as I wander out under the sky, How  
*Em* *Am7(1)* *Am6(1)* *Am7(1)* *Cma7(1)* *Cma7b5(1)* *Cma7(1)* *Em*  
 Jesus the Saviour did come for to die  
*Em* *Am7(1)* *Am6(1)* *Am7(1)* *Cma7(1)* *Cma7b5(1)* *Cma7(1)* *E7(2)* *B7/E*  
 for poor ord'n'ry people like you and like me. I  
*Em* *Am7(1)* *Am9(hold)* *Am7(1)* *Cma7(2)* *B7/E(1)* *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<sub>(¼)</sub> Aug<sub>(¼)</sub> D<sub>(½)</sub> A<sub>(¼)</sub> D<sub>(¼)</sub> A<sub>(½)</sub>*  
 It came up on a mid night clear,  
*D<sub>(½)</sub> B7<sub>(½)</sub> E7*  
 That glorious song of old  
*A<sub>(¼)</sub> Aug<sub>(¼)</sub> D<sub>(½)</sub> A<sub>(¼)</sub> D<sub>(¼)</sub> A<sub>(½)</sub>*  
 From an gels bending near the earth  
*D<sub>(½)</sub> E<sub>(½)</sub> A*  
 To touch their harps of gold:

*C#7 F#m<sub>(¼)</sub> C#7<sub>(¼)</sub> F#m<sub>(½)</sub>*  
 Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,  
*E<sub>(½)</sub> B7<sub>(½)</sub> E*  
 From heav'n's all-gracious King."  
*A<sub>(¼)</sub> Aug<sub>(¼)</sub> D<sub>(½)</sub> A<sub>(¼)</sub> D<sub>(¼)</sub> A<sub>(½)</sub>*  
 The world in solemn still ness lay  
*D<sub>(½)</sub> E7<sub>(½)</sub> 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 gad 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)

A (D) A (Bm) A<sub>(½)</sub> E7<sub>(½)</sub> A  
 Joy to the world! The Lord is come;  
 D A A A  
 Let earth receive her King.  
 A A A A  
 Let every heart prepare Him room,  
 A A E E  
 And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing,  
 A (D) A (Bm) A<sub>(½)</sub> E7<sub>(½)</sub> A  
 And heav'n and heav'n and na ture 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*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Em*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Em*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *C*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *B7*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
Light one candle for the wisdom to know when the peace makers time is at hand.

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

G Em D  
 G Em G D G



# 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*<sup>(½)</sup> *Gdim7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *G*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Fdim7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Am*<sup>(½)</sup> *D7*<sup>(¼)</sup>  
 O little town of Beth le hem, how  
*G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D7*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*  
 How still we see thee lie;  
*G*<sup>(½)</sup> *E7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am*  
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the  
*G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D7*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*  
 silent stars go by.  
*G*<sup>(½)</sup> *Cdim7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Gdim7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *B7*  
 Yet in the dark streets shineth  
*Em*<sup>(¼)</sup> *B7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *G*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Am*<sup>(¼)</sup> *B7*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*<sup>(½)</sup>  
 The ev er last ing light;  
*G*<sup>(½)</sup> *Gdim7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *G*<sup>(¼)</sup> *E7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Am*<sup>(½)</sup> *C*<sup>(¼)</sup>  
 The hopes and fears of all the years are  
*G*<sup>(¼)</sup> *A7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *G*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *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.