

Caroling Lyrics

GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN (Traditional Choir-18th Century England)

God rest ye merry gentlemen
Let nothing you dismay
For Jesus Christ our Savior
Was born on upon this day
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
 Comfort and joy
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
From God our Heavenly Father
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same:
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by Name,
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
 Comfort and joy
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
 Comfort and joy
The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm and wind;
And went to Bethlehem straightway
This blessed Name to find.
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
 Comfort and joy
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
 Comfort and joy
But when to Bethlehem they came
Whereat this infant lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay,
His Mother Mary kneeling
Unto the LORD did pray,
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
 Comfort and joy
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
 Comfort and joy
Now to the LORD sing praises,
All ye within this place,
And with true love & brotherhood
Each to other now embrace:
This holy time of Christmas
All others doth deface,
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
 Comfort and joy
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
 Comfort and joy

HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING (England, 1739 Hymns & Sacred Poems – The Mormon Tabernacle Choir)

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!"
Christ, by highest heaven adored:
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time from him came,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb,
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see;
Hail, the incarnate Deity;
Pleased, as man, with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Hail! the heaven-born
Prince of peace!
Hail! the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give the second birth,
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!"

AWAY IN A MANGER

(USA, 1887 James Ramsey Murray – Brad Paisley)

Away in a manger
No crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down His sweet head
The stars in the sky
Look down where He lay
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 mornin', 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 take us to Heaven
To live with Thee there

Away in a manger
No crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down His sweet head
The stars in the sky
Look down where He lay
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hay

DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR

(USA, 1962 Noel Regney and Gloria Shayne – Andy Williams)

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
 My voice is 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 wall 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

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

(England, 1853 John Mason Neale and Thomas Helmore –
The Irish Rovers)

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen
When the snow lay 'round about
Deep and crisp and even
Brightly shone the moon that night
Though the frost was cruel
When a poor man came in sight
Gath'ring winter fuel
"Hither, page, and stand by me
If thou know'st where he lies
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 mead and bring me wine
Bring me pine logs hither
Thou and I will see him dine
When we bear him thither"
Page and monarch forth they went
Forth they went together
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather
"Sire, the night is darker now
And the wind blows stronger
Fails my heart, I know not how
I can go no longer"
"Mark my footsteps, my good page
Tread thou in them boldly
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly"
In his master's steps he trod
Where the snow lay dented
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

JINGLE BELLS

(USA, 1857 James Lord Pierpont – Jim Reeves)

Dashing through the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh
O'er the fields we go
Laughing all the way
Bells on bobtails ring
Making spirits bright
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song tonight
Jingle bells, jingle bells
Jingle all the way
Oh, what fun it is to run
In a one horse open sleigh
Jingle bells, jingle bells
Jingle all the way
Oh, what fun it is to run
In a one horse open sleigh
Now the ground is white
So go it while you're young
Take the girls tonight
And sing this sleighing song.
Just get a bobtail nag
Then hitch him to an open sleigh
And crack, you'll take the lead
Jingle bells, jingle bells
Jingle all the way
Oh, what fun it is to run
In a one horse open sleigh
Jingle bells, jingle bells
Jingle all the way
Oh, what fun it is to run
In a one horse open sleigh

IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK A LOT LIKE CHRISTMAS

(USA, 1951 Meredith Willson – Bing Crosby)

It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas
Everywhere you go
Take a look at the five and ten, it's glistening once again
With candy canes and silver lanes that glow
It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas
Toys in every store
But the prettiest sight to see is the holly that will be
On your own front door
A pair of hopalong boots and a pistol that shoots
Is the wish of Barney and Ben
Dolls that'll talk and will go for a walk
Is the hope of Janice and Jen
And Mom and Dad can't hardly wait for school to start again
It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas
Everywhere you go
There's a tree in the Grand Hotel, one in the park as well
It's the sturdy kind that doesn't mind the snow
It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas
Soon the bells will start
And the thing that'll make 'em ring is the carol that you sing
Right within your heart
It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas
Toys in every store
But the prettiest sight to see is the holly that will be
On your own front door
Sure, it's Christmas once more

LET IT SNOW

(USA, 1945 Sammy Cahn – Dean Martin)

Oh the weather outside is frightful
But the fire is so delightful
And since we've no place to go
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow
It doesn't show signs of stopping
And I've brought some corn for popping
The lights are turned way down low
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow
When we finally kiss goodnight
How I hate going out in the storm
But if you really hold me tight
All the way home I'll be warm
The fire is slowly dying
And my dear I'm still goodby-ing
As long as you love me so
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow
Oh, it doesn't show signs of stopping
And I've brought some corn for popping
And the lights are turned way down low
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow
 Oh let it snow
All the way home I'll be warm
All the way home I'll be warm
The fire is slowly dying
And my dear I'm still goodby-ing
As long you love me so
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow

INTERMISSION

O HOLY NIGHT

(France, 1847 Adolpe Adam and Placide Cappeau – Bing Crosby)

O holy night! The stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth,
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.
Fall on your knees! O hear the angel voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was born;
O night divine, O night, O night Divine.
Led by the light of Faith serenely beaming,
With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand,
So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,
Here come the wise men from the Orient land.
A thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.
Fall on your knees! O hear the angel voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was born;
Fall on your knees! O hear the angel voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was born;
O night divine, O night, O night Divine.

SILENT NIGHT

(Austria, 1818 Franz Xavier Gruber – The Mormon Tabernacle Choir)

Silent night, holy night
All is calm, all is bright
'Round your virgin Mother and Child
Holy infant so tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace
Sleep in heavenly peace
Silent night, holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar;
Heavenly hosts sing Alle-lu-lu-ia!
Christ the Savior is born!
Christ the Savior is born!
Silent night, holy night
Son of God, oh, 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
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

(England, 1909 Frederic Austin – The Hit Crew)

On the first day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
A partridge in a pear tree.
On the second day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Two turtle doves
And a partridge in a pear tree.
On the third day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves
And a partridge in a pear tree.
On the fourth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Four calling birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves
And a partridge in a pear tree.
On the fifth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Five golden rings,
Four calling birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves
And a partridge in a pear tree.
On the sixth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Six geese a-laying,
Five golden rings,
Four calling birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves
And a partridge in a pear tree.
On the seventh day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five golden rings,
Four calling birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves
And a partridge in a pear tree.
On the eighth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five golden rings,
Four calling birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves
And a partridge in a pear tree.
On the ninth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Nine ladies dancing,
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five golden rings,
Four calling birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves
And a partridge in a pear tree.
On the tenth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Ten lords a-leaping,
Nine ladies dancing,
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five golden rings,
Four calling birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves
And a partridge in a pear tree.
On the eleventh day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Eleven pipers piping,
Ten lords a-leaping,
Nine ladies dancing,
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five golden rings,
Four calling birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves
And a partridge in a pear tree.
On the twelfth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Twelve drummers drumming,
Eleven pipers piping,
Ten lords a-leaping,
Nine ladies dancing,
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five golden rings,
Four calling birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves
And a partridge in a pear tree.

JINGLE BELL ROCK

(USA, 1957 – written and performed by Bobby Helms)

Jingle bell, jingle bell, jingle bell rock
Jingle bells swing and jingle bells ring
Snowin' and blowin' up bushes of fun
Now the jingle hop has begun
Jingle bell, jingle bell, jingle bell rock
Jingle bells chime in jingle bell time
Dancin' and prancin' in Jingle Bell Square
 In the frosty air
What a bright time, it's the right time
To rock the night away
Jingle bell time is a swell time
To go glidin' in a one-horse sleigh
Giddy-up jingle horse, pick up your feet
Jingle around the clock
Mix and a-mingle in the jinglin' feet
 That's the jingle bell rock
Jingle bell, jingle bell, jingle bell rock
Jingle bells ring and bellin' us all
Dancin' and prancin' in Jingle Bell Square
 In the frosty air
What a bright time, it's the right time
To rock the night away
Jingle bell time is a swell time
To go glidin' in a one-horse sleigh
Giddy-up jingle horse, pick up your feet
Jingle around the clock
Mix and a-mingle in the jinglin' feet
 That's the jingle bell
 That's the jingle bell
 That's the jingle bell rock

SILVER BELLS

(USA, 1951 Jay Livingston and Ray Evans – Elvis Presley)

Silver bells, silver bells
It's Christmas time in the city
Ring-a-ling, hear them ring
Soon it will be Christmas day
City sidewalks, busy sidewalks dressed in holiday style
In the air there's a feeling of Christmas
Children laughing, people passing, meeting smiles after smiles
And on every street corner you'll hear, you can hear
Silver bells, silver bells, silver bells, silver bells
 It's Christmas time in the city
Ring-a-ling, ring-a-ling, hear them sing, hear them sing
 Soon it will be Christmas day
Strings of streetlights even stop lights blink a bright red and green
 As the shoppers rush to home with their treasures
Hear the snow crunch, see the kids bunch, this is Santa's big scene
And above all this bustle you'll hear, you can hear
Silver bells, the corner Santa Claus, silver bells, is busy now because
 It's Christmas time in the city
Ring-a-ling, you'll hear it in the air, hear them ring, you'll hear it everywhere
 Soon it will be Christmas day
 Very soon it will be Christmas day

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

(England, 1935 Arthur Warrell – Nat King Cole Chorus)

We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year
We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year
Good we bring to you and your kin
Good tidings for Christmas and a happy new year
Now, bring us some figgy pudding
Now, bring us some figgy pudding
Now, bring us some figgy pudding
And bring it right here.
We won't go until we get some
We won't go until we get some
We won't go until we get some
So bring some out here
We all love figgy pudding
We all love figgy pudding
We all love figgy pudding
So bring some out here
We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year
.....a happy new year!

*Thank You For Celebrating
The Holidays With Us!*