

BIG CHRISTMAS SING SONGS OF HOPE

Joy to the World

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world, the saviour 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.

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.

Ding Dong Merrily on High

Ding dong! merrily on high,
In heav'n the bells are ringing:
Ding dong! verily the sky
Is riv'n with angel singing.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,
Let steeple bells be swungen,
And 'lo, 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!

Deck the Halls

Deck the halls with boughs of holly,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.
'Tis the season to be jolly,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Don we now our gay apparel,
Fa la la, la la la, la, la, la.
Troll the ancient Yuletide carol,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

See the blazing Yule before us (Fa la la...)
Strike the harp and join the chorus (Fa la la...)
Follow me in merry measure (Fa la la...)
While I tell of Yuletide treasure (Fa la la...)

Fast away the old year passes (Fa la la...)
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses (Fa la la...)
Sing we joyous all together (Fa la la...)
Heedless of the wind and weather (Fa la la...)

Soon the hoar old year must leave us (Fa la la...)
But the parting must not grieve us (Fa la la...)
When the new year comes tomorrow (Fa la la...)
Let him find no trace of sorrow (Fa la la...)

He our pleasures may redouble (Fa la la...)
He may bring us store of trouble (Fa la la...)
Hope the best and gaily meet him (Fa la la...)
With a jovial chorus greet him (Fa la la...)

At his birth, he brings us gladness (Fa la la...)
Ponder not on future sadness (Fa la la...)
Anxious care is now but folly (Fa la la...)
Fill the mead-cup, hand the holly (Fa la la...)

We Wish You a Merry Christmas

We wish you a Merry Christmas;
We wish you a Merry Christmas;
We wish you a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year.
Good tidings we bring to you and your kin;
Good tidings for Christmas and a Happy
New Year.

Oh, bring us a figgy pudding;
Oh, bring us a figgy pudding;
Oh, bring us a figgy pudding
and a cup of good cheer.
Good tidings we bring to you and your kin;
Good tidings for Christmas and a Happy
New Year.

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.
Good tidings we bring to you and your kin;
Good tidings for Christmas and a Happy
New Year.

O Come, All Ye Faithful

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, o come ye, to Bethlehem.
Come and behold him,
Born the King of angels.

Refrain:

O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord.

God of God
Light of light
Lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Son of the Father,
Begotten, not created.

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation;
O sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!
Glory to God
All glory in the highest.

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born for our salvation;
Jesus, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing.

Silent Night

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and child.
Holy infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight;
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing alleluia!
Christ the saviour is born,
Christ the saviour is born!

Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light;
Radiant beams from thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

Silent night, holy night
Wondrous star, lend thy light;
With the angels let us sing,
Alleluia to our king;
Christ the saviour is born,
Christ the saviour is born!

Good King Wenceslas

Good King Wenceslas looked out, on the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel.

'Hither, page, and stand by me, if you know 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 food and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither,
You and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither.'
Page and monarch, forth they went, forth they went together,
Through the cold 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 now in them boldly,
You shall find the winter's rage freeze your 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,
You who now will bless the poor shall yourselves find blessing.

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