

Jingle Bells

Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way.
Oh what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh, hey!
Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way.
Oh what fun it is to ride,
In a one-horse open sleigh.

Dashing through the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh,
O'er the fields we go,
Laughing all the way.
Bells on bob-tails ring,
Making spirits bright.
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song tonight, oh!

Chorus

Now the ground is white,
Go do it while you're young.
Take the kids tonight,
And sing this sleighing song.
Get a bobtailed bay,
Two forty for his speed,
And hitch him to an open sleigh,
And you will take the lead.

Chorus

Hark the Herald Angels Sing

Hark the herald angels sing
"Glory to the newborn King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild
God and sinners reconciled"
Joyful, all ye nations rise
Join the triumph of the skies
With the angelic host proclaim:
"Christ is born in Bethlehem"
Hark! The herald angels sing
"Glory to the newborn King!"

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 them second birth
Hark! The herald angels sing
"Glory to the newborn King!"

O Holy Night

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, Oh hear the angel
voices!
O night divine! O night when Christ
was born.
O night, O holy night, O night divine.

Led by the light of Faith serenely
beaming;
With glowing hearts by his cradle we
stand:
So, led by light of a star sweetly
gleaming,
Here come the wise men from Orient
land,
The King of Kings lay thus in lowly
manger,
In all our trials born to be our friend;

He knows our need, To our weakness
no stranger!
Behold your King! Before Him lowly
bend!
Behold your King! your King! before
him bend!

Truly He taught us to love one another;
His law is Love and His gospel is
Peace;
Chains shall he break, for the slave is
our brother,
And in his name all oppression shall
cease,
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful Chorus
raise we;

Let all within us praise his Holy name!

Christ is the Lord, then ever! ever
praise we!
His pow'r and glory, evermore
proclaim!
His pow'r and glory, evermore
proclaim!

Deck the Hall

Deck the hall with boughs of holly
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
'Tis the season to be jolly
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Don we now our gay apparel
Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la
Troll the ancient Yule-tide carol
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

See the blazing Yule before us
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Strike the harp and join the chorus
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Follow me in merry measure
Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la
While I tell of Yule-tide treasure
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

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