

Christmas Carol Collection

Compiled by Will Taylor of Sheet Music Online

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A Review that Appeared in the Austin Chronicle

A Peaceful Christmas D.I.Y. meet J.A.Z.Z. Got yerself a holiday? No problem, just have the ol' master stringman and arranger, Will Taylor, slap a little here, dash a little there -- maybe an overdub or two -- and presto! Instant 6-song Christmas tape. And it's still better than those other reindeer games. The long suffering ache of Taylor's viola, combined with Steve Zirkel's very blue trumpet playing on "O Come, O Come Emmanuel" or Julie Noble's icy cry on "Silent Night" stills the mood quickly -- as do the other four laments -- laying a carpet of snow at your feet and the smell of pines in the air. Ever hear Loreenna McKennit's Christmas EP? Envelope yourself in its Canadian winter landscape? Taylor finds that same clearing -- here in Austin. (3.0 stars) -- Raoul Hernandez

Contents on the Album *A Peaceful Christmas*

O' Come O' Come Emanuel
Road to Kenai
O' Christmas Tree
What Child is This
Winter of Life
Winter Raga
God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen
Silent Night

MUSICIANS:

Will Taylor - Viola, Violin, Guitar, Bass Steve Zirkel - Bass, Trumpet Javier Chaparro - Violin
Cathlin Reese - Violin Tracey Rosenkranz - Bass Shawn Sanders - Cello Brad Evilsizer -
Drums Jason Mackenzie - Percussion Glenn Rexach - Guitar

Download free soundclips here

http://sheetmusiconline.net/Domain_Music/Christmas_Collection
or Purchase CD at <http://mp3.com/willtaylor> for only \$10.00

Contact Will about anything at will@willtaylor.com



February 2, 2001:

Will Taylor and Strings Attached

The last few years have seen local strings player/composer Will Taylor engaged in numerous musical collaborations, many jazz-based, some pop-oriented, a few highly curious, and all, in the end, responsible for the creation of some wonderful new music. His new release with Strings Attached brings together these collaborations, linking them into a unified vision of the wider role of classical strings in the scope of popular music. The album starts out on a somber note of warning and truth in the form of Barbara K's "My Name Is Truth" and moves from this droning ambience to the lighter-hearted, Sara Hickman-sung "Sister and Sam," a sentimental reminiscence about the passing of years and family. Ian Moore and Beth Ullman each contribute vocals, with Moore adding guitar to the near-mystic "Retablo de Teresa." Instrumental tracks have Taylor exploring traditional Irish tunes and a reel of his own, as well as a Sting cover and a ragga in two parts. It's a credit to Taylor that an album this eclectic holds so strong at the seams, as well as a reflection on the artists with whom he's chosen to work, that every song works as a piece all its own. Even, or especially, the cello solo on "See You Later." Taylor's core band Strings Attached, with John Fremgen on bass, Shawn Sanders on cello, and Javier Chaparro on violin are also key to the musical continuity. But it's Austin's Taylor who made this happen, and his inspired creativity and often amazing use of the violin make this album transcend the experimental to become art.

Buy this album at StringsAttached.org

Greensleeves

3/4
 Vamp
 Em D
 C Bm Em
 D C B7 Em
 G D Em
 Bm G D
 C B7 Esus E
 Solo Changes 6/4
 Em Bm D/A Am C/D D Bm Em/A B/G
 D/F# C/G B7 Esus Em C Bm D/G Em Em/G
 Solo Changes 6/4
 Bm Bm/A F Em D D/F# C/G B/F# Esus E

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 This song can be heard on 'Peaceful Christmas'
 Listen to it at <http://mp3.com/willtaylor.com>

What Child Is This?

Words by William C. Dix.

Allegretto

Em G D D#dim Em Am

1. What child is this, who laid to rest on Ma-ry's lap, is
 2. Why lies He in such mean es-tate, where ox and ass are
 3. So bring Him in - cease, gold, and myrrh, come peas - ant, King to

B Em G D Em B

sleep - ing? Whom an - gels greet with an - thems sweet while shop - herds watch are
 feed - ing? Good Christ - lan, fear; for sin - ners here the si - lent world is
 own him. The King of Kings, sal - va - tion brings, let lov - ing hearts en -

Refrain:

Em Bm G D Em Am

keep - ing? This, this is Christ the King, whom shep - herds guard and
 plead - ing? Nails, spears shall pierce Him through the cross he born, for
 throne Him. Raise, raise the song on high, the Vir - gin sings her

B Bm G D Em B Em D.C.

an - gels sing; Haste, haste to bring Him land, } Es - se, the Son of Ma - ry!
 me, for you; Hail, hail the word made flesh, }
 lull - a - by, Joy, joy, for Christ is born, }

Christmas Tree
Jazz Harmonization by Will Taylor

G C/b G E7 Am D7

G° G Dm7 G7 C Bm7

Am D7 G° G Bm7 B7+11

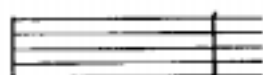
Am D7sus D7 B7 E7+9 A7 D7

C#m7-5 Cm7 Bm7 E7+9 Am D7

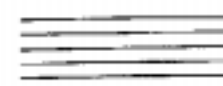
G° G ~~G~~

C#m7-5 Cm Bm E7+9 Am D7 A7 5/5 G 6/5

(Handwritten musical staff with a treble clef, a key signature change to one sharp, and a double bar line.)



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This song can be heard on "Peaceful Christmas"
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O CHRISTMAS TREE

Words by E. G. Anschütz

German folk song

1. O Christ-mas tree, O Christ-mas tree! Thou tree most fair—and love-ly!
2. O Christ-mas tree, O Christ-mas tree! Thou hast a won-drous mes-sage.

O— Christ-mas tree,— O— Christ-mas tree,— Thou— tree most fair—and love-ly!
O— Christ-mas tree,— O— Christ-mas tree,— Thou— hast a won-drous mes-sage.

The sight of thee— at Christ-mas-tide— Spreads— hope and glad-ness— far and wide.
Thou dost pro-claim— the Sa-rior's birth,— Good-will to men—and— peace on earth.

O— Christ-mas tree,— O— Christ-mas tree! Thou tree most fair—and love-ly!
O— Christ-mas tree,— O— Christ-mas tree! Thou hast a won-drous mes-sage.

Silent Night

3/4 C Δ F Δ C / . Dm/6 F Δ 7

C/E C Δ F Δ /9 / . C Δ /9 G Δ 7 Δ 5 Δ

F F Δ 7 Δ G Δ C Δ Dm/6 G Δ 7 Δ 9

C/6 G Δ Aug C/F G ~~A Δ~~ ^{Last x} A Δ add9 C Δ

~~A Δ~~ ⁽⁹⁾ B Δ ⁽⁹⁾ C Δ

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 This song can be heard on "Peaceful Christmas"
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O Come, O Come Emmanuel

French

Moderato

Em Bm G Am G D7 Em D G C Em

mp
1. O Come, O Come, Em man u - el, And ran - som cap - tive
2. O Come, Then rod of Je - sus, Free thine own from

Am Em Bm Em Am Em Am Em B7 Em D A7 D G D Em

Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un -
Se - tan's tyr - an - ny, From depths of hell thy peo - ple save, And

D Bm G Am G D G C6 G REFRAIN D G D Em Bm G

- til the Son of God up - pears. Re -
give them vic - 'try o'er the grave. } joice! Re - joice! Em -

Am G D Em Am7 Em D G C Em Am Em Bm Em

- man - u - el Shall come to thee O Is - ra - el.

3. O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here,
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Refrain:

4. O come, Thou key to David come,
And open wide our heav'nly home,
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Refrain:

Jazz Version as heard on Peaceful Christmas

Greensleeves

Chord progression for *Greensleeves* (Jazz Version):

Em (Vamp) | ~~Em~~ | D | Em | C | Bm | Em | D | C | B⁷ | Em | G^b | D | Em | Bm | G | D | C | B⁷ | Esus | E | ~~Dad~~ | Solo Changes | Em | Bm D/G | Am C/D | D | Bm | Em/A | B/G | D/F# | C/G | B⁷ | Esus | Em | C | Bm | D/G | Em | Em/B | Bm | Bm/A | F | Em | D | D/F# | C/G | B/F# | Esus | E

©1999 by Will Taylor Music
 This song can be heard on 'Peaceful Christmas'
 Available at <http://mp3.com/willtaylor>

All I Want For Christmas...

Everybody stops
and stares at me
These two teeth are
gone as you can see
I don't know just who
to blame for this catastrophe!
But my one wish on Christmas Eve
is as plain as it can be!

All I want for Christmas
is my two front teeth,
my two front teeth,
see my two front teeth!

Gee, if I could only
have my two front teeth,
then I could be with you
"Merry Christmas."
It seems so long since I could say,
"Sister Susie sitting on a thistle!"

Gosh oh gee, how happy I'd be,
if I could only whistle (thhhh)

All I want for Christmas
is my two front teeth,
my two front teeth,
see my two front teeth.
Gee, if I could only
have my two front teeth,
then I could wish you
"Merry Christmas."

O Come, All Ye Faithful

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
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.

True God of true God, Light from Light Eternal,
Lo, he shuns not the Virgin's womb;
Son of the Father, begotten, not created;

Refrain

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

Refrain

See how the shepherds, summoned to His cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh to gaze;
We too will thither bend our joyful footsteps;

Refrain

Child, for us sinners poor and in the manger,
We would embrace Thee, with love and awe;
Who would not love Thee, loving us so dearly?

Refrain

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing.

Refrain

Angels, From the Realms of Glory

Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Come and worship
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man 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.

The First Noel

The first Noel, the angel did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
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.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

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.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

This star drew night 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.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

Then entered in those wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee;
And offered there in his presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

Good Christian Men, Rejoice
Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul, and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say:
Jesus Christ is born to-day;
Ox and ass before him bow,
And he is in the manger now.
Christ is born to-day!
Christ is born to-day!
Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul, and voice;

Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the heavenly door,
And man is 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:
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!

What Child Is This?

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 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 enthroned him.

God Rest You Merry Gentlemen
God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Savior
Was born on Christmas Day;
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
O 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.
"Fear not, then," said the angel,
"Let nothing you affright;
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."
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
Doth bring redeeming grace.

Angels We Have Heard on High
Angels we have heard on high,
Singing sweetly through the night,
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their brave delight.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why these songs of happy cheer?
What great brightness did you see?
What glad tidings did you hear?
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee
Christ, the Lord, the new-born King.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
See him in a manger laid
Whom the angels praise above;
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
While we raise our hearts in love.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Away in a Manger
Away in a manger, no crib for his bed,
the little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked 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 side until morning is nigh.

It Came Upon a Midnight Clear
It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:

"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
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-sounds
The blessed angels sing.
Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the heavenly strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The tidings which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!
O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!
For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Santa Claus Is Coming To Town
Oh! You better watch out,
you better not cry,
you better not pout,
I'm telling you why:
Santa Claus is coming to town!

He's making a list,

He's checking it twice,
gonna find out who's naughty or nice.
Santa Claus is coming to town!
He sees you when you're sleeping,
he knows when you're awake.
He knows when you've been bad or good,
so be good for goodness sake!
So...You better watch out, You better not cry
You better not pout, I'm Telling you why.
Santa Claus is coming to town.
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 toy land town
all around the Christmas tree.

Ohh....You better watch out, you better not cry.
You better not pout, I'm telling you why.
Santa Claus is coming to town.

O Christmas Tree
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree!
How are thy leaves so verdant!
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
How are thy leaves so verdant!
Not only in the summertime,
But even in winter is thy prime.
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
How are thy leaves so verdant!
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
Much pleasure doth thou bring me!
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
Much pleasure doth thou bring me!
For every year the Christmas tree,
Brings to us all both joy and glee.
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,

Much pleasure doth thou bring me!
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
Thy candles shine out brightly!
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
Thy candles shine out brightly!
Each bough doth hold its tiny light,
That makes each toy to sparkle bright.
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
Thy candles shine out brightly!

O Little Town of Bethlehem
O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see the lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.
For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.
How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him, still
The dear Christ enters in.
Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessed Child,
Where misery cries out to thee,
Son of the mother mild;
Where charity stands watching
And faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.
O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,

Our Lord Emmanuel!

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 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.

Rudolf the Red-nosed Reindeer
Rudolf, the red-nosed reindeer
had a very shiny nose.
And if you ever saw him,
you would even say it glows.
All of the other reindeer
used to laugh and call him names.
They never let poor Rudolf
play in any reindeer games.

Then one foggy Christmas eve
Santa came to say:
"Rudolf with your nose so bright,
won't you guide my sleigh tonight?"
Then all the reindeer loved him
as they shouted out with glee:
"Rudolf the red-nosed reindeer,
you'll go down in history!"

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing
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 the 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 behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
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.
Risen with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
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 lay His glory by
Born that man no more may die

Come Desire of Nations come,
Fix in us thy humble home.
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
Adam's likeness now efface
Stamp thine image in its place

Auld Lang Syne

Robert Burns

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear

For auld lang syne,

We'll take a cup o' kindness yet

For auld lang syne!

I

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

And never brought to mind ?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

And auld lang syne!

II

And surely ye 'll be your pint' stowp,

And surely I 'll be mine,

And we 'll take a cup o' kindness yet

For auld lang syne!

III

We twa hae run about the braes,

And pou'd the gowans fine,

But we 've wander'd monie a weary fit

Sin' auld lang syne.

IV

We twa hae paid'd in the burn

Frae morning sun till dine,

But seas between us braid hae roar'd

Sin' auld lang syne.

V

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,

And gie 's a hand o' thine,

And we 'll tak a right guid-willie waught

For auld lang syne!

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear,

For auld lang syne,

We'll tak a cup o' kindess yet

For auld lang syne!

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 shown 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 thou 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 flesh, and bring me wine.

Bring me pine logs hither.

Thou and I will see him dine

when we bear the 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.

Ark 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 step 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.

I Saw Three Ships

I saw three ships come sailing in

on Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.

I saw three ships come sailing in

on 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?

The Virgin Mary and Christ were there

on Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.

The virgin Mary and Christ were there

on Christmas Day in the morning.

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 earth! 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 blessing 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.

Drummer Boy

Come they told me, pa rum pum pum pum
A new born King to see, pa rum pum pum pum
Our finest gifts we bring, pa rum pum pum pum
To lay before the King, pa rum pum pum pum,
rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum,
So, to honor Him, pa rum pum pum pum,
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 the King, pa rum pum pum pum
rum pum pum pum, 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 play me best for Him, pa rum pum pum pum,
rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum
Then He smiled at me, pa rum pum pum pum
me and my drum

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 Spirit 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, the night when Christ was born;
O night, O holy night, O night divine!
O night, O holy night, O 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!

Carol of the Bells

Carol of the Bells is an adaptation of an ancient Ukrainian folk song called a "shchedrivka". An arrangement by Mykola Leontovych (1877-1921) was popularized in the 1930's by Oleksander Koshyts (1875-1944), a Ukrainian choir director who worked in the US and Canada. It has since become an American Christmas classic.
Hark how the bells,
sweet silver bells,
all seem to say,
throw cares away

Christmas is here,
bringing good cheer,
to young and old,
meek and the bold,
ding dong ding
that is their song
with joyful ring
all caroling

one seems to hear
words of good cheer
from everywhere
filling the air
Oh how they pound,
raising the sound,
o'er hill and dale,
telling their tale,
Gaily they ring
while people sing
songs of good cheer,
Christmas is here,
Merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas,
Merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas,
On on they send ,
on without end,
their joyful tone to every home
Dong Ding dong ding, dong Bong

Santa Baby
Sung by Madonna

Santa baby, slip a sable under the tree, for me
I've been an awful good girl
Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight
Santa baby, an out-of-space convertible too, light blue
I'll wait up for you dear Santa baby, and hurry down the
chimney tonight
Think of all the fun I've missed
Think of all the fellas that I haven't kissed
Next year I could be oh so good
If you'd check off my Christmas list
Boo doo bee doo
Santa honey, I wanna yacht and really that's
Not a lot
I've been an angel all year
Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight
Santa cutie, there's one thing I really do need, the deed
To a platinum mine
Santa cutie, and hurry down the chimney tonight
Santa baby, I'm filling my stocking with a duplex, and
checks
Sign your 'X' on the line
Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight
Come and trim my Christmas tree
With some decorations bought at Tiffany's
I really do believe in you

Let's see if you believe in me
Boo doo bee doo
Santa baby, forgot to mention one little thing, a ring
I don't mean a phone
Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight
Hurry down the chimney tonight
Hurry down the chimney tonight

Christ Is Born In Bethlehem
Christ, by highest heaven 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 man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Come, Desire of nations come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the Woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's head.
Adam's likeness, Lord efface:
Stamp Thy image in its place;
Second Adam, from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

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,

Christmas Without You
Words and Music by Dolly Parton and Steve Goldstein
White Christmas and I'm blue
Like fireworks with no fuse
Christmas without you
The fireplace keeps burning and my thoughts keep turning
The pages of memories of time spent with you
Old Christmas songs we knew and used to make love to
Make it hard to get used to
Christmas without you
Chorus:
Christmas without you
White Christmas and I'm blue
I love you I miss you
So sad but so true
Christmas without you
Like a mystery with no clues
Like fireworks with no fuse
Christmas without you
The sweetest gift I know would be if the new snow
Could fall on your footsteps on this Christmas eve

The most joyous Christmas if luck could be with us
Would be if Saint Nicholas brought you home to me
Repeat chorus twice

The Coventry Carol
Lullaby, thou little tiny child,
By, by, lullay, lullay
Lullay, thou little tiny child,
By, by, lullay, lullay.

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

Herod the king in his ragin,
Charged he hath this day,
His men of night, in his own sight,
All children young to stay.

Then woe is me, poor child, for thee,
And ever mourn and say,
For thy parting not say, nor sing,
By, by, lullay, lullay.

Mary's Boy Child
Mary's boy child Jesus Christ, was born on Christmas Day.
And man will live for evermore, because of Christmas Day.

Long time ago in Bethlehem, so the Holy Bible say,
Mary's boy child Jesus Christ, was born on Christmas Day.

Hark, now hear the angels sing, a king was born today,
And man will live for evermore, because of Christmas Day.
Mary's boy child Jesus Christ, was born on Christmas Day.

While shepherds watch their flocks by night,
they see a bright new shining star,
they hear a choir sing a song, the music seemed to come
from afar.

Hark, now hear the angels sing, a king was born today,
And man will live for evermore, because of Christmas Day.

Oh a moment still worth was a glow, all the bells rang out
there were tears of joy and laughter, people shouted
"let everyone know, there is hope for all to find peace".

Now Joseph and his wife, Mary, came to Bethlehem that
night,
they found no place to bear her child, not a single room
was in sight.

And then they found a little nook in a stable all forlorn,
and in a manger cold and dark, Mary's little boy was born.

Hark, now hear the angels sing, a king was born today,
And man will live for evermore, because of Christmas Day.
Mary's boy child Jesus Christ, was born on Christmas Day.

Oh a moment still worth was a glow, all the bells rang out
there were tears of joy and laughter, people shouted
"let everyone know, there is hope for all to find peace".

Oh my Lord...

With Bells On
-Words By Dolly Parton
I'll be home with bells on
I'll be home with bells on
Trim the trees and wrap the presents
turn the Christmas music on
This Christmas I'll be home with bells on

I've traveled around this country crossed the waters deep
and wide
Made lots of friends and memories brought joy to others
lives
It's Christmas time again another year has come and gone
And I can't keep from wonderin' how the old folks are at
home

I'll be home with bells on
I'll be home with bells on
Trim the tree and wrap the presents turn the Christmas
music on
This Christmas I'll be home with bells on

When the snow is on the meadow and the sleigh bells
jingle bright
And the kids are singing jingle bells around the Christmas
lights
As daddy stokes the fire and mama puts the turkey on
There ain't nothing going to slow me down this Christmas
I'll be home

I'll be home with bells on

I'll be home with bells on
Trim the tree and wrap the presents turn the Christmas
music on
This Christmas I'll be home with bells on

Angels and Shepherds
(Morovia - Nesem Ván Noviny)

Hark all ye shepherds, come join in our song.
Hark all ye shepherds, for Jesus is born.
Lo he is lying, born in a manger,
Jesus, annointed to be our Savior. Alleluia!

Hark all ye shepherds, arise from your sheep.
Hark all ye shepherds, the Christ child asleep.
Mary, the mother, quietly singing,
From God to man salvation is bringing. Alleluia!

Angels adore him, men bow before him, heaven and earth
proclaim!
Prophets of old his coming foretold and men ever praise
his name.
Come and adore him, Jesus our Savior,
He dwells among us, now and forever. Alleluia!

Children, Go Where I Send Thee
Children, go where I send thee
How shall I send thee?
I'm gonna send thee one by one
One for the little bitty baby
That was born, born
Born in Bethlehem.
Children, go where I send thee

How shall I send thee?
I'm gonna send thee two by two
Two for Paul and Silas
One for the little bitty baybe
That was born, born
Born in Bethlehem.
Three for the Hebrew children...
Four for the four that stood at the door...
Five for the gospel preachers...
Six for the six that never got fixed...
Seven for the seven that never got to heaven...
Eight for the eight that stood at the gate...
Nine for the nine all dressed so fine...
Ten for the ten commandments...
Eleven for the eleven deriders...
Twelve for the twelve Apostles...

Home for the Holidays
Al Stillman and Robert Allen
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 holidays, you can't beat
Home, sweet home
I met a man who lives in Tennessee
And he was headin' for Pennsylvania
And some home made pumpkin pie
From Pennsylvania folks a travelin' down
To Dixie's sunny shore
From Atlantic to Pacific, gee
The traffic is terrific
Oh there's no place like home

For the holidays, 'cause no matter
How far away you roam
If you want
To be happy in a million ways
For the holidays, you can't beat
Home, sweet home

Pat-a-Pan
(Burgundy)

Willie, take your little drum,
Robin, bring your fife, and come,
And be merry while you play.

Chorus

Turelurelu. Patapatapan.
Come be merry while you play,
On this joyous Christmas day.

Guillô, pran tun tamborin,
Toi, pran tu fleute, Robin.
Au son de cés instruman.
repeat chorus

God and man became today,
More in tune than fife and drum,
So be merry while you play.
repeat chorus

The Huron Carol

'Twas in the moon of winter-time
When all the birds had fled,
That mighty Gitchi Manitou
Sent angel choirs instead;
Before their light the stars grew dim,
And wandering hunter heard the hymn:
"Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born,
In excelsis gloria."

Within a lodge of broken bark
The tender Babe was found,
A ragged robe of rabbit skin
Enwrapp'd His beauty round;
But as the hunter braves drew nigh,
The angel song rang loud and high... Refrain
O children of the forest free,
O sons of Manitou,
The Holy Child of earth and heaven
Is born today for you.
Come kneel before the radiant Boy
Who brings you beauty, peace and joy. Refrain

In Excelsis Gloria

When Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem in that fair city,
Angels sung e'er with mirth and glee,
In excelsis gloria,
In excelsis gloria,
In excelsis gloria,
In excelsis gloria.

Herdsmen beheld these angels bright-
To them appeared with great light,
And said, "God's son is born this night." Refrain
This King is come to save His kind,
In the Scripture as we find;
Therefore this song we have in mind: Refrain
Then, dear Lord, for Thy great grace,
Grant us the bliss to see Thy face,
Where we may sing to Thy solace: Refrain

Fum, Fum, Fum,
Spanish

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
Sing fum, fum, fum
Now we all our voices raise
And sing a song of grateful praise
Celebrate in song and story
All the wonders of His glory
Fum, fum, fum

The Greatest Gift of All

John Jarvis
Dawn is slowly breaking
Our friends have all gone home
You and I are waiting
For Santa Claus to come

There's a present by the tree
Stockings on the wall
Knowing you're in love with me
Is the greatest gift of all

The fire is slowly fading
Chill is in the air
All the gifts are waiting
For children ev'rywhere

Through the window I can see
Snow begin to fall
Knowing you're in love with me
Is the greatest gift of all

Just before I go to sleep
I hear a church bell ring
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Merry Christmas
O Come, All Ye Faithful

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
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.

True God of true God, Light from Light Eternal,
Lo, he shuns not the Virgin's womb;
Son of the Father, begotten, not created;

Refrain

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

Refrain

See how the shepherds, summoned to His cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh to gaze;
We too will thither bend our joyful footsteps;

Refrain

Child, for us sinners poor and in the manger,
We would embrace Thee, with love and awe;
Who would not love Thee, loving us so dearly?

Refrain

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing.

Refrain

Angels, From the Realms of Glory
Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;

Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Come and worship
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man 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.

The First Noel

The first Noel, the angel did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
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.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

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.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

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.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

Then entered in those wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee;
And offered there in his presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

Good Christian Men, Rejoice

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul, and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say:
Jesus Christ is born to-day;
Ox and ass before him bow,
And he is in the manger now.
Christ is born to-day!
Christ is born to-day!
Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the heavenly door,
And man is 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:
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!

What Child Is This?
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 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.

God Rest You Merry Gentlemen
God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Savior
Was born on Christmas Day;
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
O 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.
"Fear not, then," said the angel,
"Let nothing you affright;
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."
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
Doth bring redeeming grace.

Angels We Have Heard on High
Angels we have heard on high,
Singing sweetly through the night,
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their brave delight.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why these songs of happy cheer?
What great brightness did you see?
What glad tidings did you hear?
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee
Christ, the Lord, the new-born King.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
See him in a manger laid
Whom the angels praise above;
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
While we raise our hearts in love.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Away in a Manger
Away in a manger, no crib for his bed,
the little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked 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 side until morning is nigh.

It Came Upon a Midnight Clear
It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth

To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
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 wi

Christmas in the Trenches
by John McCutcheon

My name is Francis Tolliver, I come from Liverpool.
Two years ago the war was waiting for me after school.
To Belgium and to Flanders, to Germany to here
I fought for King and country I love dear.
'Twas Christmas in the trenches, where the frost so bitter
hung,
The frozen fields of France were still, no Christmas song
was sung
Our families back in England were toasting us that day
Their brave and glorious lads so far away.

I was lying with my messmate 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, you know!" my partner says to
me
Soon, one by one, each German voice joined in harmony
The cannons rested silent, 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
Kent
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 toward us!" the front line sentry
cried
All sights were fixed on one long figure trudging from their
side
His truce flag, like a Christmas star, shown on that plain so
bright
As he, bravely, strode unarmed into the night
Soon 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 his 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 prepared to settle back to war
But the question haunted every heart that lived that
wonderous 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'd kept between us to exact the work of
war
Had been crumbled and were gone forevermore

My name is Francis Tolliver, in Liverpool I dwell
Each Christmas come since World War I, I've learned its
lessons well
That 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