

The Joyous Sounds of CHRISTMAS



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GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas looked out,
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow laid 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 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;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

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 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 a merry measure,
Fa la la la la la la la la
While I tell of Yuletide 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 winds and weather,
Fa la la la la la la la la.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

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 . . .
On the fifth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
Five golden rings, four calling birds . . .
On the sixth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
Six geese a-laying, five golden rings . . . four
On the seventh day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
Seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying . . .
On the eighth day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming . . .
On the ninth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
Nine ladies dancing, eight maids a-milking . . .
On the tenth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
Ten lords a-leaping, nine ladies dancing . . .
On the eleventh day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
Eleven pipers piping, ten lords a-leaping . . .
On the twelfth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
Twelve drummers drumming, eleven pipers piping . . .



Merry Christmas

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