



HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark the herald angels sing,

"Glory to the new-born King.

God and sinners reconciled!"

Joyful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies,

with the angelic host, procisim,

"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Christ, by highest beaven adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord.

Pleased as Man with man to dwell,

Hall, the heaven born Prince of peace!

Late in time behold Him come.

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 them second birth,

Offspring of a virgin's womb, Velled in flesh the Godhead see:

Hall, the Incarnate Delty,

Jesus our Emmanuel!

Hark the herald angels sing,

Glory to the new-born King.

Refrain:

Peace on earth, and mercy mild,

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

We wish you a merry Christmas, We wish you a morry Christman, We wish you a marry Christmas And a happy New Year. Good tidinges we bring To you and your kin; We wish you a morry Christmas And a happy New Year.

Now bring us some figgy pudding, Now bring us some figgy pudding, Now bring us some flogy pudding And bring some out here. Good tidings, etc.



Adeste, fidelia, Lacti, triumphantes; Venite, venite in Bathlehem. Natum videte Regum angelorum Refrain) Venite adoremus, venite adoremus, Venite adoremus, Dominum.

Deum de Deo, Lumine de lumine. Gestant puellae viscera.

Cantat nuncauls, Chorus angelorum; Cantet nunc auta celestum. Guloria!

Jesus, tibi sit gioria; Patrie aeterni. Verbum caro factum.



Daum verum Genuitum non factum

Inexcelsis Dool Ergo qui natus Die hodierne,



Lul-lay, Thou little tiny Child, Bye, bye, lu-ty, lu-tay. Bye, bye, lul-ly, lul-lay. Lul-lay, Thou little tiny Child, Bye, bye, lul-ly, lul-lay.

O stater, too how may we do, For to preserve this day, This poor youngling for whom we sing. Bye, bye, lully, lullay.

Herod, the King, in his raging. Charged he hath this day, His men of might, in his own right, All children young to slay.

Then woe is me, poor Child, For Thee, and ever mourn and say, For Thy parting nor say nor sing. Bye, bye, tully, fullay.



JINGLE BELLS

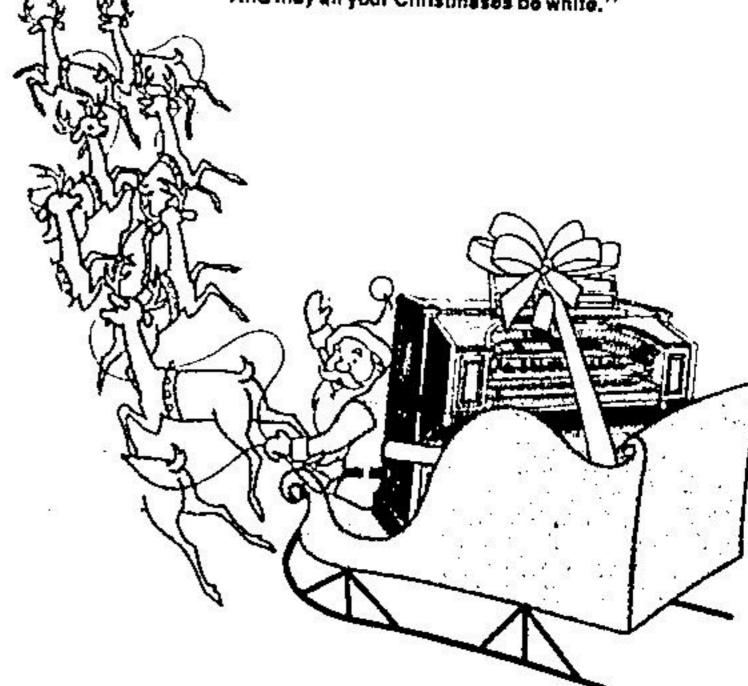
Dashing thru the snow In a one-horse open sleigh O'er the fields we go, Laughing all the way: Bells on bob talls ring, Making spirits bright; What fun it is to ride and sing A sleighing song tonight!

Retrain:

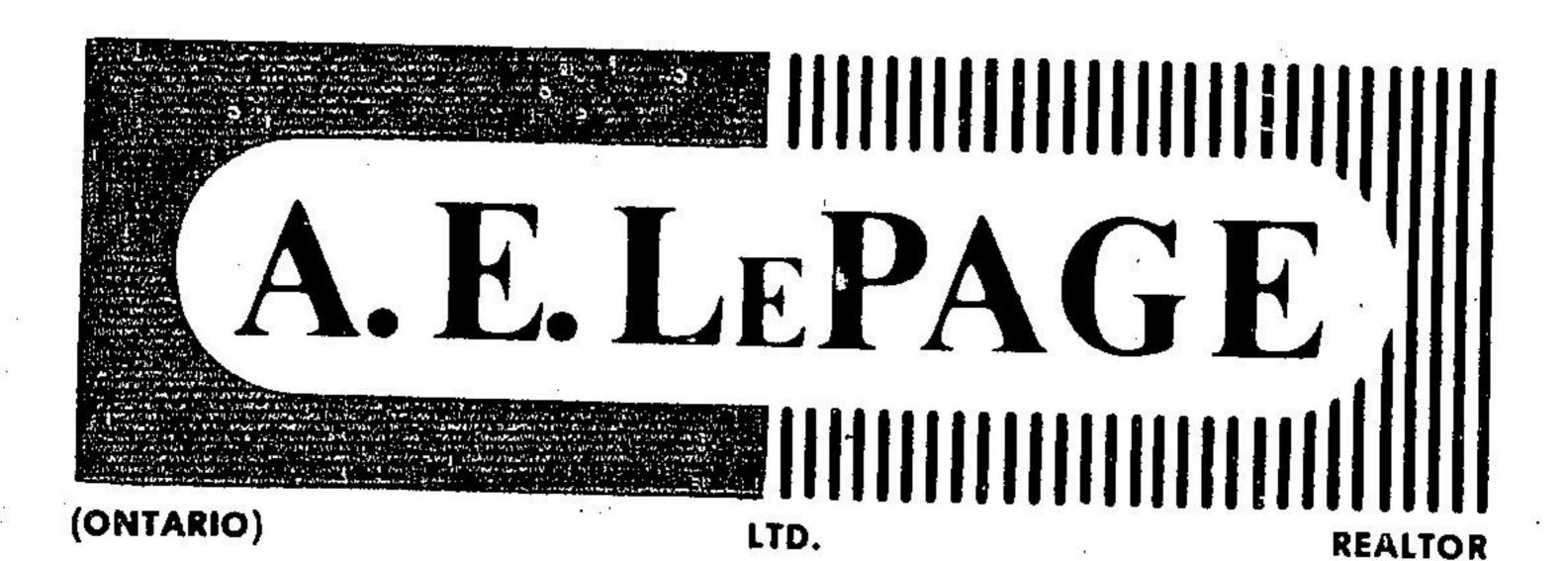
Jingle bells! Jingle bells! Jingle all the way! Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh, Jingle bellet Jingle bellst Jingle all the way! Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh.

WHITE CHRISTMAS

I'm dreaming of a White Christmas Just like the ones I used to know Where the tree-tops glisten And children listen to hear Sleigh bells in the snow I'm dreaming of a White Christmas With ev'ry Christmas card I write "May your days be merry and bright And may all your Christmases be white."







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