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# CHRISTMAS CAROLS

## WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All sealed on the ground,  
The Angel of the Lord came down  
And glory shone around.  
"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled minds);  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind."

"To you in David's town this day  
Is born of David's line  
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign;  
The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of Angels praising God who thus  
Addressed their joyful song:  
"All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men  
Begin and never cease."



## MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU

Chestnuts roasting on an open fire;  
Jack Frost nipping at your nose,  
Yuletide carols being sung by a choir  
And folks dressed up like Eskimos.  
Everybody knows a turkey and some mistle-toe  
Help to make the season bright  
Tiny tots with their eyes all a-glow  
Will find it hard to sleep tonight.

They know that Santa's on his way;  
He's loaded lots of toys and goodies on his sleigh  
And ev'ry mother's child is gonna spy  
To see if reindeer really know how to fly,  
And so, I'm offering this simple phrase  
To kids from one to ninety-two  
Altho' it's been said many times, many ways  
Merry Christmas to you.

## 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.  
Pray, whither sailed those ships all three,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
Pray, whither sailed those ships all three,  
On Christmas Day, in the morning.

Oh they sailed into Bethlehem,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
Oh they sailed into Bethlehem,  
On Christmas Day, in the morning.  
Then let us all rejoice again,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
Then let us all rejoice again,  
On Christmas Day, in the morning.

## 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."



## AWAY IN A MANGER

Away in a manger,  
No crib for a 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.

Be near me, Lord Jesus,  
I ask Thee to stay  
Close by me for ever,  
And love me, I pray.  
Bless all the dear children  
In Thy tender care,  
And fit us for heaven,  
To live with Thee there.

## IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

(Key of B Flat)

It came upon a midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold:  
"Peace on the earth, goodwill 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 wings,  
And ever o'er its babel sounds  
The Blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long;  
Beneath the angel strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong;  
And man, at war with man, hears not  
The love song which they bring;  
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing.

And 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 prophet bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the Age of Gold.  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world gives back the song,  
Which now the angels sing.