



Compliments of The Tribune Songs of Christmas

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STUFFVILLE



IT CAME UPON THE MIGHTNIGHT CLEAR

(Key of B Flat)

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 lonely plains
They bend on hushing 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 the crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil among 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,
Its ancient splendours bring,
And the whole world give back the song,
Which now the angels sing.



AWAY IN A MANGER

(Key of G)

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



JINGLE BELLS

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

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

DECK THE HALL

(Key of F)

Deck the hall with boughs of holly,
Fa la la la la la la la,
'Tis the season to be jolly,
Fa la la la la la la la,
Don't we now our gay apparel,
Fa la la la la la la la,
Troll the ancient Yuletide carol,
Fa la la la la la la la.

Se the blazing Yule before us,
Fa la la la la la la la,
Strike the harp and join the chorus,
Fa la la la la la la la,
Follow me in a merry measure,
Fa la la la la la la la,
While I tell of Yuletide treasure,
Fa la la la la la la la.

Fast away the old year passes,
Fa la la la la la la la,
Hail the new, ye lads and lassies,
Fa la la la la la la la,
Sing ye joyous all together,
Fa la la la la la la la,
Heedless of the winds and weather,
Fa la la la la la la la.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY

(Key of F)

The holly and the ivy when they are both
Full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.
Chorus
The rising of the sun, the running of the
deer,
The playing of the merry organ, Sweet
singing in the choir,
The holly bears a berry as red as any
blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good.
The holly bears a prickly as sharp as any
thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Christmas Day in the morn.

JOY TO THE WORLD

(Key of D)

Joy to the world! the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King,
Let ever heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing,
Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and flocks, rocks, hills and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy,
No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infect the ground,
He comes, to make His blessing flow
Far as the curse is found.
He rules the earth with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.



O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

(Key of A)

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem,
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord,
God of God,
Light of Light,
Who abhors not the Virgin's womb,
Very God,
Begotten, not created,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord,
Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest!"
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord,
Yea, Lord we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesus, to Thee be glory given,
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord

While shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated 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."

God King, Wenceslas looked out,
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay 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,
Gathering winter fuel.
"Hilber, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
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,
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.
Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Falls my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer.
"Mark my footsteps, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly,
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Pierce thy blood less coldly.
In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
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.

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED

(Key of F)

While shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated 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
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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."

O HOLY NIGHT

(Key of D Flat)

O holy night! The stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of our 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 soul rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn,
Fall on your knees; O hear the angel voices:
O night, O 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 came 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 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 shall he break,
for the slave is our brother:
And in His name oppression shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,
Let all within us praise His holy name:
Christ is the Lord, Oh, praise His name for ever!
His power and glory ever more proclaim!
His power and glory ever more proclaim!



GOOD KING WENCESLAS

(Key of A)

Good King Wenceslas looked out,
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay 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,
Gathering winter fuel.
"Hilber, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Where and what his dwelling?
Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
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"Mark my footsteps, my good page,
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In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
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.

HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING

(Key of G)

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!"
Retrain
Hark, the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King,
Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time beborn Him came,
Ofspring of a virgin's womb,
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail, the incarnate Deity,
Please as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!"
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Son of Righteousness!
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.



THE FIRST NOEL

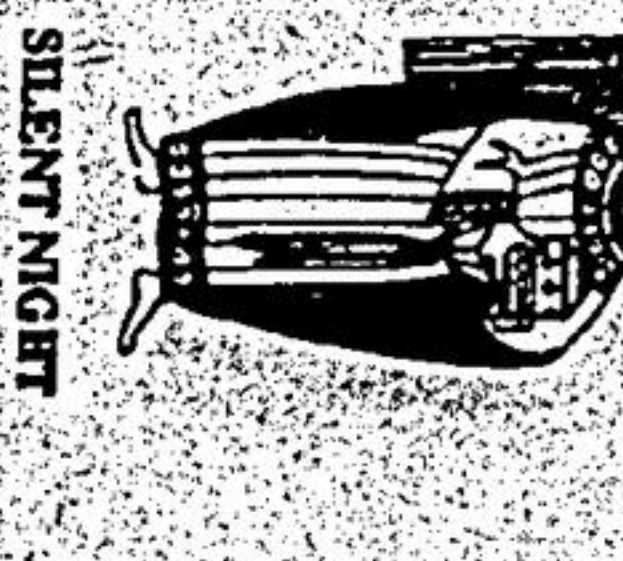
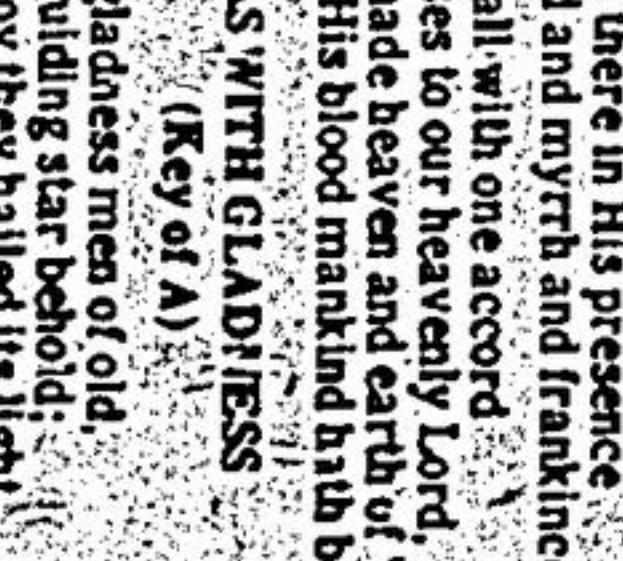
(Key of D)

The first Noel the angel did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields
as they lay,
Fields where they lay a-keeping their
sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep,
Retrain
"Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel,
They looked up and saw a star,
Shining in the east, beyond their far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night,
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,
This star drew nigh to the northwest,
Near Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Then entered in the place where Jesus lay,
And offered there in His presence
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense,
Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought
And with His blood mankind hath bought,
Retrain
"Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel,
They looked up and saw a star,
Shining in the east, beyond their far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night,
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Their gold and myrrh and frankincense,
Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought
And with His blood mankind hath bought,

AS WITH GLADNESS

(Key of A)

As with gladness men of old,
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee,
As with joyful steps thy speed,
Saviour: to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore:
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.



SILENT NIGHT

(Key of C)

Silent night! holy night!
All is calm, all is bright,
Round your 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 host sing Hallelujah,
Christ, the Saviour is born!
Silent night! holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light,
Radiant beams from the dawn of heaven,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy Birth,

FOLD ALONG THE DOTTED LINE