

### Jingle Bells:

Dashing through the snow  
In a one horse open sleigh  
O'er the fields we go  
Laughing all the way  
Bells on bob tails ring  
Making spirits bright  
What fun it is to laugh and  
sing sleigh song tonight

Oh, 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

A day or two ago  
I thought I'd take a ride  
And soon Miss Fanny Bright  
Was seated by my side  
The horse was lean and lank  
Misfortune seemed his lot  
We got into a drifted bank  
And then we got upstot

Oh, 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  
yeah

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

### Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer

Rudolph, 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 Rudolph  
join in any reindeer games.

Then one foggy Christmas Eve  
Santa came to say:  
"Rudolph with your nose so bright,  
won't you guide my sleigh to-  
night?"

Then all the reindeer loved him  
as they shouted out with glee,  
Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer,  
you'll go down in history!

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### Little Donkey:

Little donkey, little donkey on  
the dusty road  
Got to keep on plodding onwards  
with your precious load  
Been a long time, little donkey,  
through the winters night  
Dont give up now, little donkey,  
Bethlehems in sight

Ring out those bells tonight  
Bethlehem, Bethlehem  
Follow that star tonight  
Bethlehem, Bethlehem

Little donkey, little donkey,  
had a heavy day  
Little donkey, carry Mary  
safely on her way  
Little donkey, little donkey,  
journey's end is near  
There are wiseman waiting for a  
sign to bring them here

Do not falter little donkey,  
there's a star ahead  
It will guide you, little donkey,  
to a cattle shed

Ring out those bells tonight  
Bethlehem, Bethlehem  
Follow that star tonight  
Bethlehem, Bethlehem

Little donkey, little donkey, had  
a heavy day  
Little donkey, carry Mary, safely  
on her way  
Little donkey, carry Mary, safely on her  
way

### 12 days of Christmas:

On the first day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the second day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.

On the third day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.

On the fourth day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Four calling birds.....

On the fifth day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Five golden rings....

On the sixth day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Six geese a-laying....

On the seventh day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Seven swans a-swimming....

On the eighth day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Eight maids a-milking.....,

On the ninth day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Nine ladies dancing....

On the tenth day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Ten lords a-leaping....

On the eleventh day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Eleven pipers piping....

On the twelfth day of Christmas,  
my true love sent to me  
Twelve drummers drumming,  
Eleven pipers piping,  
Ten lords a-leaping,  
Nine ladies dancing,  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five golden rings,  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree!

**Hark! The herald angels sing,**  
"Glory to the newborn King!  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled."  
Joyful, all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies,  
With th'angelic host proclaim:  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."  
Hark! The herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Christ by highest heav'n  
adored,  
Christ the everlasting Lord!  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead  
see,  
Hail the incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as man with man to  
dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel.  
Hark! The herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn King!"

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,  
Born to give them second birth.  
Hark! The herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn King!"

**Once in royal David's city**  
Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
Where a mother laid her Baby  
In a manger for His bed:  
Mary was that mother mild,  
Jesus Christ her little Child.

And our eyes at last shall see  
Him,  
Through His own redeeming  
love;  
For that Child so dear and gentle  
Is our Lord in heaven above,  
And He leads His children on  
To the place where He is gone.  
Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see Him; but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high;  
When like stars His children  
crowned  
All in white shall wait around.

He came down to earth from  
heaven,  
Who is God and Lord of all,  
And His shelter was a stable,  
And His cradle was a stall;  
With the poor, and mean, and  
lowly,  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

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**Ding Dong! merrily on high**  
In heav'n the bells are ringing  
Ding, dong! verily the sky  
Is riv'n<sup>1</sup> with angel singing  
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis

E'en so here below, below  
Let steeple bells be swungen  
And i-o, i-o, i-o  
By priest and people be sungen  
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis

Pray ye dutifully prime  
Your matin chime, ye ringers  
May ye beautifully rime<sup>2</sup>  
Your evetime song, ye singers  
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis.

**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  
Gath'ring winter fuel

### **Men / boys**

"Hither, page, and stand by me  
If thou know'st it, telling  
Yonder peasant, who is he?  
Where and what his dwelling?"

### **Ladies / girls**

"Sire, he lives a good league hence  
Underneath the mountain  
Right against the forest fence  
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

### **Men / boys**

"Bring me bread and bring me wine  
Bring me pine logs hither  
Thou and I will see him dine  
When we bear him thither."

### **Everyone**

Page and monarch forth they went  
Forth they went together  
Through the rude wind's wild lament  
And the bitter weather

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