

Deck the Halls

to Sons of Sorrow, 332

Deck the halls with boughs of holly,
Fa la la la la la.
'Tis the season to be jolly,
Fa 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.

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

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

God rest ye merry, gentlemen

to Liverpool, 37

God rest ye merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Sa-avior,
Was born upon this day:

(do the whole thing again for next 4 lines:)

To save us all from Satan's pow'r,
When we were gone astray:
O tidings of comfort and joy,
O co-omfort and joy.

From God, our heavenly Fa-ather,
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shee-pherds
Brought tidings of the same:
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name:
O tidings of comfort and joy,
O co-omfort and joy.

The shepherds at these ti-idings
Rejoic-ed much in mind,
And left their flocks afee-eeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
The Blessed Babe to find:
O tidings of comfort and joy,
O co-omfort and joy.

God rest ye merry, gentlemen

to Montgomery, 189

God rest ye merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Sa-avior,
Was born upon this day:

(basses and tenors do it like this:)

To save us all from Satan's pow'r,
To save us all from Satan's pow'r,
When we were gone astray;

(altos and trebles do it like this:)

To save us all from Satan's pow'r,
When we were gone astray;

(trebles' solo entrance here:)

Tidings of comfort and joy-oy-oy, *(separate eighth notes for comfort; make joy worth 3 syllables, to end of phrase)*

Tidings of co-omfort and joy,

(altos do it like this:)

Tidings of comfort and joy,

Tidings of comfort and joy,

(tenors and basses do it like this:)

Tidings of co-omfort and joy *(so fort is the long one)*

(all together here:)

Tidings of comfort a-and joy,

O co-omfort and joy.

Good King Wenceslas

to Amsterdam, 84

Good King Wenceslas looked ou-out,
On the feast of Stephen, *(2 notes to fit 2 syllables of Stephen)*
When the snow lay roundabou-out,
Deep and crisp and even. *(2 notes to fit 2 syllables of even)*
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cru-u-el,
When a poor man came in si-ight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

“Hither, page, and stand by me-e,
If thou know'st it telling, *(2 notes to fit 2 syllables of telling)*
Yonder peasant, who is he-e?
Where and what his dwelling?” *(2 notes to fit 2 syllables of dwelling)*
“Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mou-ountain,
Right against the forest fe-ence,
By Saint Agnes' foun-tain.” *(2 notes to fit 2 syllables of fountain)*

“Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither:
Thou and I shall 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 weath-er.

“Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind grows stronger;
Fails 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

Freeze they blood less cold-ly.” *(last verse next page)*

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was on 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 bless-ing.

Good King Wenceslas

to **Midnight Cry**, 495 (scans better)

Good King Wenceslas looked out,
On the feast of Stephen,

(take the repeat to do the next 2 lines:)

When the snow lay roundabout,
Deep and crisp and even.

Brightly shone the moon that night,

Though the frost was cru-el,

When a poor man came in si-ight, (*whole measure for sight*)

Gath'ring winter fu-el.

“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 fe-ence,

By Saint Agnes' fountain.”

Hark! The herald angels sing

to Natick, 497

Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the newborn, newborn king!
(take the repeat to do the next 2 lines:)

Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners recon, reconciled.”
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
(repeat second section for next 2 lines:)

With th’angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!
(repeat second section again for next 2 lines, or omit:)

Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the newborn king!

Christ, by highest heav’n adored;
Christ, the ever, everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the favored, favored one.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail th’Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Emmanuel!
(repeat second section again for next 2 lines, or omit:)

Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the newborn king!

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more, no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second, second birth,
Ris’n with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail the heav’n-born Prince of Peace!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the newborn king!

Hark! The herald angels sing

to The Traveler, 108b

Hark! the herald angels sing,

“Glory to the newborn king!

(take the repeat to do the next 2 lines:)

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!

(back to first section for next 2 lines, or omit:)

Hark! the herald angels sing,

“Glory to the newborn king!

(similarly for other verses)

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

to Jordan, 66

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 lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing;
And ever o’er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

O 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 prophets seen of old,
When with the ever circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

to New Topia, 215

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:

(altos and basses:)

“Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven’s all gracious King;”

(trebles and tenors:)

“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.

The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

(similarly for other verses)

O, Christmas Tree

to Clamanda 42

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,
Your branches green deli-ight us,
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,
Your branches green deli-ight us.
They're green when summer days are bright;
They're green when winter snow is white.
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,
Your branches green deli-ight us,

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,
You give us so much plea-easure!
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,
You give us so much plea-easure!
How oft at Christmastide the sight,
O green fir tree, gives us delight!
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,
You give us so much pleasure!

We three kings of Orient are

to Holy Manna, 59

We three kings of Or-i-ent are; (*3 syllables for Orient*)
Bearing gifts we trav'rse afar, (*1 syllable for traverse*)
(*take the repeat to do the next 2 lines:*)
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Followi-ing yonder star.

Star of wonder, star of ni-ight,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to Thy perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring, to crown'im again, (*1 syllable for crown Him*)
King forever, ceasing never,
Over u-us all to reign.
(Star...)

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Dei-ty nigh,
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship Hi-im, God most high.
(Star...)

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gath'ring gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the-e stone-cold tomb.
(Star...)

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and sacrifice;
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Earth to the heavens replies.
(Star...)

We three kings of Orient are

to Nashville, 64 *(omit first note of song)*

We three kings of Or-i-ent are;
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star. *(3 eighth notes for foll-ow-ing)*

O star of wonder, star of ni-ight, *(3 eighth notes for night)*
Star with royal beauty bri-ight, *(3 eighth notes for bright)*
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to Thy perfect light. *(no tied notes – 3 eighth notes for Guide us to)*

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring, to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign. *(3 eighth notes for over us)*
(O star...)

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh,
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship Him, God most high. *(3 eighth notes for Worship Him)*
(O star...)

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorr' wing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb. *(3 eighth notes for Sealed in the)*
(O star...)

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and sacrifice;
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Earth to the heav'ns replies. *(3 eighth notes for Earth to the)*
(O star...)

What Child is This?

to New Jordan, 442

What Child is this, Who, laid to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping? (*2 notes to fit these 2 syllables*)
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch are keeping? (*2 notes to fit these 2 syllables*)
This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
(*trebles:*)Ha-a-aste, haste to bring Him laud,
(*all:*)Ha-a-aste, haste to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the Son of Mary! (*2 notes to fit these 2 syllables*)
Ha-a-aste, haste to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the Son of Mary! (*2 notes to fit these 2 syllables*)

Why lies he in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear: for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading:
Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through,
The Cross be borne, for me, for you;
(*trebles:*)Hail, hail the Word made flesh,
(*all:*)Hail, hail the Word made flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!
Hail, hail the Word made flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh,
Come peasant, king, to own Him,
The King of kings salvation brings,
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise the song on high,
The Virgin sings her lullaby:
(*trebles:*)Joy, joy for Christ is born,
(*all:*)Joy, joy for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!
Joy, joy for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!