

CHRISTMAS CAROLS



*Wishing You a Merry Christmas
May Good Health, Happiness & Prosperity
Be With You
Throughout the New Year*



UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

O Little Town of BETHLEHEM

NOT TOO FAST



O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie!
 For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath-ered all a - bove,
 O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem! De-scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
 While mor-tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won-dering love.
 Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to day!

Yet in thy dark street shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth,
 We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great glad tid - ings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 And prais - es sing to God our King, And peace to men on earth!
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Im-man - u - el!

Had not this extremely popular carol met with an instantaneous success, its origin might have been lost to posterity because the author, Phillips Brooks, in 1868 neglected to sign it.

Silent Night

SLOWLY, WITH EXPRESSION



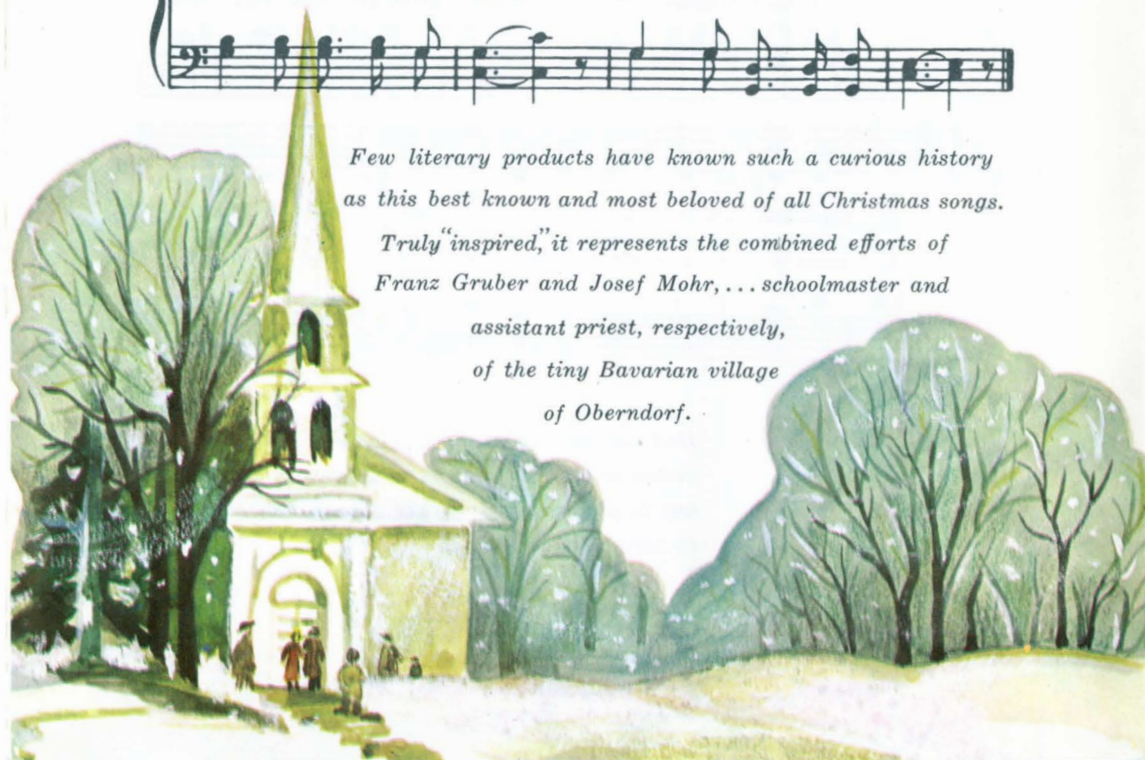
Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright;
 Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Dark-ness flees, all is light;
 Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Won-drous Star, lend thy light;

Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child! Ho - ly In-fant, so ten-der and mild,
 Shep-herds hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
 With the an - gels let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia! to our King;

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
 Christ the Sav - ior is born, Christ the Sav - ior is born."
 Christ the Sav - ior is born, Christ the Sav - ior is born."

Few literary products have known such a curious history as this best known and most beloved of all Christmas songs.

Truly "inspired," it represents the combined efforts of Franz Gruber and Josef Mohr, . . . schoolmaster and assistant priest, respectively, of the tiny Bavarian village of Oberndorf.



O Come All Ye Faithful



1. O come, all ye faith-ful, joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O
 2. Sing, choirs of an-gels, sing in ex-ul-ta-tion, O
 3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this hap-py morn-ing,

come ye, O come ye to Beth-le-hem! Come and be-hold Him.
 sing, all ye cit-i-zens of heav'n a-bove! Glo-ry to God, all
 Je-sus, to Thee be all glo-ry giv'n; Word of the Fa-ther,

REFRAIN.

born the King of an-gels!
 glo-ry in the high-est! O come, let us a-dore Him, O
 now in flesh ap-pear-ing!

come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ, the Lord!

The words of this spirited, popular air were written in 1841 by Canon Frederick Oakeley, an English clergyman.



Hark the Herald Angels Sing

MAESTOSO

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."
Light and life to all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His Wings.

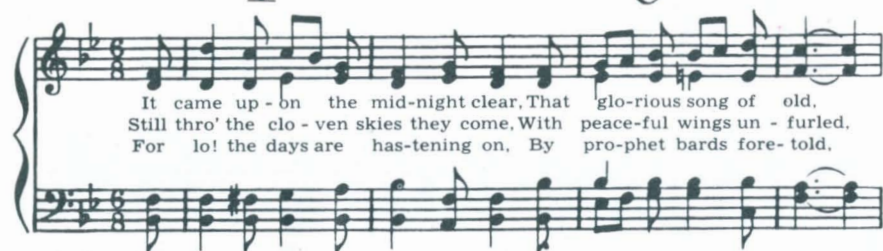
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,

With an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.

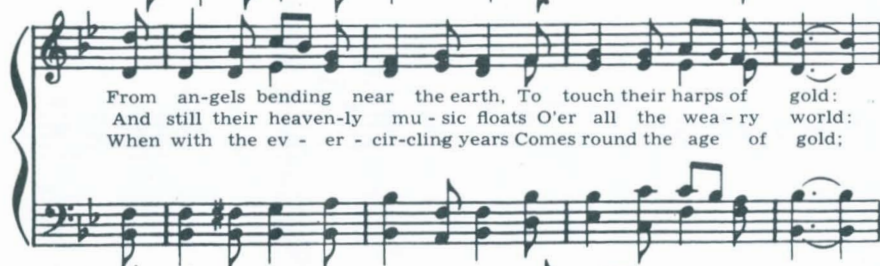
Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing. "Glo - ry to the new-born King."

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy is credited with the composition of this tuneful carol. The words are from the pen of Charles Wesley, brother of the famous theologian, John Wesley.

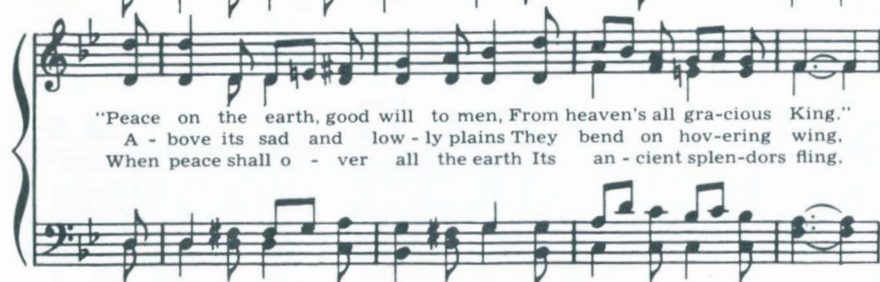
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear



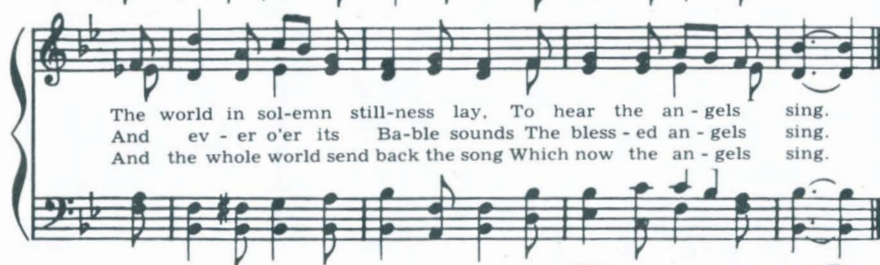
It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled,
For lo! the days are has - tening on, By pro - phet bards fore - told,



From an - gels bending near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heaven - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;



"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heaven's all gra - cious King."
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - ering wing,
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dors fling,



The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - ble sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.



This happy, tuneful air is another collaboration, the work of two American ministers: Edmund Sears, who wrote the words, and Richard Willis, who set them to music.



The First Noel

MODERATELY

Traditional

1. The first No - el, the an-gels did say, Was to cer-tain poor
 2. They look - ed up and saw a star shin-ing in the
 3. Then en - tered in the wise - men three, Full rev-er-ent-

shep-herds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay
 east, be - yond them far, And to the earth it
 ly up - on their knee, And of - fered there, in

keeping their sheep, On a cold win-ter's night that was so deep,
 gave great light, And so it con - tin - ued both day and night.
 His pres - ence, Their gold and myrrh and frank - in - cense.

REFRAIN.

No - el, No - el, No - el, No - el, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

This medieval shepherd's tune first appeared in print in England and is, the reader will note, the story of the Nativity as told to the shepherds by an angel.



O Holy Night

7

ANDANTE MAESTOSO



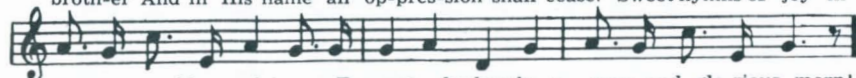
1. O ho - ly night! the stars are bright - ly shin - ing, it is the
2. Led by the light of Faith se - rène - ly beam - ing, With glow - ing
3. Tru - ly He taught us to love one an - oth - er; His law is



night of the dear Sav-iour's birth! Long lay the world in sin and er-ror
hearts by His cra-dle we stand. So led by light of a star sweet - ly
love and His gos - pel is peace. Chains shall He break, for the slave is our



pin - ing, Till He ap-peared and the soul felt its worth. A thrill of hope the
gleam - ing, Here came the wise men from the O-rient land. The King of Kings lay
broth-er And in His name all op-pres-sion shall cease. Sweet hymns of joy in



wea - ry world re - joic - es, For yon - der breaks a new and glo - rious morn!
thus in low - ly man - ger, In all our tri - als born to be our friend!
grate - ful chor - us raise we, Let all with - in us praise His ho - ly name!



Fall on your knees! O hear the an-gel voices! O night di - vine O



night when Christ was born. O night di - vine! O night, O night di-vine!



The young French composer, Adolphe Adam, aspired to fame a century ago as a writer of grand opera, it is as the author of this beautiful hymn that succeeding generations have come to remember him.

The Good King Wenceslaus

Good King Wen- ces - laus look'd out On the Feast, of Ste - phen,
 "Hith - er, Page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell - ing,
 In his mast-er's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dint - ed;

When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep, and crisp, and e - ven:
 Yon - der peas-ant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ing?"
 Heat was in the ve - ry sod Which the saint had print - ed.

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,
 "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der-neath the moun-tain;
 There-fore, Chris-tian men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos - ses - ing,

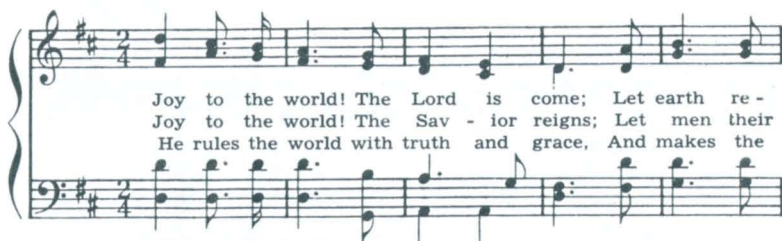
When a poor man came in sight, Ga-th'ring win-ter fu - el.
 Right a - gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain."
 Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall your-selves find bless - ing.

This is the story, in song, of the legendary king of Bohemia who lived early in the tenth century and was famous for his generosity. It was first published as one of Luther's collection of "Piae Cantiones" in 1582.




Joy to the World

Tune: Antioch

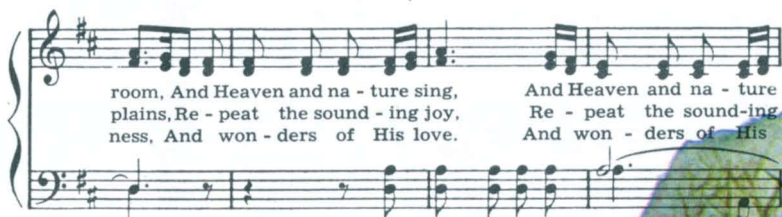


Joy to the world! The Lord is come; Let earth re-
 Joy to the world! The Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
 He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the



ceive her King; Let ev - ery heart pre - pare Him
 songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
 na - tions prove; The glo - ries of his right-eous-

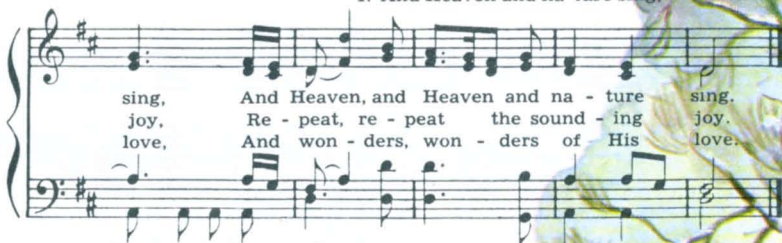
(Hum)



room, And Heaven and na - ture sing, And Heaven and na - ture
 plains, Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
 ness, And won - ders of His love. And won - ders of His

1. And Heaven and na-ture sing,

And



sing, And Heaven, and Heaven and na - ture sing.
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.

Heaven and na-ture sing.

The stirring words of this inspiring carol were penned by Isaac Watts, a retired minister who devoted his life to the writing of hymns after a serious illness forced his retirement from active duty. At the home of Sir Thomas Abney, his dearest friend, Watts continued to compose poems until he became known as the Father of Hymnody. Lowell Mason, an American musician, set these words to the wonderful music of Handel.



God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

WITH SPIRIT

1. God rest ye mer-ry gen-tle-men Let noth-ing you dis-may, Re-
 2. From God that is our Fa-ther. The bless-ed Angels came, Un-
 3. God bless the rul-er of this House, And send Him long to reign, And

mem-ber Christ our Sa-viour Was born on Christ-mas day, To save poor souls from
 to some cer-tain Shep-herds, With tid-ings of the same; That there was born in
 many a mer-ry Christ-mas May live to see a - gain. A-mong your friends and

CHORUS

Sa-tan's power Which had long time gone a-stray, And God send you
 Beth-le-hem, The Son of God by name.
 kin-dred, That live both far and near,

hap-py new year, hap-py new year; And God send you a hap-py new year.



The words and music of this lighthearted air are the work of some sixteenth-century English composer whose identity is no longer known.



Away In a Manger

SLOWLY, GENTLY

A - way in a man-ger, no crib for His bed, The lit-tle Lord
The cat-tle are low-ing, the poor Ba - by wakes, But lit-tle Lord

Je - sus laid down His sweet head. The stars in the sky look-ing
Je - sus, no cry - ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je - sus; look

down where He lay, The lit-tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep in the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my crib, watch-ing my lul - la - by.



Angels We Have Heard On High

1. An - gels we have heard, on high, Sing - ing sweet - ly
 2. Shep-herds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why your rap - tu'ous
 3. Come to Beth - le - hem and see Him whose birth the

o'er our plains, And the moun-tains in re - ply,
 strains pro - long? What the glad - some tid - ings be
 an - gels sing; Come, a - dore on bend - ed knee

E - cho - ing their joy - ous strains
 Which in-spires your heay-'nly song? Glo - - -
 Christ the Lord, the new born King

- - - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o.

This is a traditional French carol which is usually identified by its extended Gloria after each verse of the hymn.



We Three Kings

SLOWLY

1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are; Bear - ing gifts we trav - erse a - far
 2. Born a King on Beth-le-hem's plain, Gold I bring to crown Him a - gain,
 3. Frank-in-cense to of - fer have I; In - cense owns a De - i - ty night;
 4. Myrrh is mine: its bit-ter per-fume Breathes a life of gath-er-ing gloom:
 5. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise, King and God and Sac - ri - fice;

Field and foun - tain, moor and mountain, Fol - low - ing yon - der star.
 King for ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er O - ver us all to reign.
 Prayer and prais - ing all men rais - ing, Wor - ship Him, God on high.
 Sor - rowing, sigh - ing; bleed - ing, dy - ing, Sealed in the stone - cold tomb.
 Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! Sounds thro' the earth and skies.

REFRAIN.

O star of won - der, star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,

West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to Thy per - fect light.

This might well be called the first all-American carol, for both words and music were written by an American clergyman, John Henry Hopkins, in 1857.

Once in Royal David's City



Moderately

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's Ci - ty Stood a
 2. He came down to earth from hea - ven Who is
 3. He is still our child - hood pat - tern Day by
 4. And our eyes at last shall see Him Thru His

low - ly cat - tle shed, Where a moth - er laid her
 God and Lord of all, And His shel - ter was a
 day like us he grew; He was lit - tle, weak, and
 own re - deem - ing love; For that child so dear and

ba - by In a man - ger for His bed; Ma - ry
 sta - ble And His cra - dle was a stall; With the
 help - less Tears and smiles like us He knew; And He
 gen - tle Is our Lord in hea - ven a - bove; And He

was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ Her lit - tle child.
 poor, and mean, and low - ly, Lived on earth our Sav - iour Ho - ly.
 feels for all our sad - ness, And He shares in all our glad - ness.
 leads His child - ren on To the place where He is gone.

This beautiful carol was written by C. F. Alexander and H. J. Gauntlett in the middle of the Nineteenth Century and stresses the simple humility of the Nativity.



I HEARD THE BELLS ON CHRISTMAS DAY

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

And in despair I bowed my head:
There is no peace on earth, I said,
For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep.
God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men.

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.



THE WASSAIL SONG

Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wandering,
So fair to be seen.

(Chorus)

Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail, too;
And God bless you, and send you
A Happy new year,
And God send you a happy new year.

Our wassail cup is made
Of the rosemary tree,
And so is your draught
Of the best, for thee.

(Chorus)

We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door,
But we are neighbors' children
Whom you have seen before.
(Chorus)

Good Master and good Mistress,
As you sit by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
Who are wandering in the mire.
(Chorus)

We have a little purse
Made of ratching leather skin;
We want some of your small change
To line it well within.
(Chorus)

Bring us out a table,
And spread it with a cloth;
Bring us out a mouldy cheese,
And some of your Christmas loaf.
(Chorus)

God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress, too;
And all the little children
That round the table go.
(Chorus)



O CHRISTMAS TREE

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,
How faithful are thy branches!
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,
How faithful are thy branches!
Green not alone in Summer time,
But in the Winter's frost and rune;
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,
How faithful are thy branches.

'Tis not alone in Summer's sheen,
Its boughs are broad, its leaves are green;
It blooms for us when wild winds blow,
And earth is white with feath'ry snow;
A voice tells all its boughs among
Of shepherd's watch and angel's song;
Of holy Babe in manger low,
The story of so long ago.



DECK THE HALLS

Deck the halls 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 we now our gay apparel,
 Fa la la la la la la.
 Troll the ancient Yuletide carol,
 Fa la la la la la la la.

See 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 merry measure,
 Fa 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 lasses,
 Fa la la la la la la la.
 Sing we joyous all together,
 Fa la la la la la la.
 Heedless of the wind and weather,
 Fa la la la la la la la.



JINGLE BELLS

Dashing thro' 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!

(Chorus)

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 Fannie Bright
 Was seated by my side;
 The horse was lean and lank,
 Misfortune seem'd his lot,
 He got into a drifted bank,
 And we, we got upstot.

(Chorus)



THE SNOW LAY ON THE GROUND

The snow lay on the ground,
 The stars shone bright,
 When Christ Our Lord was born
 On Christmas night
 'Twas Mary daughter pure
 Of holy Anne,
 That brought into this world
 The God made Man.

She laid Him in a stall
 At Bethlehem;
 The ass and oxen shared
 The roof with them;
 Saint Joseph, too, was by,
 To tend the Child,
 To guard Him and protect
 His Mother mild.

The angels hovered 'round
 And sang this song:
 "Venite, adoremus
 Dominum",
 And thus the manger poor
 Became a throne,
 For He whom Mary bore
 Was God the Son.

Going Home for Christmas

By Edgar A. Guest

HE little knew the sorrow that was in his vacant chair;
He never guessed they'd miss him, or he'd surely have been there;
He couldn't see his mother or the lump that filled her throat
Or the tears that started falling as she read his hasty note;
And he couldn't see his father, sitting sorrowful and dumb,
Or he never would have written that he thought he couldn't come.



HE little knew the gladness that his presence would have made,
And the joy it would have given, or he never would have stayed.
He didn't know how hungry had the little mother grown
Once again to see her baby and to claim him for her own.
He didn't guess the meaning of his visit Christmas Day
Or he never would have written that he couldn't get away.



HE couldn't see the fading of the cheeks that once were pink,
And the silver in the tresses; and he didn't stop to think
How the years are passing swiftly, and next Christmas it might be
There would be no home to visit and no mother dear to see.
He didn't think about it — I'll not say he didn't care.
He was heedless and forgetful or he'd surely have been there.



ARE you going home for Christmas? Have you written you'll be there?
Going home to kiss the mother and to show her that you care?
Going home to greet the father in a way to make him glad?
If you're not I hope there'll never come a time you'll wish you had.
Just sit down and write a letter — it will make the heart strings hum
With a tune of perfect gladness — if you'll tell them that you'll come.

Going Home for Christmas is from the book, Collected Verse by
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