




Montpelier Square Garden

CHRISTMAS CAROLS







1 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,
O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him,
Christ the Lord.





2 God of God
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created:

O come let us adore him. . .




3 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all you citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest:

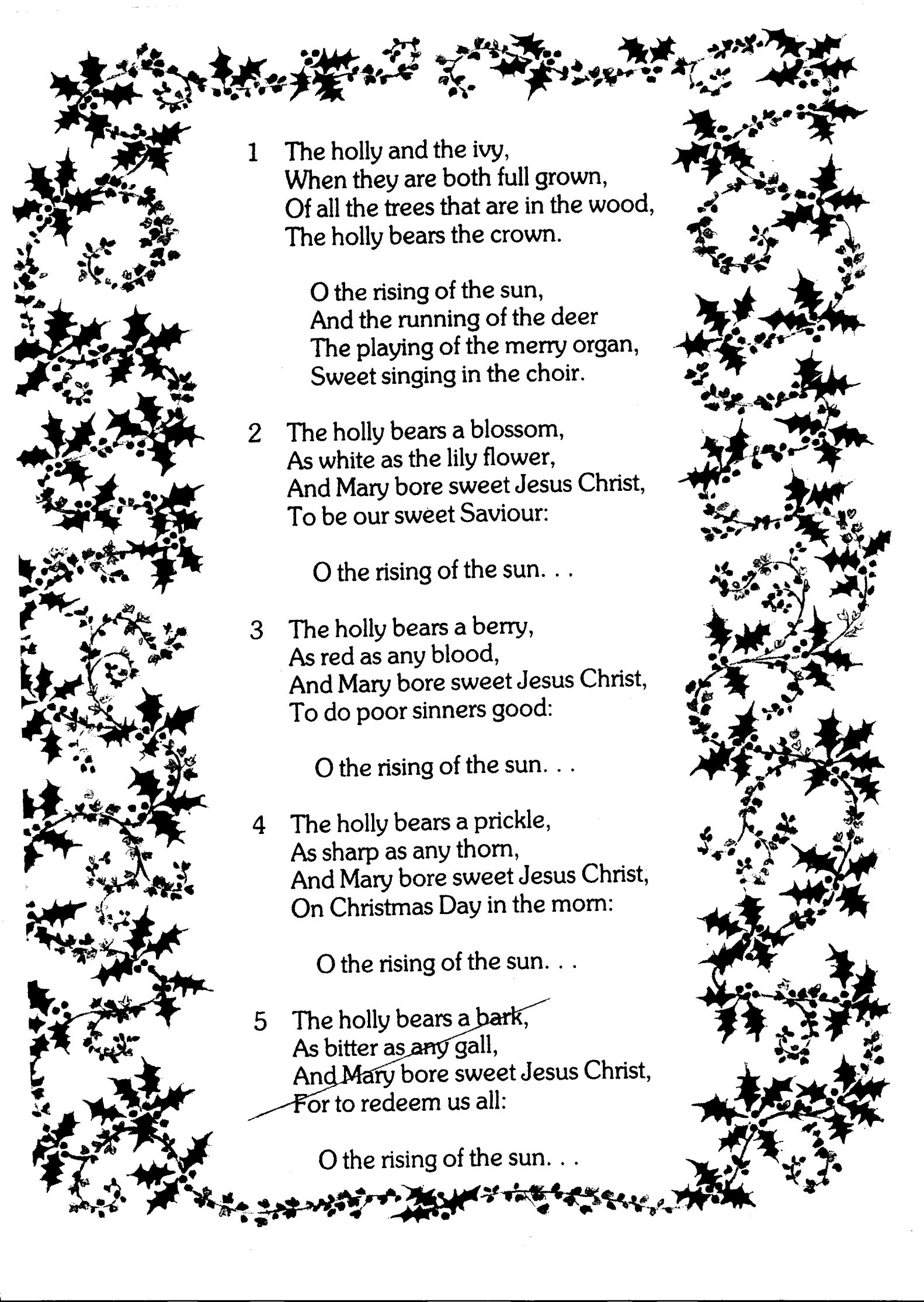
O come let us adore him. . .



4 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesu, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:

O come let us adore him. . .





1 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.

O the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

2 The holly bears a blossom,
As white as the lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour:

O the rising of the sun. . .

3 The holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good:

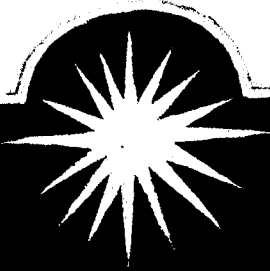
O the rising of the sun. . .

4 The holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Christmas Day in the morn:

O the rising of the sun. . .

5 The holly bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all:

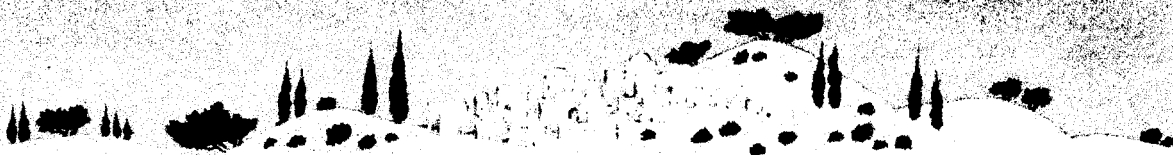
O the rising of the sun. . .



- 1 Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright,
All around the mother and child,
Holy infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

- 2 Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds wake at the sight;
Glory streams from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia.
Christ the Saviour is born!
Christ the Saviour is born!

- 3 Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light;
Radiance beams from thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord at thy birth,
Jesus, Lord at thy birth.





Hark! The Herald Angels Sing



Moderately fast



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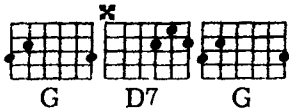


Bm



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1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, — Glor - y to the



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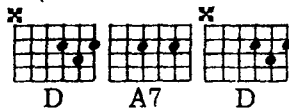


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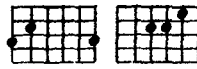
new - born King. Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, — God and sin - ners



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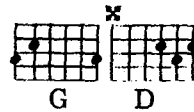
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Am



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D



G

re - con - ciled. Joy - ful, all you na - tions rise. — Join the tri - umph

1 Hark! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King.
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled.
 Joyful, all you nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies.
 With the angelic hosts proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 Christ, by highest heaven 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 new-born King."

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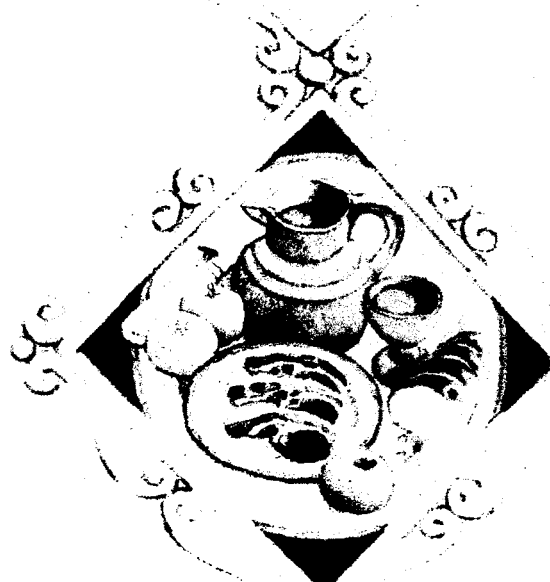
1 Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay roundabout
Deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.



2 "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 fence,
By St Agnes' fountain."

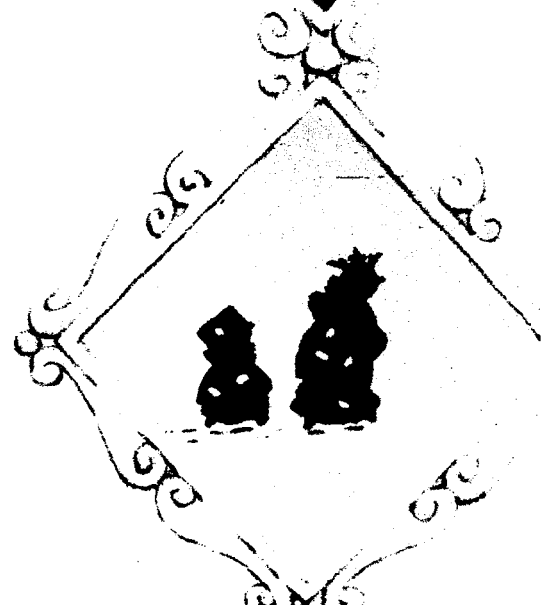


3 "Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine.
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.



4 "Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5 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,



In the Bleak Mid-Winter

Moderately



1 In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter,
Long ago.

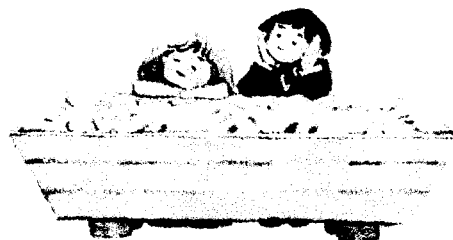
2 Our God, heaven cannot hold him
Nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When he comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty
Jesus Christ.

3 Enough for him whom cherubim
Worship night and day
A breastful of milk
And a mangerful of hay;
Enough for him, whom angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

4 Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Thronged the air,
But only his mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the beloved
With a kiss.



5 What can I give him
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man
I would do my part
Yet what I can I give him
Give my heart.



Deck the Hall with Boughs of Holly

Brightly

- 1 Deck the hall with boughs of holly,
Fa la la la la, la la la la,
'Tis the season to be jolly,
Fa la la la la, la la la la,
Don we now our gay apparel,
Fa la la, la la la, la la la,
Troll the ancient Yule-tide carol,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.



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



- 3 Fast away the old year passes,
Fa la la la la, la la la la,
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses,
Fa la la la 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 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 bob-tail 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.

~~Now the ground is white
Go it while you're young.
Take the girls tonight,
Sing this sleighing song.
Get a bob-tailed bay,
Two forty for his speed.
Then hitch him to an open sleigh
And you will take the lead.~~

Jingle bells, etc.



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- 1 We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy New Year.

Good tidings we bring
To you and your kin;
We wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy New Year.

- 2 We all want some figgy pudding,
We all want some figgy pudding,
We all want some figgy pudding,
So bring some right here!

Good tidings we bring . . .

- 3 We won't go until we get some,
We won't go until we get some,
We won't go until we get some,
So bring some right here!

Good tidings we bring . . .

