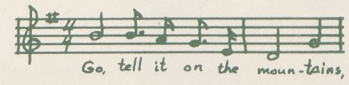


Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Alles schläft, einsam wacht
Nur das traute, hochheilige Paar
Holder Knabe im lockigen Haar,
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh, —
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh. —



Go, tell it on the mountains,
Over the hills and everywhere.
Go, tell it on the mountains,
That Jesus Christ is born.

Spiritual



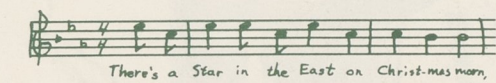
God rest you merry, gentlemen.
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember, Christ our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day;
To save us all from Satan's pow'r,
When we were gone astray.

Chorus
O tidings of comfort and joy,
comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

From God, our heav'nly Father,
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

The shepherds at those tidings,
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks afeeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straitway,
The Son of God to find.

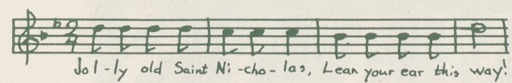
English Carol



There's a star in the East on Christ-
mas morn,
Rise up, shepherds, and follow;
It'll lead to the place where the
Saviour's born;
Rise up, shepherds, and follow.

Follow, follow, Rise up, shepherds,
and follow;
Follow the star to Bethlehem.
Rise up, shepherds, and follow.

Spiritual



Jolly old Saint Nicholas,
Lean your ear this way!
Don't you tell a single soul
What I'm going to say;
Christmas Eve is coming soon;
Now, you dear old man,
Whisper what you'll bring to me;
Tell me if you can.

When the clock is striking twelve,
When I'm fast asleep,
Down the chimney broad and black,
With your pack you'll creep;
All the stockings you will find
Hanging in a row;
Mine will be the shortest one,
You'll be sure to know.

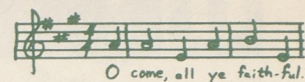
Johnny wants a pair of skates;
Susy wants a sled;
Nellie wants a picture book;
Yellow, blue and red;
Now I think I'll leave to you
What to give the rest;
Choose for me, dear Santa Claus,
You will know the best.

Anonymous

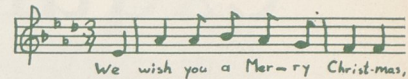


Shepherds, shake off your drowsy
sleep,
Rise and leave your silly sheep;
Angels from heaven around are
singing,
Tidings of great joy are bringing.
Shepherds! the chorus come and
swell!
Sing Noel, O sing Noel!

Anonymous
Besancon Carol

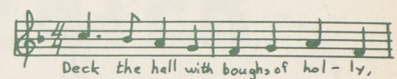


Adeste fideles, Laeti triumphantes:
Venite, venite in Bethlehem;
Natum videte, Regem angelorum:
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Dominum.



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 to you wherever you are;
Good tidings for Christmas
and a happy New Year!

English Folk Song



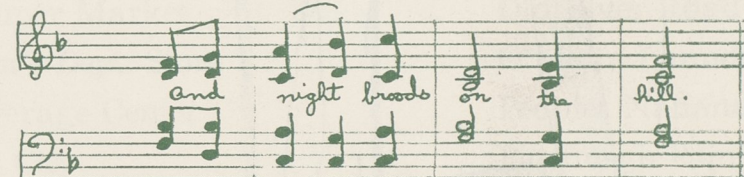
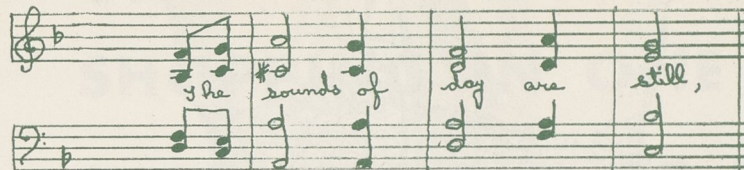
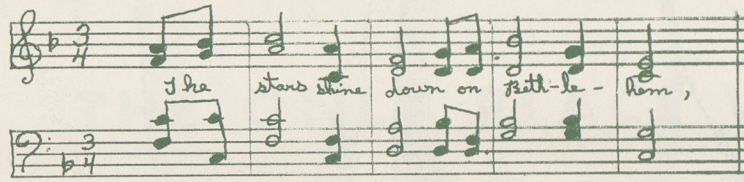
Deck the hall with boughs of holly
Fa la la la, la la la la.
Tis the season to be jolly,
Fa la la la, la la la la.
Don we now our gay apparel,
Fa la la, la la la, la la la.
Troll the ancient Yuletide carol,
Fa la la la, la la la la.

Traditional — Welsh

Christmas carols have come to us from many times and places, although most of the best known are English or German in origin. Some of the carols on this page may not be familiar, but often a "new" carol is already an "old favorite" of someone else.

A Christmas Carol

Friends of Rev. and Mrs. Ralph Weatherly, Mount Zion, look forward to their Christmas cards each year, for they often contain a poem by Mrs. Weatherly. There was a bonus in a recent card; Mrs. Weatherly wrote both the words and music for this greeting.



A Babe is born in stable warm
With friendly beasts in stall,
His mother rests in Joseph's arms
Near Infant sweet and small.

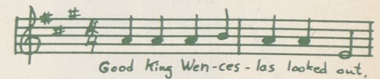
The story old yet ever new
Brings joy to all again;
And that's our Christmas wish for you
Good will and peace to men.

Mrs. Ralph Weatherly



O Tannenbaum,
O Tannenbaum!
wie treu sind deine Blaetter!
Du gruenst nicht nur zur Sommerzeit,
nein, auch im Winter, wenn es schneit.
O Tannenbaum,
O Tunnenbaum!
wie treu sind deine Blaetter.

German Folk Song



Good King Wenceslas look'd 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.

"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 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,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

"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, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze 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.



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 roll'd along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth good will to men.

And in despair I bow'd 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."

Henry W. Longfellow, 1863

