

The Audience is invited to join  
in singing these Christmas Carols

DECK THE HALL

The Choir and The Chorus will sing the first stanza

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 Yuletide treasure,  
Fa la la la la la la la la!

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!

BRING A TORCH, JEANNETTE, ISABELLA

Bring a torch, Jeannette, Isabella!  
Bring a torch, to the cradle run!  
It is Jesus, good folk of the village;  
Christ is born and Mary's calling:  
Ah! ah! beautiful is the Mother;  
Ah! ah! beautiful is her Son.

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

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,  
Tho' the frost was cruel,  
When a poor man came in sight,  
Gathering winter fuel.

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 yourself find blessing.

O HOLY NIGHT

O holy night! the stars are brightly shining,  
It is the night of the dear Savior's birth;  
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,  
Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.  
A thrill of hope the weary soul rejoices,  
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn;  
Fall on your knees, Oh, hear the angel voices!  
O night divine, O night when Christ was born!  
O night, O holy night, O night divine!

THE FIRST NOEL

The first Noel the angel did say  
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;  
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep  
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.  
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,  
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star  
Shining in the east beyond them far,  
And to the earth it gave great light,  
And so it continued both day and night.  
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,  
Born is the King of Israel.

WHAT CHILD IS THIS?

What Child is this, Who, laid to rest,  
On Mary's lap is sleeping?  
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,  
While shepherds watch are keeping?  
This, this is Christ the King;  
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:  
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,  
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

Angels we have heard on high,  
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,  
And the mountains in reply,  
Echoing their joyful strains.  
Gloria in excelsis Deo,  
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Shepherds, why this jubilee?  
Why your joyful strains prolong?  
What the gladsome tidings be?  
Which inspire your heavenly song?  
Gloria in excelsis Deo,  
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Come to Bethlehem and see  
Him whose birth the angels sing;  
Come adore on bended knee,  
Christ the Lord, the newborn King.  
Gloria in excelsis Deo,  
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

See Him in a manger laid,  
Whom the choirs of angels praise;  
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,  
While our hearts in love we raise.  
Gloria in excelsis Deo,  
Gloria in excelsis Deo.