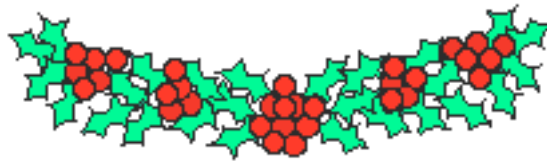


Prescott's Carolling Party Songbook



Passing time in good company since 1968.
Let memory keep us all.
1999

Adeste Fideles

Adeste fideles,
Laeti triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.
Natum videte
Regem angelorum.

Venite adoremus, venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus, Dominum.

Deum de Deo
Lumen de lumine
Gestant puellae viscera.
Deum verum,
Genitum non factum.

Cantet nunc hymnos,
Chorus angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula coelestium.
Gloria,
In excelsis Deo.

Ergo qui natus
Dei hodierna
Jesu, tibi sit gloria.
Patris aeterni
Verbum caro factum.

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 joyous strains.

Gloria, in excelsis Deo.
 Gloria, in excelsis Deo.

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
 Why your joyous songs prolong?
 What the gladsome tidings be
 Which inspire your heavenly song?

Come to Bethlehem, and see
 Him whose birth the angels sing.
 Come, adore on bended knee,
 Christ the lord, our new-born king.

Away in a Manger

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
 The little lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.
 The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
 The little lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
 But little lord Jesus no crying he makes.
 I love thee, lord Jesus, look down from the sky
 And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me, lord Jesus, I ask thee to stay
 Close by me forever, and love me, I pray.
 Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
 And fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.

Coventry Carol

Lullay, thou little tiny child, lullay,
By, by, lully, lullay.
Lullay, thou little tiny child, lullay,
By, by, lully, lullay.

O sisters too, how may we do,
For to preserve this day,
This poor youngling for whom we do sing,
By, by, lully, lullay.

Herod the king, in his raging,
Chargèd he hath this day
His men of might, in his own sight,
All children young to slay.

That woe is me, poor child for thee!
And ever morn and day,
For thy parting neither say nor sing,
By, by, lully, lullay.

Lullay, thou little tiny child, lullay,
By, by, lully, lullay.
Lullay, thou little tiny child, lullay,
By, by, lully, lullay.

Deck the Halls

Deck the halls 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 Yuletide carol.

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

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 the 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

Ding Dong! Merrily on High

Ding, dong! merrily on high
In heaven the bells are ringing
Ding, dong! verily the sky
Is riven with angels singing
Gloria, hosanna in excelsis.

E'en so here below, below
Let steeple bells be swungen
And i-o, i-o, i-o
By priest and people sungen
Gloria, hosanna in excelsis.

Pray you dutifully prime
Your matin chime, ye ringers
May you beautifully rhyme
Your evetime song, ye singers
Gloria, hosanna in excelsis.

Do You Hear What I Hear?

Said the night wind to the little lamb,

Do you see what I see?

Way up in the sky, little lamb,

Do you see what I see?

A star, a star, dancing in the night

With a tail as big as a kite,

With a tail as big as a kite.

Said the little lamb to the shepherd boy,

Do you hear what I hear?

Ringing through the sky, shepherd boy,

Do you hear what I hear?

A song, a song, high above the trees

With a voice as big as the sea,

With a voice as big as the sea.

Said the shepherd boy to the mighty king,

Do you know what I know?

In your palace warm, mighty king,

Do you know what I know?

A child, a child shivers in the cold

Let us bring him silver and gold,

Let us bring him silver and gold.

Said the king to the people everywhere,

Listen to what I say.

Pray for peace, all people everywhere!

Listen to what I say.

The child, the child, sleeping in the night

He will bring us goodness and light,

He will bring us goodness and light.

The First Noel

The first Noel the angels 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 lookèd 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.

And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far,
To seek for a king was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

This star drew nigh to the northwest,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest.
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Then entered in those wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in his presence,
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with his blood mankind hath bought.

Frosty the Snowman

Frosty the Snowman was a jolly happy soul,
With a corn cob pipe and a button nose
And two eyes made out of coal.

Frosty the Snowman is a fairy tale, they say.
He was made of snow, but the children know
How he came to life one day.

There must have been some magic in that old silk hat they found,
For when they placed it on his head, he began to dance around.

Frosty the Snowman was alive as he could be,
And the children say he could laugh and play
Just the same as you and me.

Frosty the Snowman knew the sun was hot that day,
So he said, "Let's run and we'll have some fun,
Now, before I melt away."

Down to the village with a broomstick in his hand,
Running here and there all around the square,
Saying, "Catch me if you can."

He led them down the streets of town, right to the traffic cop,
And he only paused a moment when he heard him holler, "Stop!"

For Frosty the Snowman had to hurry on his way,
But he waved good-bye saying, "Don't you cry,
I'll be back again someday."

Thumpety thump thump, thumpety thump thump,
Look at Frosty go,
Thumpety thump thump, thumpety thump thump,
Over the hills of snow.

Gaudete

Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus,
 Ex Maria virginæ, gaudete.
 Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus,
 Ex Maria virginæ, gaudete.

Tempus ad est gratiæ, hoc quod optabamus,
 Carmina lætitiæ, devote redamus.

Deus homo factus est, naturam erante,
 Mundus renovatus est, a Christo regnante.

Ezecheelis porta, clausa per transitor,
 Unde lux est orta, sallus invenitor.

Ergo nostra contio, psallat iam in lustro,
 Benedicat domino, sallus regi nostro.

Go, Tell It on the Mountain

When I was a learner
 I sought both night and day,
 I asked the lord to help me
 And he showed me the way.

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

He made me a watchman
 Upon the city wall,
 And if I am a Christian
 I am the least of all.

God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

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 power
When we were gone astray.

Oh tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
Oh tidings of comfort and joy.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessed morn,
To which his mother Mary
Did nothing take in scorn.

From God our heavenly 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.

Now to the lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.

Good Christian Men, Rejoice

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say.

News! News!

Jesus Christ is born today!
Ox and ass before him bow
And he is in the manger now.

Christ is born today!

Christ is born today!

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss.

Joy! Joy!

Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath ope'd the heavenly door
And man is blessed for evermore.

Christ was born for this!

Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave.

Peace! Peace!

Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all
To gain his everlasting hall.

Christ was born to save!

Christ was born to save!

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, though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel.

“Hither, page, and stand by me, if thou knowst 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 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.

**Hark! Now Hear the Angels Sing
(Mary's Boy Child)**

**Long time ago in Bethlehem,
So the holy Bible say,
Mary's boy child, Jesus Christ,
Was born on Christmas day.**

**Hark! now hear the angels sing,
A new king's born today;
And man will live forevermore
Because of Christmas Day.**

**While shepherds watched their flocks by night
They saw a bright new shining star,
And heard a choir from heaven sing.
The music came from afar.**

**Trumpets sound and angels sing,
Listen to what they say,
That man will live forevermore
Because of Christmas day.**

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

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

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born king.

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.

Hail, the heaven-born prince of peace,
Hail, the son of righteousness.
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Here We Come A-Wassailing

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

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.

We are not daily beggars
Who beg from door to door,
But we are neighbour's children
Whom you have seen before.

We have little purses made
Of matching leather skin;
We want a little sixpence
To line them well within.

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

The Holly And The Ivy

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.

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

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

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

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

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

The Huron Carol

'Twas in the moon of winter-time
When all the birds had fled,
That mighty Gitchi Manitou
Sent angel choirs instead.
Before their light the stars grew dim
And wandering hunters heard the hymn.

Jesus your king is born, Jesus is born,
In excelsis gloria.

Within a lodge of broken bark
The tender babe was found.
A ragged robe of rabbit skin
Enwrapped his beauty round.
But as the hunter braves drew nigh,
The angel song rang loud and high.

The earliest moon of winter time
Is not so round and fair
As was the ring of glory on
The helpless infant there.
The chiefs from far before him knelt
With gifts of fox and beaver pelt.

O children of the forest free,
O sons of Manitou,
The holy child of heaven and earth
Is born this day for you.
Come kneel before the radiant boy
Who brings you beauty, peace, and joy.

I Saw Three Ships

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Oh, they sailed in to Bethlehem,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
Oh, they sailed in to Bethlehem,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas day in the morning.

I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
Just like the ones I used to know,
When the treetops glisten, and children listen
To hear sleigh bells in the snow.

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
With every Christmas card I write.
May your days be merry and bright,
And may all your Christmases be white.

It Came upon a Midnight Clear

It came upon a midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold.
“Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven’s all-gracious king.”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the 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.
Oh 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 world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Jingle Bells

Dashing through 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.

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.

A day or two ago
I thought I'd take a ride,
And soon Miss Fanny Bright
Was seated by my side.
The horse was lean and lank,
Misfortune seemed his lot,
He got into a drifted bank,
And then we got upsot.

Now the ground is white,
Go it while you're young,
Take the girls tonight,
And sing a sleighing song.
Just get a bobtailed nag,
Two-forty for his speed,
Just hitch him to an open sleigh
And, crack, you'll take the lead.

Joy to the World

Joy to the world, the lord is come,
Let earth receive her king.
Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.
 And heaven and nature sing.
 And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world, the saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.
 Repeat the sounding joy.
 Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground.
He comes to make his blessings flow,
 Far as the curse is found.
 Far as the curse is found.
 Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glory of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.
 And wonders of his love.
 And wonders of his love.

The Little Drummer Boy

Come, they told me, Pa rum pum pum pum
A new-born king to see, Pa rum pum pum pum
Our finest gifts we bring, Pa rum pum pum pum
To lay before the king, Pa rum pum pum pum,
Rum pum pum pum,
Rum pum pum pum
So to honour him, Pa rum pum pum pum,
When we come.

Baby Jesus, Pa rum pum pum pum
I am a poor boy too, Pa rum pum pum pum
I have no gift to bring, Pa rum pum pum pum
That's fit to give a king, Pa rum pum pum pum,
Rum pum pum pum,
Rum pum pum pum
Shall I play for you, Pa rum pum pum pum,
On my drum?

Mary nodded, Pa rum pum pum pum
The ox and lamb kept time, Pa rum pum pum pum
I played my drum for him, Pa rum pum pum pum
I played my best for him, Pa rum pum pum pum,
Rum pum pum pum,
Rum pum pum pum
Then he smiled at me, Pa rum pum pum pum,
Me and my drum.

O Holy Night

O holy night, the stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear saviour'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 divine! O night, O night divine!

Led by the light of faith serenely beaming
With glowing hearts by his cradle we stand.
So led by the light of a star sweetly gleaming
Here come the wise men from Orient land.
The king of kings lay thus in lowly manger,
In all our trials born to be our friend.

He knows our need, to our weakness no stranger.
Behold your king! Before him lowly bend!
Behold your king! Before him lowly bend!

O Little Town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie.
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth,
The everlasting light.
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the king,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given.
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

Oh holy child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray.
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell.
Oh come to us, abide with us,
Our lord Emmanuel.

Oh Come All Ye Faithful

Oh come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
Oh come ye, oh come ye, to Bethlehem.
Come and behold him, born the king of angels.

Oh come let us adore him,
Oh come let us adore him,
Oh come let us adore him, Christ the lord.

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above:
Glory to God, in the highest.

Yea, lord, we greet thee, born this happy morning,
Jesus, to thee be glory given.
Word of the father, now in flesh appearing.

Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer

Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer,
Had a very shiny nose,
And if you ever saw it,
You would even say it glows.

All of the other reindeer
Used to laugh and call him names.
They never let poor Rudolph
Join in any reindeer games.

Then one foggy Christmas eve, Santa came to say,
“Rudolph with your nose so bright,
Won’t you guide my sleigh tonight?”

Then how the reindeer loved him
As they shouted out with glee,
“Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer,
You’ll go down in history.”

Silent Night

Silent night, holy night!
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon virgin mother and child.
Holy infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace.
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight.
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing alleluia,
Christ the saviour is born.
Christ the saviour is born.

Silent night, holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light.
Radiant beams from thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, lord, at thy birth.
Jesus, lord, at thy birth.

We Three Kings

We three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

O, star of wonder, star of night,
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 him again
King for ever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a deity nigh.
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship him, God most high.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Glorious now behold him arise,
King and God and sacrifice,
Alleluia, alleluia,
Earth to the heavens replies.

We Wish You a Merry Christmas

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, and all of your kin,
 Good tidings for Christmas, and a happy new year.

Oh bring us a figgy pudding,
 Oh bring us a figgy pudding,
 Oh bring us a figgy pudding,
 And a cup of good cheer.

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.

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.
 Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
 The babe, the son of Mary.

While Shepherds Watched

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the lord came down
And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled minds,
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.”

“To you, in David’s town, this day
Is born of David’s line
A saviour who is Christ the lord,
And this shall be the sign.”

“The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song.

“All glory be to God on high
And to the earth be peace.
Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.”

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