



Christmas

Sing-A-Long

Gallagher Highland Entertainment
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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 th' 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 the favoured one.
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see;
Hail, th'incarnate Deity:
Pleased, as man, with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!"

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 son of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!"

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, gath'ring
winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me, if you know
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 food and bring me wine, bring me
pine logs hither,
You and I will see him dine, when we bear
them thither."
Page and monarch, forth they went, forth
they went together,
Through the cold 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
now in them boldly,
You shall find the winter's rage freeze your
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, while
God's gifts possessing,
You who now will bless the poor shall
yourselves find blessing.

Jingle Bells

Dashing through the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh
Through 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-jingle bells
Jingle all the way,
Oh what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh, hey!
Jingle bells, jingle bells
Jingle all the way,
Oh what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh.

Dashing through the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh
Through the fields we go
Laughing all the way.
Bells on bob-tail ring
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What fun it is to ride and sing
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Jingle bells, jingle-jingle bells
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Oh what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh, hey!
Jingle bells, jingle bells
Jingle all the way,
Oh what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh.

We Three Kings of Orient Are

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

Oh, star of wonder, star of might
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading
Still proceeding
Guide us to thy perfect light

Born a babe on Bethlehem's plain
Gold we bring to crown him again
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign

Oh, star of wonder, star of might
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading
Still proceeding
Guide us to the perfect light

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.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;

Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

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 we bring to you and your kin
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year

Now bring us some figgy pudding
Now bring us some figgy pudding
Now bring us some figgy pudding
Now bring some out here

Good tidings we bring to you and your kin
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a
Happy new Year

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 out here

Good tidings we bring to you and your kin
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year

We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year

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

Angels we have heard on high
Sweetly, sweetly through the night
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their brief delight

Gloria, in excelsis Deo
Gloria, in excelsis Deo

Auld Lang Syne

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
and never brought to mind?
Should old acquaintance be forgot,
and old lang syne?

CHORUS:

For auld lang syne, my dear,
for auld lang syne,
we'll take a cup of kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.

O Come All Ye Faithful

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

Oh, sing, choirs of angels
Sing in exultation
Oh, come, oh 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

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 honor Him
Pa rum pum pum pum
When we come

Little baby
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 our 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

Away In A Manger

Away in a manger
No crib for His bed
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down His sweet head

The stars in the sky
Look down where He lay
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hay

The cattle are lowing
The poor Baby wakes
But little Lord Jesus
No crying He makes

I love Thee, Lord Jesus
Look down from the sky
And stay by my side
'Til morning is nigh

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 of Yuletide treasure
Fa la la la la, la la la la