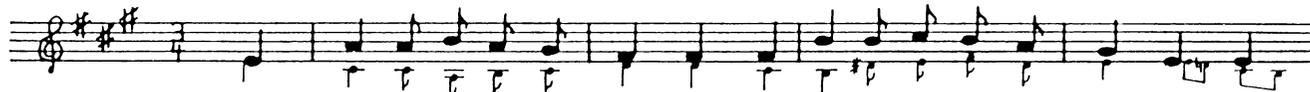


WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Traditional
(Arr. M.K.)



1., 4. We wish you a Mer-ry Christ-mas, We wish you a Mer-ry Christ-mas, We
2. Now bring us some fig-gy pud-ding, Now bring us some fig-gy pud-ding, Now
3. We won't go un-til we get some, We won't go un-til we get some, We



wish you a Mer-ry Christ-mas And a Hap-py New Year!
bring us some fig-gy pud-ding, And a cup of good cheer.
won't go un-til we get some. So— bring it out here.



1.-3. Good tid-ings we bring To you and your kin. We



wish you a Mer-ry Christ-mas And a Hap-py New Year!

I SAW THREE SHIPS

Traditional
(Arr. C.J.)

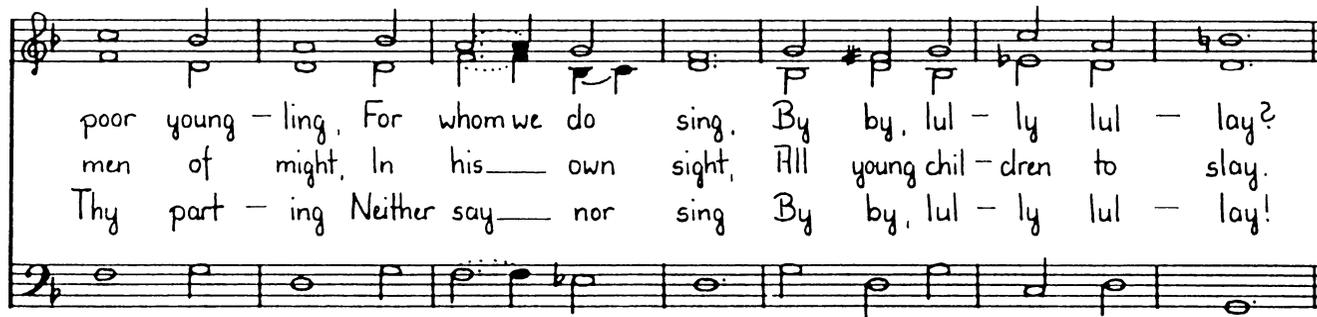


1. I saw three ships come sail - ing in,
2. And what was in those ships all three? On Christ - mas Day, on Christ - mas Day, And
3. Our Sa - viour Christ and His la - dy. Our



- saw three ships come sail - ing in.
 what was in those ships all three? On Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing.
 Sa - viour Christ and His la - dy.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 4. Pray, whither sailed those ships all three? 5. O, they sailed into Bethlehem. 6. And all the bells on earth shall ring! | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 7. And all the angels in heaven shall sing! 8. And all the souls on earth shall sing! 9. Then let us all rejoice amain. |
|--|---|



poor young - ling, For whom we do sing, By by, lul - ly lul - lay?
men of might, In his own sight, All young chil - dren to slay.
Thy part - ing Neither say nor sing By by, lul - ly lul - lay!

MY SOUL AND LIFE

Four-part round

David Johnson



① My soul and life stand up and see who lies in a crib of tree. What
②
③
④ babe is that so good and fair? It is Christ, God - es Son and Heir.

CHRIST WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Traditional
(Arr. R. R. Terry)



1. Christ was born on Christ - mas Day; Wreath the hol - ly, twine the _ bay!



Chris - tus na - tus _ ho - di - e, The Babe, the Son, the Ho - ly One of _ Ma - ry.
The Babe, the Son,



2. He is born to set us free,
He is born our Lord to be:
Ex Maria virgine -
The God, the Lord,
By all adored forever.

3. Let the bright red berries glow
Everywhere in goodly show:
Christus natus hodie -
The Babe, the Son,
The Holy One of Mary.

4. Christian men rejoice and sing,
'Tis the birthday of a king:
Ex Maria virgine -
The God, the Lord,
By all adored forever.



love, my love, my love; This have I done for my true love.

LITTLE JESUS, SWEETLY SLEEP

Traditional, Czech



1. Lit-tle Je-sus, sweet-ly sleep, do not stir; We will lend a
2. Ma-ry's lit-tle ba-by, sleep, sweet-ly sleep, Sleep in-com-fort,



coat of fur, } We will rock you, rock you, rock you: See the fur to
slum-ber-deep; } We will serve you



keep you warm, Snug-ly round your ti-ny form.
all we can, Dar-ling, dar-ling lit-tle man.

JOY TO THE WORLD

George F. Handel (1742)



1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King;— Let ev-'ry heart pre-
2. Joy to the world! The Sav-our reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy;— While fields and floods, rocks,
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove— The glo-ries of His



pare Him room, And Heav'n and na-ture sing, And Heav'n and nature sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n and na-ture sing.
 hills and plains, Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy.
 right-eous-ness, And won-ders of His love, And won-ders of His love, And won-ders, and won-ders of His love.



And Heav'n and nature— sing, And Heav'n and nature sing,

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

H. J. Gauntlett (1805-76)

1. Once in roy-al Da-vid's ci-ty Stood a low-ly cat-tle shed,
 Where a mo-ther laid her ba-by In a man-ger for His bed:
 2. He came down to earth from Heav-en, Who is God and Lord of all,
 And His shel-ter was a sta-ble, And His cra-dle was a stall;
 3. And our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His own re-deem-ing love;
 For that Child so dear and gen-tle, Is our Lord in Heav-en a-bove;

Ma-ry was that mo-ther mild, Je-sus Christ her lit-tle child.
 With the poor and mean and low-ly, Lived on earth our Sa-viour ho-ly.
 And He leads His chil-dren on To the place where He is gone.

(Two more verses)

C. F. Alexander (1823-95)

