

RADROAD TRIPS CHRISTMAS CAROLS



TRAVEL SONGBOOK

O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come, all ye faithful,
joyful and triumphant,
Come ye, O come ye,
to Bethlehem.
Come and behold Him,
born the King of angels;

Refrain

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O 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,
Glory in the highest;

Refrain

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
now in flesh appearing.

Refrain

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.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS—TRAVEL SONGBOOK

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.

Why lies he in
such mean estate
Where ox and ass
are feeding?

Good Christian, fear:
for sinners here
The silent Word
is pleading.

So bring him incense,
gold, and myrrh,
Come, peasant, king,
to own him.
the King of kings
salvation brings,
Let loving hearts
enthroned him.

AWAY IN A MANGER

Away in a manger,
no crib for his 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.

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

Angels we have heard on high,
Singing sweetly through the night,
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their brave delight.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why these songs of happy cheer?
What great brightness did you see?
What glad tiding did you hear?
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 new-born King.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

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

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN

Oh! You better watch out,
you better not cry,
you better not pout,
I'm telling you why:
Santa Claus is coming to town!

He's making a list,
He's checking it twice,
gonna find out
who's naughty or nice.
Santa Claus is coming to town!

He sees you when you're sleeping,
he knows when you're awake.
He knows when you've been bad or good,
so be good for goodness sake!

So...You better watch out,
You better not cry
You better not pout, I'm Telling you why.
Santa Claus is coming to town.

Little tin horns, little toy drums.
Rudy-toot-toot and rummy tum tums.
Santa Claus is coming to town.

Little toy dolls that cuddle and coo,
Elephants, boats and Kiddie cars too.
Santa Claus is coming to town.

The kids in girl and boy land
will have a jubilee.
They're gonna build a toy land town
all around the Christmas tree.

Ohh....You better watch out,
you better not cry.
You better not pout,
I'm telling you why.
Santa Claus is coming to town.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS—TRAVEL SONGBOOK

O CHRISTMAS TREE

O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree!
How lovely are thy branches!
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
How lovely are thy branches!

Not only in the summertime,
But even in winter is thy prime.
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
How lovely are thy branches!

O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
Much pleasure doth thou bring me!
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
Much pleasure doth thou bring me!

For every year the Christmas tree,
Brings to us all both joy and glee.
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
Much pleasure doth thou bring me!

O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
Thy candles shine out brightly!
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
Thy candles shine out brightly!

Each bough doth hold its tiny light,
That makes each toy to sparkle bright.
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
Thy candles shine out brightly!

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 Savior, is born!
Christ the Savior, 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.

RUDOLF THE RED-NOSED REINDEER

Rudolf, the red-nosed reindeer
had a very shiny nose.
And if you ever saw him,
you would even say it glows.

All of the other reindeer
used to laugh and call him names.
They never let poor Rudolf
play in any reindeer games.

Then one foggy Christmas eve
Santa came to say:
"Rudolf with your nose so bright,
won't you guide my sleigh tonight?"

Then all the reindeer loved him
as they shouted out with glee:
"Rudolf the red-nosed reindeer,
you'll go down in history!"

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 heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
while fields and floods,
rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessing flow
far as the curse is found,
far as the curse is found,
far as, far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
and makes the nations prove
the glories of His righteousness,
and wonders of His love,
and wonders of His love,
and wonders, wonders of His love.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS—TRAVEL SONGBOOK

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 Yule tide 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 Yule tide 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.

GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN

God rest ye 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
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy

In Bethlehem, in Israel,
This blessed Babe was born
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessed morn
The which His Mother Mary
Did nothing take in scorn
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy

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

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark! the herald angels sing, -
"Glory to the newborn 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 newborn King!"

Christ, by highest heav'n adored:
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the favored one.
Veil'd 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 newborn King!"

Hail! the heav'n-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 sone of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King!"

HERE WE COME A CAROLING

Here we come a-caroling
among the leaves so green;
Here we come a-wand'ring
so fair to be seen.

Love and joy come to you.
And to you glad Christmas 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
that beg from door to door.
But we are neighbors' children
whom you have seen before.
Love and joy come to you.

And to you glad Christmas too.
And God bless you and send you
a Happy New Year.
And God send you a Happy New Year.

God bless the master of this house,
likewise the mistress too.
And all the little children
that round the table go.
Love and joy come to you.
And to you glad Christmas too.
And God bless you and send you
a Happy New Year.
And God send you a Happy New Year.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS—TRAVEL SONGBOOK

IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR

It came upon the 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.

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 whole of world
send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

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.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas, my true
love gave to me
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the second day of Christmas, my true
love gave to me
Two turtle doves and a partridge in a
pear tree.

On the third day of Christmas, my true
love gave to me
Three French hens, two turtle doves, and
a partridge in a pear tree.

On the fourth day of Christmas, my true
love gave to me
Four calling birds, three French hens,
two turtle doves, and a partridge in a
pear tree.

On the fifth day of Christmas, my true
love gave to me
Five golden rings, four calling birds,
three French hens, two turtle doves, and
a partridge in a pear tree.

On the sixth day of Christmas, my true
love gave to me
Six geese a-laying, five golden rings,
four calling birds, three French hens,
two turtle doves, and a partridge in a
pear tree.

On the seventh day of Christmas, my
true love gave to me
Seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-
laying, five golden rings, four calling
birds, three French hens, two turtle
doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.

On the eighth day of Christmas, my true
love gave to me
Eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-

swimming, six geese a-laying. Five
golden rings. Four calling birds, three
French hens, two turtle doves, and a
partridge in a pear tree.

On the ninth day of Christmas, my true
love gave to me
Nine ladies dancing, eight maids a-
milking, seven swans a-swimming, six
geese a-laying. Five golden rings. Four
calling birds, three French hens, two
turtle doves, and a partridge in a pear
tree.

On the tenth day of Christmas, my true
love gave to me
Ten lords a-leaping, nine ladies dancing,
eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-
swimming, six geese a-laying. Five
golden rings. Four calling birds, three
French hens, two turtle doves, and a
partridge in a pear tree.

On the eleventh day of Christmas, my
true love gave to me
Eleven pipers piping, ten lords a-leaping,
nine ladies dancing, eight maids a-
milking, seven swans a-swimming, six
geese a-laying. Five golden rings. Four
calling birds, three French hens, two
turtle doves, and a partridge in a pear
tree.

On the twelfth day of Christmas, my true
love gave to me
Twelve drummers drumming, eleven pip-
ers piping, ten lords a-leaping, nine la-
dies dancing, eight maids a-milking,
seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-
laying. Five golden rings. Four calling
birds, three French hens, two turtle
doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS—TRAVEL SONGBOOK

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

○ 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 forever, ceasing never
Over us all to rein

○ Star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to Thy perfect light

Frankincense to offer have I
Incense owns a Deity nigh
Pray'r and praising, all men raising
Worship Him, God most high

○ Star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to Thy perfect light

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

○ Star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to Thy perfect light

Glorious now behold Him arise
King and God and Sacrifice
Alleluia, Alleluia
Earth to heav'n replies

○ Star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to Thy perfect light

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;
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

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

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



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