

KENILWORTH LIONS CAROL SHEET 2022



1. The holly and the ivy

The holly and the ivy
When they are full grown,
Of all the trees in the wood
The holly bears the crown.

Chorus *The rising of the sun
The running of the deer,
The playing of the organ
Sweet singing in the choir.*

The holly wears a blossom
As white as any flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our Saviour.

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

The holly and the ivy,
When they are full grown,
Of all the trees in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.

Chorus

2. 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*

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*

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 other doth deface
*O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy*

3. 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 know'st 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 him 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 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 dented
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.

4. 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 sun 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.

5. 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.

O morning stars, together
proclaim the holy birth,
and praises sing to God the King,
and peace to men on earth;
for Christ is born of Mary;
and, gathered all above,
while mortals sleep, the angels keep
their watch of wondering love.

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.

O 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:
O come to us, abide with us,
our Lord Emmanuel.

6. Ding Dong Merrily on High

Ding dong merrily on high,
In heav'n the bells are ringing:
Ding dong! verily the sky
Is riv'n with angel singing.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,
Let steeple bells be swungen,
And "Io, io, io!"
By priest and people sungen.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime
Your matin chime, ye ringers.
May you beautifully rime
Your evetime song, ye singers.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

7. 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 lala 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.

8. 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;

Chorus

*O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord!*

God of God,
Light of Light,
lo, he abhors not
the virgin's womb:
Very God,
begotten, not created

Chorus

See how the shepherds
summoned to his cradle,
leaving their flocks,
draw nigh to gaze;
we too will thither
bend our joyful footsteps:

Chorus

Lo, star-led chieftains,
magi, Christ adoring,
offer him incense,
gold, and myrrh;
we to the Christ-child
bring our hearts' oblations:

Chorus

Child, for us sinners

poor and in the manger,
fain we embrace thee
with love and awe.
Who would not love thee,
loving us so dearly?

Chorus

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

Chorus

9. Jingle Bells

Dashing through the snow,
in a one-horse open sleigh,
Over the fields we go,
laughing all the way.
Bells on bob-tails ring,
making spirits bright,
What fun it is to ride and sing
a sleighing song tonight.

Chorus

*Jingle bells, jingle bells,
jingle all the way!
O what fun it is to ride
in a one-horse open sleigh.
Jingle bells, jingle bells,
jingle all the way!
O 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 we got upsot.

Chorus

A day or two ago,
the story I must tell
I went out on the snow,
and on my back I fell;
A gent was riding by,
in a one-horse open sleigh
He laughed as there I sprawling lie
but quickly drove away

Chorus

Now the ground is white,
go it while you're young
Take the girls tonight,
and sing this sleighing song.
Just get a bob-tailed bay,
two-forty as his speed
Hitch him to an open sleigh
and crack! you'll take the lead.

Chorus

10. 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,
heav'nly 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.