

THE CHRISTMAS SONG

Chestnuts roasting on an open fire
Jack Frost nipping at your nose
Yuletide carols being sung by a choir
and folks dressed up like Eskimos

Everybody knows a turkey and some mistletoe
Help to make the season bright
tiny tots with their eyes all aglow
will find it hard to sleep tonight

They know that Santa's on his way
He's loaded lots of toys and goodies on his sleigh
and every mother's child is gonna spy
To see if reindeer really know how to fly

And so I'm offering this simple phrase
to kids from one to ninety-two
although it's been said many times
many ways, Merry Christmas to you

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Rockin' Around The Christmas Tree"

Rockin' around the Christmas tree
At the Christmas party hop
Mistletoe hung where you can see
Every couple tries to stop

Rockin' around the Christmas tree
Let the Christmas spirit ring
Later we'll have some pumpkin pie
And we'll do some carolling

You will get a sentimental feeling
When you hear
Voices singing let's be jolly
Deck the halls with boughs of holly

Rockin' around the Christmas tree
Have a happy holiday
Everyone dancing merrily
In the new old fashioned way

You will get a sentimental feeling
When you hear
Voices singing let's be jolly
Deck the halls with boughs of holly

Rockin' around the Christmas tree
Have a happy holiday
Everyone dancing merrily
In the new old fashioned way

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, good will to men, From heav'ns all gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angels sing.

Still though the cloven skies they come with peaceful wings unfurl'd;
And still their heav'nly music floats O'erall the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains, they bend on hov'ring wing;
And ever o'er its Bable sounds the blessed angels sing

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From angels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold.
"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heav'ns all gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angels sing.

That's What I Want for Christmas

Make my mommy's life a song; Keep my daddy safe and strong; Let me have them all year long; That's what I want for Christmas.

Let my dolls be made of rags, Fireman hats of paper bags. Just write "Love" on the Christmas tags;

That's what I want for Christmas

When I wake up Christmas day, I would like to find a sleigh; But if I don't, dear Santa Clause, I will not complain because what I really want is this:

Sister's smile and brother's kiss. Fill our land with peace and bliss from Maine down to the Isthmus;

That's what I want for Christmas.

I don't want electric trains, Twenty dollar aeroplanes. Free our friends of aches and pains; That's what I want for Christmas.

I like boots with tops of blue like my little sisters do; So, If you leave them, leave a few;

That's what I want for Christmas

When the reindeer pass my house, I'll be quiet as a mouse. But, when I wake up, let me see Marching round the Christmas tree Animals that never bite, never giving any fright, Soldier boys who never fight; That's what I want for Christmas.

I Feel Like Fa La La La

body percussion

part 1:

I feel like, I feel like, I feel like fa la la la.
I feel like, I feel like, I feel like tu ra lu.

I feel like, I feel like, I feel like lullay lullay.
I feel like, I feel like, I feel like fum fum fum.

body percussion

Pat-a-pat-a-pan. Joy, joy, joy, joy!
Pat-a-pat-a-pan. Joy, joy, joy!

Pat-a-pat-a-pan. Joy, joy, joy, joy!
Pat-a-pat-a-pan. Joy, joy, joy!

Glorious, glorious! Glorious, glorious!
Glorious, glorious!
Glorious, glorious!

I feel like, I feel like, I feel like fa la la la.
I feel like, I feel like, I feel like tu ra lu.

I feel like, I feel like, I feel like lullay lullay.
I feel like, I feel like, I feel like fum fum fum.

body percussion

Pat-a-pat-a-pan. Joy, joy, joy, joy!
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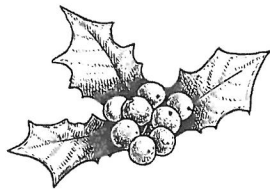
Pat-a-pat-a-pan. Joy, joy, joy, joy!
Pat-a-pat-a-pan. Joy, joy, joy!

Glorious, glorious! Glorious, glorious!
Glorious, glorious!
Glorious, glorious!

I feel like fa la la la!
I feel like fa la la la!

I feel like fa la la la!
I feel like fa la la la!

I feel like fa la la la!
I feel like fa la la la!
La!



body percussion

part 2:

I feel like, I feel like, I feel like lullay lullay.
I feel like, I feel like, I feel like fum fum fum.

body percussion

Ding dong merrily on high!
Ding dong merrily on high!

Glorious! Glorious!
Glorious!
Glorious!

I feel like, I feel like, I feel like lullay lullay.
I feel like, I feel like, I feel like fum fum fum.

body percussion

Ding dong merrily on high!
Ding dong merrily on high!

Glorious! Glorious!
Glorious!
Glorious!

Fa la la la! Fa la la la!
Fa la la la! Fa la la la!

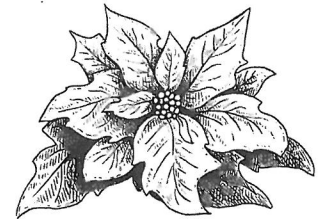
Fa la la la! Fa la la la!
Fa la la la! Fa la la la!
La!



part 3 (optional):

Glorious, glory, glorious!
Glorious, glory, glorious!

Glorious, glory, glorious!
Glorious, glory, glorious!



La fa la la la! Fa la la la!
Fa la la la! Fa la la!
La!

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 a merry Christmas, too!
And we wish you, we wish you a happy new year!
And we wish you a happy new year!
Here we come a-caroling!

We are not daily beggars who beg from door to door,
but we are neighbors' children whom you have seen before.

Love and joy come to you, and a merry Christmas, too!
And we wish you, we wish you a happy new year!
And we wish you a happy new year!
Here we come a-caroling!

Bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress, too.
And all the little children, a wish from us to you.

Love and joy come to you, and a merry Christmas, too!
And we wish you, we wish you a happy new year!
And we wish you a happy new year!

parts 1 & 2 (optional):
Here we come a-caroling!
Here we come a-caroling!



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Brown Christmas

My mother is dreaming of a brown Christmas.
She's thinking how pleasant that would be.
With candles in the windows, and trimming on the tree.
But Old Mister Snowman is nowhere to be seen.

Predictions of warm and sunny weather
is just the kind she hopes to hear.
Dear Santa come to town with a Christmas of brown.
That's all my mother wants this year.

My mother is dreaming of a brown Christmas.
She's thinking how pleasant that would be.
No shoveling the sidewalk before the guests arrive.
No salt and snow being tracked in from outside.

No snowsuits. No mittens or galoshes.
To clutter up her Christmas cheer.
Dear Santa come to town with a Christmas of brown.
That's all my mother wants this year.

That's all my mother wants this year.

