

*Brackley Town Council
and
Brackley & District Band
and Majors & Minors*



*Sunday 23rd December 2018
Community Carols on the Piazza*

Refreshments courtesy of Waynflete Lodge
And Brackley Town Council

1. 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!*

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created:

Sing, choir of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest:

2. Silent Night, Holy 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 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.

3. The Holly and the Ivy

The holly and the ivy, when they are both full grown
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown:

*The rising of the sun and the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ
Sweet singing in the choir*

The holly bears a blossom, as white as the lily flower
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour:

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

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

The holly bears a bark, as bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all:

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

4. Once in Royal David's City

Once in royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle-shed
Where a mother laid her Baby,
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ, her little Child.

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all His wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern
Day by day, like us, He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles, like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in heaven above:
And He leads His children on,
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crown'd
All in white shall wait around.

5. Jingle Bells (with some extra verses!)

Dashing through the snow in a one-horse open sleigh
Over fields we go, laughing all the way
Bells on bobtails ring, making spirits bright
Oh what fun it is to sing, a sleighing song tonight!

*Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way
Oh! What fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way
Oh! 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 then we go 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 for it while you're young
Take the girls tonight and sing their sleighing song
Just get a bobtailed bay, two forty as his speed
Hitch him to an open sleigh and crack! You'll take the lead

Chorus

6. Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer

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

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

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

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

Majors & Minors rehearse from 7pm to 8.30pm on Wednesday evenings at the Band Club during term time.

Experienced players provide a viable musical group which allows the youngsters to perform alongside them and to play challenging music specifically targeted at their individual ability and experience through the provision of bespoke arrangements. Currently we are unable to cater for total beginners.

Anyone interested in joining us should contact Floss Tustain at the Band Club 01280 703934.

7. When Santa got stuck up the Chimney

*When Santa got stuck up the chimney, he began to shout;
You girls and boys won't get any toys,
if you don't pull me out*

*My beard is black, there's soot in my sack, my nose is tickling too
When Santa got stuck up the chimney,
Achoo! Achoo! Achoo!*

T'was on the eve before Christmas day,
when Santa Claus arrived on his sleigh,
Into a chimney he climbed with his sack,
but was so fat he couldn't get back,
Oh what a terrible plight, he stayed up there all night

Chorus

Rudolph tugged with all of his might,
but Santa Claus was stuck very tight,
He wiggled and jiggled then cried with a frown,
I'll never get up, I'll never get down,
Oh what a terrible fuss, we should have come by bus.

When Santa got stuck up the chimney, he began to yell
Oh hurry please it's such a squeeze, the reindeer's stuck as well.

His head's up there, in the cold night air,
now Rudolph's nose is blue!

When Santa got stuck up the chimney,
Achoo! Achoo! Achoo! Achoo! Achoo!

8. Little Donkey

Little donkey, little donkey
On the dusty road
Got to keep on plodding onwards
With your precious load.

Been a long time, little donkey
Through the winter's night
Don't give up now, little donkey
Bethlehem's in sight.

*Ring out those bells tonight
Bethlehem, Bethlehem
Follow that star tonight
Bethlehem, Bethlehem.*

Little donkey, little donkey
Had a heavy day
Little donkey
Carry Mary safely on her way.

Little donkey, little donkey
On the dusty road
There are wise men waiting for a
Sign to bring them here.

Do not falter, little donkey
There's a star ahead
It will guide you, little donkey
To a cattle shed.

Chorus

9. Away in a Manger

Away in a manger,
No crib for a 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.

Be near me, Lord Jesus;
I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever,
And love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children
In Thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven,
To live with Thee there.

10. Ding Dong Merrily on High

Ding dong! merrily on high
In heaven the bells are ringing:
Ding dong! Verily the sky
Is riv'n with angel singing.

Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,
Let steeple bells be swungen,
And "i-o, i-o, i-o!"
By priest and people sungen.

Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!
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!
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

11. 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!

*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 sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

*Hark! The herald angels sing
“Glory to the new born King!”*