

Jingle Bells
ALLEGRO J. PIERPONT

1. — Dashing thro' the snow In a one horse o-pen sleigh,
2. A day or two a-go I thought I'd take a ride, And
o'er the fields we go, — Laugh-ing all the way; —
soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was sent-ed by my side; The
Bells on bob-tail ring, — Mink-ing spur-its bright, What
horse was lean and lank, Mis-er-able seem'd his lot, He
fun it is to ride and sing A sleighing song to-night!
got in - to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up - sot.

CHORUS
Jingle bells! Jingle bells! Jingle all the way! Oh, what fun it is to ride in a
one - horse o - pen sleigh! one - horse o - pen sleigh!

O Little Town of Bethlehem
NOT TOO FAST

O lit-tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie!
For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath-ered all a - bove,
O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem! Be-reaved to us, we pray,
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
While mor-tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won-dering love,
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to-day!

Yet in thy dark street shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth,
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad tid - ings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night,
And prais-es sing to God our King, And peace to men on earth!
O come to us, a - side with us, our Lord Im-ma - s - ate!

Had not this extremely popular carol met with an instantaneous success, its origin might have been lost to posterity, because the author, Phillips Brooks, in 1860, neglected to sign it.

Silent Night
SLOWLY, WITH EXPRESSION

Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright;
Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Dark-ness lies, all is light;
Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Wan-d'ring Star, lead thy light;

Hound you Vir - gin Meth-er and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten-der and mild,
Shep-herds hear the an - gels sing, 'Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
With the an - gels let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia to our King!

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace,
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Christ the Sav - ior is born,
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Christ the Sav - ior is born.

Few literary products have known such a curious history as this best known and most beloved of all Christmas songs. Truly inspired, it represents the combined efforts of Franz Gruber and Josef Mohr, schoolmaster and assistant priest, respectively, of the tiny Bavarian village of Oberndorf.

