



Audience Sing-along

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
Oh what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh, hey!
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
Oh what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh.

Dashing through the snow, in a one-horse open sleigh
O'er 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.

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
Oh what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh, hey!
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
Oh what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King!
Let every heart prepare Him room.
And Heav'n and nature sing,
And Heav'n and nature sing,
And Heav'n, and Heav'n and nature sing,

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.

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."

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.

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 cradle 'til morning is nigh.

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!
Fill the mead cup, drain the barrel,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
Troll the ancient yuletide carol,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

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!

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

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!