



Sing Sing Sing!

A selection of Christmas Carols





Welcome to your Christmas Carol pack

We hope you are able to make this a very successful Christmas fundraiser for your organisation.

In addition to the carols you will find inside this pack you may also find the following useful:

Before your event:

- Think about where you would like to sing, who you will be carolling with, what date suits your team and supporters, what supplies and permission you will need, how you will market the event
- Decide the type of event you want to hold. Ideas include:
 - Joining a church or school event
 - Going door to door
 - Booking a spot in your local shopping centre/outside a supermarket/ a local business
 - Organising to carol on your local high street/ train station
 - Organise to carol within local Christmas fairs/markets being held
 - Assess what other Christmas events you have planned and whether it is appropriate to include a carol singing activity
- Once you have decided on your carol activity check if you need permission to sing – this must be done as soon as possible so that permission is granted for your preferred event date:
 - For door-to-door collections, inform your local authority at least one month before your event
 - Collections on private property including shopping centres and supermarkets need permission from the landowner and it would be worth checking with the local authority as well
 - For street collections, you will need to speak to the local authority to get written permission
 - Approach any groups/centres/companies you hope will support your initiative
- Get local businesses involved by asking for donations or sponsorship in return you could market their festive goods / activities
- Ask local shops/cafes to provide refreshments for the audience and singers
- Send press releases to your local press (see our press release draft) and ask them to send a photographer

During your event:

As your Christmas carol fundraising event begins and proceeds please ensure that:

- All collectors are wearing an ID badge and are easily identifiable as part of the carol singing group.
- Collectors must be over age 16 -- and over 18 in London -- but anyone under these ages can of course sing.
- You stand out and sing, sing, sing! Wear your charity t-shirts; dress up festively; bring your own Christmas tree.....
- Take lots of photographs – if a press photographer is not sent then you can provide local newspapers with your photos (these will need to be high quality pictures if they)

After the event has taken place:

- Follow up with local press with your press release updating them on the amount made and the number of participants in the event
 - Enter the FSI's Christmas Challenge competitions by January 4th to be in the chance of winning £200 (see the final page of this carol pack)





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!

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Hallelujah Alleluia!

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.



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 darkness shineth
The everlasting Light:
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

How silently, how silently
The wondrous Gift is giv'n!
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
Oh, come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel!



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, loving 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, the scorned, the lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

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;
Where like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.



Joy to the World

Joy to the world! The Lord is come:
let earth receive her King!
Let every heart prepare him room
And heaven and nature sing.
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven and heaven and nature
sing.

Joy to the earth! The Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods rocks hills and
plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
Repeat the sounding joy.

Repeat, repeat, the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
Far as the curse is found.
Far as, far as, the curse is found.

He rules the earth with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love
And wonders of his love
And wonders, wonders of His love.



God rest ye merry, gentlemen

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this 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 (etc)

The shepherds at these tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding

In tempest, storm and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
This blessed Babe to find.
O tidings of comfort and joy (etc)

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this Infant lay,
They found him in a manger
Where oxen fed on hay;
His mother Mary, kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray.
O tidings of comfort and joy (etc)

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace.
The holy tide of Christmas
All others doth efface.
O tidings of comfort and joy (etc)



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 "lo, io, io!"
By priest and people sungen.

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



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 Yuletide 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 la la la, la la la la.
Follow me in merry measure,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.
While I tell of Yuletide 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



Jingle Bells

Dashing through the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh
O'er the fields we go
Laughing all the way
Bells on bobtail 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.

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





We wish you a Merry Christmas

We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year.
*Good tidings we bring,
To you and your kin;
We wish you a merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year!*

Oh, bring us a figgy pudding
Oh, bring us a figgy pudding
Oh, bring us a figgy pudding
and a cup of good cheer
*Good tidings we bring,
To you and your kin;
We wish you a merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year!*

We won't go until we get some,
We won't go until we get some,
We won't go until we get some,
so bring it right here;
*Good tidings we bring,
To you and your kin;
We wish you a merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year!*

We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year



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.

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

The Holly Ivy

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown
*O, 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 lily flow'r,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our dear Saviour
*O, 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 berry,
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good

*O, 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 bark,
As bitter as the gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all
*O, the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.*

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown
*O, the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.*



Away in a Manger

Away in a manger,
no crib for His bed,
The little Lord Jesus
lay down his sweet head.
The stars in the sky
looked down where He lay
The little Lord Jesus,
asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing,
the poor Baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus,
no crying He makes;
I love Thee, Lord Jesus,

look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle
till 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 take us to heaven,
to Live with Thee
there.





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 th' 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 th' incarnate
 Deity,
 pleased with us in flesh 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 Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 risen with healing in his wings.
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 born that we no more may die,
 born to raise us from the earth,
 born to give us second birth.
 Hark! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new born King!"



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 shown 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 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 the 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.
 Ark 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 step 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

The 12 days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the second day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Two turtledoves,
And a partridge in a pear tree.

On the third day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me, Three French
hens,
Two turtledoves, And a partridge in a pear
tree.

On the fourth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Four calling birds, Three French hens,
Two turtledoves, And a partridge in a pear
tree.

On the fifth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Five golden rings, Four calling birds,
Three French hens, Two turtledoves,
And a partridge in a pear tree.

On the sixth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Six geese a-laying, Five golden rings,
Four calling birds, Three French hens,
Two turtledoves, And a partridge in a pear
tree.

On the seventh day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying, Five golden rings,
Four calling birds, Three French hens,
Two turtledoves, And a partridge in a pear
tree.

On the eighth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Eight maids a-milking, Seven swans a-
swimming,
Six geese a-laying, Five golden rings,
Four calling birds, Three French hens,

Two turtledoves, And a partridge in a pear
tree.

On the ninth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Nine ladies dancing, Eight maids a-
milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying, Five golden rings,
Four calling birds, Three French hens,
Two turtledoves, And a partridge in a pear
tree.

On the tenth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Ten lords a-leaping, Nine ladies dancing,
Eight maids a-milking, Seven swans a-
swimming,
Six geese a-laying, Five golden rings,
Four calling birds, Three French hens,
Two turtledoves, And a partridge in a pear
tree.

On the eleventh day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Eleven pipers piping, Ten lords a-leaping,
Nine ladies dancing, Eight maids a-
milking,
Seven swans a-swimming, Six geese a-
laying,
Five golden rings, Four calling birds,
Three French hens, Two turtledoves,
And a partridge in a pear tree.

On the twelfth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Twelve drummers drumming, Eleven
pipers piping, Ten lords a-leaping,
Nine ladies dancing, Eight maids a-
milking,
Seven swans a-swimming, Six geese a-
laying,
Five golden rings,
Four calling birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtledoves,
And a partridge in a
pear tree!

