

EASY HOLIDAY UKULELE SONGBOOK



EASY HOLIDAY UKULELE SONGBOOK, p. 3



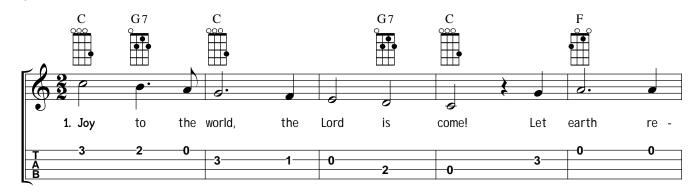
 A day or two ago, I thought I'd take a ride, and soon Miss Fannie Bright was seated by my side.
 The horse was lean and lank, misfortune seemed his lot, he got into a drifted bank, and we, we got upsot.

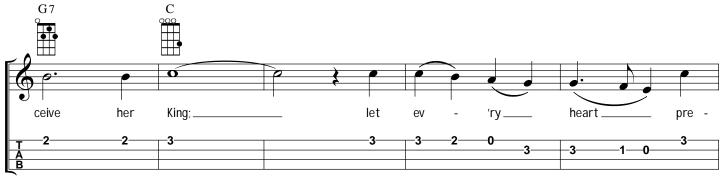
Chorus

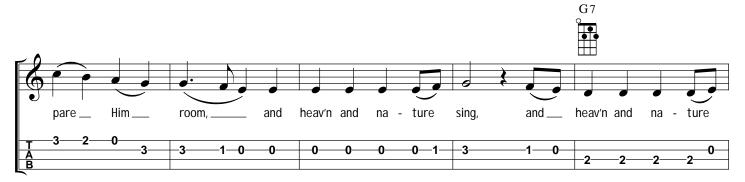
Joy to the World

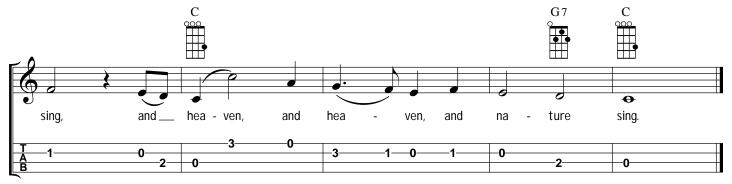
Words by Isaac Watts

Lowell Mason









- 2. Joy to the world, the Savior 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.
- 3. He rules the world 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.



 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, 'til morning is nigh.



- 2. 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 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.
- 3. 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.



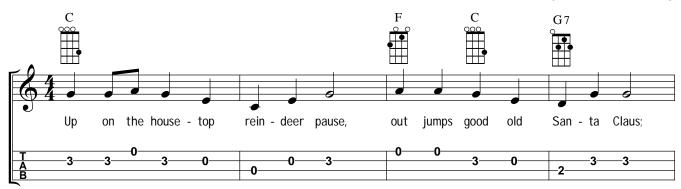
- 2. "Hither, page, and stand by me, if thou know'st it, telling: yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?" "Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain, right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes' fountain."
- 4. "Sire, the night is darker now and the wind blows stronger. Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no longer." "Mark my footsteps, my good page; tread thou in them boldly: thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy blood less coldly."
- 3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither: thou and I will see him dine, when we bear him thither."
 Page and monarch forth they went, forth they went together through the rude wind's wild lament and the bitter weather.
- 5. In his master's steps he trod, where the snow lay dinted. 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.

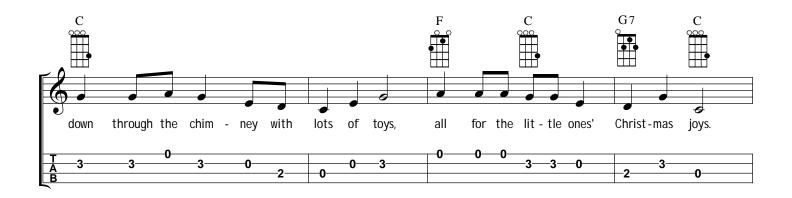


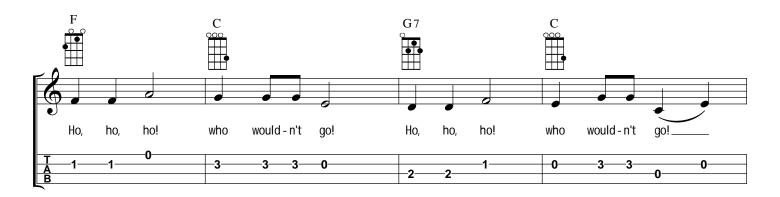
- Silent night, holy night, shepherds quake at the sight, glories stream from heaven afar, heav'nly hosts sing alleluia.
 Christ the Savior is born, Christ the Savior is born!
- 3. Silent night, holy night,
 Son of God, love's pure light
 radiant beams from thy holy face,
 with the dawn of redeeming grace,
 Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.
 Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

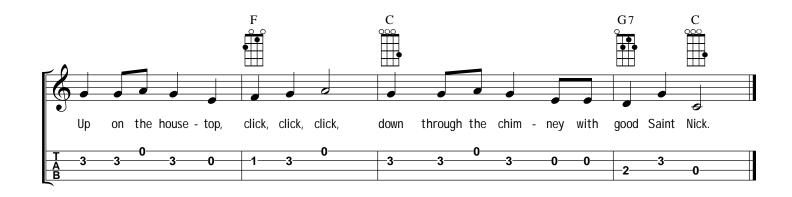
Up on the Housetop

Benjamin Russell Hanby













2. Christ, by highest heav'n adored, Christ the everlasting Lord, late in time behold him come, offspring of the virgin's womb. Veiled in flesh the Godhead see! Hail, incarnate deity! Pleased with us in flesh to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanue!! Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn king."



- Oh, bring us a figgy pudding; oh, bring us a figgy pudding; oh, bring us a figgy pudding and a cup of good cheer.
- 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 some out here.