

Lyrics – Goodwill to Men

Gaudete! *(Trad.)*

Gaudete! Gaudete! Christus est natus,
Ex Maria Virgine. Gaudete!

Rejoice! Rejoice! Christ is born
Of the Virgin Mary. Rejoice!

Mary's Boy Child *(Trad.)*

Long time ago in Bethlehem, so the holy Bible say,
Mary's boy-child Jesus Christ, was born on Christmas Day.

Chorus:

Hark, now hear the angels sing, a new King born today,
And man will live forever more because of Christmas Day.
Trumpets sound and angels sing, listen what they say,
That man will live forever more, because of Christmas Day.

While shepherds watch their flocks by night, and see a bright new shining star,
And hear a choir singing, the music seemed to come from afar.
Now Joseph and his wife Mary come to Bethlehem that night,
And find no place to born she child, not a single room was in sight.

Chorus:

By and by they find a little stall in a stable all forlorn,
And in a manger cold and damp, Mary's little boy child was born.
Long time ago in Bethlehem, so the holy Bible say,
Mary's boy-child Jesus Christ, was born on Christmas Day.

Chorus:

Shepherds Arise *(Sussex, Trad.)*

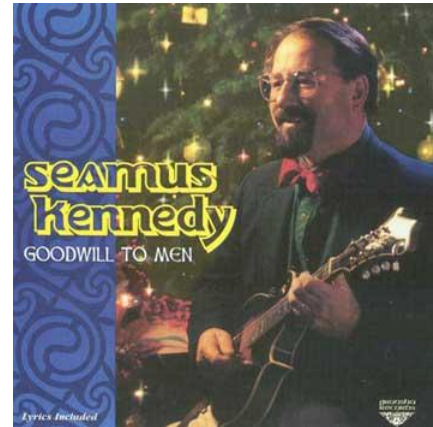
Shepherds arise, be not afraid, with hasty steps repair,
To David's city, sing all Earth unto our blest infant, to our blest infant there,
To our blest infant there, to our blest infant there.

Chorus:

Sing, sing all Earth, sing, sing all Earth eternal praises,
Sing unto our Redeemer, unto our Redeemer, and heavenly King.

Laid in a manger, view the child, humility divine,
Sweet innocence, and meek and mild,
Grace in his features shines, in his features shines,
Grace in his features shines, Grace in his features shines.

Chorus:



For us a Savior came on earth, for us his life he gave,
To save us from eternal death, and to raise us from,
To raise us from the grave, to raise us from the grave,
To raise us from the grave.

Chorus:

Goodwill to Men *(S.Kennedy/HLD)*

I can hear the old church bell ringing out across the dell,
It casts a gentle spell while the snow is softly falling,
It's those Christmas chimes I hear for that sweet time of the year,
Full of happiness and cheer, when we sing goodwill to men.

Chorus:

Yes, it's Christmas time again, good/ will and peace to men,
Treat a stranger as a friend, as we sing Noel, Noel.

My thoughts turn this Christmas morn, back to when the child was born,
Wrapped in rags so thin and torn he lay there in the manger,
And that night the angels knew, that this life still so brand-new
Had so many things to do, and they sang goodwill to men,

Chorus:

The Christ child in the hay, brought us hope that Christmas day,
And his light that shows the way is in the eyes of all our children,
Hear their little voices sing of the love the Savior brings to every living thing
When we sing goodwill to men.

Chorus:

So let's keep Christmas all year round, and may peace and joy be found
In each village and each town, and the heart of every city,
Show our children that we care, let us teach them how to share,
And do what is right and fair, and they'll sing goodwill to men.

An Chead Nollaig (The First Christmas)

(S. Ó Cinnéide)

Dhiúltaigh said uilig i mBeithil.
Bheith istigh a thabhairt don dís
Is dá bhrí sin rugadh Íosa
In uaimh fhuair I measc beithíoch.

Ar na cnoic thart ar mBethil
Bhí na haoirí i mbun a dtréad
Is go tobann nocht cór aingeal
Ós a gcionn, thuas sa spéir.

Bhí an-ímní ar na haoirí,
Ach thug aingeal uchtach dóibh
“Rugadh Slánaitheoir i mBeithil,
Moladh agus Glóire Dó.”

Thógh said uain bheaga bhána
Mar bronntanais don Naí.
Ó! nach orthu bhí an lúcháir
É a fheiceáil ina luí.

The First Christmas *(S. Kennedy)*

Spurned all through Bethlehem,
The Couple were denied shelter,
And so Jesus was born
In a cold cave among cattle.

On the hills around Bethlehem,
Shepherds were tending their flocks
When suddenly a choir of angels
Appeared in the sky overhead.

The shepherds were sore afraid,
But an angel calmed their fears, saying,
The Savior is born in Bethlehem,
Give him Praise and Glory.”

They chose a little white lamb
As a gift for the infant.
O! How they did rejoice to see him lying there.

Oíche Chuin *(Silent Night - J. Mohr/F. Gruber)*

Oíche chiúin, oíche Mhic Dé
Cách na suan, Dís araon,
Dís is dílse, ‘faire le spéis,
‘Naíon beag gnaoigheal ceananntais caomh,
Críost ‘na chodhladh go séimh.
Críost ‘na chodhladh go séimh.

Oíche chiúin, oíche Mhic Dé,
Aoirí ar dtús chuala ‘n scéal
Allelúia aingeal ag glaoch
Cantain suairc i ngar is i gcéin,
Críost an Slánaitheoir féin.
Críost an Slánaitheoir féin.

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.

Think of Somebody Out There

(C. McGettigan/MCPS/IMRO)

When you lay down in your warm bed tonight,
Safe from the cold winter weather outside,
Think of somebody to whom life's not so fair,
Think of somebody out there.

They sleep on the sidewalk, their roof is the sky,
A world full of people passing them by;
Won't you think of somebody,
You'll find there's someone somewhere,
Think of somebody out there.

Chorus:

Think of somebody, reach out your hand,
Show them you'll listen, that you'll understand;
You say you've got nothing, but you've got so much to share
Won't you think of somebody out there.

So when you sit down at your cozy fireside,
Toasting your toes in the flickering light,
Think of somebody on the street cold and bare,
Think of somebody out there.

Chorus:

The Virgin Mary Had a Baby Boy *(Trad.)*

The Virgin Mary had a baby boy, (3 times)
And they gave Him the name of Jesus.

Chorus:

He come from the Glory,
He come from the glorious Kingdom.
He come from the Glory,
He come from the glorious Kingdom.
Oh yes, believer! Oh yes, believer!
He come from the Glory,
He come from the glorious Kingdom.

Well, the angels sing when the Baby born, (3 times)
And proclaimed Him the Savior Jesus.

Chorus:

The wise men saw where the Baby born, (3 times)
And they said that His name was Jesus.

Chorus:

Repeat 1st verse and chorus

The Mortal Sin *(Larry Murtough)*

Now, as every Irish drinker knows –
Whiskey can be good or fair;
And a 7-year old Jameson is good
Well, just because it's there.
And a 10-year old can raise a blush
To any hardened drinker's face,
And given enough of that good old stuff,
You'll fade without a trace.

But the 12-year old is God's own store,
To be sniffed as a gentle breeze;
To be handled very carefully,
And reverently sipped at ease.
'Twill fill your heart with comfort
As you kiss your cares goodbye,
And transport your soul to heaven
In the twinkling of an eye.

Well, the missus made a Christmas cake,
And a damn good cake it was;
It was nicely raised, the whiskey blazed,
And begod it had good cause.
For she'd lashed the whiskey into it
Like she was at a wake,
And the batter soaked up every drop,
As much as it good take.
And the smell would spin your head around
As it lay cooling on the table;
One good sniff could make you stiff
And your legs and mind unstable.

Ah, but the souls of Irish drinkers past
Will haunt my poor good wife;
For in the kitchen that fateful night
She made the error of her life.
For, without looking at the label,
The bottle she did take,
And poured every drop of my 12-year old
Into her whiskey cake.

It's 30 years we're married now,
And for my poor wife's sake,
I hope God forgives her mortal sin –
12 YEAR OLD IN A BLOODY CAKE!!

Miss Fogarty's Christmas Cake/The Cook in the Kitchen (Trad.)

As I sat by my window last evening,
The letterman brought it to me;
A little gilt-edged invitation
Sayin' "Seamus come over to tea."
Well, I knew that the Fogarty's sent it,
So I went just for old friendship's sake,
And the first thing they gave me to tackle
Was a slice of Miss Fogarty's cake.

Chorus:

Now there were plums & prunes & cherries,
There were citrons & raisins & cinnamon too;
There were nutmegs, cloves & berries,
And a crust that was nailed on with glue;
There were caraway seeds in abundance,
Sure, 'twould build up a fine stomach ache,
It would kill a man twice after eatin' a slice
Of Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake.

Miss Mulligan wanted to taste it,
But really, there wasn't no use;
They worked on it over an hour
And couldn't get none of it loose.
So Kelly came in with a hatchet,
And Murphy came in with a saw;
That cake was enough by the powers
To paralyze any man's jaw.

Chorus:

Miss Fogarty, proud as a peacock,
Kept smilin' and bakin' away;
Till she tripped over Flanagan's brogans
And spilled a whole brew of her tay.
"Ah, Seamus," she cried, "you're not eatin',
Try a little bit more for my sake."
"No thanks, Miss Fogarty," says I,
I've had quite enough of your cake."

Chorus:

O'Carroll was took with the colic,
McNulty complained of his head;
McCrudden lay down on the sofa,
And he swore that he wished he was dead.
Miss Daley fell down in hysterics,
And there she did wriggle and shake,
While everyone swore they were poisoned
From eatin' Miss Fogarty's cake.

Chorus:

The Holly She Bears Berry *(Sussex Trad.)*

Oh, the holly she bears a berry as white as the milk,
And Mary she bore Jesus all wrapped up in silk.

Chorus:

And Mary she bore Jesus our Savior for to be,
And the first tree that's in the greenwood,
It was the holly, holly, holly;
And the first tree that's in the greenwood it was the holly.

Oh, the holly she bears a berry as green as the grass,
And Mary she bore Jesus who died on the cross.

Chorus:

Oh, the holly she bears a berry as black as the coal,
And Mary she bore Jesus who died for us all.

Chorus:

Oh, the holly she bears a berry as blood it is red,
And we trust in our Savior who rose from the dead.

Chorus:

Scarlet Ribbons *(Evelyn Danzig/J.O. Segal)*

I peeped in to say goodnight, and then I heard my child in prayer,
“And for me some scarlet ribbons, scarlet ribbons for my hair.”

All the shops were closed and shuttered, all the streets were dark and bare;
In our town no scarlet ribbons, scarlet ribbons for her hair.

Through the night my heart was aching; then before the dawn was breaking,
I peeped in, and on her bed, in gay profusion lying there,
Lots of lovely scarlet ribbons, scarlet ribbons for her hair.

If I live to be a hundred, I will never know from where
Came those lovely scarlet ribbons, scarlet ribbons for her hair.

Jogging Along With My Reindeer *(John Kirkpatrick)*

In the wintertime, when it's cold and wet and nasty,
You need someone to cheer you up, so I'll tell you what to do,
Give yourselves a party, with lots to eat and lots to drink,
And then just leave the rest to Father Christmas.

Chorus:

Jogging along with my reindeer, up above so high,
Jogging along with my reindeer, riding through the sky;
And every time I pass a house with little boys and girls,
I choose a present and scramble down the chimney.

Now, I live on top of the world, where nobody ever can find me,
It's cold and frosty all of the time, so I work to keep me warm,

Banging about in my toy shop, with never a pause and never a stop,
I have to see that things are ready for Christmas.

Chorus:

Now, when Christmas comes around, I harness up my reindeer,
I load my sleigh, and I'm on my way a-singing through the stars,
I pick out your roof when you're fast asleep,
And down to your bedroom I do creep,
I'll fill your stocking and wish you a merry Christmas.

Chorus:

Now, some people they will say that there's really no such person,
They watch the telly, they read the news, and they don't care nothing of me;
'Cause I never let anyone see me, but if you're good, now REALLY good,
Then perhaps one day you might just hear me singing.

Chorus:

Adeste Fideles *(Trad.)*

Adeste, fideles, laeti triumphantes;
Venite, venite, in Bethlehem;
Natum videte, Regem angelorum;

Refrain:

Venite, adoremus, venite, adoremus,
Venite, adoremus, Dominum.

Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine,
Gestant puellae, viscera;
Deum verum, genitum non factum,

Refrain:

O Come All Ye Faithful *(Attr. to John Wade, c. 1711-1786)*

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,

Refrain:

O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

O Holy Night (Cantique de Noel) *(A. Adam/C. Roquemaure/J. S. Dwight)*

O holy night, the stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Savior's birth;
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn;
Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices;
O night divine, O night when Christ was born,
O night divine, O night, O night divine.

Giving Your Love Away *(Steve Kritzer/Kathi Elliott, Swallowtail Music © 1984)*

When I was a little boy waiting for the day
That Santa would bring all our toys and each of us would play,
I grew up thinking Christmas time was only just a game,
Till I learned it was a time to be giving your love away.

Chorus:

Giving your love away, now, you're giving your love away;
Sharing the gifts of this Christmas season each and every day,
Wrap it in peace with a ribbon of joy, and give your love away.

I remember all those scenes with kings and shepherds on their way,
Bearing gifts for a newborn child sleeping in the hay.
I asked my Mama who he was, and then I heard her say,
He was a man who showed us how to give our love away

Chorus:

Bridge: There are times when we can't find love,
And sometimes we don't try;
But if it comes from up above, we never will run dry;

Now I've grown to realize, even to this day,
God gave man his only son to lead us on our way;
We are all a child of God, our sculptor with the clay,
He gave us life in hopes that we would give our love away.

Chorus

Away In A Manger *(John T. McFarland/James R. Murray)*

Away in a manger, no crib for His bed,
The little Lord Jesus, laid down His sweet head;
The stars in the night 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 you Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

Be near me Lord Jesus, I ask you to stay
Close by me forever, and love me I pray;
Bless all the dear children in your tender care;
And fit us for heaven to live with you there

Bread and Fishes (*Alan Bell/ Maypole Music*)

As I went a-walking one morning in spring,
I met with some travelers down an old counry lane;
One was an old man, the second a maid,
And the third was a young boy who smiled as he said:

Chorus:

“We’ve the wind in the willows, and the birds in the sky,
There’s a bright sun to warm us wherever we lie.
We have bread and fishes, and a jug of red wine,
To share on our journey with all of mankind.”

So I sat down beside them with the gay flowers around,
And we ate from her mantle spread out on the ground.
They told me of peoples and prophets and kings,
And all of the one God who knows everything.

Chorus:

So I asked them to tell me their names and their race,
That I might remember their kindness and grace.
“My name is Joseph, this is Mary my wife,
And this is our young son who is our dear life;
We’re traveling to Glaston through England’s green lanes,
To hear of men’s troubles, and heal up men’s pains.
We travel the wide world by land and by sea,
To tell all the peoples how they can be free.”

Chorus:

So sadly, I left them in that old country lane;
I know that I never shall see them again.
One was an old man, the second a maid,
And the third was a young boy who smiled as he said:

Chorus:

Auld Lang Syne (*Robert Burns*)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought tae min’?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o’ lang syne? *

Chorus:

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We’ll tak’ a cup o’ kindness yet,
For auld lye syne!

We twa * hae run about the braes,*
And pu’t the gowans * fine;
But we’ve wandered mony* a weary foot
Sin* auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,*
Frae* mornin' sun til dine;
But seas between us braid* hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand my trusty fiere,*
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught,*
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,*
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus:

Notes:

**Auld lang syne – days of long ago*
**hae – have*
**pu't the gowans – picked the daisies*
**sin' – since*
**frae – from*
**fiere – comrade*
**pint-stoup – flagon, or jug with handles*

**twa – two*
**braes – hillsides*
**mony – many*
**paidl't i' the burn – paddled in the stream*
**braid – broad*
**right guid willie-waught – a hearty draught of strong drink*