

15 The sun is shining, the grass is green,
The orange and palm trees sway.
There's never been such a day
In Beverly Hills, L.A.
But it's December the 24th
And I'm longing to be up North...

*//: I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,
Just like the ones I used to know.
Where the treetops glisten and children listen
To hear sleigh bells in the snow.
I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,
With every Christmas card I write,
May your days be merry and bright,
And may all your Christmases be white. :// hm*

16 (T) Come, they told me. Pa-rum-papumpum
A new-born king to see. Pa-rum-pa-pum-pum
Our finest gifts we bring. Pa-rum-pa-pum-pum
Rum-pa-pum-pum, Rum-pa-pum-pum

(W) Peace on Earth. (2) Can it be? (2)
Years from now, perhaps we'll see, (3)
See the day of glory, (3)
See the day when men of goodwill
Live in peace, live in peace again, (1)
Peace on Earth. (4) Can it be? (4) *Every ch'd*

(A&M) Come, they told me. Parum-papumpum
A newborn king to see. Pa-rum-pa-pum-pum
Our finest gifts we bring. Pa-rum-pa-pum-pum
To lay before the king. Pa-rum-pa-pum-pum.
Rum-pa-pum-pum. Rum-pa-pum-pum
So, to honor him. Pa-rum-pa-pum-pum.
When we come

*(T) Every child must be made aware,
Every child must be made to care,
Care enough for his fellow man,
To give all the love that he can.*

(W) I pray my wish will come true,
For my child and your child, too.
He'll see the day of glory,
See the day when men of goodwill
Live in peace, live in peace again,
Peace on Earth. Can it be?

(A&M): Little baby, pa-rum-pa-pum-pum
I stood beside him there. Pa-rum-pa-pum-pum
I played my drum for him. Pa-rum-pa-pum-pum
I played my best for him. Pa-rum-pa-pum-pum.
Rum-pa-pum-pum. Rum-pa-pum-pum
Then, he smiled at me. Pa-rum-pa-pum-pum.
Me and my drum.

17 (A) Can you imagine what if
Jesus were born in Albox,
Somewhere down the road from Olula?
Farmers from all around and
Schoolchildren from the town would
All grab their iphones as they shout,
"Let's hurry!"
Then in the skies around,
The angelic voices sound from
Over where the child might be lying,
What an amazing sight would
Take place that Albox night,
If Jesus were to be born here, not there!

(B) Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus lay 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 side until morning is nigh

(Intro: (T) A: B: / intro, A (W) with Bx2 (M)

18 (T) Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus.
Ex Maria Virgine (Veergine!), Gaudete (x2)

(M) Tempus adest gratiae,
Hoc quod optabamus
Carmina laetitiae, devote reddamus

(T) *Gaudete, gaudete... (x1)*

(W) Deus homo factus est, natura mirante
Mundus renovatus est, a Christo regnante

Gaudete, gaudete... (x2)