Glory in the highest
Hark the angels singing! Make the trumpet
Joyful tidings bring us, Christ the Lord is born.
In a stable Dwelt, This shall be the sign.
See the new born Stranger, Hail the Babe divine.
Oh, Glory! Glory! Glory! In the Highest sing.
Glory! Glory! Glory! To our Lord as King.
Glory! Glory! Glory! Peace to earth a gain.
God and good will man.

Now let us be jollier.
Come tidings to forego; we welcome the day
With joy and glad tidings of our coming.
I thought many Christmas this Christmas gay.
For it is Jesus's birthday, the gladdest of all days.
Let us be in high, in high, in high.
Then shall gladness, joy and love fill the air.
Our hearts with others as freely resigning.
Well make our friends happy, we'll try to be kind.
And thus in their gladness our happiness find.

To Santa Claus, dear Santa Claus,
Come quick down the chimney to our house.
We worked and we waited for you long.
Dear Santa Claus hasten, thin our glad song.
Dear Santa Claus hasten.