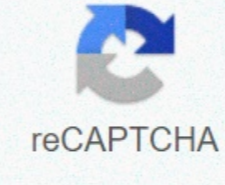




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Free printable christmas sheet music with lyrics

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On November 1, my husband and I headed off on a mini honeymoon, hungover from the energy it took to pull off our Halloween wedding. As we loaded our travel bags into the trunk, giggling at the surreal-ness of the first day of marriage, we were met with a gorgeous 69-degree day. Postcard perfect, blue sky and all. Off we went, and just before hitting the highway, he fueled up the car, as I headed inside the gas station for snacks. And, apparently, for my fill of Perry Como. "It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas," Perry assured me through the cracked speakers, and there it was: Heat crawling up the back of my neck, my shoulders creeping ever closer to my ears. We all know Christmas sneaks in earlier each year, but November ? No. No, no, no. I'm sure that my therapist would take my aversion of Christmas back to my childhood, and she wouldn't be entirely wrong. When I trek home to New Jersey to stay with my mother, I find myself in the same house I grew up in, sleeping in my parents' old bedroom, unable to quiet the memories of my parents' fights. But that's not it. My father was a man able to swing from joy to anger as quickly as you can say "holly, jolly Christmas." But that's not exactly it either. I dread Christmas because of the music. Every. Dang. Song. And what's worse is I'm prone to snippets of music playing on a loop in my head, a phenomenon grossly known as an earworm. Sounds enter my ears and refuse to leave my brain. In 2013, I had "Prince Ali" from Aladdin on a near-constant, mental-loop for months. Months. Think about that song — the way it gets louder and faster and builds and builds and builds. Then imagine it playing in your head for, say, three months straight. Good times, right? At Christmas we hear the same, insufferable songs everywhere we go, and — no surprise — I get the same few looping and looping until I want to stuff cotton into my musical brain. Hush now, brain, I think. Shhhh. There are people who love Christmas songs. I don't know who they are because who wants to hang out with someone who actually likes "Carol of the Bells"? DING DONG, DING DONG. So let's forget about them for now. If Christmas music flooded my local TJ Maxx, Macy's, and grocery store for, say, a week or so before the big day, maybe I'd be softer on this. But life doesn't stop for the holiday season. I have errands to run all through November and December that don't involve bargain shopping for gifts. Sometimes I just need Swiffer Wet Jet pads or a hoodie or a ham shank. And what I can't avoid — no matter how hard I try — is the onslaught of Bing Freaking Crosby. Maybe you're thinking, but it's just music. I know that, but I'm talking of the brutalities — nay, the horrors — committed against the pleasure of music. Had I not heard "Rockin' Around The Christmas Tree" a million times already, would I think it was a good song? What about "White Christmas"? Even just typing the titles feels dangerous. I could wind up with any one of them playing over and over in my head as I try to fall asleep tonight. I'll get through the holidays. I always do. I'll even don my cheeiest game face. But come Valentine's Day, when I'm shopping for a card for my husband, the odds are good that I'll be humming "Feliz Navidad." Because if history has taught me anything, it's that that song never, ever goes away. This content is created and maintained by a third party, and imported onto this page to help users provide their email addresses. You may be able to find more information about this and similar content at piano.io
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Folk music comprises traditional songs that have been handed down from generation to generation and represents a country's heritage. It is often sung and played by musicians who may or may not be trained professionally. Instruments commonly used in the genre include accordions, banjos, and harmonicas. Composers such as Percy Grainger, Zoltan Kodaly, and Bela Bartok were avid collectors of folk songs. Individual songs may not have been written down immediately when first composed, and the author may be lost to time, making for many versions of long-loved tunes. A particular version of a song may become well known when a popular artist records it—or when versions are collected by archivists and historians in the field, such as Alan Lomax in the 1930s and 1940s, and those recordings are released. In many instances, the lyrics to folk songs came from existing nursery rhymes or poems, and some of the nursery rhymes had variations, depending on region or time. Thus, these folk songs may have lyrics that are slightly different from those you are familiar with.Music education methods such as Off and Kodaly use folk songs to teach important concepts, foster musicianship, and to respect musical heritage. Here are 19 well-loved children's folk songs, along with their lyrics and sheet music, for learning and singing along. Tom Stewart / Getty Images
"Aiken Drum" is a Scottish folk song and nursery rhyme that probably comes from "Aikendrum", a Jacobite song about the Battle of Sheriffmuir. Alternate versions of the song have different foods for pieces of clothing, such as hat, shoes, pants, and shirt, or instruments he played. There was a man lived in the moon, lived in the moon, lived in the moon,There was a man lived in the moon,And his name was Aiken Drum.Chorus And he played upon a ladle, a ladle, a ladle,And he played upon a ladle,and his name was Aiken Drum.And his hat was made of good cream cheese, of good cream cheese, of good cream cheese,And his hat was made of good cream cheese,And his name was Aiken Drum.And his coat was made of good roast beef, of good roast beef, of good roast beef,And his coat was made of good roast beef,And his buttons made of penny loaves, of penny loaves, of penny loaves,And his buttons made of penny loaves,And his name was Aiken Drum.And his waistcoat was made of crust pies, of crust pies, of crust pies,And his waistcoat was made of crust pies,And his name was Aiken Drum.And his breeches made of haggis bags, of haggis bags, of haggis bags,And his breeches made of haggis bags,And his name was Aiken Drum."Alouette" is a French-Canadian folk song about plucking the feathers from a lark after being awakened by its song (like we would threaten a rooster or chicken, before cooking and eating the bird). The French lyrics and English translation follow. Alouette, gentille AlouetteAlouette je te plumeraiAlouette, gentille AlouetteAlouette je te plumeraiJe te plumerai la teteJe te plumerai la teteEt la tte, et la teteAlouette, AlouetteO-o-o-o-ohAlouette, gentille AlouetteAlouette je te plumeraiLark, nice (or lovely) LarkLark, I am going to pluck you! am going to pluck your head,And the head, and the head,O-o-o-o-oh "A-Tisket A-Tasket" was made in America and used as the foundation for a 1938 Ella Fitzgerald recording. First recorded in the late 19th century, this song has been a children's rhyming game sung while kids danced around in a circle. A-tisket a-tasketA-tisket a-tasketA green and yellow baskett wrote a letter to my loveAnd on the way I dropped it,I dropped it, I dropped it,And on the way I dropped it.A little boy he picked it up!And put it in his pocket. In some variations, the last two lines read "A little girlie picked it up/and took it to the market." "Baa Baa Black Sheep" was originally an English nursery rhyme that, in spoken form, may date back as early as 1731. Baa, baa, black sheep,Have you any wool?Yes sir, yes sir,Three bags full,One for the master,One for the dame,And one for the little boyWho lives down the lane. Famous French nursery rhyme "Frere Jacques" is traditionally played in a round and translates to "Brother John" in English. Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques,Dormez vous? Dormez vous?Sonnez les matines, Sonnez les matinesDing Ding Dong, Ding Ding Dong!Are you sleeping, are you sleeping?Brother John, Brother John?Morning bells are ringing,Morning bells are ringingDing Ding Dong, Ding Ding Dong. Similar to "The Wheels on the Bus," the nursery rhyme "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush" is also a singing game for children. To play, kids hold hands and move around in a circle to alternating verses. Here we go round the mulberry bush,The mulberry bush,The mulberry bush,Here we go round the mulberry bushSo early in the morning. This is the way we wash our face,Wash our face,Wash our face.This is the way we wash our faceSo early in the morning. This is the way we comb our hair,Comb our hair,Comb our hair.This is the way we comb our hairSo early in the morning. This is the way we brush our teeth,Brush our teeth,Brush our teeth.This is the way we brush our teethSo early in the morning. This is the way we wash our clothes,Wash our clothes,Wash our clothes.This is the way we wash our clothesSo early Monday morning This is the way we put on our clothes,Put on our clothes,Put on our clothes.This is the way we put on our clothesSo early in the morning. "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands" is a traditional American spiritual that was first published in 1927, though the song is older than that. He's got the whole world in His handsHe's got the whole world in His handsHe's got the whole world in His handsHe's got the whole world in His handsHe's got the itty bitty baby in His handsHe's got the itty bitty baby in His handsHe's got the itty bitty baby in His handsHe's got the whole world in His handsHe's got my brothers and my sisters in His hands,He's got my brothers and my sisters in His hands,He's got the whole world in His hands,He's got the whole world in His handsThe lyrics to "Home on the Range" were first published as a poem in the 1870s. The words are by Brewster Higley, and the music is from Daniel Kelley. Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam, and the deer and the antelope play,Where seldom is heard a discouraging wordAnd the skies are not cloudy all day. Chorus Home, home on the range,Where the deer and the antelope play,Where seldom is heard a discouraging wordAnd the skies are not cloudy all day. Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,The breezes so balmy and light,That I would not exchange my home on the rangeFor all of the cities so bright. (repeat Chorus) The red man was pressed from this part of the West-He's likely no more to return.To the banks of Red River where seldom if ever their flickering camp fires burn. (repeat Chorus) How often at night when the heavens are bright!With the light from the glittering stars!Have I stood here amazed and asked as I gazed!If their glory exceeds that of ours. (repeat Chorus) Oh, I love these wild prairies where I roam!The curlew I love to hear scream!And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks!That graze on the mountain tops green. (repeat Chorus) Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand!Flows leisurely down the stream,Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along!Like a maid in a heavenly dream. (repeat Chorus) The English nursery rhyme lyrics that became "London Bridge Is Falling Down" may date back to the 17th century, but the current tune and lyrics were first published together in 1744. London Bridge is falling down, Falling down,London Bridge is falling down,My fair lady! London Bridge is broken down,Broken down,Broken down,London Bridge is broken down,My fair lady. Build it up with wood and clay,Wood and clay, wood and clay,Build it up with wood and clay,My fair lady. Wood and clay will wash away,Wash away, wash away,Wood and clay will wash away,My fair lady. Of 19th-century origin, American nursery rhyme "Mary Had a Little Lamb" was originally a poem called "Mary's Lamb" and was first published in Boston by Sarah Josepha Hale. The nursery rhyme version is here. Mary had a little lamb, little lamb,little lamb, Mary had a little lambwhose fleece was white as snow.And everywhere that Mary went!Mary went, Mary went, everywhere!The lamb was sure to go,He followed her to school one day,school one day, school one day,He followed her to school one day,Which was against the rules.It made the children laugh and play,laugh and play, laugh and play,It made the children laugh and play.To see a lamb at school.And so the teacher turned it out,turned it out, turned it out,And so the teacher turned it out,But still, it lingered near,He waited patiently about,Iy about, Iy about,He waited patiently about,Till Mary did appear."Why does the lamb love Mary so?" "Love Mary so?" "Love Mary so?" "Why does the lamb love Mary so?"The eager children cried."Why Mary loves the lamb, you know,""lamb, you know,""lamb, you know,""Why Mary loves the lamb, you know,""The teacher did reply. One of the most popular nursery rhymes, the song for kids "Old MacDonald Had a Farm" is about a farmer and his animals and uses the sounds of animals in it. Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!And on his farm, he had a cow, E-I-E-I-O!With a "moo-moo" here and a "moo-moo" there!Here a "moo" there a "moo"Everywhere a "moo-moo"Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O (repeat with other animals and their sounds)!The original version of "Pop Goes the Weasel" was composed in the 1850s, but the published version was done in 1914 in New York City. The meaning of the song translates to "pop away suddenly." Round and round the cobbler's bench!(or all around the mulberry bush)!The monkey chased the weasel,The monkey thought 'was all in fun!Pop! Goes the weasel. A penny for a spool of thread!A penny for a needle,That's the way the money goes,Pop! Goes the weasel. "Ring Around the Rosie" first appeared in print in 1881, but it is reported it was already being sung in a version close to its current one in the 1790s. It's likely just an urban legend that it's about the plague; it's more likely that the song was for a "ring game" that children played, as the tune is sung while children hold hands and circle around, then fall to the ground on the last line. Ring around the rosie!A pocket full of posies,Ashes, Ashes!All stand still,The King has sent his daughter,To fetch a pail of water,Ashes, Ashes!All fall down. Theorized as a song rising out of American minstrelsy, children's song and nursery rhyme "Row Row Row Your Boat" is often sung as a round and sometimes includes the play action of rowing. The song is from 1852, and the contemporary recording was created in 1981. Row, row, row your boat!Gently down the stream.Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,Life is but a dream. Carl Sandburg published "She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain" in 1927. This traditional folk song is also used as a children's song and originally comes from the Christian song, "When the Chariot Comes." She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes!She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes!She'll be coming round the mountain, she'll be coming round the mountain,She'll be coming round the mountain, when she comes!She'll be driving six white horses when she comes!She'll be driving six white horses, she'll be driving six white horses, she'll be driving six white horses when she comes!Children's song "Skip to My Lou" is said to have been a partner-stealing dance game popular in the 1840s, and it's possible that Abraham Lincoln danced to it. Lost my partner,What'll I do?Lost my partner,What'll I do?Skip to my lou, my darlin',Skip, skip, skip to my Lou.Skip, skip, skip to my Lou.Skip, skip, skip to my Lou.Skip, skip, skip to my Lou.Skip to my Lou, my darlin'. "Take Me Out to the Ballgame" was a Tin Pan Alley song from 1908 that later became an anthem sung at baseball games as well as a children's folk song. The lyrics that most people sing as the entire song are actually the chorus of a much longer song. Take me out to the ball game.Take me out with the crowd.Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack,I don't care if I never get back.Let me root, root, root for the home team.If they don't win it's a shame.For it's one, two, three strikes, you're out,At the old ball game. Published hundreds of years ago, "Three Blind Mice" has evolved in lyrics and has been adapted by multiple composers. Today it is a nursery rhyme and musical round. The thought that it was written about three men who tried to plot against Queen Mary may just be a myth, because the earliest published lyrics from 1609 don't have the mice being harmed. Three blind mice,Three blind mice!See how they run,See how they run!They all ran after The farmer's wife!She cut off their tails!With a carving knife!Did you ever see!Such a sight in your life!As three blind mice? Popular folk song "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" takes its lyrics from a poem by Jane Taylor, which was published in song form in 1806. Twinkle, twinkle, little star,How I wonder what you are!Up above the world so high,Like a diamond in the sky.When the blazing sun is gone,When he nothing shines upon,Then you show your little light,Twinkle, twinkle, through the night.Then the traveler in the dark!Thank you for your tiny spark;He could not see where to go,If you did not twinkle so.In the dark blue sky, you keep,And often through my curtains peep,For you never shut your eye!Till the sun is in the sky.As your bright and tiny spark!Lights the traveler in the dark,Though I know not what you are,Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

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