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King Christmas.

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John M. ...

"Bring Christmas" SONG.

WRITTEN BY

GEORGE HODDER,

Sung by

HERR FORMES,

Composed

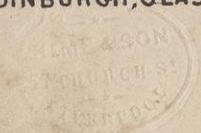
BY

J. L. HATTON.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2^s/6

LONDON,
CRAMER, BEALE & WOOD,
201, Regent Street, & 67, Conduit Street.
AND
WOOD & CO. EDINBURGH, GLASGOW & ABERDEEN.



KING CHRISTMAS.

SONG.

WRITTEN BY
GEORGE HODDER.

COMPOSED BY
J. L. HATTON.

VOICE.

PIANO.

MODERATO.

f. *mf* *f* *mf*

f *p*

King Christ - mas is here, en - - thron'd in his hall. With his

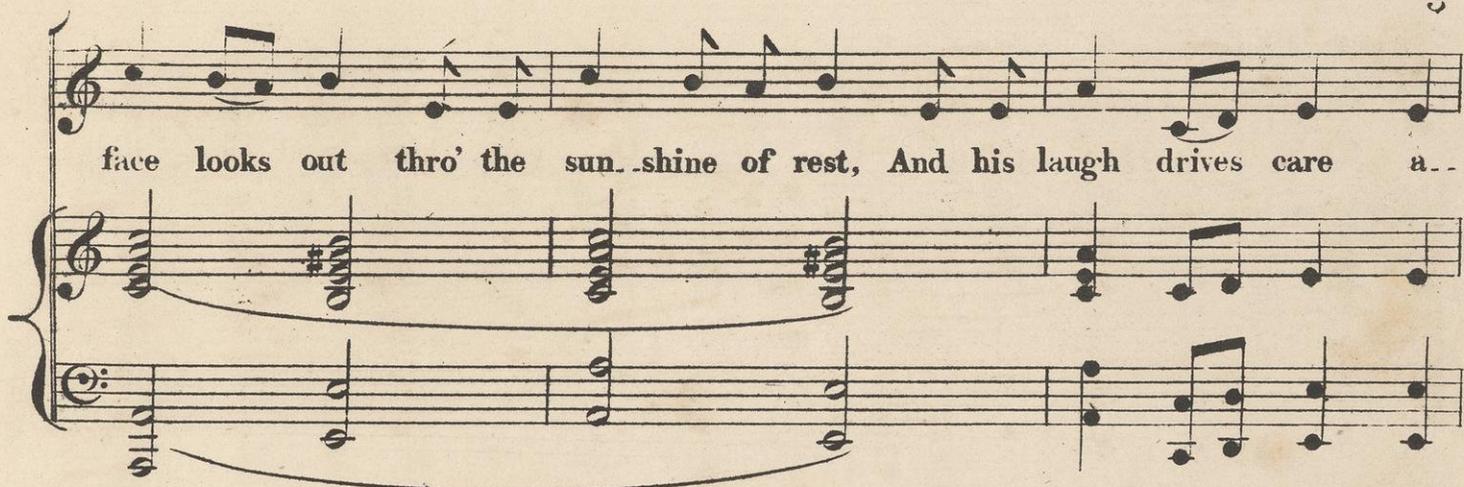
cour-tiers young and old! Oh give him good cheer, for he

bids us all To be both merry and bold. To

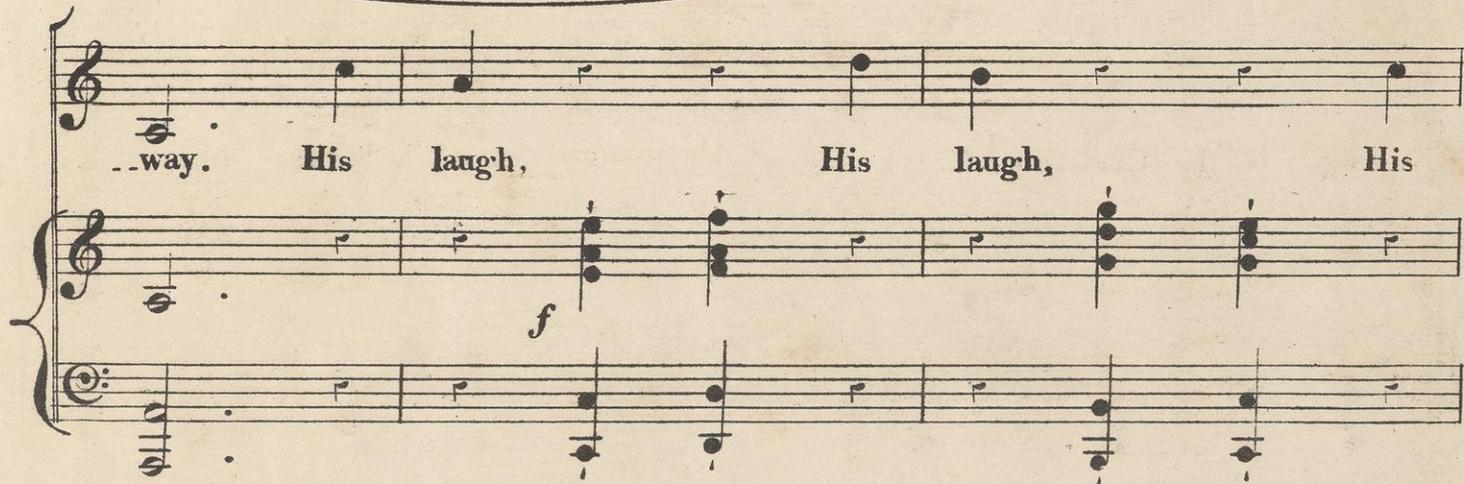
be both mer-ry and bold. His garment of state with

hol-ly is drest; His mirth is lord of the day; His

face looks out thro' the sun-shine of rest, And his laugh drives care a--



--way. His laugh, His laugh, His



laugh drives care a...way. With songs let us hail him!



With pleasures re-gale him! For a



jol-ly old king Is the Christ-mas King! For a jol-ly old

p

king Is the Christmas King! For a jol-ly old king, Is the Christmas

8

King! For a jol-ly old king Is the Christ-mas King!

ad lib.

f

tr

The gems in his crown are of ru-by red; His scep-tre the mistle-toe



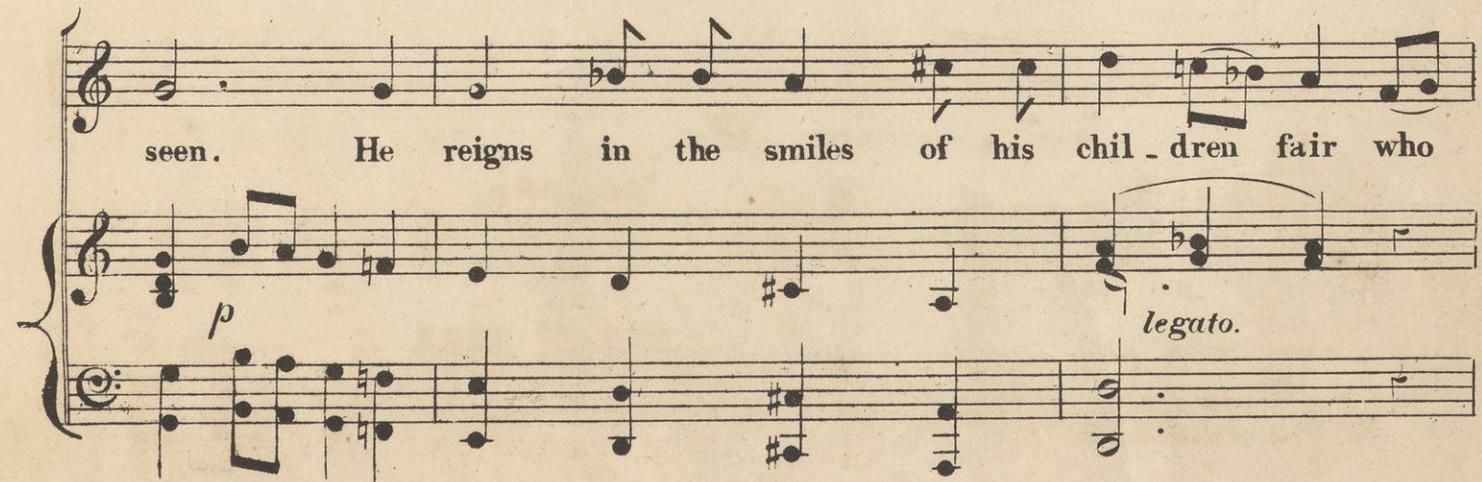
green; A ha-lo of joy en-cir-cles his head; At his



feet no slave is seen. At his feet no slave is



seen. He reigns in the smiles of his chil-dren fair who



dance like spi_rits of light. The time he beguiles with

sosten.

re_vel_ries rare, And jests make merry the night: His laugh His

f

laugh His laugh drives care a - - way With songs let us hail him!

sf sf sf

With pleasures regale him! For a jolly old king Is the

f sf sf sf f

Christmas King! For a jol-ly old king Is the Christmas King! For a jol-ly old
 king, is the Christmas King! For a jol-ly old king, Is the Christmas
 King!

p

ad lib.

tr

3^d VERSE.

King Christmas. I trow, in his pride elate,
 Is more than king in his might.
 The hopes of the poor, the souls of the great
 Are shown in his regal light,
 No scorn doth he feel for the meanest thing:
 He shines with a ray divine:
 Round his dear old throne let us dance and sing,
 And drink to his joys in wine!
 With songs let us hail him!
 With pleasures regale him!
 For a jolly old king,
 Is the Christmas King!