

Deck The Hall

Welsh Traditional Carol

f Deck the hall with boughts of ho-ly *mf* Fa la la la la, fa la la la,
f Deck the hall with boughts of ho-ly *mf* Fa la la la la, fa la la la,
f Fa la la la la, fa la la la, *f* 'Tis the sea-son
mf *f*
mf Fa la la la la, fa la la la, 'Tis the sea-son

mf *mp cresc.*
mf *mp cresc.*
f *mp cresc.*
mf *mp cresc.*
 Fa la la la la, fa la la la, Don we know our gay ap-pa-rel Fa la la la, fa
 Fa la la la la, fa la la la, Don we know our gay ap-pa-rel Fa la la la, fa
 to be jol-ly Fa la la la la, fa la la la, Don we know our gay ap-pa-rel Fa, fa
 to be jol-ly Fa la la la la, fa la la la, Don we know our gay ap-pa-rel Fa, fa

f
f *f*
f *f*
 la la la, Troll the an-cient Yule-tide ca-rol Fa la la fa la la la.
 la la la, Troll the an-cient Yule-tide ca-rol Fa la la fa la la la la.
 la la la, Troll the an-cient Yule-tide ca-rol Fa la la la la la la la.
 la la la la, Troll the an-cient Yule-tide ca-rol Fa la la, fa la la la la.

1. Deck the hall with boughs of holly,
 Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.
 'Tis the season to be jolly,
 Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.
 Don we now our gay apparel,
 Fa la la, la la la, la, la, la.
 Troll the ancient Yuletide carol,
 Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.

2. See the blazing Yule before us, *(fa la la...)*
 Strike the harp and join the chorus, *(fa la la...)*
 Follow me in merry measure, *(fa la la...)*
 While I tell of Yuletide treasure, *(fa la la...)*

3. Fast away the old year passes, *(fa la la...)*
 Hail the new, ye lads and lasses, *(fa la la...)*
 Sing we joyous all together, *(fa la la...)*
 Heedless of the wind and weather, *(fa la la...)*

4. Soon the hoar old year must leave us, *(fa la la...)*
 But the parting must not grieve us *(fa la la...)*
 When the new year comes tomorrow *(fa la la...)*
 Let him find no trace of sorrow *(fa la la...)*

5. He our pleasures may redouble, *(fa la la...)*
 He may bring us store of trouble, *(fa la la...)*
 Hope the best and gaily meet him, *(fa la la...)*
 With a jovial chorus greet him, *(fa la la...)*

6. At his birth, he brings us gladness, *(fa la la...)*
 Ponder not on future sadness, *(fa la la...)*
 Anxious care is now but folly, *(fa la la...)*
 Fill the mead-cup, hand the holly, *(fa la la...)*