

# Perry Como, The Story Of The First Christmas (1

This is Perry Como . . .

And I'd like to tell you the most wonderful, the most beautiful,  
The most exciting story in the whole world,  
The Story of the First Christmas!

Now suppose you make believe this is many, many years ago,  
A long time before you were born!  
You're standing on a hillside, near a little town in Palestine,  
Do you see the man in the distance, walking slowly, leading a donkey?  
His name is Joseph!  
Someone is sitting on the back of the donkey,  
And her name is Mary!  
They've come a long, long way,  
And they're heading for a little town near the hillside,  
On which we're standing!  
Something very special will happen in this little town tonight!  
For this is the little town of Bethlehem!

Oh little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie,  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,  
The silent stars go by!  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth,  
The everlasting light!  
The hopes and fears of all the years,  
Are met in thee tonight!

Let's follow Joseph and Mary into the town of Bethlehem,  
It's getting dark and all of the rooms at the Inn are taken,  
But the kindly Innkeeper tells them  
They could spend the night at a stable nearby!

Now I told you something was gonna happen, and it did!  
A baby boy is born to Mary and Joseph,  
Whom they call Jesus!  
They have no baby's crib, so Mary puts little Jesus to sleep,  
In the soft sweet hay of a manger!

Come, come, come to the manger,  
Children sing and asleep on the hay,  
Sing, sing, chorus of Angels,  
Little Lord Jesus is born on this day!

Jesus is asleep in the manger,  
So let's tiptoe out to the hillside near Bethlehem,  
Where the Shepherds are tending their flock.

All at once the Shepherds are frightened,  
You'd be frightened too,  
Because a great light suddenly shines in the sky!  
Even the animals are hushed and still,  
But then you hear the voice of an Angel of the Lord!  
And you're no longer frightened,  
For the Angel brings good news,  
News of a Saviour born this day,  
News of Christ the Lord!

The First Noel! the Angels did say,  
Was to certain poor Shepherds,  
In fields as they lay, in fields where they,  
Lay keeping their sheep,  
On a cold winter's night, that was so deep!  
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel!  
Born is the King of Israel!

Well, we're still with the Shepherds,  
On the hillside near Bethlehem.  
We hear the Shepherds ask the Angel,

Where to find the Christ-child?  
And the Angel tells them to go to the manger.  
And as they leave the sky is filled with other Angels singing,  
Glory to God! And on Earth Peace, Goodwill, to Men!

The Shepherds hurry to the manger,  
Fall on their knees before the baby,  
And they worship him!  
For He is Christ the Lord!

Oh! Come all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant!  
Oh Come ye, Oh Come ye, to Bethlehem!  
Come and behold Him,  
Born the King of Angels,  
Oh! Come let us adore Him,  
Oh! Come let us adore Him,  
Oh! Come let us adore Him,  
Christ the Lord!

And now, look up into the sky!  
Do you see that bright star twinkling in the heavens?  
Far away, three men are looking at that star just as we are!  
They're riding on camels,  
And they're using the star as a guide to lead them to the Christ-child.  
Who are these three men who follow the star?

We Three Kings of Orient are,  
Bearing gifts, we traverse afar,  
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,  
Following yonder star!

Yes, the three men on the camels are the three wise men,  
The new star guides them straight to Bethlehem,  
To a little baby lying in a manger!  
There the three wise men present gifts to the Christ-child,  
The first Christmas gifts ever given to anyone,  
A gift of gold, of frankincense, and of Mir!

And they too fall on their knees to worship Him,  
And now, a great peace settles on the night,  
For it is the Holy Night!

Silent night, holy night,  
All is calm, all is bright,  
'Round yon virgin mother and child,  
Holy infant so tender and mild!  
Sleep in heavenly peace,  
Sleep in heavenly peace!

This is why when we celebrate Christmas,  
We think of Bethlehem,  
We think of the Virgin Mary,  
We think of the three wise men,  
And the birth of the Christ-child!  
The First Christmas!

Oh! Come let us adore Him,  
Christ the Lord!

Adapted by John A. Richards with Musical Arrangement by Mitchell Ayres  
Recorded by Perry Como and the Ray Charles Singers  
With Mitchell Ayres and His Orchestra on July 13, 1959,  
at Webster Hall, New York City, for RCA Victor  
Recording Engineer: Bob Simpson