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Christmas caroling song sheets

Band Aid 30 trying to aggravate the worst Christmas songWhat is the worst Christmas song? We asked our fans on Facebook and more than 800 of them responded. All kinds of songs got named, like I Saw Three Ships, White Christmas, I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus, Auld Lang Syne that Chipmunks song, and Mannheim Steamroller's work. Even the Beatles got spanked. But here's what ranked highest: All of them racked up a solid 156 mentions, a big victory for the war at Christmas. Christmas Shoes was the most-quoted particular song, with 50 mentions. Every time I hear it, I feel depressed,' Joe Serrago said. The most cloying, mawkish melodies ever written, Christmas or otherwise, said Kathy Harrington Kraemer. Which kid buys mom shoes? Jaye Lynne Rooney asked. Santa Baby has 37 references. There shouldn't be anything sexy about trying to sound like a preteen, tiffany mcbride said. Dry nap, Jennifer Edney said. But Zelda Zamboni defended it: It embodies the true meaning and spirit of Christmas. @Baby It's Cold Outside right behind him with 35 mentions. Rape, Janeen Jackson said. Stalkerish-pervy, said Sue Magine Schlicker. Dominick the Donkey (Italian Christmas Donkey): This old novelty song that once beat Smells Like Teen Spirit in battle re-releases, got 26 mentions. If you've never heard of it, good for you. It's annoying, stupid, meaningless, and it sounds like it's sung by a demented hiccup frog,' Lena Lanna said. The little drummer, a perfectly beautiful carol, got 24 votes and I feel personally attacked. The song stinks of manure, said Zachary Alvarez. Seriously... drum next to the newborn???, said Richard Baize. It's stupid-da-da-stupid,' robin courtney stears said. Owned. Grandma got run over by reindeer got 21 votes. Cheap, cheap, cheap, Pat Petersen said. Clearly for the unintelligent hoi polloi, said Steven Collins, an intellectual. Feliz Navidad got 18 votes, although it's actually good. Every time I hear it, I cringe,' Helene Kale said. Jared Mau Batora made a fair point: Repeating 3 lines throughout the duration of the song is enough to drive someone batty. All I want for Christmas is you collected 15 mentions, but he had his defenders. Blasphemy! Blasphemy! All I want for Christmas is a classic! Nathaniel Ralstin said. I hated it enough to like it again, Joe Boan said. Wonderful Christmas, got 13 mentions, including a thorough beatdown from Margarita Lismore: I can't even begin to say how even the thought of it is so stressed to me, I want... grrrr! Always playing when you definitely don't have a wonderful Christmas time. You're usually in the middle of a big fight with someones-or running around stores that have nothing to buy, no money left to buy anyway. Just shut up Paul McCartney, why not? Do They Know It's Christmas, Too Many Cooks Christmas Songs, punched under its weight with just 12 mentions. The line 'thank god they're in their place' is terrible, said Craig Brown. There won't be snow in Africa at Christmas. yes, no shit,' said Nicolas Sanchez. It's called being in the other hemisphere. Why the fuck would Africa have snow in the middle of summer? I want hippopotamus for Christmas, the oldest novelty song on the list, got 12 mentions. David Howell had a practical caveat: The hippo wags its tail and spreads all over. Some girl didn't sleep on hippos. If you hate this review, great! You have a chance to fix it with Lifehacker's Twitter poll clearing the worst Christmas song ever. Our tireless social team took all the top Facebook selections and put them in the bracket for Twitter users to decide. Go vote. Together we can make a quiet night. G/O Media May Get Commissionnick DouglasStaff Writer. Lifehacker | Nick wrote for Gawker, Valleywag, The Daily Dot, and Urlesque. He currently runs the scripted comedy podcast Roommates From Hell. Ebenezer Scrooge, Bob Crachit, Tiny Tim... everyone knows these names. The same goes for God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen and bah! Hype! Charles Dickens created an unforgettable world in The Christmas Carol, one of the most famous Christmas stories ever written. The story is particularly beloved in Dickens' native England, where families rent it out every December as one of their Christmas traditions. The Christmas carol, of course, centers on Scrooge, who is guided through different stages of his life by spirit and realizes that he has done more wrong than good. But Scrooge eventually finds redemption and spreads Christmas cheer to one and all. The following adaptation of Lisa Harkrader captures the essence of Christmas Carol. Whether you live in England, the United States or any other country, this is the perfect addition to the Christmas tradition of your own family. Ebenezer Scrooge's ad hunched over his books. Scrooge's clerk, Bob Crachit, was at his own desk in a small outside office. The front door opened, and two rooms were blown through by an explosion of December air. Merry Christmas, Uncle! Scrooge's nephew said when he walked into the office. Christmas,' muttered Scrooga. Oh! Hype! You're not serious, Uncle,' said his nephew. Why don't you close early today? And become like other Christmas fools, buying gifts I can't afford? Scrooge turned back to his books. No thank you. Whatever you want, said his nephew. But I hope you'll at least stop by for Christmas dinner tomorrow. When his nephew opened the door to leave, another gust of wind burst into the office. With him came the sound of carolers singing. Scrooge banged on the window. You! he shouted at the trick-or-peddles. You're there! One of the trick-or-treaters, a young boy, stopped singing and stared at Scrooge. How can a person do an honest day job with you howing outside your office? Scrounger growled. Find another street corner for your noise. Leave me alone! Scrooge banged on the window. Merry Christmas indeed,' he muttered. Why should they be cheerful? Sir? Bob Crachit tapped Scrooge's door. I copied all the letters and filled out the paperwork. I also brought more firewood and swept away the ashes. And it's closing time, Mr. Scrooten. Scrooch said. If your work is over, you can leave. Mr. Scrooe? Cratchit asked. Tomorrow's Christmas, the day you spend with your family. I assume you want a day off? Scrooge said when he looked at him. Well, yes. Mr. Scroomer, Cratchit said. After all, it's Christmas. Christmas? Oh! Scrooga shook his head. Fine. Take tomorrow off, but I'll be here early the next day. Yes, sir. You can count on it, sir,' said Crachit as he drew his coat around him. Merry Christmas, Mr. Scrooten. Hype,' growled Scrooga. He opened the front door and Crachit ran outside. On the corner, the boys from the neighborhood were snorting down a steep hill. Crachit jumped on one of the sleighs and slid to the bottom of the hill, laughing and shouting: Merry Christmas! Stupid, scrounger frowned. He settled back in his chair and finished his bills. It was dark, and Scrooge closed the last ledger. He stood and stretched, his back stiffened from the cold, and the long hours hunched over his work. When he locked the accounting, he looked at the sign above the door. It said SCROOGE and Marley. Jacob Marley, said Scrooga. A man who knew the value of day job. Too bad he's gone. Scrooge trudled home, climbed the stairs to the bedroom, and stowed in a chair next to the fire to eat his evening porridge. Clank! What the hell? The scrounger sat motionless and listened. He didn't hear anything. I must have dreamed it. He settled back in his chair. Clank! Clank! Scrooge sat straight. It wasn't a dream, he muttered. No, that wasn't a dream, Ebenezer. There was a voice in Scrooge's bedroom. A man entered the room, pale and ghostly. Scrooge stared at him. Marley, what's going on? Jacob Marley? But you're-- you-- Dead. The spirit nodded. And pay for your sins. Sins? The scrounger frowned. But you were a good man, Jacob. Great businessman. Trade? Hah! Marley's spirit trembled. Business is meaningless. I never learned the value of love and love when I was alive. Now I'm wandering the earth, unable to find peace. The same fate awaits you, Ebenezer, unless you change your ways. Three ghosts will visit us. The first will be when the clock strikes one. The ghost tilted his hat and disappeared. Scrooge pulled the blankets over his head. Bong! The clock struck one. Ebenezer? Ebenezer Scrooge? Scrooge was eyeing out from under his sheets. There was a woman standing next to his bed, pale and shimmering. She held a dream of holly in her hand. Who are you? Scrooga whispered. I am the Spirit of christmas past, said the spirit, as she nodded to the door. The scrounger snuck out of bed and followed the ghost. The room began to melt and soon stared into the window of another room, small and dark. This house, said Scrooga. It looks familiar. That's the house I grew up in. Yes. The spirit nodded. And the boy? Does that look familiar to me, too? The scrounger peered through the window. A little boy sat alone in the corner reading a book. Scrooge's eyes widened. It's me as a child! But why am I -- why -- sitting alone? Scrooge stared at the boy. It's Christmas Eve, right? The spirit nodded and then asked: And where are your parents? The scrounger frowned. I think I'm working. They worked hard when I was young to give me the things I needed. And they did it? the ghost asked. She nodded to the boy. Did they give you what you needed? Scrooge studied the boy. He looked well nourished and well dressed, but his eyes were sad and frightened. He reminded Scrooge of a trick-or-file from the night before. Then he remembered screaming and scaring the boy. To continue reading Christmas Carol, check out the next page. Page.