

# Christmas and Winter Songs, Rhymes and Stories

## from the Story Massage Programme

For more information about the Story Massage Programme online training and resources visit [www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)



We hope you enjoy sharing these massage stories - and they inspire you to write your own too! Always remember to ask permission and say 'thank you' at the end. You can also enjoy these massage stories as a self-massage or with your pets.

Chapter 1 (p 2 - 10) - Christmas-Themed Nursery Rhymes and Songs

Chapter 2 (p 11 -19) - Traditional Christmas Carols and Poems



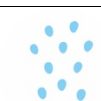




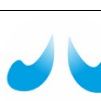


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# Father Christmas Had a Tree

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

To the tune of Old MacDonald Had A Farm

	Father Christmas had a tree Ho, ho, ho Ho, ho!
	And on that tree, he had some lights Ho, ho, ho Ho, ho!
	With a flash, flash here And a flash, flash there Here a flash, there a flash Everywhere a flash, flash
	Father Christmas had a tree Ho, ho, ho Ho, ho!
	And on that tree, he had some stars Ho, ho, ho Ho, ho!
	With a twinkle, twinkle here And a twinkle, twinkle there Here a twinkle, there a twinkle Everywhere a twinkle, twinkle
	Father Christmas has a tree Ho, ho!
	<i>Repeat with additional verses:</i> Drums - boom, boom
	Sweets - yum, yum
	Bells - ring, ring










# Five Little Snowmen

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

By Sandra Baxter

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

[www.sidebysideuae.com](http://www.sidebysideuae.com)







	Five little snowmen Standing in a row.
	Getting ready for a snowball fight Ready, get set, go!
	Five little snowmen Standing in a row.
	Getting ready for a sleigh ride Ready, get set, go!
	Five little snowmen Standing in a row.
	Getting ready for more snow to fall Ready, get set, go!
	Five sleepy snowmen Standing in a row.
	<i>Time to go to bed now</i>
	Ready, get set, go!

# Penguin, Penguin

Written and adapted for the Story Massage Programme







By Karen Harvey

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

 ©storymassage.co.uk	Penguin, Penguin Waddle, waddle, waddle.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Penguin, Penguin, Don't get in a muddle.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Penguin, Penguin, Which way will you go?
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Penguin, Penguin Sliding in the snow.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Penguin, Penguin Waddle, waddle, waddle.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Penguin, Penguin Give yourself a cuddle.



Twinkle, Twinkle Christmas Star  
Adapted for the Story Massage Programme  
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 storymassage.co.uk	Twinkle, Twinkle Christmas Star
 storymassage.co.uk	Way up high is where we are
 storymassage.co.uk	Shining bright for all to see
 storymassage.co.uk	On the top of our tree
 storymassage.co.uk	Twinkle, Twinkle Christmas Star
 storymassage.co.uk	Way up high is where you are.







# Christmas Pudding

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

By Julie Woolrich-Moon

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*To the tune of Frere Jacques*





	Christmas pudding Christmas pudding
	Steaming hot Steaming hot
	Sprinkle on the sugar Sprinkle on the sugar
	Eat the lot Eat the lot



# Incy Wincy Spider Climbed Up the Christmas Tree

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

	Incy Wincy Spider climbed up the Christmas tree.
	Out came the snow and made poor Incy freeze.
	On came the lights and dried up all the snow.
	So Incy Wincy Spider had another go.







# Rudolph, Rudolph

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

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*To the tune of 'Horsey, Horsey'*

	Rudolph, Rudolph, don't you stop!
	Just let your hooves go clippety clop
	Your nose is red, and your eyes are round.
	Giddy up, we're Christmas bound!







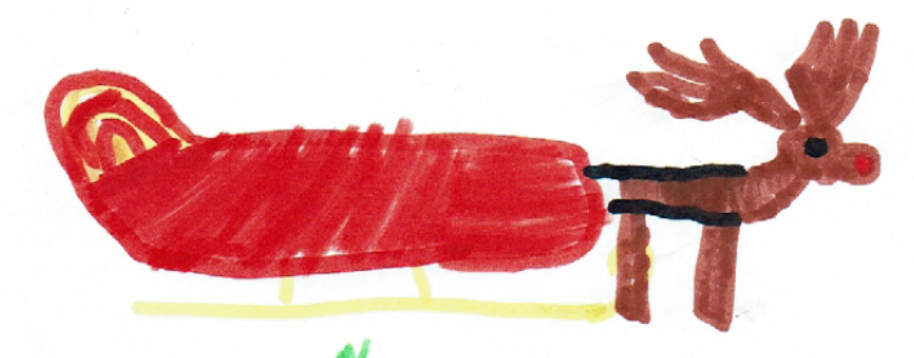


# Jingle Bells

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

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	Jingle bells, jingle bells.
	Jingle all the way.
	Oh, what fun it is to ride
	In a one-horse open sleigh.









# Three Wise Men

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

*To the tune of Three Blind Mice*











	Three Wise Men, three wise men.
	Following the star, following the star.
	They rode their camels all day and night.
	They followed the star that shone so bright.
	They never let it out of their sight.
	Three wise men, three wise men.












## Twelve Days of Christmas











Adapted for the Story Massage Programme  
[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)





 <small>©storymassage.co.uk</small>	On the first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
 <small>©storymassage.co.uk</small>	A partridge in a pear tree.
 <small>©storymassage.co.uk</small>	On the second day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
 <small>©storymassage.co.uk</small>	Two turtle doves.
 <small>©storymassage.co.uk</small>	On the third day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
 <small>©storymassage.co.uk</small>	Three French hens.
 <small>©storymassage.co.uk</small>	On the fourth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
 <small>©storymassage.co.uk</small>	Four calling birds.
 <small>©storymassage.co.uk</small>	On the fifth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
 <small>©storymassage.co.uk</small>	Five golds rings.
 <small>©storymassage.co.uk</small>	On the sixth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me

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 ©storymassage.co.uk	On the seventh day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Seven swans a' swimming.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	On the eighth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Eight maids a' milking.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	On the ninth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Nine ladies dancing.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	On the tenth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Ten Lords a' leaping.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	On the eleventh day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Eleven pipers piping.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	On the twelfth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Twelve drummers drumming.

'Twas the Night before Christmas -  
 poem by Clement Clarke Moore  
 Adapted for the Story Massage Programme  
 By Clare Perry  
[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house, Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads. And Mama in her 'kerchief and I in my cap, Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>When out on the roof there arose such a clatter, I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutter, and threw up the sash,</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow, Gave the lustre of midday to objects below.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>When, what to my wondering eyes should appear, But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer <i>(count to 8 with the bounce action)</i></p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>With a little old driver, so lively and quick I knew in a moment it must be St Nick. More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name!</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>"Now Dasher!, now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen! On, Comet! On, Cupid! On Donner and Blitzen!</p>

 <p>©storymessage.co.uk</p>	<p>To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall! Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"</p>
 <p>©storymessage.co.uk</p>	<p>As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly, When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky. So up to the house-top the coursers they flew With the sleigh full of toys, and St Nicolas too.</p>
 <p>©storymessage.co.uk</p>	<p>And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof, The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.</p>
 <p>©storymessage.co.uk</p>	<p>As I drew in my head, and was turning around, Down the chimney St Nicolas came with a bound.</p>
 <p>©storymessage.co.uk</p>	<p>He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.</p>
 <p>©storymessage.co.uk</p>	<p>A bundle of toys he had flung on his back, And he looked like a peddler, just opening his pack.</p>
 <p>©storymessage.co.uk</p>	<p>His eyes - how they twinkled! His dimples how merry! His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!</p>
 <p>©storymessage.co.uk</p>	<p>His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow, And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.</p>
 <p>©storymessage.co.uk</p>	<p>And the stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the smoke - it encircled his head like a wreath. He had a broad face and a round little belly, That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly!</p>
 <p>©storymessage.co.uk</p>	<p>He was chubby and plump, a right jolly elf, And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself! A wink of his eye and a twist of his head, Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.</p>











 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work, And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>And laying his finger aside of his nose And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of sight, "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"</p>







# Deck the Halls

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

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	Deck the halls with boughs of holly
	Fa la la la la, la la la la (fa la la la la, la la la la)
	'Tis the season to be jolly
	Fa la la la la, la la la la (fa la la la la, la la la la)
	Don we now our gay apparel
	Fa la la la la, la la la la (fa la la la la, la la la la)
	Troll the ancient Yuletide carol
	Fa la la la la, la la la la (fa la la la la, la la la la)
	See the blazing yule before us
	Fa la la la la, la la la la (fa la la la la, la la la la)



	<p>Strike the harp and join the chorus</p>
	<p>Fa la la la la, la la la la (fa la la la la, la la la la)</p>
	<p>Follow me in merry measure</p>
	<p>Fa la la la la, la la la la (fa la la la la, la la la la)</p>



# We Wish You A Merry Christmas

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

	We wish you a merry Christmas We wish you a merry Christmas We wish you a merry Christmas
	And a happy new year.
	Good tidings we bring to you and your kin
	We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year.
	Oh, bring us some figgy pudding Oh, bring us some figgy pudding Oh, bring us some figgy pudding
	And bring it right here.
	Good tidings we bring to you and your kin
	We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year.



# The Wassail Song

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

 storymassage.co.uk	Here we come a-wassailing
 storymassage.co.uk	Among the leaves so green,
 storymassage.co.uk	Here we come a-wand'ring
 storymassage.co.uk	So fair to be seen.
 storymassage.co.uk	Love and joy come to you,
 storymassage.co.uk	And to you your wassail, too.
 storymassage.co.uk	And God bless you, and send you
 storymassage.co.uk	A Happy New Year,
 storymassage.co.uk	And God send you a Happy New Year.

