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Christmas Songs

Maud Lindsay

Once upon a time, in the heart of a snowy winter, the village of Merryville gathered for their grand Christmas celebration in the illustrious Hall. The village was a lively mix of individuals, from jolly squires to humble grooms, bashful kitchen lads to gleeful children. Their camaraderie echoed through the halls in a symphony of laughter, chatter, and, most importantly, song.

The magic began with a small tune hummed by the village Fiddler, who was famous for his ability to conjure music that stirred hearts and inspired memories. As the simple melody filled the air, it was as if a spark was struck, and from that one song, many others ignited. Like a domino effect, one song invited another, and another, creating a harmonious chain reaction of music.

"Know this song?" one villager would ask, humming a forgotten tune. "Ah! But do you remember this one?" another would reply, adding a new melody to the mix. Each song brought them closer together, creating a buzz of eager curiosity and warm camaraderie. And so, the hall was alive with melodies old and new, sung by voices high and low, quiet and boisterous. It was the symphony of their shared joy.

Among these cheerful choristers was a young maid named Joy. She lived up to her name, and with a voice as clear and enchanting as a magic flute, she sang a beautiful Christmas carol that silenced the hall. It was as though an angel had descended among them, her voice wafting through the air, silencing all noise and making hearts flutter with emotion. When she finished, the room burst into applause, and for a moment, there was silence. The villagers needed to draw breath, touched by the magic of the moment.



Next, a kitchen lad stepped forward, shy but brimming with excitement. He sang a whimsical song about his fair lady Doris, charming everyone in the hall. His tune was simple, yet full of mirth and warmth.

The night was still young, and the Squire, the jolliest of them all, decided to organize a round of catch-singing. He divided the company into groups,

assigning different parts of the songs to different people. He led the first round, singing about boar's heads and wassails, geese and plum pudding, mince pies and all the delicacies that filled their Christmas tables.

The next round began with the light of candles, symbolizing joy and love. The children chirped this melody, their voices soft but heartfelt. The soft glow of the candles reflected in their eager eyes as they sang about the end of joyous day and the arrival of peaceful night.

As the final echoes of the catch-singing subsided, the villagers checked the grand clock that hung high above the hall. They found that the night was not yet late, and they weren't quite ready to retire to their homes. They yearned for one more story, one more piece of the magical night to take home. And who better to provide a tale than the Fiddler, the keeper of melodies and stories?

So, the Fiddler, with a twinkle in his eye, prepared to tell them a heartwarming tale of Christmas. The villagers listened with anticipation, for as the Elders would often say, "Christmas comes but once a year." And that night, they intended to fill every moment with cheer, songs, stories, and above all, shared joy.

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