



name the carols

Oh, member of the round table with missing areas.

Boulder of the tinkling metal spheres.

Decorate the entryways.

Far off in a haybin.

Leave and broadcast from an elevation.

Jubilation to the entire terrestrial globe.

Oh small Israel urban center.

We are Kong, Lear, and Nat Cole.

The lad is a diminutive percussionist.

Rose-colored uncouth dolf is aware of the nature of precipitation, darling.

May the Deity bestow an absence of fatigue to mild male humans.

Wanted in December: top forward incisors.

Sir Lancelot with laryngitis.

Listen, the winged heavenly messengers are proclaiming tunefully.