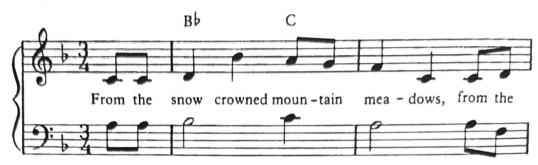
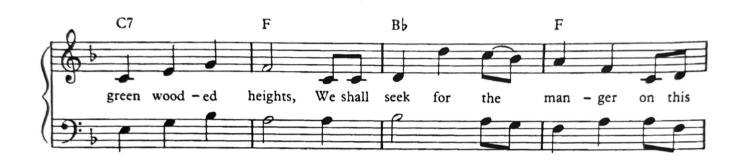


he yodler's carol













- 2 Little stars shall be our candles, as we journey this night—
 Tiny diamonds in the heavens—
 we'll not want for a light.
 We sing 'Holdirio' for a carol sweet and clear, 'Holdirio' as on we go;
 Then comes 'Holdirio' for an echo soft and clear, far across the snow.
- 3 We have found him, little Jesus, and we kneel by his bed.
 See the bright star o'er his cradle; radiant light crowns his head!
 We'll sing 'Holdirio' for a little lullaby, 'Holdirio' so soft and low.
 Now on tiptoe go, do not make a single sound; then home across the snow.

MARY E. CALDWELL

