

1 AWAY IN A MANGER

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
The little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask thee to stay
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.

2 GOD REST YOU MERRY GENTLEMEN

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay!
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray:
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy!

From God our heav'nly Father
A blessed angel came;
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name:
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy!

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth de-face:
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy!

3 GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas look'd out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

'Hither page and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?'
'Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain.'

'Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither.'
Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

'Sire, the night is darker now,
And the winds blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer'.
'Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly'.

In his masters steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

4 HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn king;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled;
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark the Herald Angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th'incarnate deity,
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel
Hark the Herald Angels sing
Glory to the newborn King

Hail the heav'n born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark the Herald Angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King.

5 IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the Earth
To touch their harps of gold:
Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heav'n's all gracious King!
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hov'ring wing;
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The bless-ed angels sing

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long:
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
by prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever circling years,
Comes round the age of gold:
When peace shall over all the earth
It's ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

6 O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him born the King of Angels;
*O come let us adore him, O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him, Christ the Lord*

God of God, light of light,
Lo, he abhors not the virgin's womb;
Very God, begotten not created;
*O come let us adore him, O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him, Christ the Lord*

Child, for us sinners poor and in the manger,
Fain we embrace thee, with awe and love;
Who would not love thee, loving us so dearly?
*O come let us adore him, O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him, Christ the Lord*

Sing choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all you citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God in the highest
*O come let us adore him, O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him, Christ the Lord*

7 O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above the deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth;
For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wandering love.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

Oh holy child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel

8 ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

Once in Royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall;
With the poor and meek and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all his wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms he lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

9 THE FIRST NOWELL

The first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay, keeping their sheep,
On a cold winters night that was so deep;
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel

They look-ed up and saw a star,
Shining in the east, beyond them far;
And to the earth, it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night:
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel

And by the light of that same star,
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a king was their intent,
And follow the star where ever it went;
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heav'nly Lord,
That hath made heav'n and earth of naught,
And with his blood mankind hath bought;
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel

10 WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Fear not said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind

To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

'The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'

Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed the joyful song;

'All Glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'