



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 our eyes at last shall see him,
through his own redeeming love;
for that Child, so dear and helpless
is our Lord in heaven above;
and he leads his children on
to the place where he is gone.

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,
where his children gather round
bright like stars, with glory crowned



O little town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem,
how still we see you lie!
Above your deep and dreamless sleep
the silent stars go by;
yet in your streets is shining
the everlasting Light;
the hopes and fears of all the years
are met in you tonight.

O morning stars, together
proclaim the holy birth,
and praises sing to God the King,
and peace to all on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary;
and, gathered all above,
while mortals sleep, the angels keep
their watch of wondering 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.

O 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



While humble shepherds watched their flocks

While humble shepherds watched their flocks
in Bethlehem's plains by night,
an angel sent from heaven appeared,
and filled the plains with light.

'Fear not,' he said, for sudden 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,
the 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 swaddling-bands,
and in a manger laid.'

Thus spoke the seraph, and forthwith
appeared a shining throng
of angels praising God; and thus
addressed their joyful song:

'All glory be to God on high,
and to the earth be peace;
good will is shown from heaven above
and never more shall cease!'



Still the night

Still the night, holy the night!
Sleeps the world, hid from sight,
Mary and Joseph in stable bare
watch o'er the child belovèd and fair,
sleeping in heavenly rest,
sleeping in heavenly rest.

Still the night, holy the night!
Shepherds first saw the light,
heard resounding clear and long,
far and near the angel-song.
'Christ the Redeemer is here!'
'Christ the Redeemer is here!'

Still the night, holy the night!
Son of God, O how bright
love is smiling from thy face!
Strikes for us now the hour of grace,
Saviour, since thou art born!
Saviour, since thou art born!



Good King Wenceslas

Good King Wenceslas looked out
on the Feast of Stephen
When the snow lay round about
deep and crisp and even
Brightly shone the moon that night
tho' the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
gathering 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 wind 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 master's 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.



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,
but little Lord Jesus no crying he makes,
I love you Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,
and stay by my side until morning is nigh.

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



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, (3x)
Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels,
sing in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
'Glory to God,
in the highest:'
O come, let us adore Him, (3x)
Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
born this happy morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
now in flesh appearing!
O come, let us adore Him, (3x)
Christ the Lord.



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 hosts proclaim,
‘Christ is born in Bethlehem’
Hark! The herald angels sing
‘Glory to the new-born 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, the Incarnate Deity,
pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!
Hark! The herald angels sing
‘Glory to the new-born King’

Hail, the heaven-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 new-born King’