

1 — Angels From the Realms of Glory

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Words: James Montgomery, 1816

1. Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creations story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:

Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2. Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant Light:

3. Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:

4. Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:

5. Though an infant now we view Him,
He shall find His Father's throne,
Gather all the nations to Him;
Every knee shall then bow down:

2 — Angels We Have Heard On High

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Words: Traditional French Carol

1. Angels we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er the plains.
And the mountains in reply,
Echoing their joyous strains.

Glo—ria in excelsis Deo,
Glo—ria in excelsis Deo.

2. Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your joyous songs prolong?
What great brightness did you see?
What glad tidings did you hear?
3. Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing,
Come adore on bended knee,
Christ, the Lord, the new-born King.

3 — As With Gladness Men of Old

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Words: William Chatterton Dix, 1860

1. As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.
2. As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.
3. As they offered gifts most rare
At that cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King.
4. Holy Jesu, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds they glory hide.

5. In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

4 — Away In A Manger

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Words: Anonymous

1. Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet
head.
The stars in the bright sky look down where
He lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.
2. 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 bedside 'till morning is nigh.
3. 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.

5 — Deck The Hall

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Words: Traditional Welsh Song

1. Deck the hall with boughs of holly,
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.
'Tis the season to be jolly,
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.
Don we now our gay apparel,
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.
Troll the ancient Yuletide carol,
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.

2. Fast away the old year passes,
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses,
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.
Sing, we joyous, all together,
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.
Heedless of the wind and weather,
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.

3. See the blazing Yule before us,
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.
Strike the harp and join the chorus,
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.
Follow me in merry measure,
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.
While I tell of Yuletide treasure,
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.

6 — God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

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Words: Traditional English Carol

1. God rest ye merry gentlemen, let nothing
you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour was born on
Christmas Day;
To save us all from Satan's pow'r, when we
were gone astray.

O— tiding of comfort and joy, comfort and joy.

O— tidings of comfort and joy.

2. From God, our Heavenly 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.

7 — Good Christian Men, Rejoice

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Words: Rev. John M Neale, 1853

1. Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul and voice,
Give ye heed to what we say: News! News!
Jesus Christ was born today;
Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the manger now.
Christ is born today!
Christ is born today!
2. Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss: Joy! Joy!
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He has ope'd the heavenly door,
And man is blessèd evermore.
Christ was born for this!
Christ was born for this!
3. Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul and voice!
Now ye need not fear the grave: Peace!
Peace!
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall:
Christ was born to save,
Christ was born to save.

8 — Good King Wenceslas

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Words: Rev. John M. Neale, 1853

1. 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 cruèl,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuèl

2. "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 St. Agnes' fountain."

3. "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.

4. "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, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shall find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."
5. 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.

9 — Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

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Words: Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739

1. Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born 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 new-born King.

2. 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 God head see!
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
3. 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.

10 — Here We Come A-Wassailing

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Words: Traditional English Song

1. Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wand'ring,
So fair to be seen.

Love and joy come to you,
And to you, your wassail too,
And God bless you and send you a happy New
Year
And God send you a happy New Year.

2. We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door,
But we are neighbours' children
Whom you have seen before.
3. Good master and mistress,
As you sit by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
Who wander in the mire.

11 — Huron Carol

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Words: St. Jean de Brébeuf, 1643

Tr. by J. Edgar Middleton, 1926

1. 'Twas in the moon of winter-time,
When all the birds had fled,
That mighty Gitchi Manitou
Sent angel choirs instead;
Before their light the stars grew dim,
And wond'ring hunters heard the hymn:
Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born,
In excelsis gloria.
2. Within a lodge of broken bark
The tender Babe was found,
A ragged robe of rabbit skin
Enwrapped His beauty round;
But as the hunter braves drew nigh,
The angel-song rang loud and high.
3. The earliest moon of winter-time
Is not so round and fair
As was the reign of glory on
The helpless Infant there.
The chiefs from far before Him knelt
With gifts of fox and beaver-pelt.
4. O children of the forest free,
O sons of Manitou,
The Holy Child of earth and heaven
Is born today for you.
Come kneel before the radiant Boy,
Who brings you beauty, peace, and joy.

12 — It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

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Words: Rev. E. H. Sears, 1849

1. It came upon a 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 heaven's all-gracious King:
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.
2. Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.
3. 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 words of peace they bring:
O listen now, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

4. O ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

5. For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King.
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

13 — Joy To The World

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Words: Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King.
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing;
And heaven and nature sing;
And heaven, and heaven, and nature sing.
2. Joy to the earth! The Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
plains
Repeat the sounding joy;
Repeat the sounding joy;
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found; far as the curse is
found;
Far as, far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of his love;
And wonders of his love;
And wonders, wonders of his love.

14 — O Come All Ye Faithful

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Words: Latin Carol, 18th cent.

Tr. by Canon F. Oakeley (1841), W. T. Brooke, & others

1. 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.

2. See how the Shepherds,
Summoned to His cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly
fear;
We too will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps:

3. Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:

4. Lo! star-led chieftains,
Magi, Christ adoring,
Offer Him frankincense and gold and myrrh;
We to the Christ Child
Bring our hearts' oblations:

15 — O Holy Night

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Words: Traditional

Tr. by J. S. Dwight

1. O Holy night! the stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of our dear Saviour's birth;
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
'Til He appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious
morn;
Fall on your knees,
O hear the angel voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was
born!
O night divine, O night, O night divine.
2. Truly He taught us to love one another,
His law is love, and His gospel is peace;
Chains shall He break for the slave is our
brother,
And in His name all oppression shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise
we,
Let all within us praise His holy name;
Christ is the Lord, Oh praise His name
forever!
His pow'r and glory, ever more proclaim!
His pow'r and glory, ever more proclaim!

16 — O Little Town of Bethlehem

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Words: Bishop Phillips Brooks, 1868

1. O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy 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.
2. For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!
3. How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to humans 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.

4. 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 heavenly angels
The great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

17 — Once In Royal David's City

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Words: Cecil Frances Alexander, 1848

1. 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.
2. 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 mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
3. 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.
4. For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feels for our sadness,
And He shares in our gladness.

5. And our eyes at last shall see Him
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.
6. 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.

18 — Silent Night

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Words: Rev. Joseph Mohr, 1818

Tr. from German

1. Silent night! holy night!
All is calm, all is bright.
'Round yon virgin, mother and child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

2. Silent night! holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing, "Alleluia,
Christ, the Saviour, is born.
Christ, the Saviour, is born."

3. Silent night! holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace.
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth.
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth.

19 — The First Noël

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Words: Traditional English Carol, c. 17th cent.

1. The first Noël the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as
they lay;
In fields where they lay a-keeping their
sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
“Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël
Born is the King of Israel.”
2. They lookèd 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.
3. And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a king was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.
4. This star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
5. Then entered in those wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence,
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

6. Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord;
That has made heaven and earth of nought,
And with His Blood mankind has bought.

20 — The Holly & The Ivy

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Words: Traditional French Carol

1. The holly and the ivy
When they were both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood
The holly bears the crown.

O the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

2. The holly bears a blossom
As white as any flow'r,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.

3. The holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.

21 — We Three Kings of Orient Are

©Public Domain

Words: Rev. J. H. Hopkins, 1857

1. We three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

O— star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright;
West-ward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

2. Born a king on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again,
King for ever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.
3. Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh,
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship Him, God most high.
4. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
5. Glorious now behold Him arise,
King, and God, and Sacrifice,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Earth to the heavens replies.

22 — What Child Is This

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Words: Traditional English Carol

1. What child is this, who laid to rest
On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch are keeping?

This, this is Christ the King,
Whom Shepherds guard and angels sing:
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

2. Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear for sinners here,
The silent word is pleading.
3. So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh,
Come peasant, King to own Him.
The King of kings salvation brings,
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.

23 — While Shepherds Watched

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Words: Nahum Tate, 1700

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
2. “Fear not,” said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled minds);
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
3. “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:
4. “The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”
5. Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
6. “All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease.”