

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.

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,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord.



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.

O holy Child of Bethlehem
descend to us, we pray;
cast out our sin and enter in,
be born to us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
the great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
our Lord Emmanuel.



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.

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.

See Him lying on a bed of straw:
a draughty stable with an open door;
Mary cradling the babe she bore –
The Prince of Glory is His name.
O now carry me to Bethlehem –
to see the Lord appear to men –
just as poor as was the stable then,
The Prince of Glory when He came.



Star of silver, sweep across the skies,
show where Jesus in the manger lies;
shepherds, swiftly from your stupor rise
to see the Saviour of the world!
O now carry me to Bethlehem –
to see the Lord appear to men –
just as poor as was the stable then,
The Prince of Glory when He came.

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 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.

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."

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

"All glory be to God on high
and on the earth be peace.
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
begin and never cease."



In the bleak mid-winter

Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter,
Long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold him
Nor earth sustain;
heaven and earth shall flee away
When he comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty
Jesus Christ.

What can I give Him
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man
I would do my part;
Yet what I can I give him —
Give my heart.

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 light,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.*

Glorious now behold him arise;
King and God and sacrifice:
Heaven sings Alleluya,
Alleluya, the earth replies.
*O star of wonder, star of light,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.*



Ding dong! Merrily on high
in heaven the bells are ringing;
Ding dong! Verily the sky
is riven with angels singing:
“Gloria! Hosanna in excelsis!”



Pray you, dutifully prime
your matin chime, ye ringers;
May you beautifully rime
your evetime song, ye singers.
Gloria! Hosanna in excelsis!

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!*

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Son 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!"*

We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year!
*Glad tidings we bring
To you and your kin:
We wish you a merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year!*

Now bring us some figgy pudding,
Now bring us some figgy pudding,
Now bring us some figgy pudding
And bring it out here!
*Glad tidings we bring
To you and your kin:
We wish you a merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year!*

