

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, (3x) - 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, glory in the highest:
O come, let us adore Him, (3x) - Christ the Lord!

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 mean, and lowly, lived on
earth our Saviour holy.

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.

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.

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 to us today.
We hear the Christmas angels the great glad
tidings tell.
O come to us, abide with us, our Lord Emmanuel.

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 winter's
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.*

Then let us all with one accord sing prai-ses to
our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of naught, and
with his blood mankind hath bought:
*Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell: born is the King
of Israel.*

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

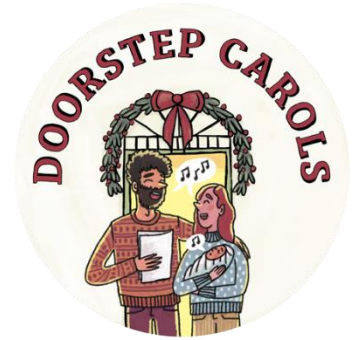
“Fear not,” said he, for mighty dread had seized
their troubled mind;
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring to you and all
mankind.”

“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 heav’nly 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 their
joyful song:

“All glory be to God on high and to the earth be
peace.
Goodwill henceforth from heav’n to men begin
and never cease.”



In the bleak midwinter, 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 midwinter, long ago.

Angels and Archangels may have gathered there,
Cherubim and Seraphim thronged the air;
But only His Mother, in her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Beloved with a kiss.

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.

Ding dong merrily on high, in heav'n
the bells are ringing:
Ding dong! verily the sky is riv'n with angel
singing.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis! Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below, let steeple bells be
swungen,
And "I-o, i-o, i-o!" by priest and people sungen.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis! 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! Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

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, though the
frost was cruel, when a poor man came in sight,
gath'ring winter fuel.

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, bring me pine
logs hither: thou and I shall 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, no crib for His 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 forever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
And fit us for Heaven, to live with Thee there.

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 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: *O tidings ...*

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 other doth deface.
O tidings ...

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! Shepherds quake at the
sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar, heavenly hosts
sing Alleluia!
Christ the Saviour is born! Christ the Saviour is
born!

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!

On the first day of Christmas my true love sent to me
A partridge in a pear tree:

On the second day of Christmas my true love sent to me
two turtle doves *and a partridge in a pear tree.*

On theetc...

three French hens, **four** calling birds,
five gold rings!
six geese a-laying, **seven** swans a-swimming,
eight maids a-milking,
nine ladies dancing,
ten lords a-leaping, **eleven** pipers piping,
twelve drummers drumming,

"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 th' angelic host 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 th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel.
"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, ris'n 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!"

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way.
Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way.
Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!

Dashing through the snow on a one-horse open sleigh,
O'er the fields we go, laughing all the way!
Bells on bobtail ring, making spirits bright:
What fun it is to ride and sing our sleighing song tonight! – oh!

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way.
Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way.
Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!

We wish you a merry Christmas (x3) and a happy New Year!

*Good 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 (x3), and bring some out here!
Good tidings we bring...

And we won't go until we've got some (x3), so bring some out here!
Good tidings we bring...

