

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.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;
Jesus to Thee be all glory giv'n,
Word of the Father now in flesh appearing;
O come let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

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 heaven's all-
gracious King;"
The world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angels sing.

And 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.

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 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.

Angels, From the Realms of Glory
Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

Shepherds in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ the newborn King.

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 th'angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King!"

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.
Risen with healing in His wings, light and life to all He brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Hail the heaven-born Prince of
Peace!

Hark, the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King!"

Joy to the World

Joy to the world! The Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Deck the Halls

Deck the halls 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.

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.

O Little Town of Bethlehem

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

God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen

God rest ye merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born upon this day:
To save us all from Satan's pow'r, 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 of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

Silent Night

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.

What Child is This?

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!

So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh, come peasant, king, to
own Him,
The King of Kings salvation brings, let loving hearts enthrone
Him.

Raise, raise the song on high, the virgin sings her lullaby:
Joy, joy, for Christ is born, the Babe, the Son of Mary!

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 sky looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay.

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 take us to heaven, to live with Thee there.