

¹Hark! 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 Godhead 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 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:

¹O 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 O Morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth;
For Christ is born of Mary
And, gathered all above
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

³ 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.

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

¹We 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
Westward 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 forever, 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 of 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 heav'n replies

¹ Ding Dong! Merrily on high

In heav'n the bells are ringing
Ding Dong! Verily the sky
Is riv'n with angels singing:

*Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!*

¹God rest you merry, gentlemen

Let nothing you dismay
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray

*O tidings of comfort & joy, comfort & joy!
O tidings of comfort & 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

³ And when they came to Bethlehem
Where our dear Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary kneeling down,
unto the Lord did pray:

⁴ 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 efface:

² E'en so here below, below,
Let steeple bells be swungen,
And "Io, io, io!"
By priest and people sungen.

³ Pray you, dutifully prime
Your matin chime, ye ringers;
May you beautifully rime
Your eve time song, ye singers.



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