

## **CHRISTMAS CAROLS**

**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.

**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!*

E'en so here below, below,  
let steeple bells be swungen,  
and io, io, io,  
by priest and people sungen.

Pray you, dutifully prime  
your matin chime, ye ringers;  
may you beautifully rhyme  
your evetime song, ye singers.

**Joy to the world! The Lord is  
come;**  
let earth receive her King;  
let ev'ry heart prepare him room  
and heav'n and nature sing,  
and heav'n and nature sing,  
and heav'n, and heav'n and nature  
sing!

Joy to the earth! The Saviour reigns;  
let us our songs employ;  
while fields and floods, rocks, hills and  
plains  
repeat the sounding joy,  
repeat the sounding joy  
repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

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, and wonders of his love.

**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.*

God of God,  
Light of Light,  
Lo, he abhors not the Virgin's womb;  
very God,  
begotten not created:

See how the shepherds  
Summoned to his cradle,  
Leaving their flocks,  
Draw nigh with lowly fear:  
We to will thither  
Bend our joyful footsteps

Lo star-led Chieftains  
Magi, Christ adoring  
Offer him incense, gold and myrrh;  
We to the Christ-child  
Bring our hearts oblations:

Child for us sinners  
Poor and in a manger  
Fain we embrace thee, with love and  
awe;  
Who would not love thee,  
Loving us so dearly

Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing in exultation  
Sing all ye citizens of heav'n above;  
Glory to God  
In the highest:

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,  
born this happy morning,  
Jesu, to thee be glory giv'n;  
Word of the Father, now in flesh  
appearing:

**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.

For Christ is born of Mary;  
and, gathered all above,  
while mortals sleep, the angels keep  
their watch of wond'ring love;  
O morning stars, together  
proclaim the holy birth,  
and praises sing to God the King,  
and peace upon the earth.

How silently, how silently,  
the wondrous gift is giv'n!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
the blessings of his heav'n.  
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 in us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
the great glad tidings tell:  
O come to us, abide with us,  
our Lord Emmanuel.

**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 Of love again:  
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!

Angels, sing again the song you sang,  
sing the glory of God's gracious plan;  
sing that Bethl'em's little baby can  
be the saviour of us all.

Mine are riches, from your poverty;  
from your innocence, eternity;  
mine, forgiveness by your death for  
me,  
child of sorrow for my joy.

**The angel Gabriel from heaven  
came,**  
his wings as drifted snow, his eyes as  
flame.  
'All hail', said he, 'thou lowly maiden,  
Mary,  
most highly favoured lady.' Gloria!

'For known a blessed Mother thou shalt  
be.  
All generations laud and honour thee.  
Thy Son shall be Emmanuel, by seers  
foretold,  
most highly favoured lady.' Gloria!

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head.  
'To me be as it pleaseth God,' she said.  
'My soul shall laud and magnify his holy name.'  
Most highly favoured lady! Gloria!

Of her, Emmanuel, the Christ, was born  
in Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn;  
and Christian folk throughout the world  
will ever say:  
'Most highly favoured lady.' Gloria!

**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,  
westward leading, still proceeding,  
guide us to thy perfect light.*

Born a King on Bethlehem plain,  
gold I bring, to crown him again,  
King for ever, ceasing never,  
over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I,  
incense owns a Deity nigh,  
prayer and praising, gladly raising,  
worship him, God most high.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume  
breathes a life of gathering gloom;  
sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,  
sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Glorious now behold him arise,  
King and God and sacrifice;  
alleluia, alleluia,  
earth to heav'n replies.

**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.'