

1 O Little Town of Bethlehem,
How still we see the lie!
Above the deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The ever lasting 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 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.

2 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!



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 heav'n born Prince of Peace!

3 The First Noel, the angels did say
Was to certain poor shepherds,
in fields as they lay
In fields as they lay, lay keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night, that was so deep.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
Born is the King of Israel

4 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,
Heav'nly host sing Alleluia;
Christ the Saviour, is born!
Christ the Saviour, is born!

5 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.



6 God Rest Ye 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 a stray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and Joy
O tidings of comfort and joy!



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7 Angels We Have Heard on High
Sweetly singing through the night,
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their brave delight.

*Glo ri a in excelsis De o
Glo ri a in excelsis De o*

Come to Bethlehem and see
Him who's birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee
Christ, the Lord, the new born King

8 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

And our eyes at last shall see him,
Though his own redeeming love;
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

9 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 heaven and nature sing,
and heaven and heaven 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,
And wonders of his love,
And wonders, wonders of his love.