

1

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, the scorned, the lowly,
lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And our eyes at last shall see him,
through his own redeeming love;
for that Child who seemed so helpless
is our Lord in heaven above;
and he leads his children on
to the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
with the oxen standing round,
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.

2

In the bleak mid-winter 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 mid-winter long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold him, nor earth sustain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away when he comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter a stable-place sufficed
the Lord God Almighty Jesus Christ.

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.

3

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 rime
Your evetime song, ye singers.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

4

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

5

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:

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
 sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
 glory to God, in the highest;

6

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 earth, good will to men,
 from heaven's gracious King."
 The world in solemn stillness lay
 to hear the angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
 the world has suffered long;
 beneath the heavenly strain have rolled
 two thousand years of wrong;
 and man, at war with man, hears not
 the love-song which they bring;
 O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
 and hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
 by prophet-bards foretold,
 when with the ever-circling years
 comes round the age of gold;
 when peace shall over all the earth
 its ancient splendours fling,
 and the whole world give back the song
 which now the angels sing.

7

The holly and the ivy,
 when they are both full grown,
 of all the trees that are in the wood,
 the holly bears the crown.
O the rising of the sun,
and the running of the deer,
the playing of the merry organ,
sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a blossom,
 as white as lily flower,
 and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
 to be our dear Saviour.

The holly bears a berry,
 as red as any blood,
 and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
 to do poor sinners good.

8

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.

9

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.

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 heavenly 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 on earth be peace;
 good will henceforth from heaven to me
 begin and never cease."

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.'
 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, the 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 Sun 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.

Hark, the herald-angels sing
 glory to the new-born King.

