

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 looked up and saw a star
Shining in the East, beyond them far;
And to Earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

Nowell, Nowell...

And by the light of that same star,
Three Wise Men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

Nowell, Nowell...

This star drew nigh to the north-west;
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Nowell, Nowell...

Then entered in those wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence,
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

Nowell, Nowell...

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
Who hath made Heaven and Earth of naught,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

Nowell, Nowell...

- 1 O Jesus, I have promised
to serve Thee to the end;
be Thou for ever near me,
my Master and my friend.
I shall not fear the battle
if Thou art by my side,
nor wander from the pathway
if Thou wilt be my Guide.
- 2 O let me feel Thee near me;
the world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
the tempting sounds I hear;
my foes are ever near me,
around me and within;
but, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
and shield my soul from sin.
- 3 O let me hear Thee speaking
in accents clear and still,
above the storms of passion,
the murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me,
to hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou guardian of my soul.
- 4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised,
to all who follow Thee,
that where Thou art in glory
there shall Thy servant be;
and, Jesus, I have promised
to serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow
my Master and my friend.
- 5 O let me see Thy footmarks,
and in them plant mine own;
my hope to follow duly
is in Thy strength alone;
O guide me, call me, draw me,
uphold me to the end;
and then in heaven receive me,
my Saviour and my friend!

- 1 My peace I give unto you,
it's a peace that the world cannot give,
it's a peace that the world cannot understand:
peace to know, peace to live,
My peace I give unto you.

- 2 My joy I give unto you,
it's a joy that the world cannot give,
it's a joy that the world cannot understand:
joy to know, joy to live,
My joy I give unto you.

- 3 My love I give unto you,
it's a love that the world cannot give,
it's a love that the world cannot understand:
love to know, love to live,
My love I give unto you.

- 1 Thou didst leave Thy throne
and Thy kingly crown,
when Thou camest to earth for me;
but in Bethlehem's home
was there found no room
for Thy holy nativity:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
there is room in my heart for Thee.
- 2 Heaven's arches rang
when the angels sang,
proclaiming Thy royal decree;
but of lowly birth
cam'st Thou, Lord, on Earth,
and in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
there is room in my heart for Thee.
- 3 The foxes found rest,
and the birds their nest,
in the shade of the cedar-tree;
but Thy couch was the sod,
O Thou Son of God,
in the deserts of Galilee;
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
there is room in my heart for Thee.
- 4 Thou camest, O Lord,
with the living Word
that should set Thy people free;
but, with mocking scorn,
and with crown of thorn,
they bore Thee to Calvary:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
Thy cross is my only plea.
- 5 When heaven's arches ring,
and her choirs shall sing,
at Thy coming to victory,
let Thy voice call me home,
saying, 'Yet there is room,
there is room at my side for thee!'
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
when Thou comest and callest for me.

Do you have room for a Saviour?

They journeyed far,
A weary pair;
They sought for shelter from
The cold night air.
Someplace where she could
Lay her head,
Where she could give her Babe
A quiet bed.
Was there no room?
No corner there?
In all the town a spot
Someone could spare?
Was there no soul come to their aid?
A stable bare was where
The family stayed.

Do you have room for the Saviour,
And do you seek Him anew?
Have you a place for the One who lived
And died for you?
Are you as humble as a shepherd boy,
Or as wise as men of old?
Would you have come that night?
Would you have sought the light?
Do you have room?

A star arose,
A wondrous light;
A sign from God this was
The Holy night.
And yet so few
Would go to see
The Babe who came
To rescue you and me.
This Child divine
Is now a King.
The gift of life to all the world
He brings;
And all mankind
He saves from doom,
But on that night for Him there was
No room.

Do you have room for a Saviour
And do you seek Him anew
Have you a place for the One who lived
And died for you?
Are you as humble as a shepherd boy,
Or as wise as men of old?
Would you have come that night?
Would you have sought the light?

Do you have room?

Will you come tonight?

Will you seek the light?

Do you have room?

Joy to the world, the Lord has come;
Let Earth receive her King.
Let every Heart prepare Him room,
And Heav'n and nature sing,
And Heav'n and nature sing,
And Heaven, and Heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! 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 Holy Night!

Nahum Tate (1652 – 1715)

1, O holy night, the stars are brightly shining;
it is the night of our dear Saviour's birth.
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices,
for yonder breaks a new and glorious morn!
Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was born!
O night divine, O night, O night divine!

2, Truly He taught us to love one another;
His law is love and His gospel is peace.
Chains shall He break, for the slave is our brother,
and in His name all oppression shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,
let all within us praise His holy name.
Christ is the Lord
O praise His name forever!
His power and glory for evermore proclaim!
Noel, Noel! O night, O night divine!