

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 th' 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...

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 we no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of Earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Hark! The...

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.
Heaven 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 His mother only,
In her maiden bliss,
Worshiped the Belovèd
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.

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.

The first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields where they lay;
In fields where the lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night 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...

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattleshed,
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 and mean and lowly
Lived on Earth our Saviour holy.

And through all His wondrous
childhood He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day, like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through 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 has gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
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

We three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we travel 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's plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again:
King for ever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.

O star of wonder...

Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a Deity nigh:
Prayer and praising, all are raising,
Worship Him, God most high.

O star of wonder...

Myrrh is mine: its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

O star of wonder...

Glorious now, behold Him arise,
King and God and sacrifice.
Heaven sings, 'Alleluia!'
'Alleluia!' the Earth replies.

O star of wonder...