

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
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:

O come, let us...

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

O come, let us...

Yea, Lord we greet Thee,
Born that happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:

O come, let us...

- 1 For unto us a child is born,
unto us a son is given,
and the government shall be upon His shoulder;
For unto us a child is born,
unto us a son is given,
and the government shall be upon His shoulder;

*He will be called Wonderful,
Wonderful Counsellor, Mighty God,
the Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace,
Mighty God.*

- 2 And there shall be no end
to the increase of His rule,
to the increase of His government and peace;
for He shall sit on David's throne
upholding righteousness,
our God shall accomplish this.

He will be called...

- 3 For He is the Mighty God,
He is the Prince of Peace,
the King of kings and Lord of lords:
all honour to the King,
all glory to His name,
for now and for evermore!

He will be called... x 2

- 1 Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord;
unnumbered blessings give my spirit voice;
tender to me the promise of His word;
in God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.
- 2 Tell out, my soul, the greatness of His name!
Make known His might,
the deeds His arm has done;
His mercy sure, from age to age the same;
His Holy name – the Lord, the Mighty One.
- 3 Tell out, my soul, the greatness of His might!
powers and dominions lay their glory by;
proud hearts ad stubborn wills are put to flight,
the hungry fed, the humble lifted high.
- 4 Tell out, my soul, the glories of His word!
firm is His promise, and His mercy sure;
tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord
to children's children and for evermore!

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

O morning Stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to all on Earth
For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love

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

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

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...

- 1 We three kings of Orient are;
bearing gifts we travel afar
field and fountain, moor and mountain,
following yonder star.

*O-oh star of wonder, star of light,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.*

- 2 Born a king on Bethlehem's plain,
gold I bring to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never,
over us all to reign.

O star of wonder...

- 3 Frankincense to offer have I;
incense owns a Deity nigh;
prayer and praising, voices raising,
worshipping God on high

O star of wonder...

- 4 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...

- 5 Glorious now behold Him arise;
King and God and sacrifice:
Alleluia, Alleluia sounds
through the earth and skies.

O star of wonder...

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.

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray:

*O, tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
O, tidings of comfort and joy.*

At Bethlehem in Judah
The holy Babe was born;
They laid Him in a manger
On this most happy morn:
At which His mother Mary
Did neither fear nor scorn:

O, tidings...

From God our heavenly Father
A holy angel came;
The shepherds saw the glory
And heard the voice proclaim
That Christ was born in Bethlehem
And Jesus is His name

O, tidings...

Fear not, then said the angel,
Let nothing cause you fright;
To you is born a Saviour
In David's town tonight,
To free all those who trust Him
From Satan's power and might:

O, tidings...

The shepherds at these tidings
Rejoiced in heart and mind,
And on the darkened hillside
They left their flocks behind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
This holy Child to find

O, tidings...

And when to Bethlehem they came
Where Christ the Infant lay:

They found Him in a manger
Where oxen feed on hay,
And there beside her newborn Child
His mother knelt to pray

O, tidings...

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All people in this place!
With Christian love and fellowship
Each other now embrace
And let this Christmas festival
All bitterness displace

O, tidings...