

- 1 O little town of Bethlehem,  
how still we see you lie!  
Above your deep and dreamless sleep  
the silent stars go by:  
yet in your dark streets shining  
is everlasting Light;  
the hopes and fears of all the years  
are met in you tonight.
- 2 For Christ is born of Mary;  
and, gathered all above,  
while mortals sleep, the angels keep  
their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars, together  
proclaim the holy birth,  
and praises sing to God the King,  
and peace to men on earth.
- 3 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.
- 4 O holy child of Bethlehem,  
descend to us, we pray;  
cast out our sin, and enter in;  
be born is us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
the great glad tidings tell;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
our Lord Immanuel.

- 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 here little child.
  
- 2      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.
  
- 3      And through all His wondrous childhood  
         He would honour and obey,  
         love, and watch the lowly mother,  
         in whose gentle arms He lay:  
         Christian children all should be,  
         kind, obedient, good as He.
  
- 4      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 feels for all our sadness,  
         and He shares in all our gladness.
  
- 5      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 is gone.
  
- 6      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;  
         there His children gather round,  
         bright like stars, with glory crowned.

- 1     Silent night, holy night!  
      Sleeps the world; hid from sight,  
      Mary and Joseph in stable bare  
      watched o'er the child beloved and fair  
          sleeping in heavenly rest,  
          sleeping in heavenly rest.
  
- 2     Silent night, holy night!  
      Shepherds first saw the light,  
      heard resounding clear and long,  
      far and near, the angel-song:  
          'Christ the Redeemer is here,  
          Christ the Redeemer is here.'
  
- 3     Silent night, holy night!  
      Son of God, O how bright  
      love is smiling from Your face!  
      Strikes for us now the hour of grace,  
          Saviour, since You are born,  
          Saviour, since You are born.

- 1 While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
all seated on the ground,  
the angel of the Lord came down  
and glory shone around.
- 2 'Fear not,' said he – for mighty dread  
had seized their troubled mind –  
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
to you and all mankind:
- 3 '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:
- 4 'The heavenly babe you there shall find  
to human view displayed,  
all meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,  
and in a manger laid.'
- 5 Thus spake the angel; and forthwith  
appeared a shining throng  
of angels praising God, who thus  
addressed their joyful song:
- 6 'All glory be to God on high,  
and to the earth be peace;  
goodwill henceforth from heaven to men  
begin and never cease!'

- 1     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 in the hay.
  
- 2     The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,  
      but little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes:  
      I love You, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky  
      and stay by my side until morning is nigh.
  
- 3     Be near me, Lord Jesus: I ask You to stay  
      close by me for ever and love me, I pray;  
      bless all the dear children in Your tender care,  
      and fit us for heaven to live with You there.