

As with gladness men of old

Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesu, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

In the heav'nly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down.
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

Ding! Dong! merrily on high

in heav'n the bells are ringing:
Ding! Dong! verily the sky
is riv'n with angels singing.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,
let steeple bells be swungen,
And i-o, i-o, i-o, by priest and people sungen.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime
your matin chime, ye ringers;
May you beautifully rime
your evetime song, ye singers.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

Infant holy, Infant lowly,

For his bed a cattle stall;
Oxen lowing, Little knowing
Christ the babe is Lord of all.
Swift are winging Angels singing,
Nowells ringing, Tidings bringing,
Christ the babe is Lord of all.
Christ the babe is Lord of all.

Flocks were sleeping, Shepherds keeping
Vigil till the morning new;
Saw the glory, Heard the story,
Tidings of a gospel true.
Thus rejoicing, Free from sorrow,
Praises voicing, Greet the morrow:
Christ the babe was born for you!
Christ the babe was born for you!

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 the earth, goodwill to men
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hov'ring wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long,
Beneath the angel-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 send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Joy to the world, the Lord is 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 heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns!
Let all their 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, wonders, of His love.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!

Lord, you were rich beyond all splendour,
Yet, for love's sake, became so poor;
Leaving your throne in glad surrender,
Sapphire-paved courts for stable floor:
Lord, you were rich beyond all splendour,
Yet, for love's sake, became so poor.

You are our God beyond all praising,
Yet, for love's sake, became a man;
Stooping so low, but sinners raising
Heav'n-wards, by your eternal plan:
You are our God, beyond all praising,
Yet, for love's sake, became a man.

Lord, you are love beyond all telling,
Saviour and King, we worship you:
Immanuel, within us dwelling,
Make us and keep us pure and true:
Lord, you are love beyond all telling,
Saviour and King, we worship you.

Mary's song

Sleep, King Jesus,
Your royal bed
Is made of hay
In a cattle-shed.
Sleep, King Jesus,
Do not fear,
Joseph is watching
And waiting near.

Warm in the wintry air
You lie,
The ox and the donkey
Standing by,
With summer eyes
They seem to say:
Welcome, Jesus,
On Christmas Day!

Sleep, King Jesus:
Your diamond crown
High in the sky
Where the stars look down.
Let your reign
Of love begin,
That all the world
May enter in.

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:

O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him,

O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

Sing, choirs of angels,

Sing in exultation,

Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;

Glory to God

In the highest:

O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him,

O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord

Yea, Lord we greet thee,

Born for our salvation;

Jesu, to thee be glory given,

Word of the Father,

Now in flesh appearing:

O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him,

O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

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 men on earth;

For Christ is born of Mary,

And, gathered all above,

While mortals sleep, the angels keep

Their watch of wond'ring love.

How silently, how silently,

The wondrous gift is given!

So God imparts to human hearts

The blessings of his heav'n.

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 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 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.

Ladies 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 is 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.

Calypso Carol

See him lying on a bed of straw:
a draughty stable with an open door;
Mary cradling the babe she bore
the prince of glory is his name.

*O now carry me to Bethlehem
to see the Lord appear to men!
just as poor as was the stable then,
the prince of glory when he came.*

Star of silver, sweep across the skies,
show where Jesus in the manger lies;
shepherds swiftly from your stupor rise
to see the saviour of the world!

O now carry me...

Angels, sing again the song you sang,
Bring God's glory to the heart of man;
Sing that Bethlem's little baby can
Be salvation to the soul.

O now carry me...

Mine are riches, from your poverty,
from your innocence, eternity;
mine, forgiveness by your death for me,
child of sorrow for my joy.

O now carry me...

This is the truth sent from above,

The truth of God, the God of love,
Therefore don't turn me from your door,
But hearken all both rich and poor.

The first thing which I do relate
Is that God did man create;
The next thing which to you I'll tell
Woman was made with man to dwell.

Thus we were heirs to endless woes,
Till God the Lord did interpose;
And so a promise soon did run
That he would redeem us by his Son.

And at that season of the year
Our blest Redeemer did appear;
And here did live, and here did preach,
and many thousands he did teach.

Thus he in love to us behaved,
To show us how we must be saved;
And if you want to know the way,
Be pleased to hear what he did say.

Unto us is born a son,
King of quires supernal:
See on earth his life begun,
Of lords the Lord eternal,
Of lords the Lord eternal.

Christ, from heaven descending low,
Comes on earth a stranger;
Ox and ass their owner know,
Becradled in the manger,
Becradled in the manger.

This did Herod sore affray
And grievously bewilder,
So he gave the word to slay,
And slew the little childer,
And slew the little childer.

Of his love and mercy mild
This the Christmas story;
And O that Mary's gentle child
Might lead us up to glory,
Might lead us up to glory!

O and A, and A and O,
Cum cantibus in choro,
Let our merry organ go,
Benedicamus Domino,
Benedicamus Domino.

**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 to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.”