

1. **Angels from the realms of glory, wing your flight o'er all the earth;**
Ye who sang creations story, now proclaim Messiah's birth.

Gloria in excelsis Deo

Shepherds, in the field abiding, watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with us is now residing; yonder shines the Infant light.

Gloria in excelsis Deo

Sages, leave your contemplations, brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations; ye have seen his natal star.

Gloria in excelsis Deo

-
2. **God rest you merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,**
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas 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

From God our heav'nly Father a blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born The Son of God by name:

O tidings of comfort and joy . . .

The shepherds at those tidings rejoiced much in their mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding in tempest, storm and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway this blessed babe to find:

O tidings of comfort and joy . . .

But when to Bethlehem they came, where at this infant lay,
They found him in a manger, where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary kneeling, unto the Lord did pray:

O tidings of comfort and joy . . .

Now to the Lord sing praises, all you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas all others doth deface:

O tidings of comfort and joy . . .

3. **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, Off-spring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see; Hail, the incarnate Deity,
Pleased with us in flesh to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hark! the herald angels sing: "Glory to the new-born King."

Hail the heav'nly Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteousness
Light and life to all He brings, Risen with healing in His Wings.
Mild He lays His Glory by, Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth.

Hark! the herald angels sing: "Glory to the new-born King."

-
4. **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.*

True God of true God, Light from Light eternal,
He who abhors not the virgin's womb;
Son of the Father, begotten, not created;

O come, let us adore Him . .

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation;
O sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!
Glory to God, glory in the highest;

O come, let us adore Him . . .

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing.

O come, let us adore Him . . .

5. **Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright**
'Round you 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, heav'nly 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.

6. ***Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh.
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh.***

Dashing through the snow in a one-horse open sleigh,
O'er the fields we go, laughing all the way.
Bells on bobtails ring, making spirits bright.
What fun it is to ride and sing a sleighing song tonight.

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way . . .

Now the ground is white, go it while you're young,
Take the girls tonight, sing this sleighing song.
Get a bob-tailed bay, two-forty for his speed.
Then hitch him to an open sleigh and you will take the lead.

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way . . .

7. **Away in a manger no crib for a bed**
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head
The stars in the bright sky look down where he lay
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay

The cattle are lowing the baby awakes
But little Lord Jesus no crying he makes
I love thee Lord Jesus look down from on high
And stay by my side until morning is nigh

Be near me Lord Jesus I ask thee to stay
Close by me forever and love me I pray
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care
And fit us for heaven to live with thee there

8. **O holy night, the stars are brightly shining,**
It is the night of my 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 soul 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!***

Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,
With glowing hearts by his cradle we stand;
So led by light of star so sweetly gleaming,
Here came the wise men from Orient land;
The King of kings lay thus in lowly manger,
In all our trials born to be our friend.

Fall on your knees, o hear the angel voices . . .

Truly he taught that we love one another,
His law is love and his gospel is peace;
Chains shall he break, the slave is still 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.

Fall on your knees, o hear the angel voices . . .

9. **We wish you a merry Christmas**
We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy New Year.

***Good tidings we bring to you and your kin;
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!***

Now bring us some figgy pudding
Now bring us some figgy pudding
Now bring us some figgy pudding.
And a happy New Year.

Good tidings we bring . . .

10. Joy to the world!
The Lord has come;
Let earth receive her King.
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven, and heaven and nature sing!

Joy to the earth!
The Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ.
While fields and streams
And 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.

11. Ding dong merrily on high,
In heav'n the bells are ringing:
Ding dong! verily the sky
Is riv'n with angel singing.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,
Let steeple bells be swungen,
And "Io, io, io!"
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!

12. 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 minds;
"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
The Savior, who is Christ the Lord
And this shall be the sign."

"The heavenly Babe
You there shall find
To human view displayed,
And 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 on the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth
From heaven to men
Begin and never cease!"

13. 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 forever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.

O Star of wonder, star of night . . .

Frankincense for Jesus have I
God on Earth, yet priest on high.
Prayer and praising, all men raising;
Worship Him, God most high.

O Star of wonder, star of night . . .

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Tells of his death and Calvary's gloom.
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb

O Star of wonder, star of night . . .

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice;
Heaven sings out 'Alleluia'
'Amen', the earth replies.

O Star of wonder, star of night . . .

14. Once in royal Davids 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 mother
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all should 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 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.

15. **Les anges dans nos campagnes,**
Ont entonné des chœurs joyeux :
Et l'écho de nos montagnes
Redit ce chant mélodieux :

Gloria in excelsis Deo (x2)

Bergers, grande est la nouvelle:
Le Christ est né, le Dieu Sauveur !
Venez, le ciel vous appelle
A rendre hommage au Rédempteur

Gloria in excelsis Deo (x2)

Vers l'enfant qui vient de naître,
Accourons tous avec bonheur !
Le ciel nous l'a fait connaître ;
Oui, gloire au Christ, au Dieu Sauveur !

Gloria in excelsis Deo (x2)

-
16. **Douce nuit, sainte nuit**
L'étoile est là, qui nous conduit
Allons donc tous avec les mages
Porter à Jésus nos hommages
Car l'enfant nous est né,
Le Fils nous est donné

Voici Noël, oh ! quel beau jour
Jésus est né, quel grand amour
C'est pour nous qu'il vient sur la terre
Qu'il prend sur Lui notre misère
Un Sauveur nous est né, le Fils nous est donné

Voici Noël, ne craignons pas
Car Dieu nous dit, » Paix ici bas,
Bienveillance envers tous les hommes »
Pour nous aussi, tels que nous sommes
Un sauveur nous est né, le Fils nous est donné

17. *Il est né le divin enfant, jouez hautbois résonnez musette.*
Il est né le divin enfant, chantons tous son avènement.

Depuis plus de quatre mille ans, nous le promettaient les prophètes.
Depuis plus de quatre mille ans, nous attendions cet heureux temps.

Il est né le divin enfant, jouez hautbois résonnez musette . . .

Ah qu'il est beau qu'il est charmant, ah que ses grâces sont parfaites.
Ah qu'il est beau qu'il est charmant, qu'il est doux ce divin enfant.

Il est né le divin enfant, jouez hautbois résonnez musette . . .

Une étable est son logement, un peu de paille est sa couchette.
Une étable est son logement, pour un dieu quel abaissement.

Il est né le divin enfant, jouez hautbois résonnez musette . . .

Partez, grands rois de l'Orient ! Venez vous unir à nos fêtes
Partez, grands rois de l'Orient ! Venez adorer cet enfant !

Il est né le divin enfant, jouez hautbois résonnez musette . . .

Il veut nos cœurs, il les attend, il veut en faire la conquête.
Il veut nos cœurs, il les attend, qu'ils soient à lui dès ce moment.

Il est né le divin enfant, jouez hautbois résonnez musette . . .

Jésus, Ô roi tout puissant, tout petit enfant que vous êtes.
Ô Jésus, Ô roi tout puissant, réglez sur nous entièrement.

Il est né le divin enfant, jouez hautbois résonnez musette . . .

18. **Douce nuit, sainte nuit,**
L'étoile est là, qui nous conduit ;
Allons donc tous avec les mages,
Porter à Jésus nos hommages,
Car l'enfant nous est né,
Le Fils nous est donné.

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!

Voici Noël, oh ! quel beau jour ;
Jésus est né, quel grand amour.
C'est pour nous qu'il vient sur la terre,
Qu'il prend sur Lui notre misère ;
Un Sauveur nous est né,
Le Fils nous est donné.

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!

Voici Noël, ne craignons pas,
Car Dieu nous dit, « Paix ici bas,
Bienveillance envers tous les hommes »
Pour nous aussi, tels que nous sommes
Un sauveur nous est né,
Le Fils nous est donné.

19. **Minuit chrétien, c'est l'heure solennelle,**
Où l'Homme-Dieu descendit jusqu'à nous
Pour effacer la tâche originelle
Et de son père arrêter le courroux.
Le monde entier tressaille d'espérance
En cette nuit qui lui donne un sauveur :

*Peuple à genoux, attends ta délivrance,
Noël, Noël, voici le rédempteur !
Noël, Noël, voici le rédempteur !*

Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,
With glowing hearts by his cradle we stand;
So led by light of star so sweetly gleaming,
Here came the wise men from Orient land;
The King of kings lay thus in lowly manger,
In all our trials born to be our friend.

*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!*

Truly he taught that we love one another,
His law is love and his gospel is peace;
Chains shall he break, the slave is still 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.

*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!*

Le rédempteur a brisé toute entrave,
La terre est libre et le ciel est ouvert.
Il voit un frère où n'était qu'un esclave,
L'amour unit ceux qu'enchaînait le fer.
Qui lui dira notre reconnaissance ?
C'est pour nous tous qu'il naît, qu'il souffre et meurt.

*Peuple à genoux, attends ta délivrance
Noël, Noël, chantons le rédempteur
Noël, Noël, chantons le rédempteur !*