

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*

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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."*

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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,  
Lo, 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.

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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 . . .***

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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 . . .***

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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 Savior 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.

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**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 . . .*

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**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.