

Silent Night

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright.
Round yon virgin mother and child.
Holy infant so tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds first saw the sight:
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia:
Christ the Saviour is born.
Christ the Saviour is born!

Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light;
Radiance beams from thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

Joseph Mohr
Tr. Anon

Away in a Manger

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 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 the sky, 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.

Anon

The First Nowell

The first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay, keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep:
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star,
Shining in the east, beyond them far;
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night:
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

And by the light of that same star,
Three wise men came from country far:
To seek for a king was their intent,
And to follow that star wherever it went:
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

This star drew nigh to the north-west;
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay:
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

Then entered in those wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in his presence
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense:
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of naught,
And with his blood mankind hath bought:
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

Traditional English Carol

Blow The Trumpet

*Sound the trumpet, the pipes and drum.
Fill the air with the church bells' ringing.
Sound the trumpet, the pipes and drum.
Ring the bells, for the Saviour's come.*

Through the ages, dark and long,
Prophets told of the Christ-child's coming.
Through the ages, dark and long,
All have waited to raise the song:

Sound the trumpet...

Infant Jesus, almighty King,
Humbly cradled within a stable,
Infant Jesus, almighty King,
Help us serve you and ever sing:

Sound the Trumpet...

Traditional French Carol
Arranged, with English Words,
by Audrey Podmore

I Saw Three Ships

1. I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day, in the morning.
2. And what was in those ships all three.
3. Our Saviour Christ and his lady.
4. Pray, whither sailed those ships all three?
5. O, they sailed into Bethlehem.
6. And all the bells on earth shall ring.
7. And all the angels in heaven shall sing.
8. And all the souls on earth shall sing.
9. Then let us all rejoice, amain.

Traditional English Carol

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

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 the 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 herald angels sing
Glory to the new born King.*

Hail the heaven-born 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.*

Charles Wesley and Other