



90  
YEARS



# Christmas Carols







# O come, all ye faithful

- 1 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!
- 2 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...
- 3\* See how the shepherds  
summoned to his cradle,  
leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;  
we too will thither  
bend our joyful footsteps:  
O come, let us adore him...
- 4\* Lo, star-led chieftains,  
Magi, Christ adoring,  
offer him incense, gold, and myrrh;  
we to the Christ-child  
bring our hearts' oblations;  
O come, let us adore him...
- 5 Child, for us sinners  
poor and in the manger,  
fain we embrace thee with awe and love;  
who would not love thee,  
loving us so dearly?  
O come, let us adore him...
- 6 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...

Adeste fideles

Anonymous Latin, attributed to John Francis Wade (1711-1786) Etienne Jean Francois Borderies ((1764-1832) William Mercer (1811-1873), Frederick Oakeley (1802-1880), William Thomas Brooke (1848-1917) and others

## Ding dong, merrily on high

- 1        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!  
          Gloria! Hosanna in excelsis!
- 2        E'en so here below, below,  
          let steeple bells be swungen,  
          and 'lo, io, io!'  
          by priest and people sungen:  
          Gloria...
- 3        Pray you, dutifully prime  
          your matin chime, ye ringers!  
          may you beautifully rime  
          your evetime song, ye singers!  
          Gloria...

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848-1934)

## Hark, the herald-angels sing

- 1        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.
- 2        Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
          Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
          late in time behold him come,  
          offspring of a Virgin's womb.
- 4



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...

- 3 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, (1707-1788), George Whitfield (1714-1770), Martin Madan (1726-1790)

## While shepherds

- 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 swathing bands,  
and in a manger laid.'

- 5        Thus spake the seraph; 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;  
          good will henceforth from heaven to all  
          begin and never cease.'

Nahum Tate (1652-1715)

## Away in a manger

- 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 on the hay.
- 2        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.
- 3        Be near me, Lord Jesus: I ask thee to stay  
          close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.  
          Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,  
          and fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.

Sometimes attributed to John Thomas Macfarland (1851-1913) and William James Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)



# Good King Wenceslas

- 1        Good King Wenceslas looked out  
          on the feast of Stephen,  
          when the snow lay round about,  
          deep and crisp and even;  
          brightly shone the moon that night,  
          though the frost was cruel,  
          when a poor man came in sight,  
          gath'ring winter fuel.
- 2        'Hither, page, and stand by me;  
          if thou know'st it, telling-  
          yonder peasant, who is he?  
          where and what his dwelling?'  
          'Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
          underneath the mountain,  
          right against the forest fence,  
          by Saint Agnes' fountain.'
- 3        'Bring me flesh, and bring me wine!  
          bring me pine logs hither!  
          thou and I will see him dine  
          when we bear them thither.'  
          Page and monarch forth they went,  
          forth they went together,  
          through the rude wind's wild lament  
          and the bitter weather.
- 4        'Sire, the night is darker now,  
          and the wind blows stronger;  
          fails my heart, I know not how,  
          I can go no longer.'  
          'Mark my footsteps, good my page,  
          tread thou in them boldly:  
          thou shalt find the winter's rage  
          freeze thy blood less coldly.'
- 5        In his master's steps he trod,  
          where the snow lay dinted;  
          heat was in the very sod  
          which the saint had printed.  
          therefore, Christian men, be sure,  
          wealth or rank possessing,  
          ye who now will bless the poor  
          shall yourselves find blessing.

# The First Nowell

- 1        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.
  
- 2        They lookèd 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...
  
- 3        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 the star wherever it went:  
          Nowell, Nowell...
  
- 4        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...
  
- 5        Then entered in those wise men three,  
          full rev'rently upon their knee,  
          and offered there in his presence  
          their gold and myrrh and frankincense:  
          Nowell, Nowell...
  
- 6        Then let us all with one accord  
          sing praises to our heav'nly Lord,  
          who with the Father we adore  
          and Spirit blest for evermore.  
          Nowell, Nowell...





## In the bleak mid-winter

- 1        In the bleak mid-winter,  
          frosty wind made moan,  
          earth stood hard as iron,  
          water like a stone;  
          snow had fallen, snow on snow,  
          snow on snow,  
          in the bleak mid-winter,  
          long ago.
  
- 2        Our God, heav'n cannot hold Him,  
          nor earth sustain;  
          heav'n and earth shall flee away  
          when He comes to reign:  
          in the bleak mid-winter  
          a stable-place sufficed  
          the Lord God almighty,  
          Jesus Christ.
  
- 3        Enough for him, whom cherubim  
          worship night and day,  
          a breastful of milk  
          and a mangerful of hay:  
          enough for him, whom angels  
          fall down before,  
          the ox and ass and camel  
          which adore.
  
- 4        Angels and archangels  
          may have gathered there,  
          cherubim and seraphim  
          throngèd the air;  
          but his mother only,  
          in her maiden bliss,  
          worshipped the beloved  
          with a kiss.
  
- 5        What can I give Him,  
          poor as I am?  
          if I were a shepherd,  
          I would bring a lamb;  
          if I were a wise man,  
          I would do my part;  
          yet what I can I give him:  
          give my heart.

# Once in royal David's city

- 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 her 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        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.
  
- 4        And our eyes at last shall see him,  
          through his own redeeming love,  
          for that child so dear and gentle  
          is our Lord in heav'n above;  
          and he leads his children on  
          to the place where he is gone.
  
- 5        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;  
          where like stars his children crowned  
          all in white shall wait around.

Cecil Frances Alexander (née Humphreys) (1818-1895)



# O little town of Bethlehem

- 1           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 to-night.
- 2           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 wondering love.
- 3           How silently, how silently,  
          the wondrous gift is giv'n.  
          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.
- 4           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.

Phillips Brooks (1835-1893)

