

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.

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.



11 | Joy to the world

Joy to the world, the Lord has 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 heaven and heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! The Saviour reigns;

Let us our 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 and wonders of His Love.

2

In the bleak mid-winter

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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.

Our God, heaven cannot hold Him,
Nor earth sustain;
Heaven 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.

Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Thronged the air;
But His mother only,
In her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the Belovèd
With a kiss.

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.

12

O come,
all ye
faithful

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
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 . . .

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 . . .

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 . . .

1 | O little town of Bethlehem

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 all on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
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.

7

**While
shepherds
watched**

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 swaddling 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.'

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 for ever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.

O star of wonder . . .

Frankincense to offer have I;

Incense owns a Deity nigh:

Prayer and praising, all are raising,
Worship Him, God most high.

O star of wonder . . .

Myrrh is mine: its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

O star of wonder . . .

Glorious now, behold Him arise,
King and God and sacrifice.

Heaven sings, 'Alleluia!'
'Alleluia!' the earth replies.

O star of wonder . . .

13

Silent night, holy night

Silent night, holy night.

All is calm, all is bright
Round the Virgin mother
and Child;

Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night.

Shepherds quail at 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
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace:
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

6 | 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 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.

10

Hark! the herald-angels sing

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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,
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 we 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.