

# Christmas Carols

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## PREFACE<sup>\*</sup>

This little edition of Christmas carols attempts to collect together songs reflective of the spirit and emotion which motivated the commonfolk in whom these songs were carried forward through past centuries. The word carol once meant to dance in a ring, and this joyful and fun-filled origin is oft’ times lost to us as we retreat from the extreme commercialism of Christmas into an over-solemn remembrance — instead of a celebration—of Christmas. Our earliest carols were written shortly following Chaucer’s death in 1400, and most of the old English carols were written in the two and a half centuries following.

Old carols traveled underground, preserved in folk songs and periodically captured in humble broadsheets, both of which were motivated by fun and celebration and not to buttress the Christian faith with correct teaching or theology. We see this in some of the theologically incorrect images presented in some old carols; however, this should neither deter us from singing them nor cause us to “revise and correct” them.

This edition does not attempt to capture each carol complete in its original form; rather, it is the purpose of this carol book to provide those desiring to sing carols with a highly usable resource: verses unsuited to contemporary singing have been omitted, and carols unknown to the editor have also been cast aside. Commonly accepted modernisations of some older words have also been introduced to make the carols singable.

The Spirit of Christmas kept these songs alive through the ages, and it is this editor’s opinion that they are best sung *a capella* in a spirit of spontaneity and joy. Too much churchification of Christmas carols kills the joyful Spirit of Christmas and deters us from singing lustily as we gather together to celebrate all that Christmas exists to sustain.

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<sup>\*</sup> Much of the information for this Preface was taken from “The Oxford Book of Carols”.

## Angels From The Realms of Glory

James Montgomery, 1816\*

1. Angels from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:

Come and worship, come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2. Shepherds in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing;  
Yonder shines the infant Light:
3. Sages, leave your contemplations;  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of nations;  
Ye have seen His natal star:
4. Saints before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In His temple shall appear:
5. Though an infant now we view  
Him,  
He shall find His Father's throne,  
Gather all the nations to Him;  
Every knee shall then bow down:

## Angels We Have Heard On High

Traditional French Carol

1. Angels we have heard on high,  
Sweetly singing o'er the plains.  
And the mountains in reply,  
Echoing their joyous strains.

Glo—ria in excelsis Deo.

Glo—ria in excelsis Deo.

2. Shepherds, why this jubilee?  
Why your joyous songs prolong?  
What great brightness did you see?  
What glad tidings did you hear?
3. Come to Bethlehem and see  
Him whose birth the angels sing,  
Come adore on bended knee,  
Christ, the Lord, the new-born King.

## As With Gladness Men of Old

William Chatterton Dix, 1860

1. As with gladness men of old  
Did the guiding star behold;  
As with joy they hailed its light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright;  
So, most gracious Lord, may we  
Evermore be led to Thee.
2. As with joyful steps they sped,  
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Thee, whom heaven and earth  
adore;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.
3. As they offered gifts most rare  
At that cradle rude and bare;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.
4. Holy Jesu, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds their glory hide.

\* First printed in *Iris* (Montgomery's newspaper) on 24 December, 1816. It reads almost like an early nineteenth-century translation of the opening verses of 'Les anges dans nos campagnes', an old French carol. The fifth verse is taken from 'The Babe of Bethlehem' another English carol of that era.

5. In the heavenly country bright  
Need they no created light;  
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown  
Thou its Sun which goes not down;  
There for ever may we sing  
Alleluias to our King.

### **Away In A Manger**

Anonymous

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 look  
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 You, Lord Jesus; look down  
from the sky,  
And stay by my bedside 'till  
morning is nigh.
3. Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask You to  
stay  
Close by me for ever, and love me, I  
pray.  
Bless all the dear children in Your  
tender care,  
And fit us for heaven, to live with  
You there.

### **Deck The Hall**

Traditional Welsh Song

1. Deck the hall with boughs of holly,  
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.  
'Tis the season to be jolly,  
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.  
Don we now our gay apparel,  
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.  
Toll the ancient Yuletide carol,  
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.
2. Fast away the old year passes,  
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.  
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses,  
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.  
Sing, we joyous, all together,  
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.  
Heedless of the wind and weather,  
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.
3. See the blazing Yule before us,  
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.  
Strike the harp and join the chorus,  
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.  
Follow me in merry measure,  
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.  
While I tell of Yuletide treasure,  
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.

### **Ding Dong Merrily On High**

Tr. G. R. Woodward

1. Ding dong! merrily on high  
In heaven the bells are ringing:  
Ding dong! verily the sky  
Is riven with angels singing
- Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!
2. E'en so here below, below,  
Let steeple bells be swungen,  
And i-o, i-o, i-o,  
By priest and people sung:

3. Pray you, dutifully prime  
Your matin chime, ye ringers;  
May you beautifully rime  
Your eve-time song, ye singers:

### The First Noël

Traditional English Carol, c. 17th cent.

1. The first Noël the angel did say  
Was to certain poor shepherds in  
fields as they lay;  
In fields where they lay a-keeping  
their sheep,  
On a cold winter's night that was so  
deep.

"Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël  
Born is the King of Israel."

2. 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.
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 whersoever it  
went.
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.
5. Then entered in those wise men  
three,  
Full reverently upon their knee,  
And offered there in His presence,  
Their gold and myrrh and  
frankincense.

6. Then let us all with one accord  
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord;  
That has made heaven and earth of  
naught,  
And with His Blood mankind has  
bought.

### God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen

Traditional English Carol\*

1. God rest ye merry, gentlemen, let  
nothing you dismay,  
Remember Christ our Saviour was  
born on Christmas Day;  
To save us all from Satan's pow'r,  
when we were gone astray:  
O— tidings of comfort and joy, comfort  
and joy.  
O— tidings of comfort and joy.
2. From God, our Heavenly Father, a  
blesséd angel came,  
And unto certain shepherds brought  
tidings of the same;  
How that in Bethlehem was born,  
the Son of God, by name:
3. 'Fear not,' then said the angel, 'Let  
nothing you affright,  
This day is born a Saviour, of virtue,  
power, and might;  
So frequently to vanquish all the  
friends of Satan quite:'
4. The shepherds at those tidings  
rejoicéd much in mind,  
And left their flocks a-feeding, in  
tempest, storm and wind,  
And went to Bethlehem straightway  
this blesséd babe to find:

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\* This popular Christmas carol exists in two major versions with two different tunes. Herein is captured the so called *usual version*; the alternate is generally referred to as the *London version*.

5. But when to Bethlehem they came,  
whereat this infant lay,  
They found Him in a manger where  
oxen feed on hay;  
His mother Mary kneeling, unto the  
Lord did pray:
6. 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 other  
doth deface:

### **Good Christian Men, Rejoice**

Rev. John M Neale, 1853

1. Good Christian men, rejoice,  
With heart and soul and voice,  
Give ye heed to what we say:  
News! News!  
Jesus Christ was born today;  
Ox and ass before Him bow,  
And He is in the manger now.  
Christ is born today!  
Christ is born today!
2. Good Christian men, rejoice,  
With heart and soul and voice;  
Now ye hear of endless bliss: Joy!  
Joy!  
Jesus Christ was born for this!  
He has ope'd the heavenly door,  
And man is blesséd evermore.  
Christ was born for this!  
Christ was born for this!
3. Good Christian men, rejoice,  
With heart and soul and voice!  
Now ye need not fear the grave:  
Peace! Peace!  
Jesus Christ was born to save!  
Calls you one and calls you all,  
To gain His everlasting hall:  
Christ was born to save!  
Christ was born to save!

### **Good King Wenceslas**

Rev. John M. Neale, 1853

1. Good King Wenceslas look'd 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 cruél,  
When a poor man came in sight,  
Gath'ring winter fuél.
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 St. 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, my good page;  
Tread thou in them boldly:  
Thou shall 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.

### **Hark! The Herald Angels Sing**

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739

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.  
Veiled in flesh the God head see!  
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
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.

### **Here We Come A-Wassailing**

Traditional English Song\*

1. Here we come a-wassailing  
Among the leaves so green,  
Here we come a-wand'ring,  
So fair to be seen:

Love and joy come to you,  
And to you, your wassail too,  
And God bless you, and send you a  
happy New Year,  
And God send you a happy New Year.

2. We are not daily beggars  
That beg from door to door,  
But we are neighbours' children  
Whom you have seen before:
3. God bless the master of this house,  
Likewise the mistress too;  
And all the little children  
That round the table go:
4. Good master and good mistress,  
While you're sitting by the fire,  
Pray think of us poor children  
Who are wandering in the mire:

### **The Holly & The Ivy**

Traditionally sung to a French carol tune†

1. The holly and the ivy,  
When they were both full grown,  
Of all the trees that are in the wood,  
The holly bears the crown.

O the rising of the sun,  
And the running of the deer,  
The playing of the merry organ,  
Sweet singing in the choir.

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\* This carol gives a vivid picture of The Waites (14<sup>th</sup> century, and later, town musicians). See <http://www.waites.org.uk/> for further information.

† *The Oxford Book Of Carols* posits that this carol started as a tribal chorus, a song being sung as a dance between lads and the maids.

2. The holly bears a blossom,  
As white as any flow'r,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
To be our sweet Saviour.
3. The holly bears a berry,  
As red as any blood,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
To do poor sinners good.
4. The holly bears a prickle,  
As sharp as any thorn,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
On Christmas day in the morn.
5. The holly bears a bark,  
As bitter as any gall,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
For to redeem us all.
6. The holly and the ivy,  
When they are both full grown,  
Of all the trees that are in the wood,  
The holly bears the crown.

### **Huron Carol**

St. Jean de Brébeuf, 1643,  
*Tr. by J. Edgar Middleton, 1926*

1. 'Twas in the moon of winter-time,  
When all the birds had fled,  
That mighty Gitchi Manitou  
Sent angel choirs instead;  
Before their light the stars grew dim,  
And wond'ring hunters heard the  
hymn:

Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born,  
In excelsis gloria.

2. Within a lodge of broken bark  
The tender Babe was found,  
A ragged robe of rabbit skin  
Enwrapped His beauty round;  
But as the hunter braves drew nigh,  
The angel-song rang loud and high.

3. The earliest moon of winter-time  
Is not so round and fair  
As was the reign of glory on  
The helpless Infant there.  
The chiefs from far before Him knelt  
With gifts of fox and beaver-pelt.
4. O children of the forest free,  
O sons of Manitou,  
The Holy Child of earth and heaven  
Is born today for you.  
Come kneel before the radiant Boy,  
Who brings you beauty, peace, and  
joy.

### **I Saw Three Ships**

*Traditional English Carol*

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  
On Christmas day, on Christmas  
day;  
And what was in those ships all  
three  
On Christmas day in the morning?
3. Our Saviour, Christ, and His Lady,  
On Christmas day, on Christmas  
day;  
Our Saviour, Christ, and His Lady,  
On Christmas day in the morning.
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, ...

**Infant Holy**

Tr. Edith M. Reed

1. Infant holy, infant lowly, for his bed  
a cattle stall;  
Oxen lowing, little knowing Christ  
the Babe is Lord of all.  
Swift are winging angels singing,  
noëls ringing, tidings bringing,  
Christ the Babe is Lord of all.  
Christ the Babe is Lord of all.
2. Flocks were sleeping, shepherds  
keeping vigil till the morning  
new;  
Saw the glory, hear the story, tidings  
of a gospel true.  
Thus rejoicing, free from sorrow,  
praises voicing, greet the  
morrow,  
Christ the Babe was born for you!  
Christ the Babe was born for you!

**It Came Upon A Midnight Clear**

Rev. E. H. Sears, 1849

1. It came upon a midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold:  
Peace on the earth, good-will to men  
From heaven's all-gracious King:  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

2. Still through the cloven skies they  
come  
With peaceful wings unfurled;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world:  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.
3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long;  
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong;  
And man at war with man hears not  
The words of peace they bring:  
O listen now, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing.
4. O ye, beneath life's crushing load  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow;  
Look now, for glad and golden  
hours  
Come swiftly on the wing:  
O rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.
5. For lo, the days are hastening on,  
By prophets seen of old,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Shall come the time foretold,  
When the new heaven and earth  
shall own  
The Prince of Peace their King.  
And the whole world send back the  
song  
Which now the angels sing.

## Jingle Bells

James Pierpont, 1857

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!

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

## Joy To The World

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is 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.
2. Joy to the earth! The Saviour reigns:  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy;  
Repeat the sounding joy;  
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground:  
He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found; far as the curse is found;  
Far as, far as the curse is found.

4. 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.

## O Come All Ye Faithful

Latin Carol, 18th cent.

Tr. by Canon F. Oakeley (1841),

W. T. Brooke, & others

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. See how the Shepherds,  
Summoned to His cradle,  
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;  
We too will thither  
Bend our joyful footsteps:
3. Yea, Lord, we greet thee,  
Born this happy morning,  
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing:
4. Lo! star-led chieftains,  
Magi, Christ adoring,  
Offer Him frankincense and gold and myrrh;  
We to the Christ Child  
Bring our hearts' oblations:

## **O Come, O Come, Emmanuel**

12th cent. Latin Plainsong,

*Tr. by Rev. John M. Neale*

1. O come, O come, Emmanuel,  
And ransom captive Israel,  
That mourns in lonely exile here,  
Until the Son of God appears.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

2. O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free  
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;  
From depths of hell Thy people  
save,  
And give them victory o'er the  
grave.
3. O come, Thou Day-spring, come and  
cheer  
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;  
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
And death's dark shadows put to  
flight.
4. O come, Thou Key of David, come,  
And open wide our heavenly home;  
Make safe the way that leads on  
high,  
And close the path to misery.
5. O come, O come, Thou Lord of  
might,  
Who to Thy tribes, from Sinai's  
height,  
In ancient time didst give the law  
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

## **O Holy Night**

Traditional, *Tr. by J. S. Dwight*

1. O Holy night! the stars are brightly  
shining,  
It is the night of our dear Saviour's  
birth;  
Long lay the world in sin and error  
pining,  
'Til He appeared and the soul felt its  
worth.  
A thrill of hope, the weary world  
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.
2. Truly He taught us to love one  
another,  
His law is love, and His gospel is  
peace;  
Chains shall He break for the slave is  
our brother,  
And in His name all oppression  
shall cease.  
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful cho-  
rus raise we,  
Let all within us praise His holy  
name;  
Christ is the Lord, Oh praise His  
name forever!  
His pow'r and glory, ever more pro-  
claim!  
His pow'r and glory, ever more  
proclaim!

## **O Little Town of Bethlehem**

Bishop Phillips Brooks, 1868

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 tonight.
2. For Christ is born of Mary;  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth,  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth!
3. How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to humans 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.
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 heavenly angels  
The great glad tidings tell:  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel.

## **Once In Royal David's City**

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, 1848

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. 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.
4. 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 feels for our sadness,  
And He shares in our gladness.
5. 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.
6. 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.

## Silent Night

Rev. Joseph Mohr, 1818, *Tr. from German*

1. 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.
2. 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."
3. 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.

## The Twelve Days of Christmas

*From "Mirth Without Mischief", c. 1780*

1. On the first day of Christmas, my  
true love gave to me  
A partridge in a pear tree.
2. On the second day of Christmas, my  
true love gave to me  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.
3. On the third day of Christmas, my  
true love gave to me  
Three French hens, Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.

4. On the fourth day of Christmas, ...

Twelve drummers drumming,  
Eleven pipers piping,  
Ten lords a-leaping,  
Nine ladies dancing,  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five golden rings,  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree!

## We Three Kings of Orient Are

Rev. J. H. Hopkins, 1857

1. We three kings of Orient are,  
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,  
Field and fountain, moor and  
mountain,  
Following yonder star.

O— star of wonder, star of night,  
Star with royal beauty bright;  
West-ward leading, still proceeding,  
Guide us to thy perfect light.

2. Born a king on Bethlehem's plain,  
Gold I bring to crown Him again,  
King for ever, ceasing never,  
Over us all to reign.
3. Frankincense to offer have I,  
Incense owns a Deity nigh,  
Prayer and praising, all men raising,  
Worship Him, God most high.
4. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume  
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;  
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,  
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

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\* Originally, "Colley Birds" (i.e., black birds).

5. Glorious now behold Him arise,  
King, and God, and Sacrifice,  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Earth to the heavens replies.

### **What Child Is This**

Traditional English Carol

1. What child is this, who laid to rest  
On Mary's lap is sleeping?  
Whom angels greet with anthems  
sweet,  
While shepherds watch are keeping?

This, this is Christ the King,  
Whom Shepherds guard and angels  
sing:

Haste, haste to bring Him laud,  
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

2. Why lies He in such mean estate,  
Where ox and ass are feeding?  
Good Christian, fear for sinners  
here,  
The silent word is pleading.
3. So bring Him incense, gold, and  
myrrh,  
Come peasant, King to own Him.  
The King of kings salvation brings,  
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.

### **While Shepherds Watched**

Nahum Tate

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 minds);  
"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 forth-  
with  
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 men  
Begin, and never cease."