

37

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 pow'r
when we were gone a-stray:

*O tidings of comfort and joy,
comfort and joy,
O tiding of comfort and joy.*

In Bethlehem in Jewry
this blessed babe was born,
and laid within a manger,
upon this blessed morn;
the which his mother Mary
did nothing take in scorn.

From God our heavenly 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:

'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:

The shepherds at those tidings
rejoiced much in mind,
and left their flock a feeding,
in tempest, storm and wind,
and went to Bethlehem straightway
this blessed babe to find:

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:

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 efface:



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38

Good King Wenceslaus looked out
On the feast of Stephen,
when the snow lay round a-bout
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.

'Hither, page, and stand by me,
if thou know'st it, telling,
yonder peasant, who is he,
where and what his dwelling?'

'Sire, he live a good league hence,
underneath the mountain,
right against the forest fence,
by Saint Agnes' fountain.'

'Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
bring me pine logs hither;
thou and I will see him dine,
when we bring them thither.'
Page and monarch, forth they went,
forth they went together;
through the rude wind's wild lament,
and the bitter weather.

'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.'

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.



Carol Sheet

95p

1

O little town of Bethlehem,
 How still we see thee lie!
 Above they 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.

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.

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 to-day.
 We hear the Christmas Angels
 The great glad tidings tell;
 O come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord Emmanuel.

2

*I*nfant holy
*I*nfant lowly
 For His bed a cattle stall;
 Oxen lowing,
 Little knowing,
 Christ the Babe is Lord of all.
 Swift are winging,
 Angels singing,
 Nowells ringing,
 Tidings bringing,
 Christ the Babe is Lord of all.

Flocks were sleeping;
 Shepherds keeping
 Vigil till the morning new
 Saw the glory,
 Heard the story,
 Tidings of a Gospel true.
 Thus rejoicing,
 Free from sorrow,
 Praises voicing,
 Greet the morrow,
 Christ the babe was born for you!

3

*S*ilent night! Holy night!
 All is calm, all is bright,
 Round you virgin and her 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 Thy holy face
 With the dawn of saving grace,
 Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
 Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

4

*O*nce, 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.

Seraph quire singeth, Angel bell ringeth:
 Hark how they rime it, Time it, and chime it.

Mid earth rejoices Hearing such voices
 Ne'ertofore so well Carolling *Nowell*.

Hinds o'er the pearly Dewy lawn early
 Seek the high stranger Laid in the manger.

Cheese from the dairy Bring they for Mary,
 And, not for money, Butter and honey.

Light out of star-land Leadeth from far land
 Princes, to meet him, Worship and greet him.

Myrrh from full coffer, Incense they offer:
 Nor is the golden Nugget withholden.

Thus they: I pray you, Up; sirs, nor stay you
 Till ye confess him Likewise, and bless him.

33

*S*ee him a-lying on a bed of straw:
 A draughty stable with an open door:
 Mary cradling the babe she bore
 the Prince of Glory is his name.

*Oh, now carry me to Bethlehem
 to see the Lord appear to men!
 just as poor as was the stable then,
 the Prince of Glory when he came.*

Star of silver, sweep across the skies,
 show where Jesus in the manger lies;
 shepherds swiftly from your stupor rise
 to see the Saviour of the world!

Angels, sing again the song you sang,
 bring God's glory to the heart of man;
 sing that Bethlehem's little baby can
 be salvation to the soul.

Mine are riches, from your poverty;
 from your innocence, eternity;
 mine, forgiveness by your death for me,
 child of sorrow for my joy.

35

*O*f the Father's love begotten,
 ere the worlds began to be,
 he is Alpha and Omega,
 he the source,
 the ending he, of all things that are
 and have been and thar future years shall see:
 ever more and ever more.

By his word was all created;
 he commanded, it was done:
 heav'n and earth and depth of ocean,
 universe of three in one,
 all that grows beneath the shining
 of the light of moon and sun:
 evermore and evermore.



Blessed was that day for ever
 when the Virgin, full of grace,
 by the Spirit's pow'r conceiving,
 bore the Saviour of our race,
 and the child, the world's Redeemer,
 first revealed his sacred face:
 evermore and evermore.

O, ye heights of heav'n, adore him,
 angels and archangels sing!
 Every creature bow before him
 singing praise to God our King;
 let no earthly tongue be silent,
 all the world with homage ring:
 evermore and evermore.

He, by prophets sung, is here now,
 promised since the world began,
 now on earth in flesh descended
 to atone for sins of man.
 All creation praise its Master.
 see fulfilment of his plan:
 evermore and evermore.

Glory be to God the Father,
 glory be to God the Son,
 glory to the Holy Spirit,
 persons three, yet Godhead one.
 Glory be from all creation
 while eternal ages run:
 evermore and evermore.

36

*L*ittle Jesus, sweetly sleep,
 Do not stir;
 we will lend a coat of fur,
 we will rock you, rock you, rock you
 we will rock you, rock you rock you;
 see the fur to keep you warm,
 snugly round your tiny form.

Mary's little baby sleep,
 sweetly sleep,
 sleep in comfort, slumber deep;
 we will rock you, rock you, rock you
 we will rock you, rock you, rock you;
 we will serve you all we can,
 darling, darling little man.

27

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

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

O the holly bears a berry
As red as any blood
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good:

O the holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas Day in the morn:

O the holly bears a blossom
As white as the lily flower
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet Saviour:

O the holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all:

28

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quot estis in convivio:

*Caput aprī deferō
Reddens laudes Domino.*

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all the land,
Which thus bedecked with a gay garland,
Let us servire cantico:

Our steward hath provided this,
In honour of the King of bliss,
Which on this day to be served is,
In Reginensi atrio:

29

As I sat on a sunny bank,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

I spied three ships come sailing by,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And who should be in those three ships?
But Joseph and his fair lady!

O he did whistle and he did sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on Earth shall ring
On Christmas Day in the morning.

For joy that our Saviour he was born,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

30

Girls and boys, leave your toys, make no noise,
Kneel at his crib and worship him.
At thy shrine, Child divine, we are thine,
Our Saviour's here.

*Hallelujah the church bells ring,
Hallelujah the angles sing,
Hallelujah from everything.
All must draw near.*

On that day-far away- Jesus lay,
Angels were watching round his head.
Holy Child-Mother mild-undefiled,
We sing thy praise
Hallelujah etc.
Our hearts we raise.

Shepherds came-at the fame-of thy name,
Angels their guide to Bethlehem.
In that place-saw thy face-filled with grace,
Stood at thy door.
Hallelujah etc.
Love evermore.

Wise men too-haste to do-homage new,
Gold, myrrh and frankincense they bring.
As 'twas said-starlight led to thy bed,
Bending their knee.
Hallelujah etc.
Worshipping thee.

Oh, that we-all might be-good as he,
Spotless, with God in Unity.
Saviour dear-ever near-with us here
Since life began.
Hallelujah etc.
Godhead made man.

Cherubim-Seraphim-worship him,
Sun, moon and stars proclaim his power.
Everyday-on our way-we shall say
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah etc.
Hallelujah.

31

Past three o'clock, And a cold frosty morning:
Past three o'clock, Good morrow, masters all.

Born is a Baby, Gentle as may be,
Son of th'eternal Father supernal

Past three o'clock, And a cold frosty morning:
Past three o'clock: Good morrow, masters all!

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.

5

We three kings of Orient are;
Brearing 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,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to Thy perfect light.*

Melchior:

Born a king on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring, to crown him again-
King for ever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign:

Gaspar:

Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a Deity nigh:
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship Him, God most high:

Balthazar:

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

All:

Glorious now, behold Him arise,
King, and God, and sacrifice
Heaven sings alleluya,
Alleluya the earth replies:

6

See, amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below,
See, the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.

*Hail, thou ever-blessed morn!
Hail, Redemptions happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.*

Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies;
He who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the Cherubim!

Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountains steep?

As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing Peace on earth
Told us of a Saviour's Birth

Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!

Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee,
In Thy sweet humility.



7

In the bleak midwinter
 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 midwinter
 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 midwinter
 A stable-place sufficed
 The Lord God Almighty,
 Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels
 My have gathered there,
 Cherubim and seraphim
 Thronged the air;
 But His mother only,
 In her maiden bliss,
 Worshiped the Beloved
 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.

8

In Christmas night all Christians sing
 To hear the news the angels bring—
 News of great joy, news of great mirth,
 News of our merciful King's birth.

Then why should men on earth be so sad,
 Since our Redeemer made us glad—
 When from our sin He set us free,
 All for to gain our liberty.

When sin departs before His grace,
 Then life and health come in its place;
 Angels and men with joy may sing,
 All for to see the new-born King.

All out of darkness we have light,
 Which made the angels sing this night;
 Glory to God, and peace to men,
 Now and for evermore. Amen.

9

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

Shepherds in the fields abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing;
 Yonder shines the infant Light:

Sages, leave your contemplations,
 Brighter visions beam afar;
 Seek the great Desire of Nations;
 Ye have seen His natal star:

Saints before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In His temple shall appear:

10

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.

24

Now the holly bears a berry as white as the
 milk,
 And Mary bore Jesus,
 who was wrapped up in silk:

*And Mary bore Jesus Christ our Saviour for to be,
 And the first tree in the greenwood, it was the holly,
 holly! holly!*

And the first tree in the greenwood it was the holly.

Now the holly bears a berry
 as green as the grass,
 And Mary bore Jesus,
 who died on the cross:

Now the holly bears a berry
 as black as the coal,
 And Mary bore Jesus,
 who died for us all:

Now the holly bears a berry,
 as blood it is red,
 Then trust we our Saviour,
 who rose from the dead:

25

The first good joy that Mary
 Had it was the joy of one;
 To see the blessed Jesus Christ
 when he was first her son;

*When he was first her son, good man,
 And blessed may be,
 Both Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 To all eternity.*

The next good joy that Mary
 had it was the joy of two:
 To see her own son, Jesus Christ
 to make the lame to go:

The next good joy that Mary
 had it was the joy of three;
 To see her own son, Jesus Christ
 to make the blind to see:

The next good joy that Mary
 had it was the joy of four;
 To see her own son, Jesus Christ
 to read the Bible o'er.

The next good joy that Mary
 had it was the joy of five;
 To see her own son, Jesus Christ
 to bring the dead alive:

The next good joy that Mary
 had it was the joy of six;
 To see her own son, Jesus Christ
 upon the crucifix:

The next good joy that Mary
 had it was the joy of seven;
 To see her own son, Jesus Christ
 to wear the crown of heaven:

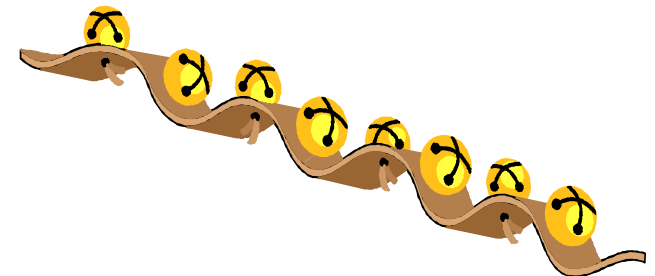
26

*In dulci jubilo
 Now sing with hearts aglow!
 Our delight and pleasure Lies
 in praesepio,
 Like sunshine is our treasure
 Matris in gremio,
 Alpha es et O!*

*O Jesu, parvule,
 For thee I long always;
 Comfort my heart's blindness,
 O peur optime,
 With all thy loving kindness,
 O princeps gloriae.
 Trahe me post te!*

*O patris caritas!
 O Nati lenitas!
 Deeply were we stained
 Per nostra crimina;
 But thou for us hast gained
 Coelorum gaudia.
 O that we were there!*

*Ubi sunt gaudia
 In any place but there?
 There are angels singing
 Nova cantica,
 And there the bells are ringing
 in Regis curia.
 O that we were there!*



21

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
‘Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven’s all-gracious King!’
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

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 a lonely plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angels’ strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hearts not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever circling years,
Comes round the are of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

22

A song for the time when the sweet bells chime,
Calling rich and poor to pray,
On this glad morn when Christ was born,
On the holy Christmas Day.

The squire came forth from his rich old hall
And the peasants by two and by three
The woodman let his hatchet fall,
And the shepherd left his tree.

A song for the time...

Through the churchyard snow in a goodly row
There came both old and young,
And with one consent in prayer they bent
And with one consent they sang.

We’ll cherish it now in the time of strife
As a holy and peaceful thing,
For it tells of his love coming down from above
And the peace he deigns to bring.

In those good old days of prayer and praise,
‘Twas a season or right goodwill;
For they kept His birthday holy then
And we’ll keep it holy still.

23

Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves
So green,
Here we come a-wandering,
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.*

Our wassail cup is made
of the rosemary tree,
And so is your beer
of the best barley:

We are not daily beggars
that beg from your door,
But we are neighbours’
children that you have seen before:

Call up the butler of this house,
put on his golden ring;
Let him bring us up a glass of beer,
and better we shall sing;

We have got a little purse
of stretching leather skin;
We want a little of your money
to line it well within:

Bring us out a table
and spread it with a cloth;
Bring us out a mouldy cheese
and some of your Christmas loaf:

God bless the master of this house
likewise the mistress to;
And all the little children
that round the table go:

Good Master and good Mistress,
while you’re sitting by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
who are wandering in the mire:

11

Ding dong! merrily on high
In heaven the bells are ringing;
Ding dong! verily the sky
is riv’n with angel-singing.
Gloria, Hosanna is excelsis.

E’en so here below, below,
let steeple bells be swungen,
And i-o.-i-o, i-o, by priest
and people sungen.
Gloria, Hossana in excelsis.

Pray you, dutifully prime
your matin chime, ye ringers;
May you beautifully rime
your evetime song, ye singers.
Gloria, Hossana in excelsis.

12

Christians, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin’s Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald’s voice: ‘Behold
I bring good tidings of a Saviour’s birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.’

O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God’s wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manager to the bitter Cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man’s first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven’s almighty King.

13

The first Nowell 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.

*Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel!*

They looked up and saw a star
As it shone in the East, beyond them far;
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

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.

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.

Then entered in those Wise Men three,
Full reverently upon their knee.
And offered there in His Presence
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
Who hath made heaven and earth of nought.
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

14

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.



15

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!

Why lies He is such mean estate,
 Where ox and ass are feeding?
 Good Christian, fear: for sinners here
 The silent Word is pleading:
 Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through,
 The Cross be borne, for me, for you:
 Hail, hail, the Word made Flesh,
 The Babe, the Son of Mary!

So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh,
 Come peasant, king, to own Him,
 The King of kings salvation brings,
 Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
 Raise, raise the song on high,
 The Virgin sings her lullaby:
 Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
 The Babe, the Son of Mary!

16

Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
 Let earth receive he 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 world! 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.

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.

17

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!*

God of God,
 Light of Light,
 Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
 Very God
 Begotten, not created:

Sing, choir of Angels,
 Sing in exultation,
 Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above:
 'Glory to God
 In the highest':

Yea, Lord we greet Thee,
 Born this happy morning;
 Jesus, to Thee be glory given,
 Word of the Father,
 Now in flesh appearing:

18

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 God, may we
 Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
 Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
 There to bend the knee before
 Him whom heaven and earth adore,
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever- seek Thy mercy-seat.

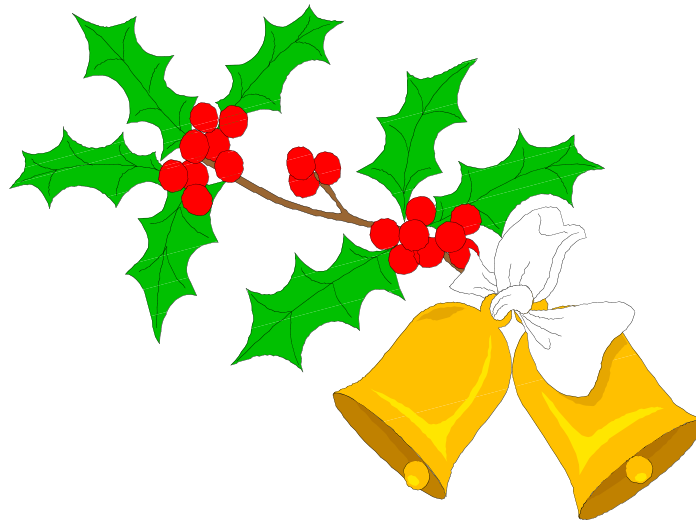
As they offered gifts most rare
 At Thy cradle rude and bare,
 So may we with holy joy,
 Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ, to Thee, our Heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, 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 Thy glory hide.

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
 Hallelujahs to our King.

19

Good Christian men, rejoice
 With heart, and soul, and voice;
 Give ye heed to what we say:
 News! News!
 Jesus Christ is born to-day!
 Ox and ass before Him bow,
 And He is in the manger now.
 Christ is born to-day!
 Christ is born to-day!



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 hath open the heavenly door
 And man is blessed for evermore.
 Christ was born for this!
 Christ was born for this!

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 call you all,
 To gain His everlasting hall.
 Christ was born to save!
 Christ was born to save!

20

While shepherds watched their flocks
 By night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The Angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

*Sweet Bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells
 They cheer us on our Heav'nly way,
 sweet chiming bells.*

'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 shing throng
 Of Angels, praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song:

'All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace:
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
 Begin and never cease.'