

O Come, all ye Faithful

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.

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, O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above!
Glory to God, glory in the highest:
O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Words: attributed to John Francis Wade 1710-1786 Tr. Frederick Oakeley (1802-80)
Music: John Francis Wade 1710-1786, arr: David Willcocks 1919-2015

Once in Royal David's city

Solo First Verse

*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 shared 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.

Words: Cecil Frances Alexander 1818-1895

Music: Henry J Gauntlett 1805-1876

Carol – 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 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.
We hear the Christmas angels
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.
No ear may hear his coming,
The great glad tidings tell,
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord, Emmanuel.

Words: Bishop Phillips Brooks 1835-1893

Music: Traditional arr: Ralph Vaughan Williams 1872-1958,

Carol – See him lying on a bed of straw

See him 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.

O now carry me to Bethlehem to see the Lord of love again:

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 a manger lies.

Shepherd, swiftly from your stupor rise

To see the Saviour of the world.

O now carry me to Bethlehem to see the Lord of love again:

Just as poor as was the stable then, the Prince of Glory when he came!

Angels, sing again the song you sang,

Sing the glory of God's gracious plan,

Sing that Bethlehem's little baby can

Be the Saviour of us all.

O now carry me to Bethlehem to see the Lord of love again:

Just as poor as was the stable then, the Prince of Glory when he came!

Mine are riches, from your poverty,

From your innocence, eternity,

Mine, forgiveness by your death for me,

Child of sorrow for my joy.

O now carry me to Bethlehem to see the Lord of love again:

Just as poor as was the stable then, the Prince of Glory when he came!

Words: Michael Perry 1942-1996, Music Michael Perry, arr, Christopher Tambling 1964-2015

Carol – We three kings

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,

Westward leading, still proceeding,

Guide us to thy perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem plain,

gold I bring, to crown him again,

King for ever, ceasing never,
over us all to reign.

*O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.*

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, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.*

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, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.*

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

‘Alleluia, alleluia!’

Earth to heaven replies.

*O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.*

Words and Music: John Henry Hopkins 1822-1900

Away in a manger

Children & Ladies first verse

*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.

Words: Anonymous, Music Traditional Normandy arr. Reginald Jacques 1894-1969