

## 1. Once In Royal David's City

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 meek and lowly  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all His wondrous childhood  
He would honour and obey,  
Love and watch the lowly mother  
In whose gentle arms He lay.  
Christian children all should 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 feelth 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.

## 2. 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 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!

O now carry me to Bethlehem ...

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

O now carry me to Bethlehem ...

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 ...

## 3. Silent night

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.

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.

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.

#### 4. 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.  
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 Immanuel!

#### 5. In The Bleak Midwinter

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  
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.

#### 6. It Was On A Starry Night

It was on a starry night when the hills  
were bright,  
Earth lay sleeping, sleeping calm and still;  
Then in a cattle shed, in a manger bed  
A boy was born, King of all the world.

And all the angels sang for Him,  
The bells of heaven rang for Him;  
For a boy was born, King of all the  
world.

(Repeat)

Soon the shepherds came that way,  
where the baby lay,  
And were kneeling, kneeling by His side.  
And their hearts believed again, for the  
peace of men;  
For a boy was born, King of all the world.  
And all the angels sang for Him, ...

## 7. Go, Tell It On The Mountain

Go, tell it on the mountain  
Over the hills and everywhere  
Go, tell it on the mountain  
That Jesus Christ is born!

While shepherds kept their watching  
O'er their silent flocks by night  
Behold throughout the heavens  
There shone a holy light  
Go, tell it on the mountain ...

The shepherds feared and trembled  
When lo! above the Earth  
Rang out the Angel chorus  
That hailed our saviour's birth  
Go, tell it on the mountain ...

Down in a lowly manger  
Our humble Christ was born  
And God sent us salvation  
That blessed Christmas morn  
Go, tell it on the mountain ...

## 8. Hark The Herald Angels Sing

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 Immanuel.

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 men 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.'