

Carols for
Lancashire Sings Christmas
Thursday 17th December 2020

1 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,

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,



2 While shepherds watched

While Shepherd's 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 on the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.



3 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.'*



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4 See him lying in 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 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.

O now carry me to Bethlehem,

Mine are riches, from Thy poverty,
From Thine innocence, eternity;
Mine, forgiveness by Thy death for me,
Child of sorrow for my joy.

O now carry me to Bethlehem,



5 God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

God rest ye merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray:
O tidings of comfort and joy,
comfort and joy;

O tidings of comfort and joy!

From God our heavenly Father
A blessed angel came,
The Shepherds saw the glory
And heard the voice proclaim
How that in Bethlehem was born
And Jesus is his name.

O tidings of comfort and joy...

The shepherds at these tidings
Rejoiced in heart and mind,
And on the darkened hillside
They left their flocks behind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
This blessed Babe to find:

O tidings of comfort and joy...

And when to Bethlehem they came,
Where Christ the Infant lay,
They found him in a manger
Where oxen fed on hay;
And there beside her newborn child
His mother knelt to pray:

O tidings of comfort and joy....



Now to the Lord sing praises,
All people in this place!
With Christian love and fellowship
Each other now embrace.
And let this Christmas festival
All bitterness displace
O tidings of comfort and joy.....



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 **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 You, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus: I ask You to stay
Close by me forever and love me, I pray;
Bless all the dear children in Your tender care,
And fit us for heaven to live with You there.

8 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,
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.



*Because Jesus died on the cross and rose again
from the dead we are here today
singing songs about his coming into the world! If
Jesus had not risen from the dead there would be
no Christmas, and no Santa. There would be no
hope for eternal life.*

*God so loved us that he sent Jesus to us so that
none may perish but have eternal life!*

*What an amazing gift! Will you accept the gift of
Jesus Christ into your life this Christmas?*



9 Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly

Deck the halls 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.
Troll the ancient Yule tide carol,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

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 Yule tide treasure,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

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.



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10 Good King Wenceslas looked out

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 cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

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 Saint 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 now 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."



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.



Jesus in the reason for this season!

11 Ding Dong Merrily on High

Ding dong merrily on high,
 In heav'n the bells are ringing:
 Ding dong! verily the sky
 Is riv'n with angel singing.
Gloria.....Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,
 Let steeple bells be swungen,
 And "Io, io, io!"
 By priest and people sungen.
Gloria.....Hosanna in excelsis!

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



12 Joy to the World

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 nature sing.

Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns!
Let all their songs employ;
while fields and floods,
rocks, hills, and plains
repeat the sounding joy,
repeat the sounding joy,
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 of his love.



A Christmas Blessing for Everybody

“We wish you a Merry Christmas!”



And to finish if we have time: We Three Kings

We three kings of Orient are;
bearing gifts we traverse afar,
field and fountain, moor and mountain,
following yonder star. Refrain:
*O star of wonder, star of light,
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 forever, ceasing never,
over us all to reign. [Refrain]

Frankincense to offer have I;
incense owns a Deity nigh;
prayer and praising, voices raising,
worshipping God on high. [Refrain]

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
breathes a life of gathering gloom;
sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
sealed in the stone-cold tomb. [Refrain]

Glorious now behold him arise;
King and God and sacrifice:
Alleluia, Alleluia,
sounds through the earth and skies. [Refrain]

