

## **1. 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.

## 2 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....*



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### 3 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,*



## 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 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.



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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!



**5 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 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.

## **6 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.*







## 8 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.

## 9 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.

### **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."



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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.



## 11 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.'*



*Jesus in the reason for this season!*

## 12 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.....*

Pray you, dutifully prime  
Your matin chime, ye ringers;  
May you beautifully rime  
Your evetime song, ye singers.

*Gloria.....Hosanna in excelsis!*

## A Christmas Blessing for Everybody

### Joy to the World (If time allows!)

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King;  
let every heart prepare him room,  
and heaven and nature sing x3

Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns!  
Let all their songs employ;  
while fields and floods,  
rocks, hills, and plains  
repeat the sounding joy x3

He rules the world with truth and grace,  
and makes the nations prove  
the glories of his righteousness,  
and wonders of his love x3

