

The Stechford Carol Book



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 field 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

Angels we have heard on high
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their joyous strains.
Gloria, in excelsis Deo!
Gloria, in excelsis Deo!

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be
Which inspire your heavenly song?

Come to Bethlehem and see
Christ Whose birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee,
Christ the Lord, the newborn King.

See Him in a manger laid,
Whom the choirs of angels praise;
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
While our hearts in love we raise.

As with gladness, men of old
Did the guiding star behold
As with joy they hailed its light
Leading onward, beaming bright
So, most glorious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger 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 that manger 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.

A way 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.

Come, Thou long expected Jesus
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Deck the hall 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 Yuletide carol,
Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.

See the blazing Yule before us, (fa la la...)
Strike the harp and join the chorus, (fa la la...)
Follow me in merry measure, (fa la la...)
While I tell of Yuletide treasure, (fa la la...)

Fast away the old year passes, (fa la la...)
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses, (fa la la...)
Sing we joyous all together, (fa la la...)
Heedless of the wind and weather, (fa la la...)

Soon the hoar old year must leave us, (fa la la...)
But the parting must not grieve us (fa la la...)
When the new year comes tomorrow (fa la la)
Let him find no trace of sorrow (fa la la...)

He our pleasures may redouble, (fa la la...)
He may bring us store of trouble, (fa la la...)
Hope the best and gaily meet him, (fa la la...)
With a jovial chorus greet him, (fa la la...)

At his birth, he brings us gladness, (fa la la...)
Ponder not on future sadness, (fa la la...)
Anxious care is now but folly, (fa la la...)
Fill the mead-cup, hand the holly, (fa la la...)

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!

Gaudete! gaudete!
Christus est natus ex Maria virgine, gaudete!

Tempus adest gratiae, hoc quod optabamus;
carmina laetitiae devote reddamus.

Deus homo factus est, natura mirante;
mundus renovatus est a Christo regnante.

Ezecaelis orta clausa per transistur;
unde lux est orta, salus invenitur.

Ergo nostra contio psallat iam in lustro;
Benedicat Domino; salus regi nostro.

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Savior
Was born on Christmas day,
To save us all from Satan's pow'r
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.
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name:
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
This blessed babe to find:
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

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:
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

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:
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

Good Christian Men, Rejoice!
With heart and soul and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say,
Jesus Christ is born today;
Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the manger now.
Christ is born today;
Christ is born today!

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss,
Jesus Christ was born for this:
He hath opened heaven's door
And man is blessed forever more.
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,
Jesus Christ was born to save;
Calls you one and calls you all
To gain His everlasting hall.
Christ was born to save;
Christ was born to save!

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 men to dwell
Jesus, our Immanuel.

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.

Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wand'ring
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,
And God send you a Happy New Year.

We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door,
But we are neighbors' children
Whom you have seen before
Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail, too,
And God bless you, and send you
A Happy New Year,
And God send you a Happy New Year.

Good master and good mistress,
As you sit beside the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
Who wander in the mire.
Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail, too,
And God bless you, and send you
A Happy New Year,
And God send you a Happy New Year.

We have a little purse
Made of ratching leather skin;
We want some of your small change
To line it well within.
Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail, too,
And God bless you, and send you
A Happy New Year,
And God send you a Happy New Year.

Bring us out a table
And spread it with a cloth;
Bring us out a cheese,
And of your Christmas loaf.
Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail, too,
And God bless you, and send you
A Happy New Year,
And God send you a Happy New Year.

God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too;
And all the little children
That round the table go.
Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail, too,
And God bless you, and send you
A Happy New Year,
And God send you a Happy New Year.

In dulci júbilo [quiet joy]
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, [tiny Jesus]
For thee I long always;
Comfort my heart's blindness,
O puer optime, [best of boys]
With all Thy lovingkindness,
O princeps gloriae. [prince of glory]
Trahe me post te! [draw me after Thee]

O Patris caritas! [love of the Father]
O Nati lenitas! [gentleness of the Son]
Deeply were we stained
Per nostra crimina; [through our sins]
But Thou for us hast gainèd
Coelorum gaudia. [the joy of heaven]
O that we were there!

Ubi sunt gaudia [where are joys]
In any place but there?
There are angels singing
Nova cantica [new songs]
And there the bells are ringing
In Regis curia. [in the King's court]
O that we were there!

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.

Enough for Him, Whom cherubim, worship night
and day,
Breastful of milk, and a mangerful of hay;
Enough for Him, Whom angels fall before,
The ox and ass and camel which adore.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
But His mother only, in her maiden bliss,
Worshipped 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.

Infant holy, Infant lowly, for His bed a cattle stall;
Oxen lowing, little knowing, Christ the Babe is
Lord of all.
Swift are winging angels singing, noels 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.

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, good will 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 and lowly plains,
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever over its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

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

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing.
O rest beside the weary road,
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 age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

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 heaven, and nature sing.

Joy to the world, the Savior 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.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow

Far as the curse is found,
Far as the curse is found,
Far as, far as, the curse is found.

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, wonders, of His love.

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 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.
Nor let sins and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found
Far as the curse is found
Far as, far as the curse is found.

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, wonders of His love

Let all mortal flesh keep silence
And with awe and welcome stand
Harbour nothing earthly minded
For with blessing in his hand
Christ our Lord with us abideth
Loving homage to demand.

King is He, yet born a servant,
Lord of all in humble guise
Truly man, yet God revealing
God as love, to mortal eyes
God with man, He leads and feeds us
He the power and He the prize

Rank on rank the hosts immortal
Sweep in joy before Thy face
Shining in the light exalted,
Friend and loved ones in embrace
As the dark dissolves before Thee
Light of all the human race

At Thy feet the seraphs cluster
Veil their faces in that light
Spirits of just men made perfect
Now timeless splendour dight
Saints and angels all adore Thee
Serve and praise Thee in the height.

Lully, lullay, Thou little tiny Child,
By, by, lully, lullay.

O sisters too, how may we do,
For to preserve this day
This poor Youngling for Whom we sing
By, by, lully, lullay?

Herod the king, in his raging,
Charged he hath this day
His men of might, in his own sight,
All young children to slay.

That woe is me, poor Child for Thee!
And ever morn and day
For Thy parting neither say nor sing,
By, by, lully, lullay.

Lully, lullay, Thou little tiny Child,
By, by, lully, lullay.

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

True God of true God
Light of light eternal
Lo, He abhors not the virgin's womb
Son of the Father
Begotten not created
O come, let us adore Him
O come, let us adore Him
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord

See how the shepherds
Summoned to His cradle
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh to gaze
We too will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps
O come, let us adore Him
O come, let us adore Him
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord

Lo, star-led chieftains
Wise men, Christ adoring
Offer Him incense, gold and myrrh
We to the Christ-child
Bring our hearts' oblations
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

Yea, Lord we greet Thee
Born this happy morning
Jesus, to Thee be glory given
Word of the Father
Now in flesh appearing
O come, let us adore Him
O come, let us adore Him
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord

O Come, O come Immanuel
And ransom captive Israel
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel

O come, O come, Thou Lord of might
Who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud and majesty and awe
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel

O come, Thou rod of Jesse free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny
From depths of hell Thy people save
And give them victory o'er the grave
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel

O come, Thou dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night
And death's dark shadows put to flight
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel

O come, Thou key of David, come
And open wide our heavenly home
Make safe the way that leads on high
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel

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.

For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love
O morning stars, together
Proclaim thy holy birth
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

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

On Christmas night all Christians sing
To hear the news the angels bring
On 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
Then why should men on earth be so sad
Since our Redeemer made us glad Chorus
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
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 Chorus

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

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 mother
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

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, Redemption's 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 today
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?

"As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light
Angels singing 'Peace on earth'
Told us of the 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

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!
Shepherd 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.

The angel Gabriel from heaven came
His wings as drifted snow his eyes as flame
"All hail" said he "thou lowly maiden Mary,
Most highly favored lady," Gloria!

"For know a blessed mother thou shalt be,
All generations laud and honor thee,
Thy Son shall be Emanuel, by seers foretold
Most highly favored lady," Gloria!

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head
"To me be as it pleaseth God," she said,
"My soul shall laud and magnify his holy name."
Most highly favored lady. Gloria!

Of her, Emanuel, the Christ was born
In Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn
And Christian folk throughout the world will ever
say:
"Most highly favored lady," Gloria!

The boar's head in hand bear I
Bedecked with bays and rosemary
I pray you, my masters, be merry
Quot estis in convivio.
Caput apri defero, 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
Servitur cum sinapio.
Caput apri defero, reddens laudes Domino

Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of bliss
Which on this day to be served is
In Reginensi Atrio:
Caput apri defero, reddens laudes Domino

The boar's head, I dare well say,
Anon after the eleventh day,
He takes his leave and goes away,
Exivit tum de patria.
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino

The first Nowell
The angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds
In fields where they lay.
In fields where they lay
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
Shining 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 search for the King
Was their intent
And to follow the star
Where ever it went

The star drew nigh
To the north-west
Over Bethlehem
It took its rest
And there it did
Both stop and stay
Right over the place
Where Jesus lay

Then entered in
These wise men three
Full reverently
On bended 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 has made heaven
And earth of naught
And by His blood
Mankind has bought.

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.
*O, the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.*

The holly bears a blossom,
As white as lily flow'r,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our dear Saviour.

The holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good.

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

The holly bears a bark,
As bitter as the gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all. Refrain

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

This is the truth sent from above
The truth of God, the God of love
Therefore don't turn me from your door
But hearken will both rich and poor

The first thing that I do relate
Is that God did man create
The next thing which to you I'll tell
Woman was made with man to dwell

And after that, 'twas God's own choice
To place them both in Paradise,
There to remain of evil free
Except they ate of such a tree.

But they did eat, which was a sin,
And so their ruin did begin,
Ruined themselves, both you and me,
And all of their posterity.

Thus we were heirs to endless woes
Till God and Lord did interpose
And so a promise soon did run
That He would redeem us by His Son

And at that season of the year
Our blessed redeemer did appear
He here did live and here did preach
And many thousands he did teach

Thus He in love to us behaved
To show us how we must be saved
And if you want to know the way
Be pleased to hear what He did say

Unto us a boy is born!
King of all creation,
Came He to a world forlorn,
The Lord of every nation.

Cradled in a stall was He
With sleepy cows and asses;
But the very beasts could see
That He all men surpasses.

Herod then with fear was filled:
"A prince," he said, "in Jewry!"
All the little boys he killed
At Beth'lem in his fury.

Now may Mary's son, who came
So long ago to love us,
Lead us all with hearts aflame
Unto the joys above us.

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 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.

Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising, voices raising,
Worshipping God on high.

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

Glorious now behold Him arise;
King and God and sacrifice;
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Sounds through the earth and skies.

We wish you a Merry Christmas;
We wish you a Merry Christmas;
We wish you a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year.
Good tidings we bring to you and your kin;
Good tidings for Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Oh, bring us a figgy pudding;
Oh, bring us a figgy pudding;
Oh, bring us a figgy pudding
and a cup of good cheer.
Good tidings we bring to you and your kin;
Good tidings for Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We won't go until we get some;
We won't go until we get some;
We won't go until we get some,
so bring some out here.
Good tidings we bring to you and your kin;
Good tidings for Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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 in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christians, 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 a song on high,
The virgin sings her lullaby.
Joy, joy for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

While shepherds 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 minds
'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 His 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 to the earth be peace
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'