

12. 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:

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest:

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born for our Salvation,
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father
Now in flesh appearing:

Latin, Tr. J F Wade and others

17. Still the night, holy the night!
Sleeps the world; hid from sight, Mary and Joseph in stable bare
Watch o'er the Child beloved and fair,
Sleeping in heavenly rest, Sleeping in heavenly rest.

Still the night, holy the night! Shepherds first saw the light,
Heard resounding clear and long, Far and near, the angel-song:
'Christ the Redeemer is here, Christ the Redeemer is here.'

Still the night, holy the night!
Son of God, O how bright Love is smiling from Thy face!
Strikes for us now the hour of grace,
Saviour, since Thou art born, Saviour, since Thou art born.

Joseph Mohr tr. Stopford Augustus Brooke

15. 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 our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child, so dear and helpless, 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,
Where His children gather round, Bright like stars, with glory
crowned.

Cecil Frances Alexander

2. 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.

Verses 1 & 2 unknown. Verse 3 J. T. McFarland.

6. 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.*'