



Christmas Carols

Sing along
with the CD
inside!



12 of the best loved carols in words and music

Christmas Carols

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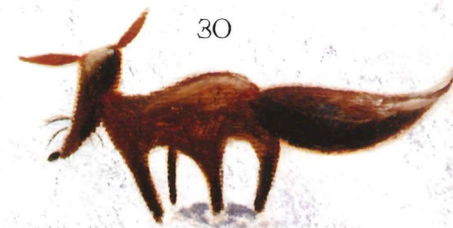
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Away in a manger

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 thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,
And stay by my bedside till morning is nigh.

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



Hark! The herald angels sing

Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn 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 newborn King!*

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come
Offspring of the Virgin's womb;
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Son 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.

The first Noel

The first Noel the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay:
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
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 seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

This star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Then entered in those wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in his presence
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

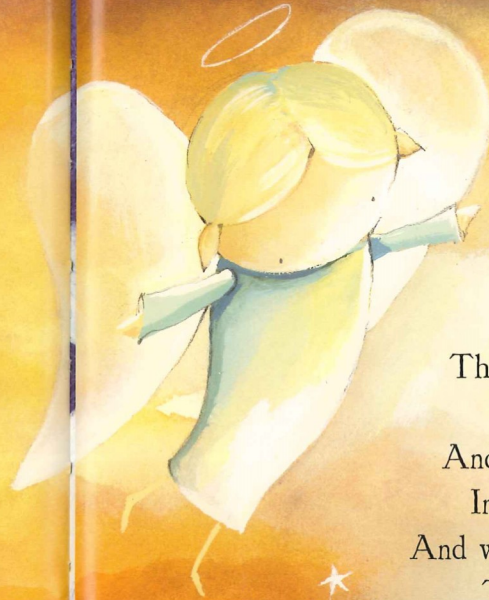
Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord
That hath made Heaven and Earth of nought,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

★ God rest you merry gentlemen

God rest you 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.*

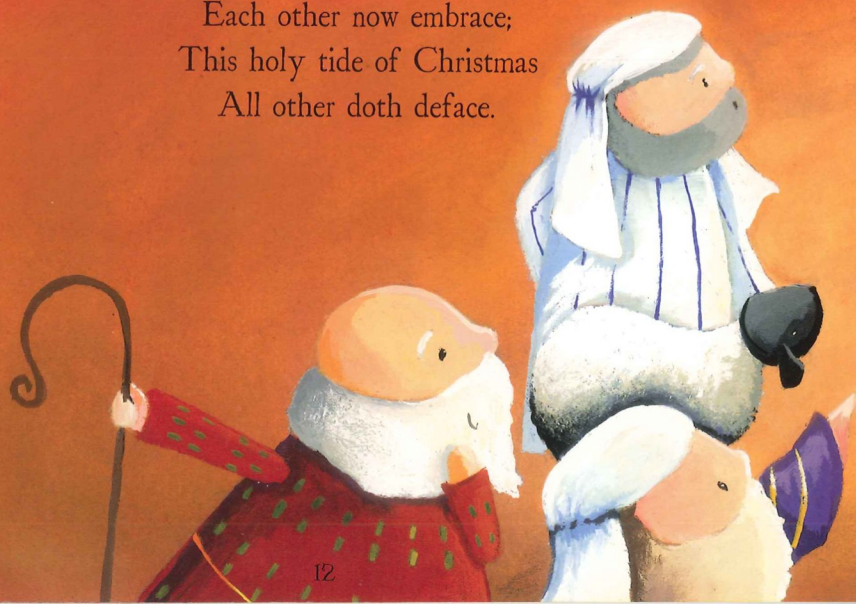
From God our heavenly Father
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

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



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.

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 other doth deface.



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 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 maiden,
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.

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.

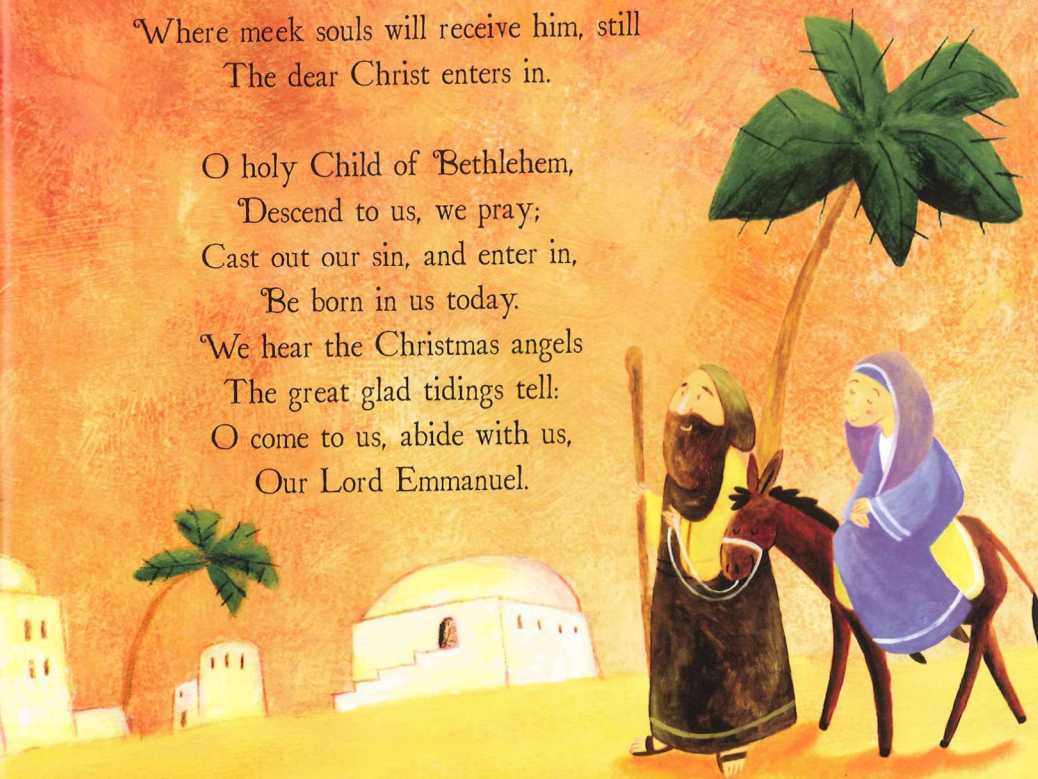
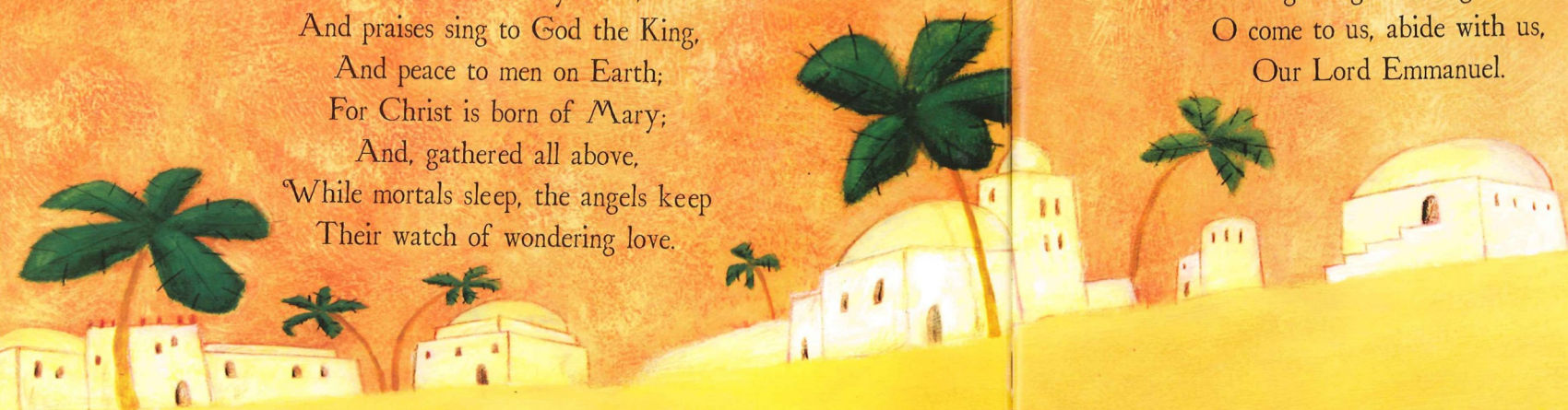
O little town of Bethlehem

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 Emmanuel.



Unto us a child is born

Unto us a child 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.

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

Omega and Alpha he!
Let the organ thunder,
While the choir with peals of glee
Doth rend the air asunder.



We three kings

'We three kings of Orient are,
 Bearing gifts we traverse afar
 Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
 Following yonder star:

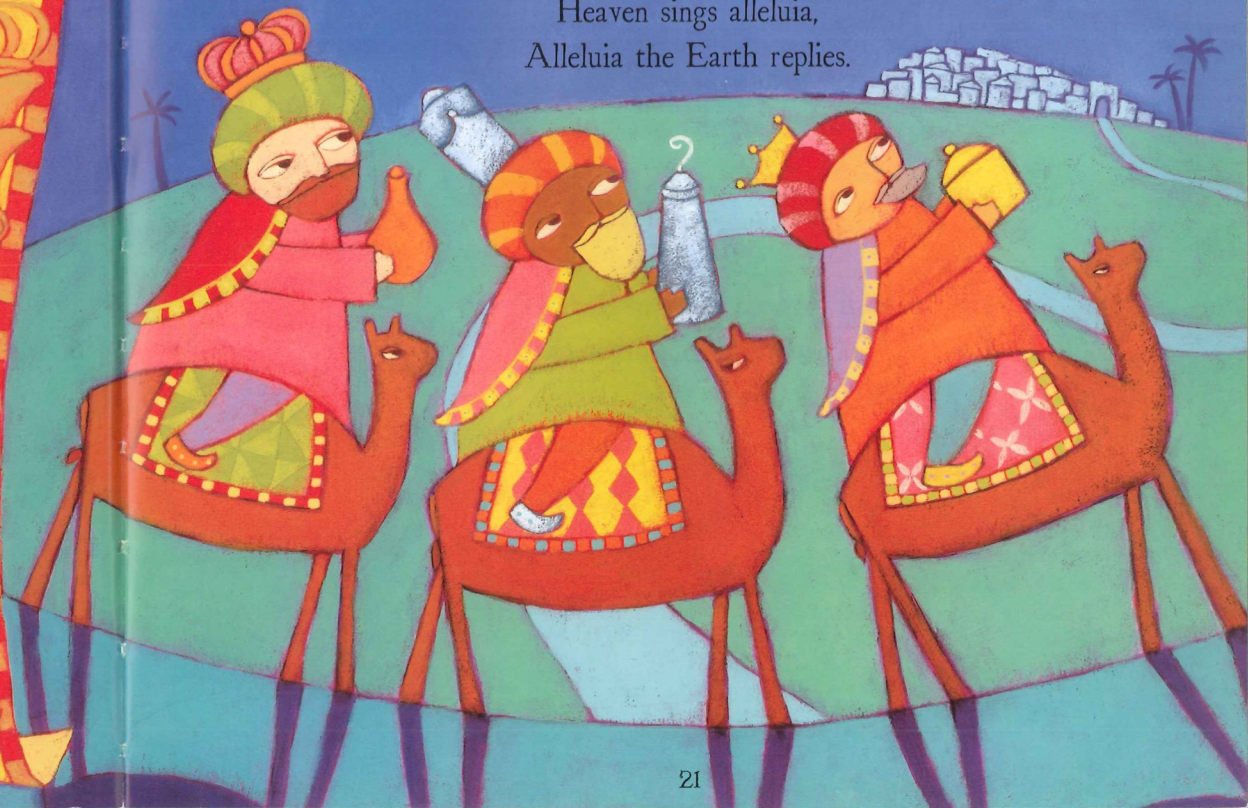
*O Star of wonder, star of night,
 Star with royal beauty bright,
 Westward leading, still proceeding,
 Guide us to thy perfect light.*

Born a king on Bethlehem 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, all men raising,
 'Worship him, God most high.

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

Glorious now, behold him arise,
 King, and God, and sacrifice!
 Heaven sings alleluia,
 Alleluia the Earth replies.



The holly and the ivy

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all the 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.*

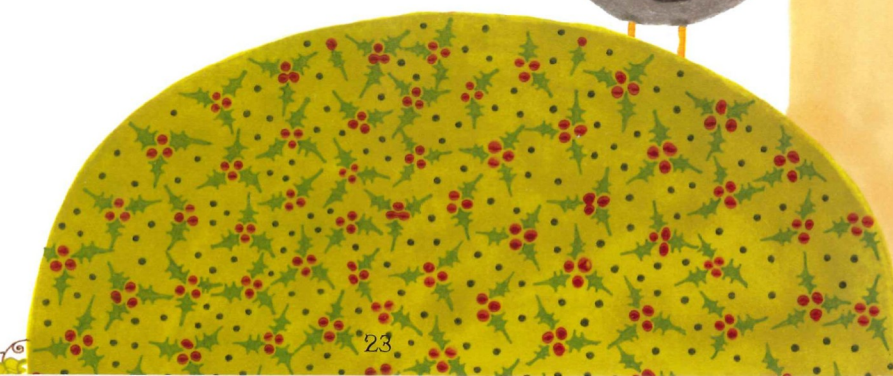
The holly bears a blossom,
As white as the lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.



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 any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.



Ding dong! merrily on high

Ding dong! merrily on high
The bells are gaily ringing;
Ding dong! happily reply
The angels all are singing.
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!

Ding dong! carol all the bells.
Awake now, do not tarry!
Sing out, sound the good Noels,
Jesu is born of Mary.

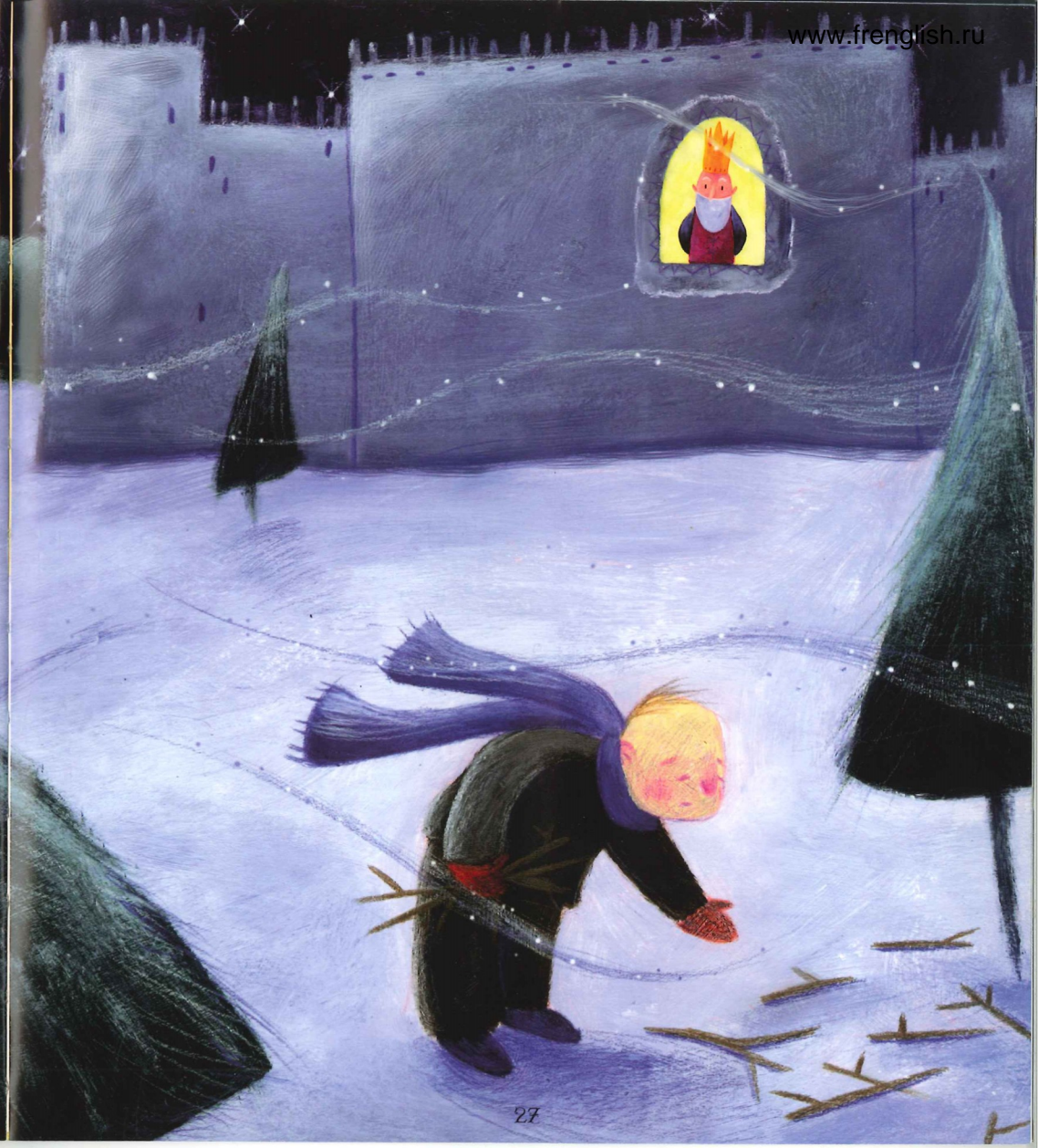
Ring out, merry merry bells,
The angels all are singing.
Ding dong! swing the steeple bells,
Sound joyous news we're bringing!

Hark now! happily we sing,
The angels wish us merry!
Ding dong! dancing as we bring
Good news from Virgin Mary.

Good King Wenceslas

Good King Wenceslas looked 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.

'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.'



'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.

'Sire, the night is darker now,
 And the wind blows stronger:
 Fails my heart, I know not 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.'



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.

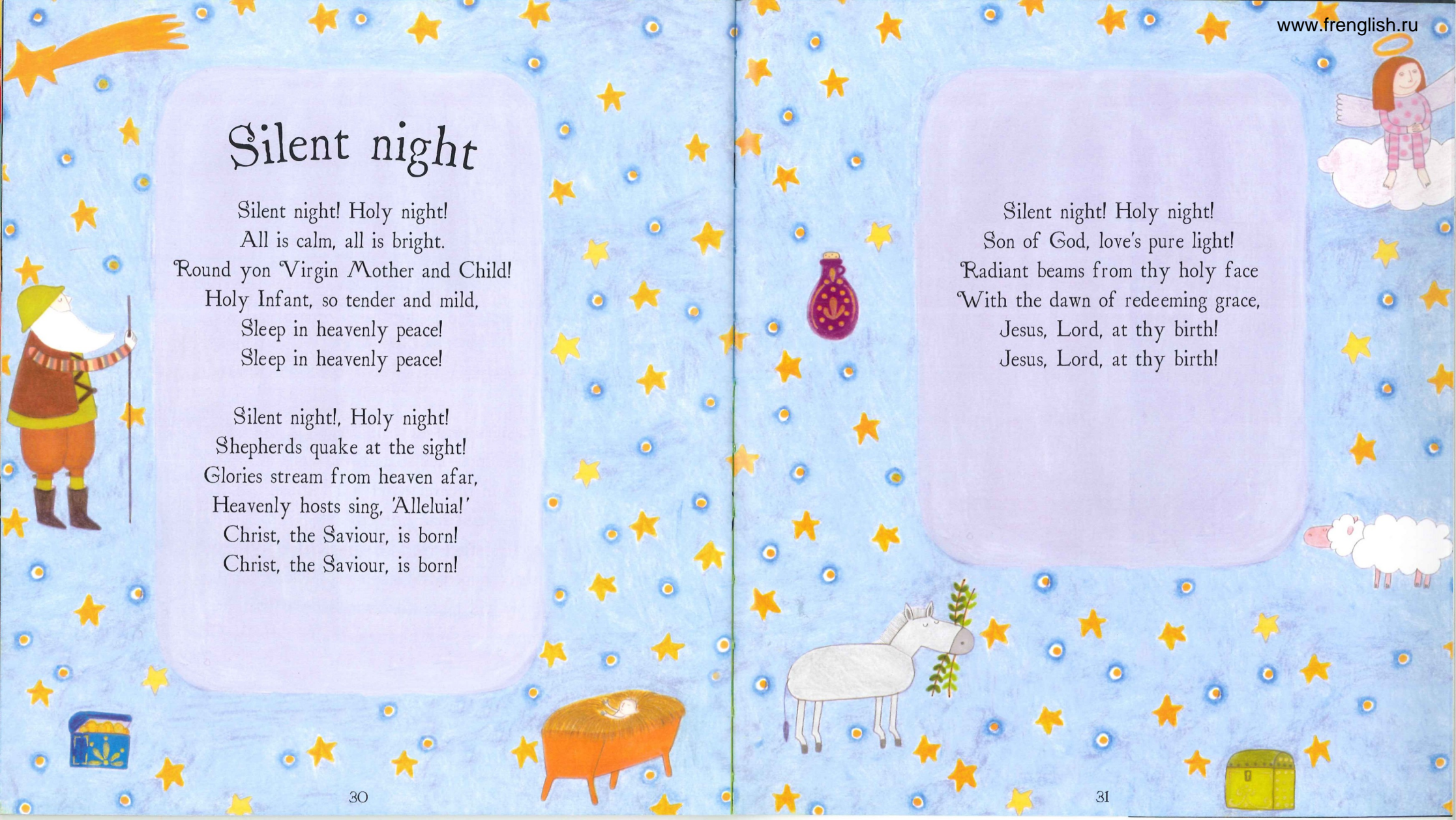


Silent night

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!





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listen to the music and sing along
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