

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:

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 this happy morning
Jesus to Thee be all glory given
Word of the Father, Now in flesh appearing

While shepherds watched their flocks by night

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 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 Savior, who is Christ the Lord
And this shall be the sign

All glory be to God on high
And to earth be peace
Good will to men from highest heav'n
Begin and never cease

Hark The Herald Angels Sing (Trad)

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 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 the virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see; hail the incarnate Diety
Pleased as man with men 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 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
Hark the herald angels sing, `Glory to the new born King`

In the bleak midwinter

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 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.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
But his mother only, in her maiden bliss,
D Bm|EmA7D|
Worshiped 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;
D Bm Em|A7D|
Yet what I can I give him: give my heart.

