

Angels We Have Heard On High

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

Refrain

Gloria, in excelsis Deo!
Gloria, in excelsis Deo!

Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee,
Christ the Lord, the newborn King.
(Refrain)

Oh 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;

Refrain

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
(Refrain)

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be all glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing.
(refrain)

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
Radiant beams from heaven above
Heavenly hosts sing "Alleluia"
Christ the Savior is born!
Christ the Savior 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!

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 angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem
Hark the herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn 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 newborn King!

Joy To the World

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

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

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 sky look down where He lay
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay

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 take us to heaven, to Live with Thee there.

God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

God rest ye merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay.
For Jesus Christ our Savior,
Was born on Christmas 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:
 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,
Doth bring redeeming grace
 O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy
 O tidings of comfort and joy

O Holy Night

O holy night, the stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of our dear Savior's birth;
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn;

 Fall on your knees, Oh hear the angel voices!
 O night divine, O night when Christ was born!
 O night divine, O night, O night divine.

Truly He taught us to love one another
His law is love and His gospel is peace
Chains shall He break, for the slave is our brother,
And in His name all oppression shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,
Let all within us praise His holy name.

 Christ is the Lord, O praise His name forever!
 His pow'r and glory evermore proclaim!
 His pow'r and glory evermore proclaim!

Go Tell It On the Mountain

While shepherds kept their watching . . .
The shepherds feared and trembled . . .
Down in a lowly manger . . .
*Go tell it on the mountain, over the hills and
everywhere;*
Go tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is born!

O Come, O Come Emmanuel

O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.

Refrain

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
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.
(Refrain)

O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night
And death's dark shadows put to flight!
(Refrain)

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.
(Refrain)

What Child Is This

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 lamb are feeding?
Good Christians, fear, for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading.

 Raise, raise a song on high,
 The virgin sings her lullaby.
 Joy, joy for Christ is born,
 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.

 Nails, spear shall pierce Him through,
 The cross He bore for me and you.
 Hail, hail the Word made flesh,
 The Babe, the Son of Mary.