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Adeste Fidelis

1. Adeste Fideles laeti triumphantes,
Veníte, veníte in Bethlehem.
Natum vidéte, Regem Angelorum:

(Refrain)

Veníte adoremus,
Veníte adoremus
Veníte adoremus Dóminum

2. Deum de Deo, lumen de lúmine,
gestant puellae viscera
Deum verum, genitum non factum:
(Refrain)

3. Cantet nunc io chorus Angelórum
cantet nunc aula caelestium:
Gloria in excelsis Deo:
(Refrain)

4. Ergo qui natus, die hodierna
Jesu, tibi sit glória
Patris aeterni Verbum caro factum:
(Refrain)

Angels We Have Heard on High

1. 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!

2. Shepherds, why this jubilee?

Why your joyous strains prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be
Which inspire your heavenly song?
(Refrain)

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

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

Away in a Manger

1. Away in a manger, no crib for His
bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His
sweet head;
The stars in the sky looked down
where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus, asleep in the hay.

2. The cattle are lowing, the poor
Baby wakes.
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He
makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus, look down
from the sky.
And stay by the cradle till morning is
nigh.

3. 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.

Ding Dong Merrily on High

1. 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

2. E'en so here below, below
Let steeple bells be swungen
And i-o, i-o, i-o
By priest and people be sungen
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis

3. Pray ye dutifully prime
Your matin chime, ye ringers
May ye beautifully rime
Your evetime song, ye singers
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis.

Gloucestershire Wassail

1. Wassail! wassail! all over the town,
Our toast it is white and our ale it is
brown;
Our bowl it is made of the white
maple tree;
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink
to thee.

2. Here's to our horse, and to his right
ear,
God send our master a happy new
year:
A happy new year as e'er he did see,
With my wassailing bowl I drink to
thee.

3. So here is to Cherry and to his right
cheek
Pray God send our master a good
piece of beef
And a good piece of beef that may we
all see
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink
to thee.

4. Here's to our mare, and to her
right eye,
God send our mistress a good
Christmas pie;
A good Christmas pie as e'er I did see,
With my wassailing bowl I drink to
thee.

5. So here is to Broad Mary and to her
broad horn
May God send our master a good
crop of corn
And a good crop of corn that may we
all see
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink
to thee.

6. And here is to Fillpail and to her
left ear
Pray God send our master a happy
New Year

And a happy New Year as e'er he did
see
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink
to thee.

7. Here's to our cow, and to her long
tail,
God send our master us never may fail
Of a cup of good beer: I pray you
draw near,
And our jolly wassail it's then you
shall hear.

8. Come butler, come fill us a bowl of
the best
Then we hope that your soul in
heaven may rest
But if you do draw us a bowl of the
small
Then down shall go butler, bowl and
all.

9. Be here any maids? I suppose here
be some;
Sure they will not let young men
stand on the cold stone!
Sing hey O, maids! come trole back
the pin,
And the fairest maid in the house let
us all in.

10. Then here's to the maid in the lily
white smock
Who tripped to the door and slipped
back the lock
Who tripped to the door and pulled
back the pin
For to let these jolly wassailers in.

God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen

1. God rest you 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.

(Chorus)
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy.

2. In Bethlehem, in Jury,
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed morn;
The which His mother Mary
Did nothing take in scorn.

(Chorus)
3. 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:
(Chorus)

4. Fear not, then said the Angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Savior,
Of virtue, power, and might;
So frequently to vanquish all,
The friends of Satan quite;
(Chorus)

5. 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:
(Chorus)

6. But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereas this infant lay
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray:
(Chorus)

7. With sudden joy and gladness
The shepherds were beguiled,
To see the Babe if Israel,
Before His mother mild,
O then with joy and cheerfulness
Rejoice, each mother's child.
(Chorus)

8. 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.
(Chorus)

9. God bless the ruler of this house,
And send him long to reign,
And many a merry Christmas
May live to see again;
Among your friends and kindred
That live both far and near.

(Alternate Chorus):

That God send you a happy new year,
Happy new year,
And God send you a happy new year.

Good Christian Men, Re- joice

1. Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say:
Jesus Christ was born to-day:
Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the manger now.
Christ is born today! Christ is born
today.

2. Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath ope'd² the heav'nly door,
And man is blessed evermore.³
Christ was born for this! Christ was
born for this!

3. 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!

Good King Wenceslas

1. Good King Wenceslas look'd 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.

2. "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."

3. "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.

4. "Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know now 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."

5. 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.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

1. 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 th' Angelic Hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

2. Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting lord
Late in time behold Him come,
Off-spring of a Virgin's womb
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail, the incarnate deity
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the New-born king!"

3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of
Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness

Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His Wings.
Now 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!"

4. Come, Desire of nations come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Oh, to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born king;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the New-born king!"

5. Adam's likeness, Lord, efface,
Stamp Thine image in its place:
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love.
Let us Thee, though lost, regain,
Thee, the Life, the inner man:
O, to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the New-born king!"

I Saw Three Ships

1. I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day in the morning.

2. And what was in those ships all
three?
On Christmas day...
And what was in those ships all three?
On Christmas day...

3. Our Saviour Christ and his lady ...
Our Saviour Christ and his lady, ...

4. Pray whither sailed those ships all
three? ...
Pray whither sailed those ships all
three? ...

5. Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem, ...
Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem, ...

6. And all the bells on earth shall ring,
...
And all the bells on earth shall ring, ...

7. And all the Angels in Heaven shall
sing, ...
And all the Angels in Heaven shall
sing, ...

8. And all the souls on earth shall
sing, ...
And all the souls on earth shall sing, ...

9. Then let us all rejoice, amain, ...
Then let us all rejoice, amain, ...

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

1. 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.

2. 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 o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3. But 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!

4. 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; –
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

5. For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,

When, with the ever circling years
Shall come the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth,
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the
song,
Which now the angels sing.

Joy to the World

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come.
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room;
And heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n and heav'n and nature
sing.

2. 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

3. No more let sin 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.

4. 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.

O Come, All Ye Faithful

1. 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.

2. God of God, Light of Light,
Lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God, Be-gotten not created.

(Refrain)

3. Sing, choirs of angels, Sing in
exultation;

Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!

Glory to God, In the highest;

(Refrain)

4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this
happy morning;

Jesu, to Thee be glory given;

Word of the Father, Now in flesh
appearing.

(Refrain)

5. See how the shepherds, Summoned
to His cradle,

Leaving their flocks, draw nigh to

gaze;

We too will thither Bend our hearts'
oblations

(Refrain)

O Holy Night

1. O holy night, the stars are brightly
shining,

It is the night of the dear Saviour'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, O holy night, O night divine.

2. Led by the light of Faith serenely
beaming;

With glowing hearts by his cradle we
stand:

So, led by light of a star sweetly
gleaming,

Here come the wise men from Orient
land,

The King of Kings lay thus in lowly
manger,

In all our trials born to be our friend;

He knows our need, To our weakness
no stranger!

Behold your King! Before Him lowly
bend!

Behold your King! your King! before
him bend!

3. 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, then ever! ever
praise we!

His pow'r and glory, evermore
proclaim!

His pow'r and glory, evermore
proclaim!

Are met in thee tonight

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

3. How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heav'n.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him
still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4. O holy Child of Bethlehem
Descend to us, we pray
Cast out our sin and enter in
Be born to us today
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell
O come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel

O Little Town of Bethlehem

I. 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

Silent Night, Holy Night

I. 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!

2. 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!

3. 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!

4. Silent Night, Holy Night
Here at last, healing light
From the heavenly kingdom sent,
Abundant grace for our intent.
Jesus, salvation for all.
Jesus, salvation for all.

5. Silent Night! Holy Night"
Sleeps the world in peace tonight.
God sends his Son to earth below
A Child from whom all blessings flow
Jesus, embraces mankind.
Jesus, embraces mankind.

6. Silent Night, Holy Night
Mindful of mankind's plight
The Lord in Heav'n on high decreed
From earthly woes we would be freed
Jesus, God's promise for peace.
Jesus, God's promise for peace.

The Boar's Head Carol

(Refrain)

Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino

1. The boar's head in hand bring I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary.
I pray you, my masters, be merry
Quot estis in convivio
(Refrain)

2. The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land,
Which thus bedeck'd with a gay
garland
Let us servire cantico.
(Refrain)

3. Our steward hath provided this
In honor of the King of Bliss;
Which, on this day to be served is
In Reginensi atrio.
(Refrain)

The First Noel

1. The first Nowel that the Angel did
say,
Was to certain poor Shepherds in
fields as they lay,
In fields as they lay a-keeping their
sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was
freezing so deep.

(Chorus)

Nowel, Nowel, Nowel, Nowel,

Born is the King of Israel.

2. They looked up above, to the East
where a Star

That beyond them shone out in the
Heavens from afar,

And which to the earth did send
down a great light,

And so it continued by day and by
night.

(Chorus)

3. And then by the light of that bright
guiding Star,

There came three Wise Men from a
country afar;

To seek for a King, it was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it
went.

(Chorus)

4. The Star went before them unto
the North West,

And seemed o'er the City of
Bethlehem to rest,

And there did remain by night and by
day,

Right over the place where Jesus
Christ lay.

(Chorus)

5. Then entered they all, and those
Wise Men three

Most reverently worshiped with low
bended knee;

And offered to Christ in His Sacred
Presence,

Gifts of Gold, and of Myrrh, and of

sweet Frankincense.

(Chorus)

6. And now Christians all, with most
gladsome accord,

Sing praises, sing praises to Jesus our
Lord,

That made both the Heaven, and the
Earth out of nought,

And with His Own Blood our
Redemption hath wrought.

(Chorus)

We Three Kings

1. We three kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts, we traverse afar.

Field and fountain, moor and
mountain,

Following yonder star.

(Chorus)

O Star of Wonder, Star of Night,

Star with Royal Beauty bright,

Westward leading, Still proceeding,

Guide us to Thy perfect Light.

2. Born a King on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again,
King forever,

Ceasing never

Over us all to reign.

(Chorus)

3. Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a Deity nigh:

Prayer and praising

All men raising,

Worship Him God on high.

(Chorus)

4. Myrrh is mine; it's bitter perfume;
Breathes a life of gathering gloom: —
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

(Chorus)

5. Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and sacrifice.
Heav'n sings
Halleluia;
Hallelujah the earth replies.
(Chorus)

We Wish You a Merry Christmas

1. We wish you a Merry Christmas;
We wish you a Merry Christmas;
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year.

(Refrain)

Good tidings we bring to you and
your kin;

Good tidings for Christmas and a
Happy New Year.

2. Oh, bring us a figgy pudding; (3x)
... and a cup of good cheer.
(Refrain)

3. We won't go until we get some; (3x)
... so bring some right here.
(Refrain)

4. We wish you a Merry Christmas;

(3x)

... and a Happy New Year.
(Refrain)

What Child Is This?

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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.



Ant.
5.

A

L- ma * Redemptó-ris Ma-ter, quæ pérvī- a cæ-li por-
ta manes, Et stella ma-ris, succúrre cadénti súrge-re qui
cu-rat pópu-lo : Tu quæ genu-ísti, na-tú-ra mi-ránte, tu-um
sanctum Ge-ni-tó-rem : Virgo pri-us ac posté-ri-us, Gabri-
é-lis ab o-re sumens illud Ave, pecca-tó-rum mi-se-ré-re.



