

Community Carols

Welcome

1) O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
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:

See how the shepherds
Summoned to his cradle
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;
We too will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps:

Lo! star-led chieftains,
Magi, Christ adoring,
Offer him incense, gold and myrrh;
We to the Christ Child

Bring our hearts' oblations:

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

*O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord!*

2) God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen,

Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
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 heav'nly 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.

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:

*O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.*

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:

*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
All others doth deface:

*O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.*

Story Part One

3) 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 wond'ring love.

*How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is giv'n!
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.*

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.

4) **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,
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.

Enough for him, whom cherubim worship night and
day,

A breastful of milk and a manger full of hay
Enough for him, who angels fall down before
The ox and ass and camel, which adore.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
but only his mother, in her maiden bliss,
worshipped 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;
yet what I can I give him: give my heart.

Story Part Two

5) 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 heav'n's all gracious King!'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hov'ring wing;
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet 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!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold:
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

6) 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.

And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gentle
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;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Story Part Three

- 7) **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 for ever, and love me, I pray.

Bless all the dear children in your tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with you there.

8) **The first Nowell** 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.

*Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
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 northwest,
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 the knee,
and offered there, in his presence,
their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heav'nly Lord
That hath made heav'n and earth of naught,
And with his blood mankind hath bought.

*Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
born is the King of Israel.*

Story Part Four

9) **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,
heav'nly 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.

10) 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 Emmanuel.

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.'*

Christmas Blessing And Close.

*We wish you a Merry Christmas and a blessed New
Year!*