

5) Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus lay 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 side until morning is
nigh.

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

6) 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,
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 Heav'n above;
Glory to God In the highest:

Yea, Lord we greet thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory giv'n;
Word of the Father, now in flesh
appearing:

Six Carols



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

Christ, by highest Heav'n adored
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail th' incarnate Deity!

Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel,
Hark the herald angles sing:
Glory to the new-born King

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings
Ris'n 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!"

2) See him lying on a bed of straw;

A draughty stable with an open door;
Mary cradling the babe she bore,
The Prince of glory in his name.

*Oh, now carry me to Bethlehem,
To see the Lord, appear to men!
Just as poor as was the stable then,
The Prince of glory when he come.*

Angels, sing again the song you sang,
Bring God's glory to the heart of man;
Sing that Beth' em's little baby can
Be salvation to the soul.

Mine are riches, from your poverty,
From your innocence, eternity;
Mine forgiveness by your death for
me,
Child of sorrow for my joy.

3) Joy to the World, the Lord is come!

Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And Heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! The Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
plains
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.

4) 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 minds;
"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 Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.

'The heaven; y baby you there shall
find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands
And in a manger laid.'

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from Heaven to
men
Begin and never cease!'

