1) ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY
Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.

CHORUS:
Come and worship!
Worship Christ the King!
Come and worship!
Worship Christ the new-born King!

Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing
Yonder shines the infant light.

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear.

2) O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL
O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant;
O come ye to Bethlehem.
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare Him room,
While field and floods, rocks, hills, and plains.
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.

4) 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
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
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

5) HARK THE HERALD ANGELS
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 the favoured one.
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel

Hark the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new born King"

6) AWAY IN A MANGER
Away in a manger,
No crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down his sweet head
The stars in the 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 forever, and love me, I pray,
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
And fit us for Heaven to live with Thee there.

7) ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY
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
With the poor and mean and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy

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
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
The Saviour who is Christ The Lord
And this shall be the sign:"

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed
And 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!"

We three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

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,
Heavenly 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.

See amid the winter's snow
Born for us on earth below
See the tender Lamb appears
Promised from eternal years

Chorus:
Hail, thou ever-blessed morn
Hail, redemption's happy dawn
Sing through all Jerusalem
Christ is born in Bethlehem

Lo within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies
He who throne'd in heights sublime
Sits amid the cherubim
Say, ye holy shepherds say
What your joyful news today
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep

As we watched at dead of night
Lo we saw a wondrous light
Angels singing, peace on earth
Told us of a wondrous birth

Sacred infant, all divine
What a tender love was Thine
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in the 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 silent, 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.