

# God Rest You Merry Gentlemen

18<sup>th</sup> Century English Carol

God rest you merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay  
Remember Christ our Savior ,  
Was born on Christmas Day  
To save us all from Satan's power  
When we are 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

# Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Felix Mendelssohn

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 th’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 Sun 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  
Board to give them second birth

Hark! the herald angels sing,  
“ Glory to the newborn King ! ”

# The First Noel

Traditional English Carol

The first Noel, the angels 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.

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel  
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

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel  
Born is the King of Israel.

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

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel  
Born is the King of Israel.

Then entered in those wise men three,  
Full reverently, upon the knee  
And offered there, in His presence,  
Their gold and myrrh, and frankincense

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel  
Born is the King of Israel.

# The Wondrous Story

Carl Frangkiser

Years ago a prophet old  
Told a wondrous story,  
How men should be  
Filled with peace and glory.

That's the tale we love to hear,  
The tale of Christmas morn,  
When, to bring us joy and cheer

Love should dwell in every heart,  
None should harm his brother,  
All should live in peace and joy,  
Loving one another.

That's the tale we love to hear,  
The tale of Christmas morn,  
When, to bring us joy and cheer

# O Little Town of Bethlehem

Lewis H. Redner

O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie;  
Above them deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.  
Yet in their dark streets shineth,  
The everlasting light,  
The hopes and fears of all the years,  
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary;  
And gathered 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.



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

O holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend on 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.

# Away In A Manger

James R. Murray

Away in a manger, no crib for a 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.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,  
Bur little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes.  
I love Thee Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,  
And stay by my cradle to watch lullaby.