

Carols at Christmas

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright.
Mary and Joseph in stable bare
watch o'er the child beloved and fair,
 sleeping in heavenly rest,
 sleeping in heavenly rest.

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds first saw the light,
heard resounding clear and strong,
far and near, the angel-song:
 Christ the Saviour is here!
 Christ the Saviour is here!

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, O how bright
love is smiling from thy face!
Strikes for us now the hour of grace,
 Jesus, Lord, at thy birth!
 Jesus, Lord, at thy birth!

Away in a manger, no crib for his 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 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 take us to Heaven to live with thee there.

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 host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem!'

Hark! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born 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 the incarnate Deity,
pleased as man, with man to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King!'

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.
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!'