

Adeste, Fideles (O Come, All

Ye Faithful)

Adeste, fideles, Laeti triumphantes;

Venite, venite in Bethlehem;

Natum videte

Regem angelorum:

Venite adoremus, (3x)

Dominum.

Deum de Deo, Lumen de lumine,

Gestant puellae viscera;

Deum verum, Genitum, non factum:

Venite adoremus, (3x)

Dominum.

Cantet nunc Io! Chorus angelorum,

Cantet nunc aula caelestium.

Gloria, gloria, In excelsis Deo!

Venite adoremus, (3x)

Dominum.

Ergo qui natus Die hodierna,

Jesu, tibi sit gloria;

Patris aeternae verbum caro factum!

Venite adoremus, (3x)

Dominum.

Angels, From the Realms of

Glory

[Tune: Regent Square, H. Smart, 1867]

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:

Come and worship,

Come and worship

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds in the field abiding,

Watching o'er your flocks by night,

God with man is now residing;

Yonder shines the infant Light: Refrain

Sages, leave your contemplations,

Brighter visions beam afar:

Seek the great Desire of nations;

Ye have seen his natal star: Refrain

<http://www.christthekinganglican.org/xmas/> Version 1.0

Saints before the altar bending,

Watching long in hope and fear,

Suddenly the Lord, descending,

In his temple shall appear: Refrain

[James Montgomery, 1816]

Angels We Have Heard on

High

[Tune: Gloria, French Carol]

Angels we have heard on high,

Singing sweetly through the night,

And the mountains in reply

Echoing their brave delight.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Shepherds, why this jubilee?

Why these songs of happy cheer?

What great brightness did you see?

What glad tidings did you hear?

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Come to Bethlehem and see

Him whose birth the angels sing;

Come, adore on bended knee

Christ, the Lord, the new-born King.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

See him in a manger laid

Whom the angels praise above;

Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,

While we raise our hearts in love.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

[French Carol]

Auld Lang Syne

[Robert Burns]

Should auld acquaintance be forgot

and never brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot

and days of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,

for auld lang syne,

we'll take a cup of kindness yet,

for auld lang syne

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Away in a Manger

[Tune: Cradle Song, W.J. Kirkpatrick]

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 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.

Ding Dong! Merrily On High

Ding dong! merrily on high,

In heav'n the bells are ringing:

Ding dong! verily the sky

Is riv'n with angel singing.

Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,

Let steeple bells be swungen,

And "Io, io, io!"

By priest and people sungen. Refrain

Pray you, dutifully prime

Your matin chime, ye ringers;

May you beautifully rime

Your evetime song, ye singers. Refrain

Do You Hear What I Hear?

Said the night wind to the little lamb,

"Do you see what I see?

Way up in the sky, little lamb,

Do you see what I see?

A star, a star, dancing in the night

With a tail as big as a kite,

With a tail as big as a kite."

Said the little lamb to the shepherd boy,

"Do you hear what I hear?

Ringing through the sky, shepherd boy,

Do you hear what I hear?

A song, a song high above the trees

With a voice as big as the the sea,

With a voice as big as the the sea."

Version 1.0 <http://www.christthekinganglican.org/xmas/>

Said the shepherd boy to the mighty king,

"Do you know what I know?

In your palace warm, mighty king,

Do you know what I know?

A Child, a Child shivers in the cold--

Let us bring him silver and gold,

Let us bring him silver and gold."

Said the king to the people everywhere,

"Listen to what I say!

Pray for peace, people, everywhere,

Listen to what I say!

The Child, the Child sleeping in the night

He will bring us goodness and light,

He will bring us goodness and light."

Drummer Boy

Come they told me, pa rum pum pum pum

A new born King to see, pa rum pum pum pum

Our finest gifts we bring, pa rum pum pum pum

To lay before the King, pa rum pum pum pum,

rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum,

When we come.

Little Baby, pa rum pum pum pum

I am a poor boy too, pa rum pum pum pum

I have no gift to bring, pa rum pum pum pum

That's fit to give the King, pa rum pum pum

pum, rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum,

Shall I play for you, pa rum pum pum pum,

On my drum?

Mary nodded, pa rum pum pum pum

The ox and ass [lamb] kept time, pa rum pum
pum pum

I played my drum for Him, pa rum pum pum
pum

I played my best for Him, pa rum pum pum
pum, rum pum pum pum, rum pum
pum pum,

Then He smiled at me, pa rum pum pum pum
Me and my drum.

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The First Noel

[Tune: The First Nowell, English Carol, pub. 1833]

The first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they
lay;

In fields as 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. Refrain

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. Refrain
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. Refrain
Then entered in those wise men three
Full reverently upon their knee,
and offered there in his presence
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense. Refrain
Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord;
That hath made heaven and earth of naught,
And with his blood mankind hath bought.
Refrain

[Old English Carol]

Go, Tell it on the Mountain

[Traditional]

Go, tell it on the mountain,
over the hills, and everywhere.

Go, tell it on the mountain,

that Jesus Christ is born.

When I was a learner,

I sought both night and day.

I asked the Lord to aid me

and He showed me the way. Refrain

<http://www.christthekinganglican.org/xmas/> Version 1.0

While shepherds kept their watching

o'er silent flocks by night,

Behold, throughout the heavens

there shone a holy light. Refrain

The shepherds feared and trembled

when lo, above the earth

Rang out the angel chorus

that hailed our Saviour's birth! Refrain

Down in a lonely manger

the humble Christ was born,

And God sent our salvation

that blessed Christmas morn. Refrain

God Rest You Merry

Gentlemen

[Tune: God Rest You Merry, London, 18th cent.]

God rest you merry, gentlemen,

Let nothing you dismay,

Remember 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!
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed morn;
To which His mother Mary
Did nothing take in scorn. Refrain
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. Refrain
"Fear not, then," said the angel,
"Let nothing you affright;
This day is born a Saviour
Of a pure virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in him

From Satan's power and might." Refrain

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God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen, cont'd

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

The Son of God to find. Refrain

And when they came to Bethlehem

Where our dear Saviour lay,

They found him in a manger,

Where oxen feed on hay;

His mother Mary kneeling down,

Unto the Lord did pray: Refrain

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. Refrain

[London Carol, 18th cent.]

Good Christian Men, Rejoice

[Tune: In Dulci Jubilo, German, 14th cent.]

Good Christian men, rejoice,

With heart and soul, and voice;

Give ye heed to what we say:

Jesus Christ is born to-day;

Ox and ass before him bow,

And he is in the manger now.

Christ is born to-day!

Christ is born to-day!

Good Christian men, rejoice,

With heart and soul, and voice;

Now ye hear of endless bliss:

Jesus Christ was born for this!

He hath oped the heavenly door,

And man is blessed evermore.

Christ was born for this!

Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice,

With heart and soul, and voice;

Now ye need not fear the grave:

Jesus Christ was born to save!

Calls you one and calls you all

To gain his everlasting hall.

Christ was born to save!

Christ was born to save!

<http://www.christthekinganglican.org/xmas/> Version 1.0

[J.M. Neale, 1853]

Good King Wenceslas

[Traditional]

Good King Wenceslas looked out

on the feast of Stephen,

when the snow lay round about,

deep and crisp and even.

Brightly shown the moon that night,

though the frost was cruel,

when a poor man came in sight,

gathering winter fuel.

Hither, page, and stand by me.

If thou know it telling:

yonder peasant, who is he?

Where and what his dwelling?

Sire, he lives a good league hence,

underneath the mountain,

right against the forest fence

by Saint Agnes fountain.

Bring me flesh, and bring me wine.

Bring me pine logs hither.

Thou and I will see him dine

when we bear them thither.

Page and monarch, forth they went,

forth they went together

through the rude wind's wild lament

and the bitter weather.

Sire, the night is darker now,

and the wind blows stronger.

Fails my heart, I know not how.

I can go no longer.

Mark my footsteps my good page,

tread thou in them boldly:

Thou shalt find the winter's rage

freeze thy blood less coldly.

In his master's step he trod,

where the snow lay dented.

Heat was in the very sod

which the saint had printed.

Therefore, Christian men, be sure,

wealth or rank possessing,

ye who now will bless the poor

shall yourselves find blessing

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Hark! The Herald Angels

Sing

[Tune: Mendelssohn, F. Mendelssohn, 1840]

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 Virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;

Hail the incarnate Deity,

Pleased as man with man to dwell;

Jesus, our Emmanuel! Refrain

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.
Risen with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Refrain
Come, Desire of nations come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the Woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's head.
Adam's likeness now efface:
Stamp Thine image in its place;
Second Adam, from above,
Reinstate us in thy love. Refrain

[Charles Wesley, 1739. Addition of the fourth verse was
suggested by Dr. John Brockway <godzilla@computerservices.
com> and was found at Uncommon Christmas

Carols Recommended by Coty Pinckney.]

Version 1.0 <http://www.christthekinganglican.org/xmas/>

Hark! The Herald Angels

Sing (alternate lyrics)

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,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
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 th' Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Come, Desire of nations come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the Woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's head.
Adam's likeness, Lord efface:
Stamp Thy image in its place;

Second Adam, from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.
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.

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The Holly And The Ivy

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown:
O, the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.
The holly bears a blossom,
As white as lily flow'r,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,

To be our dear Saviour: Refrain

The holly bears a berry,

As red as any blood,

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,

To do poor sinners good: Refrain

The holly bears a prickle,

As sharp as any thorn,

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,

On Christmas Day in the morn: Refrain

The holly bears a bark,

As bitter as the gall,

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,

For to redeem us all: Refrain

The holly and the ivy,

When they are both full grown,

Of all trees that are in the wood,

The holly bears the crown: Refrain

I Heard the Bells on

Christmas Day

I heard the bells on Christmas Day

Their old familiar carols play.

And wild and sweet the words repeat

Of Peace on earth, good will to men.

I thought how as the day had come
The belfries of all Christendom
Had roll'd along th' unbroken song
Of Peace on earth, good will to men.

And in despair, I bow'd my head:

"There is no peace on earth," I said,

"For hate is strong and mocks the song,

Of Peace on earth, good will to men."

<http://www.christthekinganglican.org/xmas/>

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;

"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;

The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,

With Peace on earth, good will to men."

I Saw Three Ships

[Traditional]

I saw three ships come sailing in

on Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.

I saw three ships come sailing in

on Christmas Day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three

on Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?

And what was in those ships all three

on Christmas Day in the morning?

The Virgin Mary and Christ were there
on Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.

The virgin Mary and Christ were there
on Christmas Day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amen,

On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;

Then let us all rejoice amen,

On Christmas Day in the morning.

It Came Upon the Midnight

Clear

[Tune: Carol, 2nd Tune, R.S. Willis, 1850]

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 heaven'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 heavenly music floats

O'er all the weary world;

Above its sad and lowly plains

They bend on hovering wing,

And ever o'er its Babel-sounds

The blessed angels sing.

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It Came Upon the Midnight Clear, cont'd

Yet with the woes of sin and strife

The world has suffered long;

Beneath the heavenly strain have rolled

Two thousand years of wrong;

And man, at war with man, hears not

The tidings which they bring;

O hush the noise, ye men of strife,

And hear the angels sing!

O ye, beneath life's crushing load,

Whose forms are bending low,

Who toil along the climbing way

With painful steps and slow,

Look now! for glad and golden hours

Come swiftly on the wing;

O rest beside the weary road

And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,

By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

[E.H. Sears, 1846]

Joy to the World

[Psalm 98, Isaac Watts and Lowell Mason, 1839]

Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
and heaven and nature sing,
and heaven and nature sing,
and heaven, and heaven and nature sing.
Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
while fields and floods,
rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

<http://www.christthekinganglican.org/xmas/> Version 1.0

No more let sins and sorrows grow,

nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make His blessing flow

far as the curse is found,

far as the curse is found,

far as, far as the curse is found.

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,

and wonders, wonders of His love.

Lo, How A Rose E'er

Blooming

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming

From tender stem hath sprung!

Of Jesse's lineage coming

As men of old have sung.

It came, a flow'ret bright,

Amid the cold of winter,

When half spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it,

The Rose I have in mind,
With Mary we behold it,
The Virgin Mother kind.
To show God's love aright
She bore to men a Saviour,
When half spent was the night.
This flower, whose fragrance tender
With sweetness fills the air,
Dispels with glorious splendor
The darkness everywhere.
True man, yet very God,
From sin and death He saves us
And lightens every load.

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O Come, All Ye Faithful

[Tune: Adeste Fideles, English, 1751]

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,
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; Refrain

See how the shepherds,

Summoned to his cradle,

Leaving their flocks, draw nigh to gaze;

We too will thither

Bend our joyful footsteps; Refrain

Lo, star-led chieftains,

Magi, Christ adoring,

Offer Him incense, gold and myrrh;

We to the Christ-child

Bring our hearts' oblations Refrain

Child, for us sinners

Poor and in the manger,

We would embrace thee, with love and awe;

Who would not live thee,

Loving us so dearly? Refrain

Sing, choirs of angels,

Sing in exultation,

Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;

Glory to God

In the highest; Refrain

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,

Born this happy morning;

Jesus, to thee be glory given;

Word of the Father,

Now in flesh appearing; Refrain

[Latin, 18th cent.]

<http://www.christthekinganglican.org/xmas/> Version 1.0

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

O come, O come, Emmanuel,

And ransom captive Israel,

That mourns in lonely exile here

Until the Son of God appear.

Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel

Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might,

Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,

In ancient times didst give the law,

In cloud, and majesty, and awe. Refrain

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free

Thine own from Satan's tyranny;

From depths of hell Thy people save
And give them victory o'er the grave. Refrain
O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight. Refrain
O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery. Refrain
O come, Thou Wisdom from on high,
And order all things, far and nigh;
To us the path of knowledge show,
And cause us in her ways to go. Refrain
O come, Desire of nations, bind
In one the hearts of all mankind;
Bid Thou our sad divisions cease,
And be Thyself our King of peace. Refrain

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O Holy Night

O holy night! The stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth.
Long lay the world in sin and error pining.

Till He appeared and the Spirit felt its worth.

A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,

For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.

Fall on your knees! Oh, hear the angel voices!

O night divine, the night when Christ was born;

O night, O holy night, O night divine!

O night, O holy night, O night divine!

Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,

With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand.

O'er the world a star is sweetly gleaming,

Now come the wisemen from out of the Orient
land.

The King of kings lay thus lowly manger;

In all our trials born to be our friends.

He knows our need, our weakness is no stranger,

Behold your King! Before him lowly bend!

Behold your King! Before him lowly bend!

Truly He taught us to love one another,

His law is love and His gospel is peace.

Chains he shall break, for the slave is our
brother.

And in his name all oppression shall cease.

Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,

With all our hearts we praise His holy name.

Christ is the Lord! Then ever, ever praise we,

His power and glory ever more proclaim!

His power and glory ever more proclaim!

<http://www.christthekinganglican.org/xmas/> Version 1.0

O Little Town of Bethlehem

[Tune: St. Louis, 2nd Tune, L.H. Redner, 1868]

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 to-night.

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 will receive him, still
The dear Christ enters in.
Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessed Child,
Where misery cries out to thee,
Son of the mother mild;
Where charity stands watching
And faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.
O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,

Our Lord Emmanuel!

[Phillips Brooks, 1867]

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Silent Night

[Tune: Holy Night, F. Grueber, 1818]

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!

Brought the world gracious light,

Down from heaven's golden height

Comes to us the glorious sight:

Jesus, as one of mankind,

Jesus, as one of mankind.

Silent Night! Holy Night!

By his love, by his might

God our Father us has graced,

As a brother gently embraced

Jesus, all nations on earth,

Jesus, all nations on earth.

Silent Night! Holy Night!

Long ago, minding our plight

God the world from misery freed,

In the dark age of our fathers decreed:

All the world redeemed,

All the world redeemed.

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.

[Joseph Mohr, 1818]

<http://www.christthekinganglican.org/xmas/>

Veni, Veni, Emmanuel (O

Come, O Come Emmanuel)

Veni, veni, Emmanuel,

Captivum solve Israel.

Qui gemit in exilio,

Privatus Dei filio.

Gaude! Gaude! Emmanuel;

Nascetur prote, Israel!

Veni, veni, O Oriens;

Solare nos adveniens.

Noctis depelle nebulas,

Dirasque noctis tenebras.

Gaude! Gaude! Emmanuel;

Nascetur prote, Israel!

Veni, O Jesse Virgula; Ex hostis tuos ungula,

De specu tuos tartari; Educ, et antro barathri.

Gaude! Gaude! Emmanuel; Nascetur prote,

Israel

Veni, veni, Adonai, Qui populo in Sinai

Legem dedisti vertice; In majestate gloriae.

Gaude! Gaude! Emmanuel; Nascetur prote,

Israel

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We Three Kings of Orient

Are

[John H. Hopkins, Jr., 1857]

We three kings of Orient are
bearing gifts we traverse afar.
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
following yonder star.

Chorus

O star of wonder, star of night,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect Light.

Born a king on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never
over us all to reign. Chorus

Frankincense to offer have I.

Incense owns a Deity nigh.

Prayer and praising all men raising,
worship Him, God on high. Chorus

Myrrh is mine: Its bitter perfume
breaths a life of gathering gloom.

Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding dying,
sealed in the stone-cold tomb. Chorus

Glorious now behold Him arise,

King and God and Sacrifice.

Alleluia, alleluia!

Sounds through the earth and skies. Chorus

Version 1.0 <http://www.christthekinganglican.org/xmas/>

What Child Is This?

[Tune: Greensleeves, English, before 1642]

What child is this, who, laid to rest,

On Mary's lap is sleeping?

Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,

While shepherds watch are keeping?

This, this is Christ the King,

Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:

Haste, haste to bring him laud,

The babe, the son of Mary.

Why lies he in such mean estate

Where ox and ass are feeding?

Good Christian, fear: for sinners here

The silent Word is pleading.

Nails, spear shall pierce Him through,

The Cross be borne for me, for you;

Hail, hail, the Word made flesh,

The Babe, the Son of Mary.

So bring him incense, gold, and myrrh,

Come, peasant, king, to own him.

the King of kings salvation brings,

Let loving hearts enthrone him.

Raise, raise the song on high,

The Virgin sing her lullaby:

Joy, joy, for Christ is born,

The Babe, the Son of Mary.

[W.C. Dix, c. 1865. The second and third refrains were
contributed by Dan Levy <levy@mohawk.att.att.com> on
12/22/95. "They came from a book called the Fireside
Book of Folk Songs ed. Provensen (sp?)."]

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