

<u>We Three Kings</u> We three kings of Orient are Bearing gifts we traverse afar Field and fountain, moor and mountain Following yonder star <i>O star of wonder, star of night, Star of royal beauty bright, Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to thy perfect light.</i> Born a king on Bethlehem's plain, Gold I bring to crown Him again, King forever, ceasing never Over us all to reign. <i>O star of wonder, star of night, Star of royal beauty bright, Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to thy perfect light.</i>	Frankincense to offer have I. Incense owns a Deity nigh. Prayer and praising all men raising, Worship Him, God most high. <i>O star of wonder, star of night, Star of royal beauty bright, Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to thy perfect light.</i> Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume Breathes a life of gathering gloom Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying Sealed in the stone-cold tomb <i>O star of wonder, star of night, Star of royal beauty bright, Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to thy perfect light.</i>
<u>O Little Town of Bethlehem</u> O dawl ddinas Bethlehem, o dan dy sêr di-ri', Ac awel fwyn Jwdea'n dwyn ei miwsig atat ti: Daw heno seren newydd, dlos i wenu uwch dy ben, A chlywir cân angylion glân yn llyfo drwy y nen. 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 wondering love. How silently, how silently, the wondrous gift is given!	<u>Away in a Manger</u> 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 poor Baby wakes But little Lord Jesus No crying He makes I love Thee, Lord Jesus Look down from the sky And stay by my side, 'Til morning is nigh.

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.	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 take us to heaven To live with Thee there.
<u>Once in Royal David's City</u> 1. 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. 2. He came down to earth from heaven, Who is God and Lord of all, And His shelter was a stable, And His cradle was a stall; With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Savior holy. 3. And through all his wondrous childhood he would honour and obey. Love and watch the lowly maiden in whose gentle arms he lay; Christian children all must be, mild, obedient, good as he.	<u>O Come All Ye Faithful</u> 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; <i>O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord</i> God of God, light of light, Lo! He abhors not the virgin's womb; Very God, begotten not created <i>O come, let us adore Him.....</i> Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation, Sing all ye citizens of heaven above; Glory to God in the Highest; <i>O come, let us adore Him.....</i>
<u>The Angel Gabriel</u> The Angel Gabriel from heaven came, his wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame; 'All hail,' said he, 'O lowly maiden Mary,' most highly favoured lady: Gloria!	<u>Silent Night</u> Silent night, holy night All is calm, all is bright Round yon Virgin, Mother, Mother and Child Holy infant so tender and mild Sleep in heavenly peace Sleep in heavenly

'For know a blessed mother you shall be, all generations praise continually, your son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold,' most highly favoured lady: Gloria! Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head, 'To me be as it pleaseth God,' she said. 'My son shall laud and magnify his holy name.' Most highly favoured lady. Gloria	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.
<u>Little Donkey</u> Little donkey, little donkey on the dusty road Got to keep on plodding onwards with your precious load Been a long time, little donkey, through the winters night don't give up now, little donkey, Bethlehems in sight Ring out those bells tonight Bethlehem, Bethlehem Follow that star tonight Bethlehem, Bethlehem Little donkey, little donkey, had a heavy day Little donkey, carry Mary safely on her way Little donkey, little donkey, journey's end is near There are wise men waiting for a sign to bring them here. Do not falter little donkey, there's a star ahead It will guide you, little donkey, to a cattle shed	<u>Hark! The Herald Angels Sing</u> 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 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 the incarnate Deity Pleased as man with man to dwell Jesus, our Emmanuel Hark! The herald angels sing "Glory to the newborn 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

Ring out those bells tonight Bethlehem, Bethlehem Follow that star tonight Bethlehem, Bethlehem Little donkey, little donkey, had a heavy day Little donkey, carry Mary, safely on her way Little donkey, carry Mary, safely on her way	Hark! The herald angels sing "Glory to the newborn King!"
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