

SONGS OF CHRISTMAS



GOOD KING WENCESLAS

(Key of A)

Good King Wenceslas looked out,
On the feast of Stephen.
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even.
Brightly shone 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'st 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 steps 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.



ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

(Key of G)

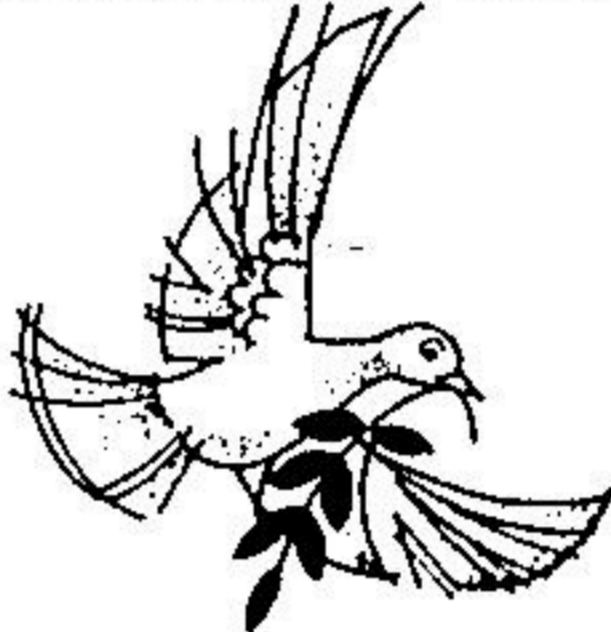
Angels we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,
And the mountains in reply,
Echoing their joyous strains.

Chorus

Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Shepherds why this jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?
What shall the gladsome tidings be,
Which inspire your heavenly song?

Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing
Come adore on bended knee,
Christ the Lord, the new born King.



WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE

(Key of G)

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

Refrain

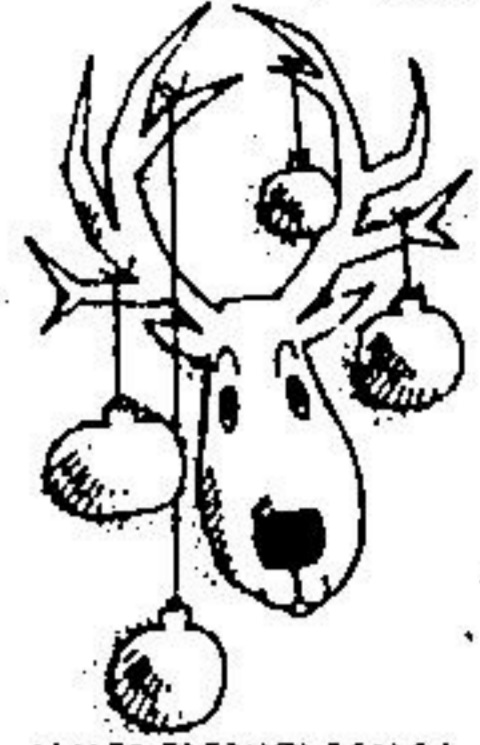
O star of wonder, star of night,
Star of royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to that perfect light.

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

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh,
Prayer and praising all men raising,
Worship Him, God most high.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume,
Breathes a life of gathering gloom,
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice!
Halleluiah! Halleluiah!
Earth to the heavens replies—



GOD REST YOU MERRY GENTLEMEN

(Key of G)

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.

Refrain

O tidings of comfort and joy, com-
fort and joy.
O tidings of comfort and joy.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed morn.
The which His Mother Mary,
Did nothing take in scorn.

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.

"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."

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,
All other doth deface.



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