

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM



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 fear 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 wondring love.
O mornings stars together
Proclaim the holy birth
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY

The holly and the ivy when they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.

Chorus

The rising of the sun, the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a berry as red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good.

The holly bears a prickle as sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Christmas Day in the morn.

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

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.

DING DONG MERRILY ON HIGH

Ding dong merrily on high The bells are gaily ringing Ding dong happily reply The angels all a singing Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

Ding dong! carol all the bells.

Awake not, do not tarry!

Sing out, sound the good Nowells,

Jesus is born of Mary.

Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

Ring out, merry merry bells,
The Angels all are singing.
Ding dong! swing the steeple bells,
Sound joyous news we're bringing!
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

Hark now! happily we sing, The Angels wish us merry! Ding dong! dancing as we bring Good news from Virgin Mary. Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

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IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR



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 lonely plains
They bend on hovering wings,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long,
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring
O hush, the noise, ye men of strife
And hear the angels sing.



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