

Here We Go A' Carolling



Hark the Herald Angels Sing

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 angelic host, proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."
 Refrain:
 Hark the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King."



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 glad some tidings be
 Which inspire your heavenly song?

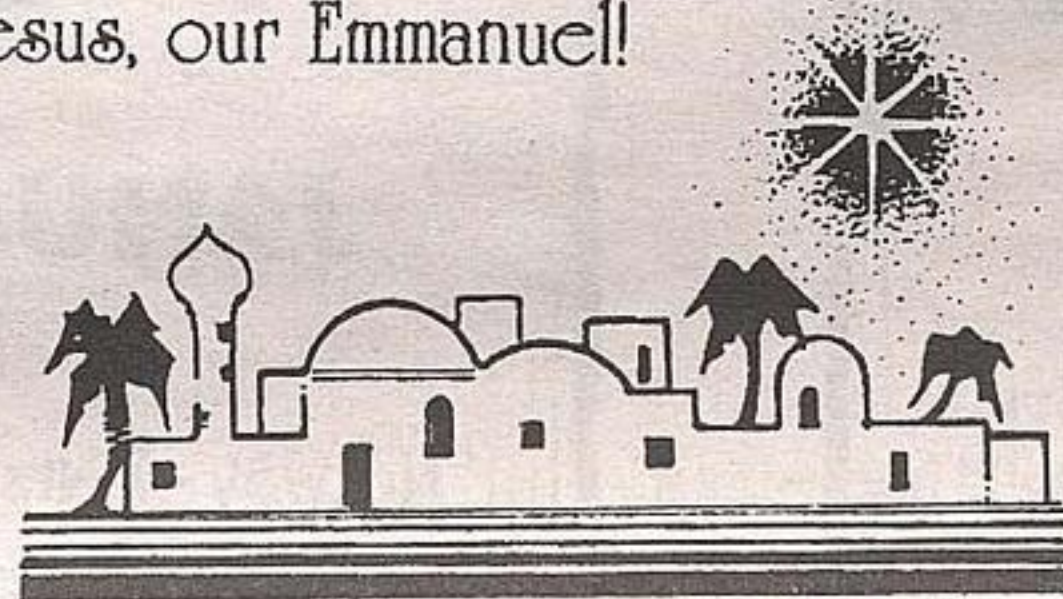
Come to Bethlehem and see
 Him whose birth the angels sing.
 Come adore on bended knee
 Christ the Lord, the new born king.

What Child Is This

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

Chorus:
 This, this is Christ the King;
 Whom shepherds guard and angels sing
 Haste, haste to bring Him laud
 The Babe, the Son of Mary!

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, the incarnate Deity,
 Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
 Jesus, our Emmanuel!



Silent Night

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!
 Shepherds quake at the sight!
 Glories stream from heaven afar,
 Heav'nly 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!

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

It came upon a midnight clear,
 That glorious song of old,
 From angels bending near the earth
 To touch their harps of gold;
 "Peace on the earth, goodwill 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 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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