

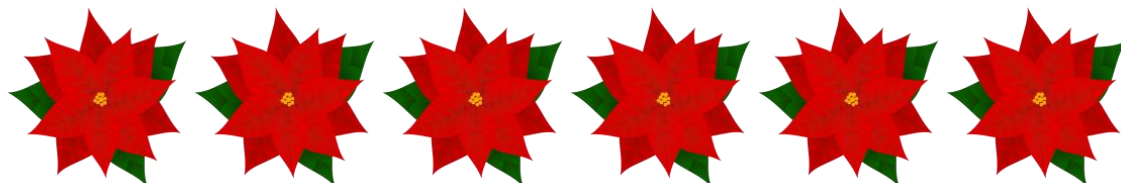
Once in Royal David's City

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.

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 saviour holy.

For He is our childhood's pattern; day by day, like us, He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless, tears and smiles, like us He knew;
And He careth for our sadness, and he shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him, through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle, is our Lord in heaven above:
And He leads His children on, to the place where He is gone.



Jingle Bells

Dashing through the snow, in a one horse open sleigh
O'er the fields we go, laughing all the way
Bells on bob tails ring, making spirits bright
What fun it is to laugh and sing, a sleighing song tonight, oh

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh

Away In A Manger

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus, lay 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 a-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 bedside, 'til 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.

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
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



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Hark The Herald Angels Sing



Hark the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new born King
Peace on earth and mercy mild
God an 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 new born King"

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 men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel
Hark the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new born King"

Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace.
Hail the son of Righteousness
Light and life to all He brings,
risen 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
Hark the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new born King"

O Come All Ye Faithful

O come all ye faithful joyful and triumphant
Oh 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:

O come let us adore him
O come let us adore him
O come let us adore him
Christ the Lord.

Sing choirs of angels sing in exultation
sing all ye citizens of heaven above;
glory to God in the highest:

O come let us adore him
O come let us adore him
O come let us adore him
Christ the Lord.

Oh little town of Bethlehem

Oh little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie
Above the dark 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 tonight

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.

Oh holy child of Bethlehem,
Descend on us we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels,
Their great glad tidings tell,
Oh come to us, abide with us,
Our lord, Emanuel.

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