

B. CHRISTMAS

O Come, All Ye Faithful  
Adeste Fideles

B1

1) O come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumph,  
O come ye, o come ye to Bethlehem. Come and be-  
hold 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.

2) Sing choirs of angels, Sing in exultation,  
Sing all ye citizenz of heav'n above: Glory to  
God In the highest, glory! O come, let us adore  
Him, etc.

3) Yea, Lord we greet Thee, Born this happy morn-  
ing. Jesus, to Thee be all glory giv'n. Word of  
the Father, now in flesh appearing. O come, let  
us adore Him, etc.

1) Adeste fideles, Laeti triumphantes; Venite, ve-  
nite in Bethlehem; Natum videte, Regem angelorum:  
Venite adoremus, Venite adoremus, Venite adoremus  
Dominum.

2) Cantet nunc Io! Chorus angelorum; Cantet nunc  
aula coelestium; Gloria, Gloria In excelsis Deo!  
Venite, adoremus, etc.

3) Ergo qui natus die hodierna, Jesu, tibi sit  
gloria, Patris aeterni Verbum caro factum. Venite  
adoremus, etc.

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170 S.P.X. Angels We Have Heard on High B2

1) Angels we have heard on high, Sweetly singing  
o'er the plain And the mountains in reply Echo  
back their joyous strain: Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

2) Shepherds, why this jubilee? Why your gladsome strain prolong? Say, what may the tidings be which inspired your heav'nly song? Gloria etc.

3) Come to Bethle'm, come and see Him, Whose birth the angels sing; Come, adore on bended knee, Christ the Lord, the new-born King. Gloria etc.

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B3

The First Noel

9 B.B.

1) The first Noel the angels did say Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay: In fields where they lay keeping their sheep On a cold winter's night that was so deep. Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, Born is the King of Israel.

2) They looked up and saw a star Shining in the east beyond them far, And to the earth it gave great light, And so it continued both day and night. Noel, Noel, etc.

3) And by the light of that same star, Three Wise Men came from country far, To seek for a King was their intent, And to follow the star wherever it went. Noel, Noel, etc.

4) This star drew nigh to the northwest. O'er Bethlehem it took its rest, And there it did both stop and stay Right over the place where Jesus lay. Noel, Noel, etc.

5) Then entered in those Wise Men three, Full reverently upon their knee, And offer'd there in His presence, Their gold and myrrh and frankincense. Noel, Noel, etc.

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3 B.B.

Silent Night

B4

1) *Silent night! Holy night! All is calm, all is bright. Round you Virgin Mother and Child! Holy infant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace! Sleep in heavenly peace!*

2) *Silent night! Holy night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glories stream from heaven afar, Heav'nly hosts sing, "Alleluia!" Christ, the*

*son of God, the Saviour, is born!*

3) *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!*

## Stille Nacht

Stille nacht! Heilige nacht!  
 -les schlaft, ein-sam wacht  
 Nur das trau-te, hoch-hei-li-ge Paar  
 Hol-der Kna-be im lo-cki-gen Haar,  
 Schlaf in himm-li-scher Ruh,  
 Schlaf in himm-li-scher Ruh.

4 B.B.

Joy to the World

B5

1) Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.

2) Joy to the world! the Savior reigns; Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains; Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

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 light. Round yon Virgin Mother and Child! Holy  
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 Heav'nly hosts sing, "Alleluia!" Christ, the  
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 Alle schlaf, ein-sam wacht  
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 Hol-der Kna-be im lo-cki-gen Haar,  
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 their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks,  
 hills and plains; Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat  
 the sounding joy, Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

3) No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.

4) He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories of His righteousness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love. And wonders, and wonders of His love.

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B6

Hark the Herald Angels Sing

6 B.B.

1) 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 th'angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem." Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King!"

2) Christ, by highest heav'n adored; Christ, the ever-lasting Lord; Late in time behold Him come, Offspring of the favored one. Veiled in flesh, the God-head see; Hail th'incarnate Deity Pleased, as man with men to dwell, Jesus our Immanuel! Hark, etc

3) 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: Hark! etc.

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B7

It Came upon the Midnight Clear

10 B.B.

1) 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 heav'n all gracious King;"  
The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the  
angels sing.

2) Still thro' the cloven skies they come, With  
peaceful wings unfurled; And still their heav'nly  
music floats O'er all the weary world. Above it's  
sad and lowly plains They bend on hov'ring wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds The blessed angels  
sing.

3) For lo! the days are hast'ing on, By prophets  
seen of old, When with the ever circling years  
Shall come the time foretold, When the new heav'n  
and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,  
And the whole world send back the song Which now  
the angels sing.

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14 B.B.

We Three Kings

B8

1) We three kings of Orient are, Bearing gifts we  
traverse afar Field and fountain, moor and moun-  
tain, Following yonder star.

Chorus: Oh, star of wonder, star of might, Star  
with royal beauty bright, Westward leading, still  
proceeding, Guide us to the perfect Light.

2) Born a Babe on Bethlehem's plain, Gold we bring  
to crown Him again; King forever, ceasing never,  
Over us all to reign. Chorus:

3) Frankincense to offer have I; Incense owns a  
Deity nigh, Pray'r and praising all men raising,  
Worship God on high. Chorus:

4) Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume Breathes a

life of gath'ring gloom, Sorrowing, sighing, bleed-  
ing, dying, Sealed in the stone-cold tomb. Chorus:

5) Glorious now behold Him rise, King and God and  
Sacrifice; Heav'n sings "Hallelujah! " "Hallelujah!  
earth replies. Chorus.

B9

O Little Town of Bethlehem

15 B.B.

1) 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 shin-  
eth The everlasting Light; The hopes and fears of  
all the years Are met in thee tonight.

2) For Christ is born of Mary; And gathered all a-  
bove, While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their  
watch of wond'ring love. O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth; And praises sing to God,  
the King, And peace to men on earth.

3) How silently, how silently, The wondrous gift is  
giv'n! So God imparts to human hearts The blessings  
of His heav'n. No ear may hear His coming, But in  
this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive  
Him, still, The dear Christ enters in.

4) O holy Child of Bethlehem, Descend to us, we  
pray; Cast out our sin, and enter in, Be born in  
us today. We hear Christmas angels the great glad  
tidings tell; O come to us, abide with us. Our  
Lord Emmanuel.

B 10

O Come Little Children

6 S.G.

1) O come little children, O come one and all. To  
Bethlehem haste to the manger so small. God's Son  
for a gift has been sent you this night, To be your

Redeemer your joy and delight.

2) He's born in a stable for you and for me. Draw near by the bright gleaming starlight to see. In swaddling clothes lies so meek and so mild, and poorer than angels the heavenly Child.

3) See Mary and Joseph with love-beaming eyes Are gazing upon the rude bed where He lies. The shepherds are kneeling with hearts full of love, While angels sing loud Hallelujahs above.

4) Kneel down and adore Him with shepherds today Lift up little hands now and praise Him as they. Rejoice that a Saviour from sin you can boast, and join in the song of the heavenly host!

1) Ihr Kinderlein Kommet O kommet doch all,  
Zu Krippe ihr kommet im Bethlehem Stahl. Und  
seh't was in dieser Hoch-heilige Nacht. Der  
Water im Himmel Fuer Freude uns bracht.

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19 M.M.

Lo How A Rose

B11

1) Lo how a Rose ere blooming, from tender root has grown. From Jesse's offspring coming, to all the world made known. It came amid the cold, a bright and shining blossom as prophets had foretold.

2) The Sweet Rose of this story Isaiah did' proclaim. What God ordain'd for glory, by Blessed Mary came. The Child the Virgin bore, the world's salvation bringing through Him forever more.

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14 S.G.

Sleep Holy Babe

B12

1) Sleep, Holy Babe, Upon Thy Mother's breast!



Great Lord of earth and sea and sky, How sweet  
it is to see Thee lie In such a place of rest.

2) Sleep, Holy Babe, Thine angels watch around;  
All bending low with folded wings Before th'incarnate  
King of Kings, In rev'rent awe profound.

3) Sleep, Holy Babe, While I with Mary gaze In  
joy upon that Face awhile, Upon the loving Infant  
smile, Which there divinely plays.

4) Sleep, Holy Babe, O snatch Thy brief repose;  
Too quickly will Thy slumber break, And Thou to  
lengthened pains awake, That death alone shall  
close.

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BL3

What Child is This

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

2) Why lies He in such mean estate, Where ox and  
ass are feeding? Good Christian fear: for sinners  
here The silent word is pleading. Nails, spear,  
shall pierce Him through, The Cross be borne, for  
me, for you: Hail, hail, The Word made flesh, The  
Babe, The Son of Mary!

3) So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh, Come  
peasant, king to own Him, The King of Kings, sal-  
vation brings, Let loving hearts enthrone Him.  
Raise, raise the song on high. The Virgin sings  
Her lullaby. Joy, joy, for Christ is born, The  
Babe, the Son of Mary!

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## Lullay, Thou Little Tiny Child B14

- 1) Lullay, Thou little tiny Child, By, by, lully, lullay; Lullay, Thou little Child, By, by, lully, lullay.
- 2) O sisters, too, how may we do, For to preserve this day; This poor Youngling for whom we sing, By, by, lully, lullay.
- 3) Herod the King, in his raging, Charged he hath this day; His men of might, in his own sight, all children young, to slay.
- 4) Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee, and ever mourn and say; For Thy parting nor say nor sing, By, by, lully, lullay.

156 S.G.

## Resonet in Laudibus

B15

- 1) Resonet in laudibus Cum jucundus plausibus, Sion, cum fidelibus. 1-6 Apparuit quem genuit Maria. Gaudete, gaudete. Christus natus hodie! Gaudete, gaudete, ex Maria Virgine.
- 2) Sion, lauda Dominum Salvatorem omnium Virgo parit Filium. Apparuit, etc.
- 3), Pueri concurrite Nato Regi psallite Voce pia dicite. Apparuit, etc.
- 4), Natus est Emmanuel Quem praedixit Gabriel Testis est Ezechiel. Apparuit, etc.
- 5) Juda cum cantoribus Gradere de foribus Et dic cum pastoribus. Apparuit, etc.
- 6), Qui regnat in aethere, Venit ovem quaerere, Nolens eam perdere, Apparuit, etc.

160 S.G.

Tollite Hostias

B16

- 1) Tollite hostias, et introite in atria ejus.
- 2) Adorate, adorate Dominum in atrio Sancto ejus.
- 3, 4, 6) Laetentur coeli et exsultet terra Ante faciem Domini quoniam venit.
- 5) Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

155a S.G.

Jesu Redemptor Omnium

B17

- 1) Jesu Redemptor omnium, Quem lucis ante originem, Parem paternae gloriae, Pater supremus edidit. Amen.
- 2) Tu lumen et splendor Patris, Tu spes perennis omnium: Intende quas fundunt preces, Tui per orbem servuli. Amen.
- 3) Memento, rerum Conditor, Nostri quod olim corporis, Sacrata ab alvo Virginis Nascendo, formam sumpseris. Amen.
- 4) Testatur hoc praesens dies, Currrens per anni circulum, Quod solus e sinu Patris Mundi salus adveneris. Amen.
- 5) Hunc astra, tellus, aequora, Hunc omne quod coelo subest, Salutis auctorem novae Novo salutatio cantico. Amen.
- 6) Et nos, beata quos sacri Rigavit unda sanguinis Natalis ob diem tui, Hymni tributum solvimus.
- 7) Jesu, tibi sit gloria, Qui natus es de Virgine, Cum Patre et almo Spiritu, In sempiterna saecula.

11 C.Y.      What Lovely Infant Can This Be      B18

1) What lovely infant can this be, That in the little crib I see? So sweetly on the straw it lies, It must have come from Paradise. It must have come from Paradise.

2) Who is that Lady kneeling by, And gazing on so tenderly? Oh! that is Mary, ever blest, How full of joy her holy breast, How full of joy her holy breast.

3) What man is that who seems to smile, And look so blissful all the while? 'Tis holy Joseph good and true, The Infant makes him happy too, The Infant makes him happy too.

4) What makes the crib so bright and clear? What voices sing so sweetly here? Ah! see behind the window pane, The little angels looking in, The little angels looking in.

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14 M.M.      Sweet Babe Reposing      B19

1) Sweet Babe reposing in my heart, O make me burn for Thee, And never from my soul depart But stay, O stay with me. Filled with Thy holy presence now I care no more for earth: Nor can my soul a thought allow But of Thy Sacred birth.

2) O keep us from all wilful sin, Protect us from our foe; And ever dwell, sweet Babe within Our hearts through life below. O cause us now our infant King, To live for Thee alone: And make the buds of virtue spring From seeds which Thou hast sown.

3) We promise ne'er again to swerve, Dear infant King from Thee; But ever faithfully we'll serve Our God of charity. Now seal, sweet Babe, the con-

tract made Between our souls and Thee;  
Ah never may Thy frowns up braid Our want  
of constancy.

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11 M.M. The Christ-Child in the Sacred Heart B20

1) Thou Christ-Child dear, my love, my All, With-  
in a Host, so poor, so small, Still greater than  
all worlds untold, The God, nor earth nor heav'n  
can hold. Thou art delight most sweet to me My  
soul doth long and thirst for Thee, How bright be-  
comes my darkened mind When nigh to Thee repose  
I find!

2) Here at the crib I kneel apart, And nestle  
near Thy mother's heart, Here Bethlehem again  
is found, And songs of angel hosts resound. Here  
shines that fair resplendent star Which call'd  
the Magi from afar, I mean the everlasting light  
Before the altar ever bright.

3) Here do I find my rest, my home. Here need I  
ne'er a stranger roam, One Heart most loving here  
is mine, The Heart within the Host divine. Thou  
Lord of all, Thou little Child, Thou God of pow'r  
Thou Heart so mild, Thou angels' joy, our Sav-  
iour bless'd, Oh come and dwell within my breast.

4) And thou, dear Mother, I entreat Guide me to  
Him, Thy Child most sweet, In thy communing give  
me part, Bring Jesus to my yearning heart; Then  
will my life a Christian be Which e'er renews its  
bliss in me, A pilgrimage to Him, my Lord, A joy-  
ous hast'ning Bethlehemward!

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20 M.M. Sleep of the Infant Jesus

B21

1) Resting among the cattle mild, Sleep, sleep,

sleep, O little Child: Holy angels sing, Joyous  
news they bring, Escorts from above, Announce Thee  
Lord and King. Sleep, sleep!

- 2) There 'mid the flowers undefiled, Sleep, etc.
- 3) There 'mid the shepherds reconciled, Sleep, etc.

8 C.Y.

Dear Little One

B22

1) Dear little One! how sweet Thou art, Thine eyes  
so bright they shine, So bright they almost seem to  
speak, When Mary's looks meet Thine. How faint and  
feeble is Thy cry, Like plaint of harmless dove, When  
Thou dost murmur in Thy sleep, Of sorrow and of love.

2) When Mary bids Thee sleep, Thou sleep'st, Thou  
wakest when she calls; Thou art content upon her lap,  
Or in the rugged stalls. Simplest of Babes! with what  
a grace, Thou dost Thy mother's will; Thine infant  
fashions well betray The Godhead's hidden skill.

3) When Joseph takes Thee in his arms, And smooths  
Thy little cheek, Thou lookest up into his face, So  
helpless and so meek. Yes! Thou art what Thou seem'st  
to be, A thing of smiles and tears; Yet Thou art God,  
and heav'n and earth, Adore Thee with their fears.

126 S.G. When Blossoms Flowered 'Mid the Snows B23

1) When blossoms flowered 'mid the snows upon a  
winter night, Was born the Child the Christmas Rose,  
the King of Love and Light. The angels sang, the  
shepherds sang, The grateful earth rejoiced. And at  
His blessed birth the stars, Their exultation voiced.  
O come let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him,  
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2) Again the heart with rapture glows to greet the

holy night, That gave the world its Christmas Rose,  
Its King of love and light. Let every voice acclaim  
His name, The grateful chorus swell. From paradise  
to earth He came That we with Him might dwell. O  
come let us adore Him, O come, etc.

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B24

The Snow Lay on the Ground

sheet

1) The snow lay on the ground, The stars shone  
bright, When Christ our Lord was born On Christmas  
night. Venite adoremus Dominum; Venite adoremus  
Dominum.

Chorus: Venite adoremus dominum, Venite adoremus  
Dominum.

2) 'Twas Mary Virgin pure, Of holy Anne, That  
brought into this world The God made man. She laid  
Him in a stall At Bethlehem; The ass and oxen  
shared The roof with them. Chorus:

3) Saint Joseph, too, was by To tend the Child; To  
guard Him, and protect His Mother mild; The angels  
hovered round, And sung this song, Venite adoremus  
Dominum. Chorus:

4) And thus that manger poor Became a throne; For  
He whom Mary bore Was God the Son. O come then, let  
us join the heav'nly host, To praise the Father,  
Son, And Holy Ghost. Chorus:

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B25

Vom Himmel Hoch

sheet

1) Vom Himmel hoch, da komm ich her, ich bring'  
euch gute, neue Mar der guten Mar bring' ich so  
viel davon ich sing'n und sagen will.

2) Euch ist ein Kindlein heut gebor'n von einer

Jungfrau auserkor'n, ein Kindelein, so zart und  
fein das soll eu'r Freud'und Wonne sein!

1) Es ist der Herr Christ, unser Gott, der will  
euch fuhr'n aus aller Not. Er will eu'r Heiland  
selber sein, von allen Sunden machen rein.

sheet

In dulci jubilo

B26

1) In dulci jubilo, nun singet und seid froh.  
Uns'res Herzens Wonne leit in praesepe o und  
leuchtet als die Sonne matris ingremio Alpha  
est et O, Alpha est et O.

2) O Jesu parvule nach dir ist mir so weh,  
trost' mir mein Gemute, o puer optime, durch  
alle deine Gute, o princeps gloriae! Trahe  
me post te!

3) Ubi sunt gaudia? Nirgend mehr denn da, da  
die Engel singen nova cantica und die Schellen  
klingen in regis curia. Eia, war'n wir da!

sheet

Birthday of a King

B27

In the little village of Bethlehem There lay a  
child one day, And the sky was bright with a holy  
light, O'er the place where Jesus lay. Alleluia!  
O how the angels sang, Alleluia! how it rang, And  
the sky was bright with a holy light, 'Twas the  
birthday of the King. Alleluia! O how the angels  
sang, Alleluia! O how the chorus rang, And the  
sky was bright with a holy light, 'Twas the birth-  
day of a King.

'Twas a humble birthplace, but oh! how much God



gave to us that day. From the manger bed, what a path has led, What a perfect holy way: Alleluia O how the angels sang, Alleluia! how it rang, And the sky was bright with a holy light, 'Twas the birthday of the King. Alleluia! O how the angels sang, Alleluia! O how the chorus rang, And the sky was bright with a holy light, 'Twas the birthday of a King.

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## B28                      Wind Through The Olive Trees                      sheet

- 1) Wind through the olive trees Softly did blow,  
round little Bethlehem, Long, long ago.
- 2) Sheep on the hillside lay Whiter than snow,  
Angels were watching them, Long, long ago.
- 3) Then from the happy sky, Angels bent low,  
singing their Songs of joy, Long, long ago.
- 4) Then from a manger bed, Cradled we know,  
Christ came to Bethlehem, Long, long ago.

Alto: "ooh, ooh," on 1st and 4th verse.

Soprano: melody on 1st and 4th verse.

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## B29                      O Holy Night                      sheet

1) O holy night! The stars are brightly shining,  
It was the night of the dear Saviour's birth.  
Long lay the world in sin and error pining, Till  
He appeared and the soul felt its worth. A thrill  
of hope the weary world rejoices, For yonder breaks  
a new and glorious morn. Fall on your knees! O  
hear the angel voices! O night divine! O night  
when Christ was born, O night divine! O night, O  
night divine.

2) Led by the light of Faith serenely beaming, With glowing hearts, by His cradle we stand; So, led by light of a star sweetly gleaming, Here came the wise men from orient land. The King of Kings lay thus in lowly manger, In all our trials born to be our friend; He knows our need, To our weakness is no stranger; Behold your King! before Him lowly bend! Behold your King! your King! before Him bend! Behold your King! your King! before Him bend.

3) Truly He taught us to love one another, His law is love and His gospel is peace. Chains shall He break, for the slave is our brother, And in His name all oppression shall cease. Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we, Let all within us praise His Holy Name. Christ is the Lord, O praise His name forever, His pow'r and glory evermore proclaim! His pow'r and glory evermore proclaim.

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