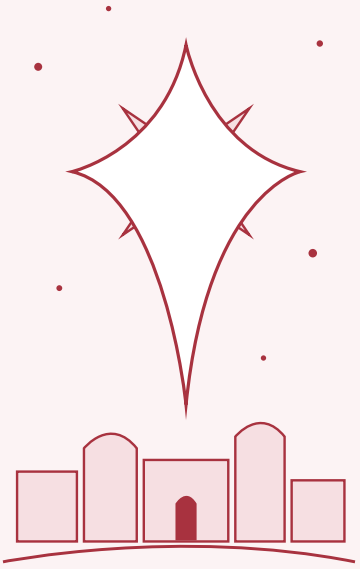
CAROL BOOKLET

Christmas carol booklet



IN THIS ORDER

MOST SUNG ON CHRISTMAS EVE

1. Silent Night 2
2. O Come, All Ye Faithful 3
3. Joy to the World 4
4. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing 5
5. O Little Town of Bethlehem 6
6. Angels We Have Heard on High 7

CAROLS OF THE BIRTH OF JESUS

7. Of the Father's Love Begotten 8
8. Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming 9
9. Once in Royal David's City 10
10. Away in a Manger 11
11. In the Bleak Midwinter 12
12. O Holy Night 13
13. Good Christian Men, Rejoice 14
14. God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen 15

CAROLS OF THE ANGELS AND SHEPHERDS

15. Angels from the Realms of Glory 16
16. Songs of Praise the Angels Sang 17
17. Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices 18
18. Calm on the Listening Ear of Night 19
19. It Came upon the Midnight Clear 20
20. What Child Is This 22

CAROLS OF THE WISE MEN

21. The First Noel 23
22. We Three Kings 24

CAROLS TO END THE SERVICE

23. Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne 25
24. I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day 26

Every text here was printed in the United States before 1931. Any church or family may copy it.

churchposting.com/hymns/christmas/

CAROL 1

Silent Night

Joseph Mohr, translated by John Freeman Young, 1859
TUNE: STILLE NACHT

1 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!

2 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!

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!

CAROL 2

O Come, All Ye Faithful

John Francis Wade (attributed), translated by Frederick Oakeley, 1852
TUNE: ADESTE FIDELES

1 Oh come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him
Born the King of angels;

REFRAIN, AFTER EVERY VERSE

Oh come, let us adore him,
Oh come, let us adore him,
Oh come, let us adore him,
Christ, the Lord.

2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created:

3 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav’n above:
Glory to God, all glory in the highest;

4 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesus, to thee be all glory giv’n;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;

CAROL 3

Joy to the World

Isaac Watts, 1719
TUNE: ANTIOCH

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

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

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
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.

CAROL 4

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

Charles Wesley, 1739
TUNE: MENDELSSOHN

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!

REFRAIN, AFTER EVERY VERSE

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

3 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.
Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

CAROL 5

O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks, 1868
TUNE: ST. LOUIS

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 shineth
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 above,
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.

CAROL 5, CONTINUED

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 the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

CAROL 6

Angels We Have Heard on High

Traditional French carol, translated by James Chadwick, 1860
TUNE: GLORIA

1 Angels we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er our plains,
And the mountains in reply,
Echoing their joyous strains.
REFRAIN, AFTER EVERY VERSE
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

2 Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your rapturous strain prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be
Which inspire your heavenly song?

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

4 See Him in a manger laid,
Whom the choirs of angels praise;
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
While our hearts in love we raise.

CAROL 7

Of the Father's Love Begotten

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius, translated by John Mason Neale and Henry Williams Baker, 1861
TUNE: DIVINUM MYSTERIUM

1 Of the Father's Love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore

2 O that Birth for ever blessed,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race;
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First revealed His sacred Face,
Evermore and evermore!

3 This is He Whom seers in old time
Chanted of with one accord;
Whom the voices of the Prophets
Promised in their faithful word;
Now He shines, the long-expected:
Let creation praise its Lord:
Evermore and evermore!

CAROL 7, CONTINUED

4 O ye heights of heaven adore Him!
Angel-hosts His praises sing!
All dominions bow before Him,
And extol our God and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore!

5 Christ! to Thee, with God the Father
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee!
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore! Amen.

CAROL 8

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

Anonymous German carol, translated by Theodore Baker, with revisions, 1918
TUNE: ES IST EIN ROS

1 Lo, how a rose e'er blooming
From tender stem hath sprung,
Of Jesse's race is coming,
As men of old have sung.
It came, a flow'ret bright,
Amid the cold of winter,
When half-spent was the night.

2 Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
The Rose I have in mind,
With Mary we behold it,
The Virgin-mother kind.
To shew God's love aright
She bore to men a Savior,
When half-spent was the night.

CAROL 9

Once in Royal David's City

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1848
TUNE: IRBY

1 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.

2 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.

3 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.

4 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
Set at God's right Hand on high,
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white, shall wait around.

CAROL 10

Away in a Manger

Anonymous, 1885
TUNE: MUELLER

1 Away in a manger,
No crib for his bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down his sweet head,
The stars in the sky
Looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus,
Asleep on the hay.

2 The cattle are lowing,
The poor baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus,
No crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus,
Look down from the sky,
And stay by my side
Until morning is nigh.

3 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 take us to heaven,
To live with thee there.

CAROL 11

In the Bleak Midwinter

Christina Rossetti, 1872
TUNE: CRANHAM

1 In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Long ago.

2 Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him
Nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty,
Jesus Christ.

3 Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Thronged the air,
But only His mother
In her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the Beloved
With a kiss.

4 What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb,
If I were a wise man
I would do my part,
Yet what I can I give Him,
Give my heart.

CAROL 12

O Holy Night

Placide Cappeau, translated by John Sullivan Dwight, 1858
TUNE: CANTIQUE DE NOËL

1 O holy night, the stars are brightly shining,
It is 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, Oh hear the angel voices!
O night divine! O night when Christ was born.
O night, O holy 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 come 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 no stranger!
Behold your King! Before Him lowly 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, then ever! ever praise we!
His pow'r and glory, evermore proclaim!
His pow'r and glory, evermore proclaim!

CAROL 13

Good Christian Men, Rejoice

Anonymous medieval carol, translated by John Mason Neale, 1853
TUNE: IN DULCI JUBILO

1 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say:
News! News!
Jesus Christ is born to-day:
Ox and ass before him bow,
And He is in the manger now.
Christ is born to-day!
Christ is born to-day!

2 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss;
Joy! Joy!
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the heav'nly door,
And man is blessed evermore.
Christ was born for this!
Christ was born for this!

3 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave:
Peace! Peace!
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one, and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall:
Christ was born to save!
Christ was born to save!

CAROL 14

God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

Traditional English carol, 1833

1 God rest you merry, Gentlemen!
Let nothing you dismay;
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.

REFRAIN, AFTER EVERY VERSE

O tidings of comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

2 In Bethlehem in Jury
This blessèd Babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessèd morn:
The which His Mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn.

3 From God, our Heavenly Father,
A blessèd angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

4 "Fear not," then said the angel,
"Let nothing you affright:
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power, and might;
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite."

5 The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
This blessèd Babe to find.

6 But when to Bethlehem they came,
Where this dear Infant lay,
They found Him in a manger
Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary, kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray.

7 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 others doth efface.

CAROL 15

Angels from the Realms of Glory

James Montgomery, 1816
TUNE: REGENT SQUARE

1 Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:

REFRAIN, AFTER EVERY VERSE

Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-Light;

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star;

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear;

CAROL 16

Songs of Praise the Angels Sang

James Montgomery, 1819

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

CAROL 17

Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices

J. Cawood, 1819

1 Hark! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy,
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth, His praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn His name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth.

CAROL 18

Calm on the Listening Ear of Night

Edmund H. Sears, 1835

1 Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring–
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

CAROL 19

It Came upon the Midnight Clear

Edmund H. Sears, 1849
TUNE: CAROL

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 to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven’s all gracious King:”
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O’er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

CAROL 19, CONTINUED

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;–
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

CAROL 20

What Child Is This

William Chatterton Dix, 1865
TUNE: GREENSLEEVES

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, salvation 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!

CAROL 21

The First Noel

Traditional English carol, 1823
TUNE: THE FIRST NOEL

1 The first Nowell the Angel 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.

REFRAIN, AFTER EVERY VERSE

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell!
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.

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.

4 This Star drew nigh to the north-west
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right o'er the place where Jesus lay.

5 Then entered in those wise men three
Most reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in His presence,
Both gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

6 Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
That hath made Heaven and earth of nought,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

CAROL 22

We Three Kings

John Henry Hopkins Jr., 1858
TUNE: KINGS OF ORIENT

1 We Three Kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain,
Moor and mountain,
Following yonder Star.

REFRAIN, AFTER EVERY VERSE

O Star of Wonder, Star of Night,
Star with Royal Beauty bright,
Westward leading,
Still proceeding,
Guide us to Thy perfect Light.

2 Born a King on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again,
King for ever,
Ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

3 Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh:
Prayer and praising
All men raising,
Worship Him God on High.

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

5 Glorious now behold Him arise,
King, and God, and Sacrifice;
Heav'n sings Hallelujah:
Hallelujah the earth replies.

CAROL 23

Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne

Emily E. S. Elliott, 1864

1 Thou didst leave thy throne and thy kingly crown,
When thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room
For thy holy nativity.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for thee!

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for thee!

3 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore thee to Calvary.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for thee!

4 When heav'n's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing,
At thy coming to victory,
Let thy voice call me home saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at my side for thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When thou comest and callest for me.

CAROL 24

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1864
TUNE: WALTHAM

1 I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

2 I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

3 And in despair I bowed my head:
'There is no peace on earth,' I said,
'For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.'

4 Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
'God is not dead, nor doth he sleep;
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men.'

5 Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!