

Away In A Manger

Verse 1

Away in a manger, no crib for a 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.

Verse 2

The cattle are 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 cradle 'til morning is nigh.

Verse 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 fit us for heaven, to live with Thee there.

John Thomas McFarland | Martin Luther

Hark the Herald Angels Sing

Verse 1

Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the newborn 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 hosts proclaim,
“Christ is born in Bethlehem.”
Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the newborn King.”

Verse 2

Christ, by highest heav’n adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord:
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin’s womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th’incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the newborn King.”

Verse 3

Hail, the heav’n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun 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;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the newborn King.”

Charles Wesley

Joy to the World

Verse 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 nature sing.

Verse 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,
Far as the curse is found.
Far as, far as, the curse is found.

Verse 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,
Repeat the sounding joy.
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

Verse 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, wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts

O Come All Ye Faithful

Verse 1

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant;
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of angels!

Chorus

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him;
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!

Verse 2

Sing choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
O sing, all ye bright
Hosts of heav'n above!
Glory to God, all
Glory in the highest!

Verse 3

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!

Translated by C. Frederick Oakeley

Silent Night

Verse 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.

Verse 2

Silent night, holy night;
Shepherds quake at the sight.
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing alleluia;
Christ, the Savior, is born!
Christ, the Savior, is born!

Verse 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.

Verse 4

Silent night, holy night;
Wondrous star, lend thy light.
With the angels let us sing,
Alleluia to our King;
Christ, the Savior, is born!
Christ, the Savior, is born!

Joseph Mohr | Translation by John Freeman Young