

No:13

Silent night, holy 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.

No:12

O come, all ye faithful O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
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!

No:1

O little town of Bethlehem
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.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to all on Earth.
For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

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.

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.

No:6

Away in a manger
Away in a manger,
No crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Laid 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 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 side
Until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus;
I ask Thee to stay
Close by me for ever,
And love me, pray.
Bless all the dear children in
Thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven
To live with Thee there.

No: 7

While shepherds watched
While shepherds watched
Their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

'Fear not,' said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind),
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

'To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord –
And this shall be the sign:

'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.'

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus

Addressed their joyful song:

'All glory be to God on high,
And to the Earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'

No:10

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 th'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 man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
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 we 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.

These carols have been taken from the Bethlehem Carol Sheet. We use this sheet because through supporting Embrace the Middle East, they are able to put their faith into action to tackle poverty, improve healthcare , and campaign for people's rights every single day.