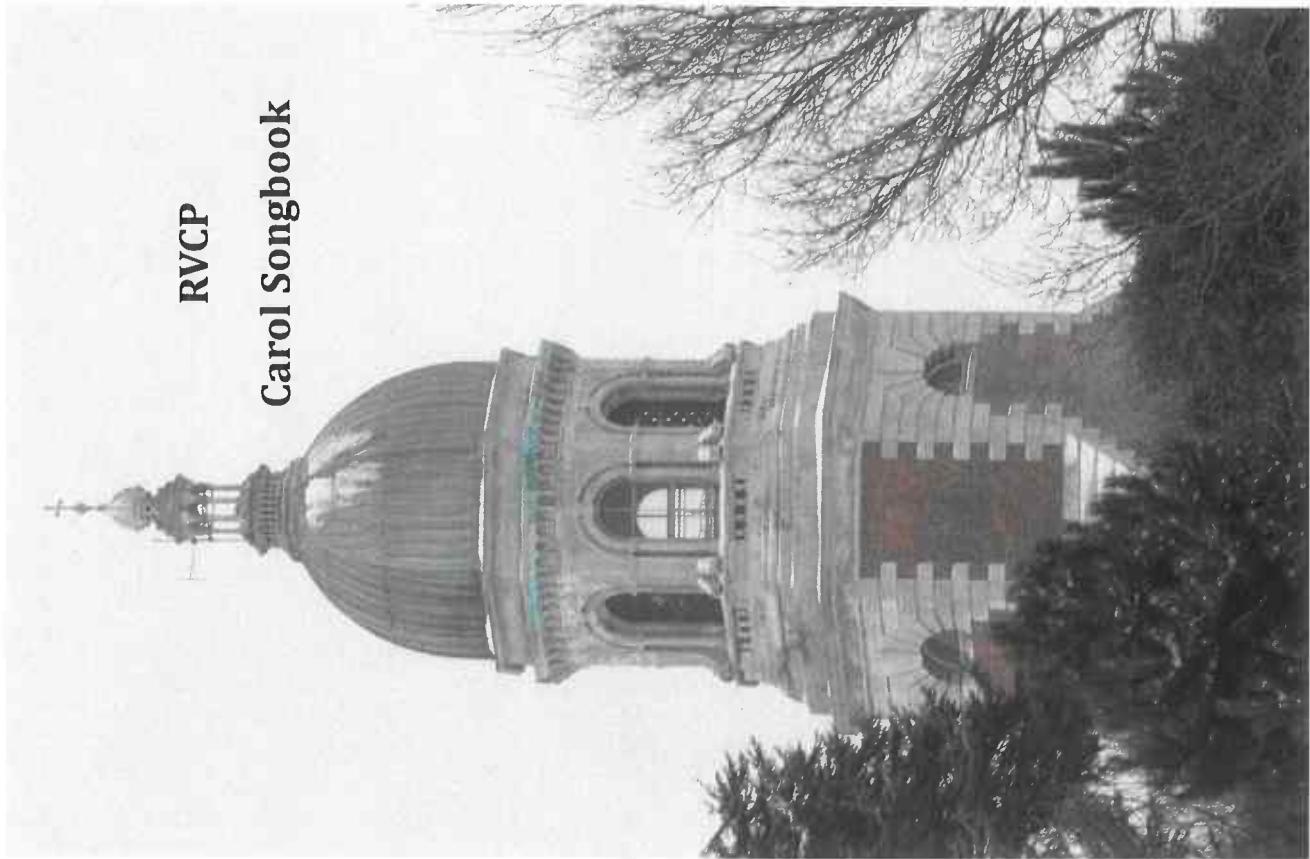


RVCP

Carol Songbook



1. 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.

And through all His wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly mother,
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

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 feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

2. O Little Town of Bethlehem

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.

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
Where like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

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 men 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 to us today.
We hear the Christmas Angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel.

3. Away in a Manger

Away in a manger, no crib for his 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 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.

4. Good King Wenceslas

Good King Wenceslas looked out on the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cruel
When a poor man came in sight, gath'ring winter fuel.

King: "Hither, page, and stand by me, if thou know'st it, telling
Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?".

Page: "Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes' fountain".

King: "Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine-logs hither,
Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear him thither".

All: Page and monarch forth they went, forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament and the bitter weather.

Page: "Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no longer".

King: "Mark my footsteps, good my good page; tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy blood less coldly".

All: In his master's steps he trod, where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure, wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing.

5. In the Bleak Mid-Winter

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.

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.

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.

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.

6. 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 the 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 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 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!

7. 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 first saw the sight.
Glories stream from heaven afar;
Heav'ly 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.

8. O Come All Ye Faithful

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.

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 Heav'n above.
Glory to God. Glory in the highest.

O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him
O come, let us adore Him Christ the Lord.