

Song Lyrics for Sunday, 13 December

Once in Royal David's city (947)

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 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.

Joy to the world (962)

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

Joy to the Earth! the Saviour 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.

He rules the Earth 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.

O Come Little Children (979)

O, come, little children, o, come, one and all,
To Bethlehem's stable, to Bethlehem's stall.
And see with rejoicing this glorious sight,
the dear Baby Lord who is born on this night

The Christ Child, on pillow of straw;
The shepherds are kneeling before Him in awe,
while Mary and Joseph are smiling with love,
and angels are singing sweet songs from above.

O Come, All Ye Faithful (946)

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;

Refrain

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

See how the shepherds, Summoned to His cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;
We too will thither Bend our joyful footsteps;

Refrain

Sing, choirs of angels, Sing in exultation;
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!
Glory to God, In the highest;

Refrain

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of God incarnate, now to dwell among us.

Refrain

Away in a manger (981)

Away in a manger
No crib for His bed
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down His sweet head
The stars in the heavens
Look 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 cradle
'Til 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.