

Song Lyrics for Sunday, 27 December

Angels We Have Heard On High (978)

Angels we have heard on high
Sweetly singing o'er the plains
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their joyous strains

Refrain:

Gloria in excelsis Deo!
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be?
Which inspire your heavenly songs?

Refrain

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

Refrain

The First Noel

The first Noel the angels 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.

Chorus:

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
Born is the King of Israel.

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.

Chorus

And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from the country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

Chorus

O'er hill and plain in guided them,
Till it took its rest o'er Bethlehem
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Chorus

We Three Kings (956)

We three kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain
Following yonder star.

Refrain:

O, star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Onward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to thy perfect light

Born a king on Bethlehem's plain
Gold we bring to crown Him again
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

Refrain

Frankincense our offering
Costly myrrh the gift we bring
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worshiping God our King

Refrain

Brightest and Best (952)

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
star of the east, the horizon adorning,
guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
vainly with gifts would his favour secure:
richer by far is the heart's adoration,
dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

City of David (948)