

Song Lyrics

5 December 2021

Away in a Manger (980)

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus lay down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay,
The little lord Jesus asleep in 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 till morning is nigh.

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

We Three Kings (956)

We three kings of orient are;
bearing gifts, we traverse afar,
field and fountain, moor and mountain,
following yonder star.

Chorus

O, star of wonder, star of might,
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,
Lord forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

Chorus

Frankincense our offering;
Costly myrrh the gift we bring;
Prayer and praising all now raising,
Worshipping God our King.

Chorus

O Little Town of Bethlehem (976)

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.

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

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is giv'n!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heav'n.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still
The dear Lord enters in.

It Came Upon a Midnight Clear (971)

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold!
“Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven’s all gracious King!”
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats,
O’er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on hovering wing.
And ever o’er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the Age of Gold;
When peace shall over all the earth,
Its ancient splendours fling,
And all the world give back the song,
Which now the angels sing.