

Song Lyrics

19 December 2021

Away in a Manger (981)

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.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing (949)

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King
Hark! their songs the heavens fill:
Peace on earth, to men goodwill.

Chorus

Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King.

Hail! the Lord, the Prince of Peace!
Hail! the sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings.

Chorus

The First Noël - 959

The first Noël the angel did say
was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
in fields where they lay, keeping watch o'er their sheep,
on a silent night when darkness was deep.

Chorus
Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël,
born is the King of Israel.

And lo! a brilliance filled the sky,
an angel host from God on high.
They sang their joyful tidings then,
of peace on earth, good will toward men.

Chorus

Led by the light of one bright star,
three wise men came from country far:
to seek for a King was their intent,
so they followed the star where'er it went.

Chorus

O'er hill and plain it 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

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 the infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall.
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.

Say shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
odors of Edom, and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

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