

Song Lyrics

25 December 2021

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;

Chorus

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;

Chorus

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation;
sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above.
Glory to God in the highest;

Chorus

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning
Jesus! to Thee be glory giv'n!
Word of God incarnate, now to dwell among us;

Chorus

O Holy Night (967)

O holy night! The stars are brightly shining.
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth.
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
for yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.

Fall on your knees! O hear the angel voices!
O night divine, oh night when Christ was born.
O night divine, O night, O night divine!

Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,
with glowing hearts by His cradle we stand.
So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,
here came the wise men from Orient land.
The King of Kings lay thus in lowly manger,
in all our trials born to be our friend.

He knows our need, to our weakness is no stranger!
Behold your King! Before Him lowly bend!
Behold your King! Before Him lowly bend!

Silent Night (975)

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!
Only for shepherds' sight
came blest visions of angel throngs,
with their loud hallelujah songs,
Hail! The Saviour is come.
Hail! The Saviour is come.

Silent night, holy night!
Child of heav'n! O how bright
Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast born;
Blest indeed was that happy morn,
full of heavenly joy,
full of heavenly joy.

Calm on the Listening Ear of Night (966)

Calm on the list'ning ear of night come heav'n's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far her silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs from courts above shed sacred glories there.
And angels with their tuneful lyres make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights the Dayspring from on high,
While o'er the deep, blue Galilee there comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise, her silent groves of palm.

Glory to God! The lofty strain the realms of ether fills.
How sweeps the song of solemn joy o'er Judah's sacred hills!
Glory to God! The sounding skies loud with their anthems ring,
Of peace on earth. Good will to men, from heav'n's eternal King!