ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

words by C F Alexander H J Gauntlett



- 3. 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
- 4. Not in that poor lowly stable, With the oxen standing by We shall see him; but in heaven, Set at God's right hand on high: When like stars his children crowned All in white shall wait around.

O Little Town of Bethlehem

Words by Phillips Brooks

Trad.arr Vaughan Williams

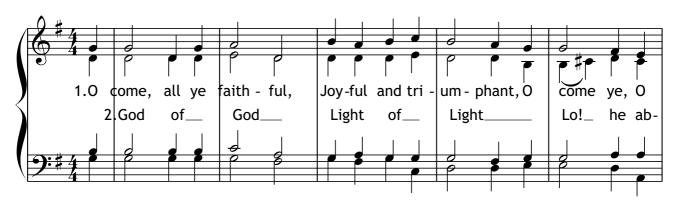


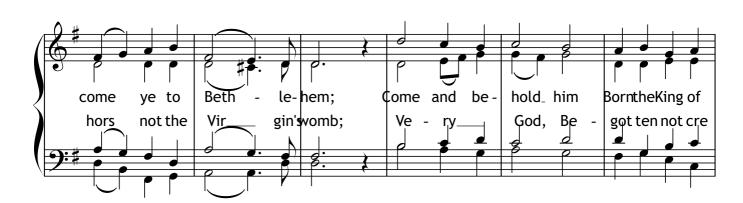
- 2. O morning stars, together Proclaim the holy birth, And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth; For Christ is born of Mary; And, gathered all above, While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wondering love.
- 3. How silently, how silently,
 The wondrous gift is given
 So 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 Christ enters in.

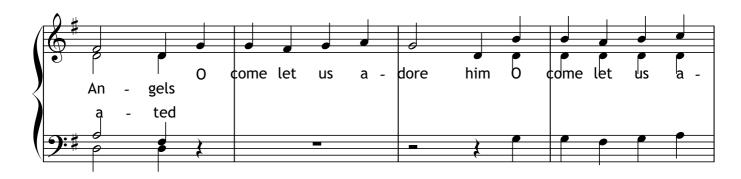
4. O holy Child of Bethlehem, Descend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin, and enter in, Be born in us today. We hear the Christmas angels The great glad tidings tell: O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel.

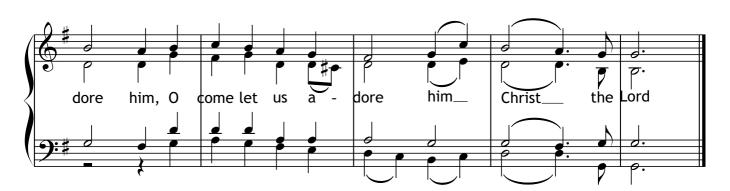
O Come, all ye faithful

Words and melody by J.F. Wade









3.Sing, choirs of angels
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above
Glory to God
In the highest
O come etc

4. Yea, Lord we greet thee Born that happy morning, Jesu, to thee be glory giv'n Word of the Father, Now in flesh appearing O come etc,

Hark! the herald-angels sing



1.Hark! the herald-angels sing Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled: Joyful all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies, With th'angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem. Hark! the herald-angels sing Glory to the new-born King.

2. Christ, by highest heav'n adored Christ, the everlasting Lord, Late in time behold him come Offspring of a virgin's womb: Veiled in flesh the Godhead see, Hail th'incarnate Deity! Pleased as man with man to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel Hark! the herald-angels sing Glory to the new-born King

3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to all he brings, Ris'n with healing in his wings; Mild he lays his glory by, Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth. Hark! the herald-angels sing Glory to the new-born King.