

'Twas in the Moon of Wintertime

'Twas in the moon of wintertime,
When all the birds had fled,
Great Spirit, Lord of all the earth
Sent angel choirs instead.
Before their light the stars grew dim,
And wandering hunters heard the hymn:
Jesus, your King is born, Jesus is born,
In excelsis gloria.

Within a lodge of broken bark
The tender Babe was found.
A ragged robe of rabbit skin
Enwrapped his beauty round.
But as the hunters brave drew nigh
The angel song rang loud and high:
Jesus, your King is born, Jesus is born,
In excelsis gloria.

The earliest moon of wintertime
Is not so round and fair
As was the ring of glory on
The helpless infant there.
The chiefs from far before him knelt
With gifts of fox and beaver pelt.
Jesus, your King is born, Jesus is born,
In excelsis gloria.

4. O children of the forest free,
the angel song is true:
the holy child of earth and heaven
is born today for you.
Come kneel before the radiant boy
who brings you beauty, peace and joy.
Jesus, your King is born, Jesus is born,
In excelsis gloria.

Gesu Bambino - Pietro Yon

When blossoms flowered 'mid the snows upon a winter night,
Was born the Child the Christmas Rose, the King of Love and Light.
The angels sang, the shepherds sang, the grateful earth rejoiced,
And at His blessed birth the stars their exaltation voiced.

O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

Again the heart with rapture glows to greet the holy night,
That gave the world its Christmas Rose, its King of Love and Light.

Let every voice acclaim His name, the grateful chorus swell,
From paradise to earth He came that we with Him might dwell.

O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

Ah! O come let us adore Him.
Ah! Adore Him, Christ, the Lord.

O come, O come,
O come let us adore Him.
Let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.

The Snow Lay on the Ground

The snow lay on the ground, the stars shone bright,
When Christ our Lord was born on Christmas night.
Venite adoremus Dominum.
Venite adoremus Dominum.
Venite adoremus Dominum.
Venite adoremus Dominum.

'Twas gentle Mary maid, so young and strong,
Who welcomed here the Christ-child with a song.
She laid him in a stall at Bethlehem;
The ass and oxen shared the roof with them.
Venite adoremus Dominum.
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Saint Joseph too was by to tend the Child,
To guard him, and protect his mother mild.
The angels hovered round and sang this song:
Venite adoremus Dominum.
Venite adoremus Dominum.
Venite adoremus Dominum.

And thus that manger poor became a throne,
For he whom Mary bore was God the Son.
Oh come, then, let us join the heavenly host,
To praise the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Venite adoremus Dominum.
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Away in a Manger

Away in a manger, no crib for His bed,
The little Lord Jesus lay down His sweet head.
The stars in the sky look down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the poor Baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

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

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, Oh hear the angel voices!
O night divine! O 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 the Orient land,
The King of Kings lay thus in lowly manger,
In all our trials born to be our friend;

He knows our need, He gyardeth us from danger;
Behold your King! Before the lowly bend!
Behold your King! Before the lowly bend!

Truly He taught us to love one another;
His law is Love and His gospel is Peace;
Chains shall he break, for the slave is our brother,
And in his name all oppression shall cease,
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful Chorus raise we;
Let all within us praise his Holy name!

Christ is the Lord, then ever! ever praise we!
His pow'r and glory, evermore proclaim!
His pow'r and glory, evermore proclaim!

The First Nowell

1. The First Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winters night that was so deep.

Refrain: Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel

2. 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

Refrain

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

Refrain

4. Then entered in those wise men three,
Full rev'rently upon their knee,
And offered there in his presence
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense

Refrain

5. Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly lord,
Who brings to earth his joy and light;
Whose angels sing this holy night.

Refrain

O Holy Night

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Hark the Herald Angels Sing

Hark the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations rise;
Join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim:
"Christ is born in Bethlehem"
Hark! the herald angels sing:
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Christ by highest heaven adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate deity,
Pleased in flesh with us to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing:
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that we 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 newborn King!"