

**ST MARY'S CHURCH WELWYN
CAROL SHEETS FOR THE BIG CAROL SING**

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FOR WELWYN CHRISTMAS CHARITIES [HERE](#)**

Once in Royal David's City

Once in royal David's city
stood a lowly cattle shed,
where a mother laid her baby
in a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven,
who is God and Lord of all,
and his shelter was a stable,
and his cradle was a stall;
with the poor and mean and lowly
lived on earth our Saviour holy.

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.

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;
there his children gather round,
bright like stars, with glory crowned.

It Came upon the Midnight Clear

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 blessèd angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
the world has suffered long;
beneath the heavenly hymn have rolled
two thousand years of wrong;
and man, at war with man, hears not
the love-song which they bring;
O hush the noise ye men of strife
and hear the angels sing!

While shepherds watched

While shepherds watched
their flocks by night
All seated on the ground
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around

Fear not," said he,
For mighty dread
Had seized their troubled minds
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind,

To you in David's
Town this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord
And this shall be the sign

The heavenly Babe
You there shall find
To human view displayed
And meanly wrapped
In swathing bands
And in a manger laid

Thus spake the seraph,
And forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song

All glory be to God on high
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth
From heaven to men
Begin and never cease

O Little Town of Bethlehem

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.

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.

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!

Hark, the Herald Angels Sing

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 the angelic host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'

*Hark, the herald-angels sing
glory to the new-born King.*

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
late in time behold him come,
offspring of a Virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see:

hail, the incarnate Deity,
pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

*Hark, the herald-angels sing
glory to the new-born 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 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*

Away in a Manger

Away in a manger,
No crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down His sweet head

The stars in the bright sky
Looked down where He lay
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hay

The cattle are lowing
The 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,
'Til morning is nigh.

Ding Dong Merrily on High

Ding dong merrily on high,
In heav'n the bells are ringing:
Ding dong! verily the sky
Is riv'n with angels singing.

Gloria

Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,
Let steeple bells be swungen,
And "io, io, io!"
By priest and people sungen.

Gloria

Hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime
Your matin chime, ye ringers;
May you beautifully rime
Your evetime song, ye singers.

Gloria

Hosanna in excelsis

Silent Night, Holy Night

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!
Shepherds quake at the sight
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!
Christ, the Saviour is born
Christ, the Saviour is born

Silent night, Holy night
Christ is here, all is light
Shadows of the past are gone
With the advent of the Son
Born to save us all
Born to save us all

O come, all ye Faithful

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;
O come, let us adore him (x3)
Christ the Lord.

God of God, Light of Light,
Lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God
Begotten, not created

See how the Shepherds
Summoned to his cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with
lowly fear; we too will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps

Child, for us sinners
Poor and in the manger,
Fain we embrace thee, with awe and love;
Who would not love thee,
Loving us so dearly?

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God, in the highest

The Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
A partridge in a pear tree

Two turtle doves
Three French hens
Four calling birds
Five golden rings
Six geese a-laying
Seven swans a-swimming
Eight maids a-milking
Nine ladies dancing
Ten lords a-leaping
Eleven pipers piping
Twelve drummers drumming

**THANK YOU FOR COMING – STAY SAFE
AND HAVE A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS**