No. 1. Joy to the World!

George F. Handel
Arranged by Lowell Mason

Isaac Watts

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare Him room.
2. Joy to the world! The Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Re-
3. He rules the world with truth and grace And makes the nations prove The glories of His righteousness And

heav'n and nature sing; And heav'n and nature sing; And repeat the sounding joy, And repeat the sounding joy, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love.

And repeat the sounding joy, And wonders of His love.

heav'n and nature sing.

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No. 2. Away in a Manger

Traditional

Melody attributed to Martin Luther
Harmonized by G. P.

Quietly

1. Away in a manger, no crib for a bed, The
2. The cattle are lowing, the poor Baby wakes, But
3. Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay Close

lit - tle Lord Je - sus laid down His sweet head; The
lit - tle Lord Je - sus, no cry - ing He makes; I
by me for - ev - er, and love me, I pray; Bless

stars in the sky, look'd down where He lay, The
love Thee, Lord Je - sus! Look down from the sky, And
all the dear chil - dren in Thy ten - der care, And

lit - tle Lord Je - sus, a - sleep on the hay.
stay by my cra - dle till morn - ing is nigh.
take us to heav - en to live with Thee there.
No. 3. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

Charles Wesley (1739) alt.
Felix Mendelssohn (1840)
Arranged by William H. Cummings (1850)

1. Hark! the herald angels sing—Glory to the new-born King!
2. Christ, by highest heav'n adored; Christ, the everlasting Lord;
3. Mild He lays His glory by,—Born that man no more may die,

Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!
Late in time behold Him come, Offspring of the Virgin's womb,
Born to raise the sons of earth,—Born to give them second birth.

Joyful all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies,
Veil'd in flesh the God-head see; Hail th'incarnate Deity,
Ris'n with healing in His wings, Light and life to all He brings,

With th'angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell; Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hail, the Sun of righteousness! Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!

Hark! the herald angels sing—Glory to the new-born King.
No. 4. O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks (1868) Lewis H. Redner (1888)

1. O little town of Bethlehem! How still we see thee lie, A
above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by; Yet
mortal's sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wondrous love. O
God imparts to human hearts The blessings of His heav'n. No
out our sin and enter in, Be born in us today. We

2. For Christ is born of Mary, And gathered all above, While
in thy dark streets shineth The everlasting Light; The
morning stars together Proclaim the holy birth! And
ear may hear His coming, But in this world of sin, Where
hear the Christmas angels The great glad tidings tell: O

3. How silently, how silently, The wondrous gift is given! So
hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee tonight.
praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel!
No. 5. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Rev. Edmund H. Sears (1846)  Richard S. Willis (1850)

1. It came upon the mid-night clear, That glorious song of old,
2. Still through the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled,
3. O ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low,
4. For lo! the days are hastening on, By prophets seen of old,

From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'n-ly music floats O'er all the wea-ry world,
Who toil a-long the climb-ing way With pain-ful steps and slow,
When with the ever-circling years Shall come the time foretold,

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heav'n's all gra-cious King;"
Above its sad and low-ly plains They bend on ho-v'ring wing;
Look now! for glad and gold-en hours Come swift-ly on the wing;
When the new heav'n and earth shallown The Prince of Peace, their King,

The world in sol- emn still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing.
And ev-er o'er its Ba-bel sounds The bless-ed an-gels sing.
O rest be-side the wea-ry road, And hear the an-gels sing.
And the whole world, send back the song Which now the an-gels sing.
No. 6. O Come, All Ye Faithful
(Adeste Fideles)

Latin Hymn
Translated by Canon Frederick Oakley (1851)

Cantus Diversi (1751)
Harmonized by J. Reading

1. O come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant, O
2. Sing, choirs of angels, Sing with exultation,
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morning,

Ades te fide les, Laeti triumphantes, Ve-

Come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem! Come and behold Him,
Sing all ye citizens of heav'n above: Glory to God,
Jesus, to Thee be glory given: Word of the Father,

Nite, nite in Bethlehem; Nat um vi de-

Born the King of angels!
In the highest; O come let us adore Him, O come let us adore,
Now in flesh appearing; Venite adoremus, Venite adoremus,
Regnum angelorum, f

Ades te fide les, Laeti triumphantes, Ve-

Christ, the Lord.

Ve ni te ad o re mus - Do mi num.
No. 7. Good King Wenceslas

Tradional

Harmonized by Sir John Stainer

1. Good King Wenceslas look’d out On the Feast of Stephen,

When the snow lay round about, Deep, and crisp, and even:

Brightly shone the moon that night, Tho’ the frost was cruel

When a poor man came in sight, Gath’ring winter fuel.

2. Tenor “Hither, page, and stand by me,
Solo If thou know’st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?”

Soprano “Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Solo Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes’ fountain.”

3. Tenor “Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Solo Bring me pine-logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither,”

Chorus Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together,
Through the rude wind’s wild lament
And the bitter weather.

4. Soprano “Sire, the night is darker now,
Solo And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer.”

Tenor “Mark my footsteps, my good page,
Solo Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter’s rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.”

5. Chorus In his master’s steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.

Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.
No. 8. We Three Kings of Orient Are

Traditional

J. H. Hopkins

1. We three kings of Orient are;
   Bearing gifts we traverse afar, morn and evening near.
   Never, over us all to reign.

2. Born a King on Beth-le-hem's plain;
   Gold I bring, to crown Him again, King forever, reigning.
   Raise to Him glory, honor and fame.

3. Frank-in-cense to offer have I,
   Incense owns a Deity high.
   Raise to Him glory, honor and fame.

4. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
   Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
   Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, sighing, bleeding.

5. Glorious, now behold Him arise,
   Mountain, following yonder star.
   Star of night, star with royal beauty bright.

Refrain

cresc. ad lib. a tempo

leading, still proceeding, Guide us to Thy perfect light.
No. 9. God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

Traditional

English Carol
Harmonized by Sir John Stainer

1. God rest you merry, gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay, Remember Christ, our Saviour, Was born on Christmas Day, To save us all from Satan's power. When we were gone astray:

mf

2. In Bethlehem in Jersey, This blessed Babe was born, And remember Christ, our Saviour, Was born on Christmas Day, To save us all from Satan's power. When we were gone astray:

Refrain

3. From God our Heavenly Father, A blessed Angel came; And remember Christ, our Saviour, Was born on Christmas Day, To save us all from Satan's power. When we were gone astray:

Refrain

4. "Fear not then," said the Angel, "Let nothing you affright, This day is born a Savior Of a pure Virgin bright, To free all those who trust in Him From Satan's power and might."

Refrain

5. The shepherds at those tidings Rejoiced much in mind, And left their flocks a-feeding In tempest, storm, and wind: And went to Bethlehem straightway The Son of God to find.

Refrain

6. And when they came to Bethlehem Where our dear Savior lay, They found Him in a manger, Where oxen feed on hay; His Mother Mary, kneeling down, Unto the Lord did pray.

Refrain

7. Now to the Lord sing praises, All you within this place, And with true love and brotherhood Each other now embrace; This holy tide of Christmas All other doth deface.

Refrain
No. 10. What Child Is This?

Traditional

Tune: Greensleeves
Harmonized by G. P.

Moderato

1. What Child is this, Who, laid to rest, On Mary's lap is sleeping? Whom angels greet with anthems sweet, While shepherds watch are keeping?

2. Why lies He in such mean estate, Where ox and ass are feeding? Good Christian, fear; for sinners here The silent Word is pleading;

3. So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh, Come peasant, king to own Him; The King of kings, salvation brings; Let loving hearts enthrone Him.

This, this is Christ, the King! Whom shepherds guard, and angels sing; Nails, shall pierce Him through, The Cross be borne for me, for you;

Raise, the song on high, The Virgin sings her lullaby.

Haste, to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Mary! Hail, the Word made flesh, The Babe, the Son of Mary!

Joy, for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Mary!

*The melody in these measures is sometimes sung with C# instead of C#.
No. 12. O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

(Veni Emmanuel)

From the Latin, 12th century.
Translated by Rev. John M. Neale (1802)

Adapted from an Ancient Plain Song of the 13th century

Unison

1. O come, O come, Emmanuel,
   And ransom captive Israel,
   That mourns in lonely exile here,
   Unto the Son of God appear,
   Death's dark shadows put to flight.
   Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel!

2. O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer our spirits by Thine advent here;
   Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
   And close the path to misery.
   Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3. O come, Thou Key of David, come And open wide our heav'nly home;
   Make safe the way that leads on high,
   And til the Son of God appear.
   Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel!
No. 19. Angels We Have Heard on High
(Westminster Carol)

Traditional

French-English Carol
Harmonized by G.P.

1. Angels we have heard on high, Sweetly singing o'er the plains.
2. Shepherds, why this jubilee? Why your joyful strains prolong?
3. Come to Bethlehem and see Him whose birth the angels sing.
4. See Him in a manger laid, Whom the choirs of angels praise;

And the mountains, in reply, Echoing their joyful strains.
What the glad-some tidings be Which inspire your heav'n-ly song?
Come adore on bended knee Christ, the Lord, the new-born King.
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid, While our hearts in love we raise.

Refrain

Gloria in excelsis Deo!
No. 28. Deck the Hall

Traditional

Joyfully

1. Deck the hall with boughs of holly, Fa la la la la la la la la la la
2. See the blazing Yule before us, Fa la la la la la la la la la la
3. Fast away the old year passes, Fa la la la la la la la la la la

’Tis the season to be jolly, Fa la la la la la la la la la la
Strike the harp and join the chorus, Fa la la la la la la la la la la
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses, Fa la la la la la la la la la la

Don we now our gay apparel, Fa la la la la la la la la la la
Follow me in merrily measure, Fa la la la la la la la la la la
Sing we joyous all together, Fa la la la la la la la la la la

Troll the ancient Yule-tide carol, Fa la la la la la la la la la la
While I tell of Yule-tide treasure, Fa la la la la la la la la la la
Heedless of the wind and weather, Fa la la la la la la la la la la

Fa la la la la la la la la la la
No. 15. Silent Night

Joseph Möhr (1818)

Quietly

1. Silent night, holy night, All is calm, all is bright,
   Round von Virgin Mother and Child. Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
   Sleep in heavenly peace,

2. Silent night, holy night, Shepherds quake at the sight,
   Glories stream from heaven afar, Heavenly Hosts sing alleluia;
   Christ, the Saviour, is born!

3. Silent night, holy night, Son of God, love's pure light
   Radiant beams from Thy holy face, With the dawn of redeeming grace,
   Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Franz Gruber (1818)