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**Thursday 17th December 7.00pm**

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15. **Angels From The Realms Of Glory**

Angels from the realms of glory,

Wing your flight o’er all the earth;   
Ye who sang creation’s story,   
Now proclaim Messiah’s birth:

*Chorus   
Come and worship,   
Christ the newborn King.   
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the newborn King!*

Shepherds, in the fields abiding,   
Watching o’er your flocks by night,   
God with man is now residing,   
Yonder shines the infant Light;   
  
Sages, leave your contemplations,   
Brighter visions beam afar;   
Seek the great desire of nations,   
Ye have seen His natal star;

Saints before the altar bending,   
Watching long in hope and fear,   
Suddenly the Lord, descending,   
In His temple shall appear:

1. **Away In A Manger**

Away in a manger,   
No crib for His 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 awakes   
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

1. **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 angel 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!

1. **Good King Wenceslas**

Good King Wenceslas looked out  
On the feast of Stephen   
When the snow lay round about   
Deep and crisp and even   
Brightly shone the moon that night   
Though the frost was cruel   
When a poor man came in sight

Gath’ring winter fuel   
  
“Hither, page, and stand by me   
If thou know’st it, telling   
Yonder peasant, who is he?   
Where and what his dwelling?”   
“Sire, he lives a good league hence   
Underneath the mountain   
Right against the forest fence   
By Saint Agnes’ fountain.”   
  
“Bring me flesh and bring me wine   
Bring me pine logs hither   
Thou and I will see him dine   
When we bear them thither.”

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

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

“Mark my footsteps good my page

Tread thou in them boldly   
Thou shalt find the winter’s rage   
Freeze thy blood less coldly.”

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

1. **Hark The Herald Angel 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 the angelic host proclaim:

“Christ is born in Bethlehem”

*Chorus*

*Hark! The herald angels sing*

*“Glory to the newborn King!”*

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 the incarnate Deity

Pleased as man with man to dwell

Jesus, our Emmanuel

Hail the heav’n-born Prince of Peace!

Hail the Son 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

1. **In The Bleak Mid-Winter**

What can I give Him,

Poor as I am?

If I were a shepherd

I would bring a lamb;

If I were a wise man

I would do my part;

Yet what I can, I give Him –

Give my heart.

In the bleak mid-winter

Frosty wind made moan,

Earth stood hard as iron,

Water like a stone;

Snow had fallen, snow on snow,

Snow on snow,

In the bleak mid-winter

Long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him

Nor earth sustain;

Heaven and earth shall flee away

When He comes to reign:

In the bleak mid-winter

A stable-place sufficed

The Lord God Almighty,

Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him whom Cherubim

Worship night and dy

Angels and archangels

May have gathered there,

Cherubim and seraphim

Thronged the air –

But only His mother

In her maiden bliss

Worshipped the Beloved

With a kiss.

1. **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’ 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 over its Babel sounds

The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife

The world has suffered long;

Beneath the angel strain 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.

1. **O Come All Ye Faithful**

O Come All Ye Faithful

Joyful and triumphant,

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.*

God of God,

Light of light

Lo He abhors not the virgin’s womb.

Very God

Begotten not created;

Sing, choirs of angels,

Sing in exultation,

Sing all you citizens of heaven above.

Glory to God in the Highest;

1. **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,

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

Sat at God’s right hand on high;

Where like stars, his children crowned,

All in white shall wait around.

1. **Silent 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

Son of God, love’s pure light

Radiant beams from Thy holy face

With the dawn of redeeming grace

Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth

Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth

1. **The Twelve Days of Christmas**

On the first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me

A partridge in a pear tree.

2 turtle doves

3 French hens

4 calling birds

5 gold rings

6 geese a-laying

7 swans a-swimming

8 maids a-milking

9 ladies dancing

10 lords a-leaping

11 pipers piping

12 drummers drumming

1. **We Three Kings**

We three kings of Orient are

Bearing gifts we traverse afar

Field and fountain, moor and mountains

Following yonder star

*Chorus*

*O Star of wonder, star of night*

*Star with royal beauty bright*

*Westward leading, still proceeding*

*Guide us to thy Perfect Light*

Born a King on Bethlehem’s plain

Gold I bring to crown Him again

King forever, ceasing never

Over us all to reign

Frankincense to offer have I

Incense owns a Deity nigh

Prayer and praising, all men raising

Worship Him, God most high

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume

Breathes of life of gathering gloom

Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying

Sealed in the stone-cold tomb

Glorious now behold Him arise

King and God and Sacrifice

Heav’n sings Hallelujah

Hallelujah the Earth replies.

1. **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,” he said,

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 Savior who is Christ the Lord

And this shall be the sign.”

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!”

**14. The Gloucestershire Wassail**

***Chorus******Wassail! wassail! all over the town,  
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown;  
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree;  
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.***

So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek  
Pray God send our master a good piece of beef  
And a good piece of beef that may we all see  
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.

And here is to Dobbin, and to his right eye,  
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie;  
And a good Christmas pie that may we all see,  
With our wassailing bowl we’ll drink to thee.  
***Chorus***

So here is to Broad May and to her broad horn  
May God send our master a good crop of corn  
And a good crop of corn that may we all see  
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.

And here is to Fillpail and to her left ear  
Pray God send our master a happy New Year  
And a happy New Year as e'er we did see  
With our wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.  
***Chorus***

Come butler, come fill us a bowl of the best  
Then we hope that your soul in heaven may rest  
But if you do draw us a bowl of the small  
Then down shall go butler, bowl and all.

Then here's to the maid in the lily white smock  
Who tripped to the door and slipped back the lock  
Who tripped to the door and pulled back the pin  
For to let these jolly wassailers in.

***Chorus X2***