

St Paul's Church, Sale



Christmas Book 1

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 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.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night

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 mind);
‘Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.’

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Goodwill hence forth from heav’n to men
Begin and never cease.’

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.

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;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Frosty the Snowman

Frosty, the snow man was a jolly happy soul,
With a corn cob pipe and a button nose and two eyes
made out of coal.

Frosty the snow man is a fairy tale they say,
He was made of snow but the children know how he
came to life one day
There must have been some magic in that old silk hat
they found.
For when they placed it on his head he began to
dance around.

Oh, Frosty the snow man was alive as he could be,
And the children say he could laugh and play
Just the same as you and me.

Frosty, the snow man knew the sun was hot that day,
So he said 'Let's run and we'll have some fun now
before I melt away.'
Down to the village, with a broomstick in his hand,
Running here and there all around the square,
Saying, 'Catch me if you can.'
He led them down the streets of town right to the
traffic cop,
And he only paused a moment when he heard him
holler 'Stop!'

For, Frosty the snow man had to hurry on his way,
But he waved goodbye sayin' 'Don't you cry,
I'll be back again some day.'

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 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 for ever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.

Good King Wenceslas

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,
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.

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.

When Santa got stuck up the chimney

When Santa got stuck up the chimney,
He began to shout,
'You girls and boys won't get any toys,
If you don't pull me out.
My beard is black
There's soot in my sack,
My nose is tickling too.

When Santa got stuck up the chimney,
Achoo! Achoo! Achoo!

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.*

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 first saw the sight:
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heav'nly 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.

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
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord!*

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;
Glory to God
In the highest:

*O come, let us adore him
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord!*