

The First Noel

The first noel 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 winter's night that was so deep.
Noel, noel! Noel, noel!
Born is the king of Israel!

Then did appear a wondrous star Shining in the east, beyond them far;
Unto the earth it gave great light, And so it continued both day and night.
Noel, noel! Noel, noel!
Born is the king of Israel!

And by the light of that same star, Three wise men came from country far;
To seek a king was their intent, And to follow the star wherever it went.
Noel, noel! Noel, noel!
Born is the king of Israel!

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 th'angelic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King!"

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun 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.
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King!"

Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

Infant holy, infant lowly, for his bed a cattle stall;
Oxen lowing, little knowing Christ the child is Lord of all.
Swiftly winging, angels singing, Bells are ringing, tidings bringing;
Christ the child is lord of all! Christ the child is Lord of all!

Flocks were sleeping, shepherds keeping Vigil till the morning new
Saw the glory, heard the story, Tidings of a Gospel true.
Thus rejoicing, free from sorrow, Praises voicing, greet the morrow;
Christ the child was born for you! Christ the child was born for you!

We Three Kings

We three kings of Orient are; Bearing gifts we traverse afar -
Field and fountain, moor and mountain - Following yonder star.
O Star of wonder, star of night, Star of 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.
O Star of wonder, start of night, Star of royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to thy perfect light.

Frankincense to offer have I; Incense owns a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising, all men raising, Worship Him, God on high.
O Star of wonder, start of night, Star of royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to thy perfect light.

Joy to the World!

Joy to the world! the Lord is come!

Let earth receive her King;

Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns!

Let men their songs employ;

While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains

Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat the sounding joy,

Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make His blessings flow

Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found,

Far as, far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,

And makes the nations prove

The glories of His righteousness

And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love,

And wonders, wonders of His love.