

Probus Church Carols in the Churchyard 21st Dec 2020

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, (x 3)
Christ the Lord.

God of God, Light of light,
Lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God, Begotten not created,
O come let us adore him, (x 3)
Christ the Lord.

See how the shepherds,
Summoned to his cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh to gaze;
We too will thither bend our joyful
footsteps:
O come let us adore him, (x 3)
Christ the Lord.

Lo! Star-led chieftains,
Magi, Christ adoring,
offer him incense, gold and myrrh;
we to the Christ child
bring our hearts' oblations:
O come let us adore him, (x 3)
Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels,
sing in exultation!
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
'Glory to God
in the highest!'
O come let us adore him, (x 3)
Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
born for our salvation;
Jesus, to thee be glory given!
Word of the Father
now in flesh appearing.
O come let us adore him, (x 3)
Christ the Lord.

Away in a manger

No crib for His bed
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down His sweet head

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

The cattle are lowing
The poor 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

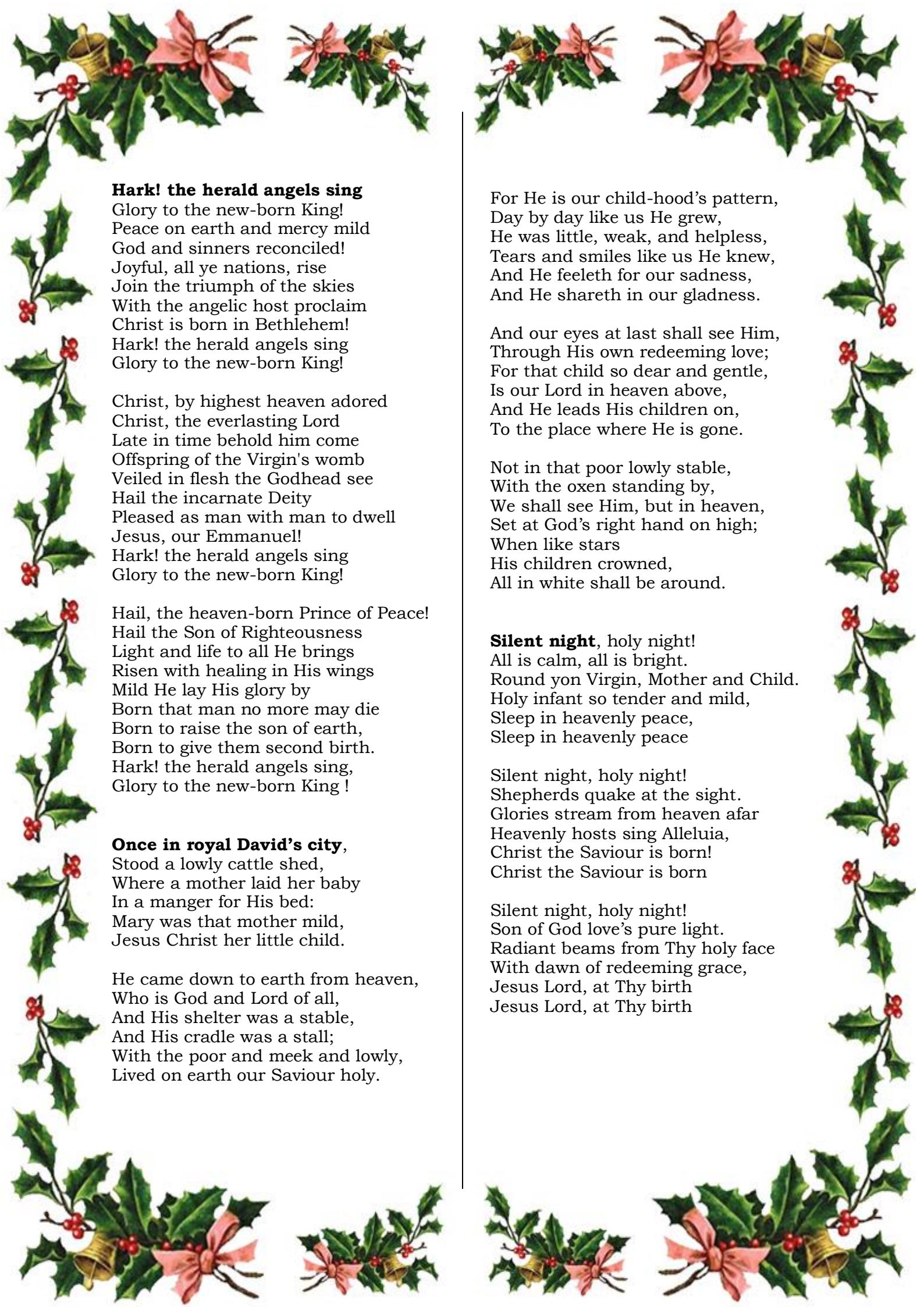
Be near me, Lord Jesus
I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever
And love me, I pray

Bless all the dear children
In Thy tender care
And take us to Heaven
To live with Thee there

Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven, and heaven, and nature
sing.

Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills,
and plains
Repeat the sounding joy...

He rules the world with truth and
grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love ...



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 the 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 Son of Righteousness
Light and life to all He brings
Risen with healing in His wings
Mild He lay His glory by
Born that man no more may die
Born to raise the son of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King !

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 meek and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

For He is our child-hood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew,
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

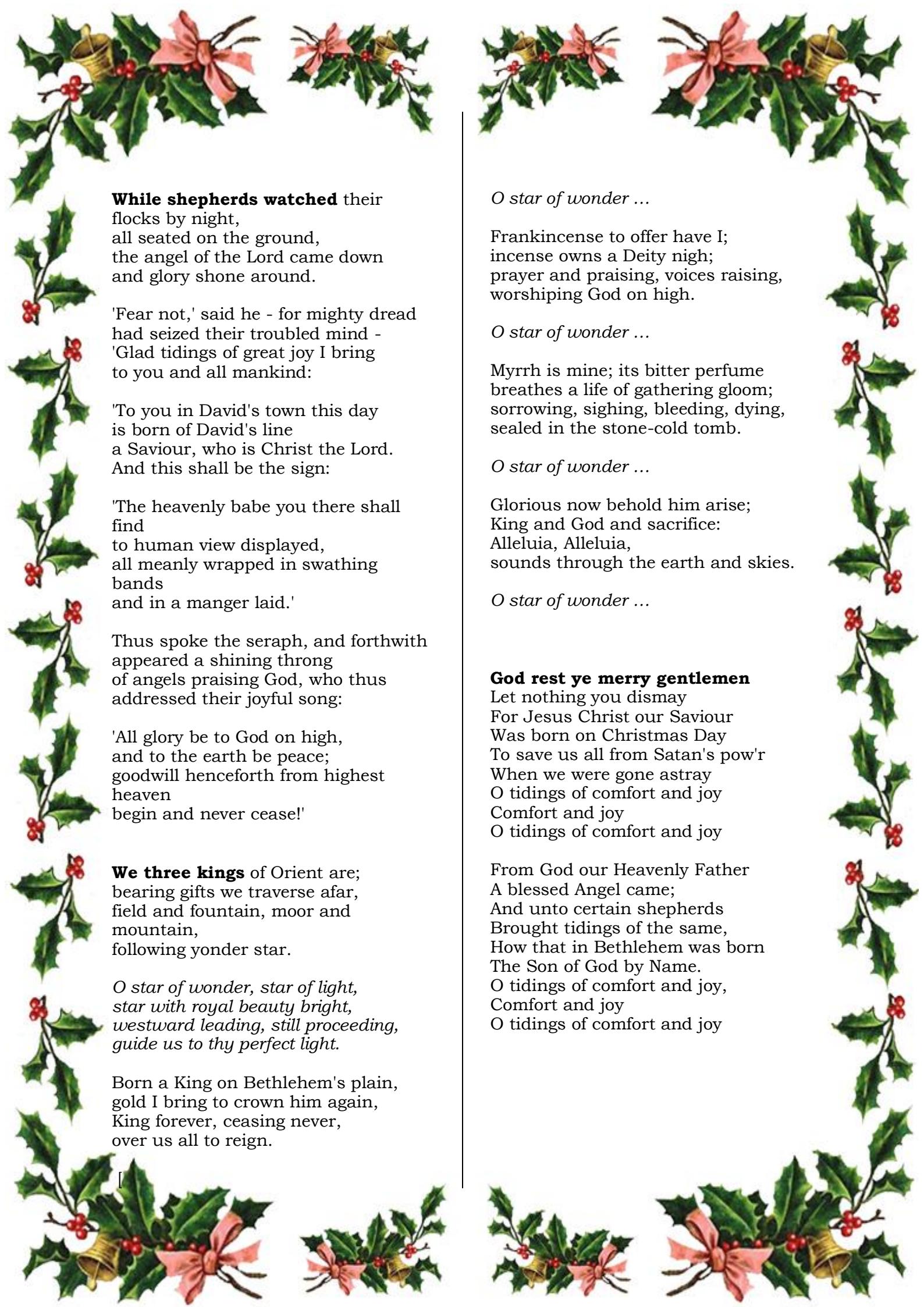
And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that child so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in heaven above,
And He leads His children on,
To the place where He is gone.

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 be around.

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 dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth



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:

'To you in David's town this day
is born of David's line
a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.
And this shall be the sign:

'The heavenly babe you there shall
find
to human view displayed,
all meanly wrapped in swathing
bands
and in a manger laid.'

Thus spoke 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 highest
heaven
begin and never cease!'

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 light,
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.

O star of wonder ...

Frankincense to offer have I;
incense owns a Deity nigh;
prayer and praising, voices raising,
worshiping God on high.

O star of wonder ...

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
breathes a life of gathering gloom;
sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

O star of wonder ...

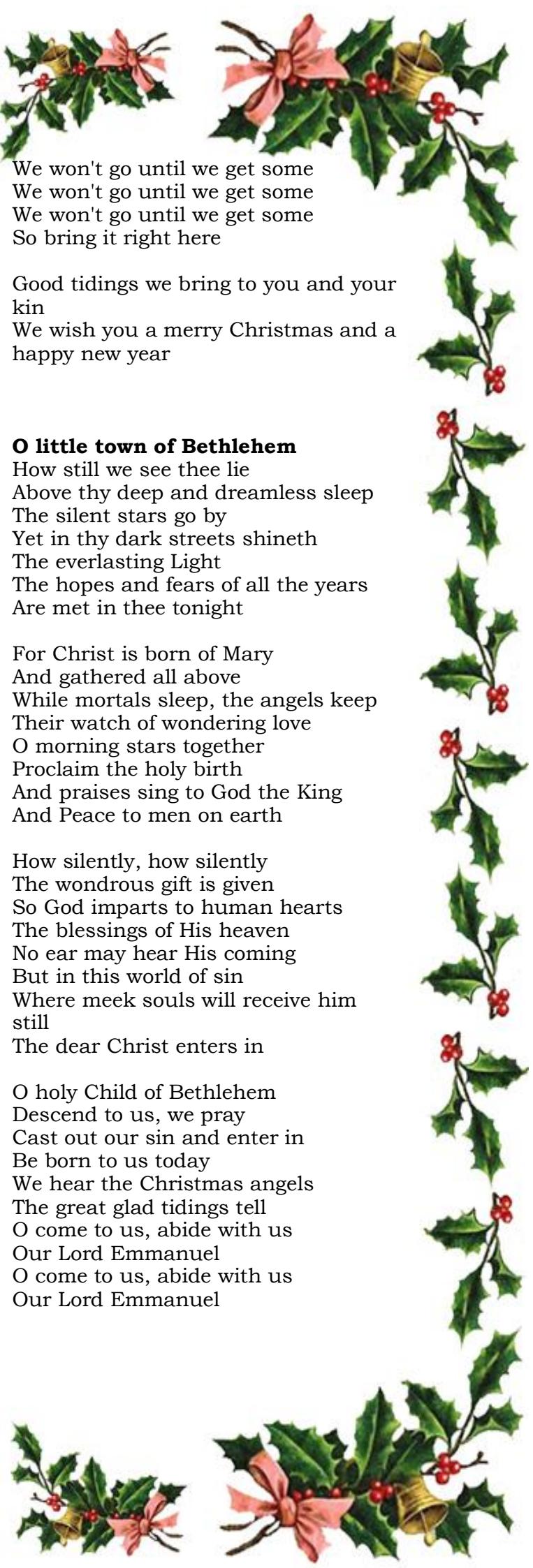
Glorious now behold him arise;
King and God and sacrifice:
Alleluia, Alleluia,
sounds through the earth and skies.

O star of wonder ...

God rest ye merry gentlemen

Let nothing you dismay
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day
To save us all from Satan's pow'r
When we were gone astray
O tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy

From God our Heavenly Father
A blessed Angel came;
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by Name.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy



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.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this infant lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His Mother Mary kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy

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 efface.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy.

We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas and a
happy new year

Good tidings we bring to you and your
kin
We wish you a merry Christmas and a
happy new year

Oh, bring us some figgy pudding
Oh, bring us some figgy pudding
Oh, bring us some figgy pudding
And bring it right here

Good tidings we bring to you and your
kin
We wish you a merry Christmas and a
happy new year



We won't go until we get some
We won't go until we get some
We won't go until we get some
So bring it right here

Good tidings we bring to you and your
kin
We wish you a merry Christmas and a
happy new year

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

For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth
And praises sing to God the King
And Peace to men on earth

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven
No ear may hear His coming
But in this world of sin
Where meek souls will receive him
still
The dear Christ enters in

O holy Child of Bethlehem
Descend to us, we pray
Cast out our sin and enter in
Be born to us today
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell
O come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel
O come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel