# **Angels We Have Heard on High lyrics**

Angels we have heard on high Sweetly singing o’er the plains, And the mountains in reply Echoing their joyous strains

Gloria, in excelsis Deo! Gloria, in excelsis Deo!

Shepherds, why this jubilee?

Why your joyous strains prolong? What the gladsome tidings be, Which inspire your heavenly song?

Gloria, in excelsis Deo! Gloria, in excelsis Deo!

Come to Bethlehem and see Him Whose birth the angels sing,

Come, adore on bended knee, Christ the Lord, the newborn King.

Gloria, in excelsis Deo! Gloria, in excelsis Deo!

See Him in a manger laid Jesus Lord of heaven and earth! Mary, Joseph, lend your aid, With us sing our Savior's birth.

Gloria, in excelsis Deo! Gloria, in excelsis Deo!

**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 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 cradle till 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.

**Deck the Hall**

Traditional Welsh carol

Deck the hall with boughs of holly, Fa la la la la la la la la.

'Tis the season to be jolly, Fa la la la la la la la la.

Don we now our gay apparel, Fa la la la la la la la la.

Troll the ancient Yuletide carol, Fa la la la la la la la la.

See the blazing Yule before us, Fa la la la la la la la la.

Strike the harp and join the chorus, Fa la la la la la la la la.

Follow me in merry measure, Fa la la la la la la la la.

While I tell of Yuletide treasure, Fa la la la la la la la la.

Fast away the old year passes, Fa la la la la la la la la.

Hail the new, ye lads and lasses, Fa la la la la la la la la.

Sing we joyous all together, Fa la la la la la la la la.

Heedless of the wind and weather, Fa la la la la la la la la.

**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!

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!

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!

Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

**God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen**

18th Century English carol

God rest ye merry, gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay, Remember Christ our Savior Was born on Christmas Day;

To save us all from Satan's power When we were gone astray.

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

In Bethlehem, in Israel, This blessed Babe was born, And laid within a manger Upon this blessed morn; The which His Mother Mary Did nothing take in scorn.

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

From God our heav’nly 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.

**Good Christian Men, Rejoice**

Good Christian men, rejoice, With heart and soul and voice! Give ye heed to what we say: News! News!

Jesus Christ is born today! Ox and ass before Him bow, And He is in the manger now;

Christ is born today! Christ is born today!

Good Christian men, rejoice, With heart and soul and voice! Now ye hear of endless bliss; Joy! Joy!

Jesus Christ was born for this! He hath ope'd the heav'nly door, And man is blessed evermore.

Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice, With heart and soul and voice! Now ye need not fear the grave; Peace! Peace!

Jesus Christ was born to save! Calls you one and calls you all, To gain His everlasting hall.

Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!

**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.

**Hark! The Herald Angels 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 th’angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem. 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.

Veil’d in flesh the Godhead see, Hail th’incarnate Deity!

Pleased as man with men to dwell, Jesus our Emmanuel!

Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the newborn King.

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.

Hark! the herald angels sing,

Glory to the newborn King.

**Here We Come A-Wassailing**

Here we come a-wassailing Among the leaves so green. Here we come a wand'ring So fair to be seen.

Love and joy come to you, And to you your wassail too;

And God bless you and send you a Happy New Year, And God send you a Happy New Year.

**In the Bleak Midwinter**

In the bleak midwinter, 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 midwinter, long ago.

Our God, Heav’n cannot hold Him, nor earth sustain; Heaven and earth shall flee away when He comes to reign.

In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed, The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

Enough for him, whom cherubim, worship night and day, A breastful of milk, and a mangerful of hay;

Enough for him, whom angels, fall down before,

The ox and ass and camel, which adore.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there, Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air,

But His mother only, in her maiden bliss, Worshiped the beloved with a kiss.

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 Him my heart.

**I Saw Three Ships**

I saw three ships come sailing in, On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,

I saw three ships come sailing in, On Christmas Day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three? On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day, And what was in those ships all three?

On Christmas Day in the morning.

Our Savior Christ and His Lady, On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,

Our Savior Christ and His Lady, On Christmas Day in the morning.

Pray, wither sailed those ships all three? On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day, Pray, wither sailed those ships all three?

On Christmas Day in the morning.

O, they sailed into Bethlehem,

On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day, O they sailed into Bethlehem,

On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring, On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day, And all the bells on earth shall ring, On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing, On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day, And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing, On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing, On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day, And all the souls on earth shall sing, On Christmas Day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amain,

On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day, Then let us all rejoice amain,

On Christmas Day in the morning.

**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, goodwill to men, From heaven’s 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.

O ye, beneath life’s crushing load, Whose forms are bending low, Who toil along the climbing way With painful steps and slow,

Look now, for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing.

Oh rest beside the weary road, And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on, By prophets seen of old,

When with the ever-circling years, Shall come the time foretold, When peace shall over all the earth Its ancient splendors fling,

And the whole world send back the song Which now the angels sing.

**Jingle Bells**

Dashing through the snow In a one-horse open sleigh, O'er the fields we go Laughing all the way.

Bells on bobtail ring, Making spirits bright,

What fun it is to ride and sing A sleighing song tonight!

Jingle bells, jingle bells, Jingle all the way!

Oh, what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh!

Jingle bells, jingle bells, Jingle all the way!

Oh, what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh!

A day or two ago

I thought I'd take a ride, And soon Miss Fanny Bright Was seated by my side.

The horse was lean and lank, Misfortune seemed his lot, He got into a drifted bank, And then we got upsot!

Jingle bells, jingle bells, Jingle all the way!

Oh, what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh!

Jingle bells, jingle bells, Jingle all the way!

Oh, what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh!

**Jolly Old Saint Nicholas**

Traditional 19th Century American Carol

Jolly Old Saint Nicholas, Lean your ear this way! Don't you tell a single soul What I'm going to say;

Christmas Eve is coming soon; Now you dear old man,

Whisper what you'll bring to me, Tell me if you can.

When the clock is striking twelve, When I'm fast asleep,

Down the chimney broad and black, With your pack you'll creep;

All the stockings you will find Hanging in a row;

Mine will be the shortest one, You'll be sure to know.

Johnny wants a pair of skates; Susy wants a sled;

Nellie wants a picture book Yellow, blue, and red;

Now I think I’ll leave to you What to give the rest;

Choose for me, dear Santa Claus, You will know the best.

**Joy to the World**

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 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 sin 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.

**O Christmas Tree**

Traditional German Carol

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas tree, How lovely are your branches!

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas tree,

How lovely are your branches! Not only green in summer’s heat, But also winter’s snow and sleet.

O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, How lovely are your branches!

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas tree, Of all the trees most lovely;

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas tree, Of all the trees most lovely.

Each year you bring to us delight With brightly shining Christmas light! O Christmas Tree, O Christmas tree, Of all the trees most lovely.

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas tree, We learn from all your beauty;

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas tree,

We learn from all your beauty.

Your bright green leaves with festive cheer, Give hope and strength throughout the year.

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas tree, We learn from all your beauty.

**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 heaven 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.

Yea Lord, we greet Thee, Born this holy morning, Jesus! to Thee be glory given!

Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing: O come, let us adore Him,

O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.

**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.

For Christ is born of Mary And gathered all above,

While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wond’ring 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 Immanuel!

**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 Savior is born! Christ, the Savior 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.

**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 a keeping their sheep On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,

Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star Shining in the east beyond them far, And to 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 the country far;

To seek for a king was their intent,

And to follow the star wherever it went.

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,

Born is the King of Israel.

This star drew nigh to the north-west, O'er Bethlehem it took it's rest,

And there it did both stop and stay,

Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,

Born is the King of Israel.

Then entered in those wise men three, Fell rev’rently upon their knee, And oﬀered there in His presence

Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,

Born is the kind of Israel.

Then let us all with one accord

Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,

That hath made heaven and earth of naught,

And with his blood mankind hath bought.

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,

Born is the King of Israel.

**The Holly and the Ivy**

The holly and the ivy, When they are both full grown,

Of all the trees that are in the wood, The holly bears the crown.

Refrain:

The rising of the sun, And the running of the deer,

The playing of the merry organ, Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a blossom, As white as lily flow’r,

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To be our sweet Saviour.

Refrain

The holly bears a berry, As red as any blood,

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To do poor sinners good.

Refrain

The holly bears a prickle, As sharp as any thorn,

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, On Christmas Day in the morn.

Refrain

The holly bears a bark, As bitter as any gall,

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, For to redeem us all.

Refrain

The holly and the ivy, When they are both full grown,

Of all the trees that are in the wood, The holly bears the crown.

Up On the Housetop

Up on the housetop, reindeer pause Out jumps good old Santa Claus;

Down through the chimney with lots of toys,

All for the little ones, Christmas joys.

Ho, ho, ho! who wouldn't go? Ho, ho, ho! who wouldn't go?

Up on the housetop, click, click, click, Down through the chimney with good Saint Nick.

First, comes the stocking of little Nell’ Oh, dear Santa, fill it well;

Give her a dolly that laughs and cries,

One that will open and shut her eyes.

Ho, ho, ho! who wouldn't go? Ho, ho, ho! who wouldn't go?

Up on the housetop, click, click, click, Down through the chimney with good Saint Nick.

Next, comes the stocking of little Will, Oh, just see what a glorious fill!

Here is a hammer and lots of tacks, Also a ball and a whip that cracks.

Ho, ho, ho! who wouldn't go? Ho, ho, ho! who wouldn't go?

Up on the housetop, click, click, click,

Down through the chimney with good Saint Nick.

**We Three Kings of Orient Are**

We three kings of Orient are; Bearing gifts, we traverse afar

Field and fountain, moor and mountain, Following yonder star.

Refrain:

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.

Refrain

Frankincense to offer have I, Incense owns a Deity nigh.

Prayer and praising all men raising, Worship Him, God most high.

Refrain

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume Breathes a life of gathering gloom; Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Refrain

Glorious now behold Him arise, King and God and Sacrifice, Alleluia, Alleluia,

Earth to the heav'ns replies.

Refrain

**We Wish You a Merry Christmas**

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 to you, wherever you are;

Good tidings for Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Oh, bring us a figgy pudding; Oh, bring us a figgy pudding;

Oh, bring us a figgy pudding, and a cup of good cheer.

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 some right here.

We wish you a Merry Christmas, We wish you a Merry Christmas,

We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

**WHAT CHILD IS THIS?**

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?

This, this is Christ the King; Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:

Haste, haste, to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Mary!

Why lies He in such mean estate, Where ox and ass are feeding?

Good Christians, fear: for sinners here The silent Word is pleading.

WHAT CHILD IS THIS?

Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through, The cross be borne for me, for you: Hail, hail the Word made flesh,

The Babe, the Son of Mary!

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

Raise, raise a song on high, The virgin sings her lullaby: Joy, joy for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Mary!