

9. 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
Gathering winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me
If though 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 him 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, my good 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.

10. Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus lays down His sweet head,
The stars in the bright sky look down where He lay
The little Lord Jesus asllep 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.

7. 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'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 lonely plains
They bend on hovering wing
And ever o'er 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 the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace, their King
And the world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

8. 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.*

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 ye citizens of heaven above!
Glory to God, in the highest

11. 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 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.

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.

"Fear not then," said the Angel,
"Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in Him
From Satan's power and might."
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.

And when they came to Bethlehem
Where our dear Saviour lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay:
His Mother Mary kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.

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 deface.

"All glory be to God on high
And to the earth be peace
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song

The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands
And in a manger laid."

"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.

Had seized their troubled mind
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

"Fear not!" said he, for mighty dread
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

13. While shepherds watched their flocks by night

12. 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, heaven 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
Breastful of milk, and a mangerful of hay
Enough for Him, Whom angels fall 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
Worshipped 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 can I give Him: give me heart.