

Carols around the Crib



1 Girls and boys, leave your toys, make no noise,
kneel at his crib and worship him.
At thy shrine, child divine,
we are thine, our Saviour's here.

*'Hallelujah' the church bells ring,
Hallelujah the angels sing,
Hallelujah from everything.
All must draw near.*

On that day, far away, Jesus lay,
angels were watching round his head.
Holy child, mother mild, undefiled,
we sing thy praise.

Shepherds came at the fame, of thy name,
angels their guide to Bethlehem.
In that place, saw thy face,
filled with grace, stood at thy door.

2. Come and join the celebration,
*its a very special day:
come and share our jubilation,
there's a new king born today!*

See the shepherds hurry down to Bethlehem,
gaze in wonder
at the Son of God who lay before them.
Come and.....

Wise men journey, led to worship by a star,
kneel in homage, bringing precious gifts
from lands afar, so...

God is with us, round the world the message bring,
He is with us, 'welcome',
all the bells on earth are pealing. *Come and.....*



3. Silent night, holy night:

Sleeps the world; hid from sight,
Mary and Joseph in stable bare,
watch o'er the child beloved and fair,
sleeping in heavenly rest,
sleeping in heavenly rest.

Silent night, holy night;
Shepherds first saw the light,
heard resounding clear and long,
far and near the angel-song:
'Christ the Redeemer is here!'
'Christ the Redeemer is here!'

Silent night, holy night:
Son of God, O how bright,
love is smiling from thy face!
Strikes for us now the hour of grace,
Saviour, since thou art born!
Saviour, since thou art born!

4. See him lying on a bed of straw,
draughty stable with an open door,
Mary cradling the babe she bore,
the Prince of glory is his name.

*O now carry me to Bethlehem,
to see the Lord appear to men,
Just as poor as was the stable then,
the Prince of Glory when he came.*

Star of silver sweep across the skies,
show where Jesus in a manger lies,
shepherds swiftly from your stupor rise, to see the
Saviour of the world.

Angels sing again the song you sang,
bring God's glory to the heart of man, sing that
Bethlem's little baby can, be salvation to the soul.

Mine are riches from your poverty,
from your innocence, eternity.
Mine forgiveness by your death for me, child of
sorrow for my joy.



5. Blow the trumpet and beat the drum,

Set all the bells in the steeple ringing.
Blow the trumpet and beat the drum,
Tell the world that the Lord has come!

[Repeat Chorus]

Through four thousand years of night
There were priests and prophets singing,
Through four thousand years of night,
"He will come with the morning light,"

[Repeat Chorus]

O how charming, O how dear,
All our hearts with His sweetness winning.
O how charming, O how dear,
Christ the Lord in His cradle here!

[Repeat Chorus]

Lord and King we kneel before,
While the bells in the sky are ringing.
Lord and King we kneel before,
Be our Ruler for evermore.

6. Infant holy, infant lowly,

for his bed a cattle stall..
Oxen lowing, little knowing,
Christ the babe is Lord of all.

Swift are winging, angels singing,
Nowells ringing, tidings bringing.
Christ the babe is Lord of all.
Christ the babe 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 babe was born for you!
Christ the babe was born for you!

7. We three kings of Orient are,
bearing gifts we travel afar,
field and fountain, moor and mountain,
following yonder star.

*O star of wonder, star of night,
star with royal beauty bright.
Westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to the perfect light.*

Born a King on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring to crown him again.
King for ever, ceasing never,
over us all to reign.....

Frankincense for Jesus have I,
God on earth, yet priest on high.
Prayer and praising all men raising,
worship is earth's reply.....

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume,
tells of death and Calvary's gloom.
Sorrow, sighing, bleeding dying,
sealed in a stone-cold tomb.....

Glorious now, behold Him arise,
king and God, and sacrifice.
Heaven sings 'Alleluia',
'Alleluia' the earth replies.....

8. Little donkey, little donkey,
on the dusty road,
got to keep on plodding onwards,
with your precious load.
Been a long time, little donkey,
through the winters night.
Don't give up now little donkey,
Bethlehem's in sight.

Ring out those bells tonight,
Bethlehem, Bethlehem.
Follow that star tonight,
Bethlehem, Bethlehem.
Little donkey, little donkey,
had a heavy day.
Little donkey carry Mary,
safely on her way.
Little donkey carry Mary,
safely on her way.



9. Long time ago in Bethlehem,
so the Holy Bible say,
Mary's boy child, Jesus Christ,
was born on Christmas Day.

*Hark now hear the angels sing,
a new King born today,
and Man will live for evermore,
because of Christmas Day.
Trumpets sound and angels sing,
listen to what they say,
that Man will live for evermore,
because of Christmas Day.*

While shepherds watched
their flocks by night,
they saw a bright new shining star,
they heard a choir sweetly sing,
the music seemed to come from afar.

Now Joseph and his wife Mary
came to Bethlehem that night,
they found no place to have the child ,
not a single room was in sight.

*Hark now hear the angels sing,
a new King born today,
and Man will live for evermore,
because of Christmas Day.
Trumpets sound and angels sing,
listen to what they say,
that Man will live for evermore,
because of Christmas Day.*

By and by they find a little nook
in a stable all forlorn,
and in a manger cold and dark,
Mary's little Boy was born.

Long time ago in Bethlehem,
so the Holy Bible say,
Mary's Boy Child Jesus Christ,
was born on Christmas Day.

*Hark now hear the angels sing,
a new King born today,
and Man will live for evermore,
because of Christmas Day.
Trumpets sound and angels sing,
listen to what they say,
that Man will live for evermore,
because of Christmas Day.*

10. O Christmas Tree, O Christmas tree,
How lovely are your branches!
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas tree,
How lovely are your branches!
In beauty green will always grow
Through summer sun and winter snow.
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
How lovely are your branches!

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas tree,
You are the tree most loved!
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas tree,
You are the tree most loved!
How often you give us delight
In brightly shining Christmas light!
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas tree,
You are the tree most loved!

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas tree,
Your beauty green will teach me
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas tree,
Your beauty green will teach me
That hope and love will ever be
The way to joy and peace for me.
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas tree,
Your beauty green will teach me.

11. 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 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 St. 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 hither".
Page and Monarch forth they went,
forth they went,
through the rude winds wild lament,
and the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
and the wind grows stronger;
fails my heart I know not how,
I can go no longer".
"Mark my foot-steps 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.

12. Little Jesus sweetly sleep,
do not stir; we will lend a coat of fur;
We will rock you, rock you, rock you.
We will rock you, rock you, rock you.
See the fur to keep you warm,
snugly round your tiny form.

Mary's little baby sleep, sweetly sleep,
sleep in comfort, slumber deep.
We will rock you, rock you, rock you.
We will rock you, rock you, rock you.
We will serve you all we can,
darling, darling little man.

13. 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 bedside till 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.

14. Christmas bells! Christmas bells!
*Christ is born they say.
He came down to earth for us,
In Mary's arms he lay.*

Angels made it known,
shepherds came to see,
the King of kings and Lord of lords,
in a stable born for me.....
In the inn they found no room,
in a manger he was laid,
where the ox and ass,
and animals,
in a tribute lowed and brayed....

*Christmas bells! Christmas bells!
Christ is born they say.
He came down to earth for us,
In Mary's arms he lay.*

Wise men came from far,
precious gifts they brought,
to the One who gave up all for us
and made himself as nought.
He came and still he's here,
still with us today.
So let us put our trust in him,
the Truth the Life the Way.

*Christmas bells! Christmas bells!
Christ is born they say.
He came down to earth for us,
In Mary's arms he lay.*

15. Riding out across the desert,
travelling over sandy plains,
comes a company of wise men,
moving steadily along their way;
leaving all their friends behind them,
guided by the star so bright,
now they've got to keep on going-
must not let the star get out of sight.

*Riding through the desert, gently the wise men go,
onwards to the king who was promised long ago;
but they don't know where they're going to find him-
there's many towns to search-
so they'll keep on following the star,
for it will lead them to his place of birth.*

Wise men on their desert journey,
travelled many miles so far-
though they're getting tired and weary,
town of Bethlehem is not too far:
how they long to worship Jesus
and honour him with royal gifts-
hearts are full of joy and wonder
as they're searching for the new born king.
Chorus

16. It was on a starry night
when the hills were bright,
earth lay sleeping, sleeping calm and still;
then in a cattle shed, in a manger bed,
a boy was born, King of all the world.

*And all the angels sang for him,
the bells of heaven rang for him;
for a boy was born, King of all the world.
And all the angels sang for him,
the bells of heaven rang for him;
for a boy was born, King of all the world*

Soon the shepherds came that way,
where the baby lay,
and were kneeling, kneeling by his side,
And their hearts believed again,
for the peace of men;
for a boy was born, King of all the world.
Chorus

