

## 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 you know 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 food and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither.  
You 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, my good page. Tread now in them boldly.  
You shall 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.  
You who now will bless the poor shall yourselves find  
blessing.

## Angels We Have Heard on High

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?  
Say what may the 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.

## Away in a Manger

Away in a manger, no crib for His 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, '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

## O Come All Ye Faithful

(The first three verses are instrumental. Sing these words for the 4<sup>th</sup> verse.)

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.

## 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 hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"  
Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King.