

- 1 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.
- 2 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 mean and lowly
lived on earth our Saviour holy.
- * 3 And through all his wondrous childhood
he would honour and obey,
love and watch the lowly maiden,
in whose gentle arms he lay :
Christian children all must be
mild, obedient, good as he.
- * 4 For he is our childhood'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.
- 5 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.
- 6 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 ;
where like stars his children crowned
all in white shall wait around.

- 1 In the bleak mid-winter.
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 mid-winter,
long ago.
- 2 Our God, heaven cannot hold him,
nor earth sustain ;
heaven and earth shall flee away
when he comes to reign :
in the bleak mid-winter
a stable-place sufficed
the Lord God Almighty,
Jesus Christ.
- 3 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.
- 4 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 my heart.

1 Into the darkness of this world,
into the shadows of the night,
into this loveless place you came,
lightened our burden, eased our pain,
and made these hearts your home.
Into the darkness once again,
O come, Lord Jesus, come.

*Come with your love to make us whole.
Come with your light to lead us on,
driving the darkness far from our souls :
O come, Lord Jesus, come.*

2 Into the longing of our souls,
into these heavy hearts of stone,
shine on us now your piercing light,
order our lives and souls aright,
by grace and love unknown,
until in you our hearts unite —
O come, Lord Jesus, come.

Come with your love to make us whole...

3 O Holy Child, Emmanuel,
Hope of the ages, God with us,
visit again this broken place,
till all the earth declare your praise
and your great mercies own.
Now let your love be born in us —
O come, Lord Jesus, come.

*Come in your glory, take your place,
Jesus, the Name above all names,
we long to see you face to face :
O come, Lord Jesus, come.*

1 It came upon the midnight clear,
that glorious song of old,
from angels bending near the earth
to touch their harps of gold :
'Through all the earth, goodwill and peace
from heaven's all-gracious king !'
The world in solemn stillness lay
to hear the angels sing.

2 With sorrow brought by sin and strife
the world has suffered long
and, since the angels sang, have passed
two thousand years of wrong :
the nations, still at war, hear not
the love-song which they bring :
O hush the noise and cease the strife,
to hear the angels sing !

3 And those whose journey now is hard,
whose hope is burning low,
who tread the rocky path of life
with painful steps and slow :
O listen to the news of love
which makes the heavens ring !
O rest beside the weary road
and hear the angels sing !

4 And still the days are hastening on —
by prophets seen of old —
towards the fulness of the time
when comes the age foretold :
then earth and heaven renewed shall see
the prince of peace, their king ;
and all the world repeat the song
which now the angels sing.