

Joy to the World! The Lord Is Come

Isaac Watts

George Frederick Handel

Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re -
He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the

ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him
na - tions prove The glo - ries of his righ - teous -

room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture
ness, And won - ders of his love, And won - ders of his
sing, (love)

And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
And won - ders of his love, And

sing, And heav'n and heav'n and na - ture sing.
love, And won - ders, won - ders of his love.

heav'n and na-ture sing,
won - ders of his love,

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O Little Town of Bethlehem

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Phillips Brooks

Lewis H. Redner

O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove our deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by.
Cast out our sin and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day!

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light;
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad tid - ings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el!

Angels We Have Heard on High

Traditional French Carol

An - gels we have heard on high, Sweet - ly sing - ing o'er the plains:
Come to Beth - le - hem and see Christ whose birth the an - gels sing;

And the moun-tains in re - ply, ech - o - ing their joy - ous strains.
come, a - dore on bend-ed knee, Christ the Lord, the new-born King.

Glo - - - - - ri - a,

1. in ex - cel - sis De - o! 2. in ex - cel - sis De - o!

Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

Polish Carol; paraphrase by Edith M.G. Reed

Polish Carol

In - fant ho - ly, In - fant low - ly, For a bed a cat - tle stall;
Flocks were sleep - ing, Shep - herds keep - ing Vig - il till the morn - ing new

Ox - en low - ing, Lit - tle know - ing Christ the babe is Lord of all.
Saw the glo - ry, Heard the sto - ry, Tid - ings of a gos - pel true.

An - gels wing - ing, Prais - es sing - ing, No - els ring - ing,
Thus re - joic - ing, Free from sor - row, Prais - es voic - ing,

Tid - ings bring - ing: Christ the babe is Lord of all.
Greet the mor - row: Christ the babe is born for you.

It Came upon the Midnight Clear

Edmund H. Sears

Richard Storrs Willis

It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
For lo! the days are has - t'ning on, By proph - et bards fore - told,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years comes round the age of gold;

"Peace on the earth, good will to men," From heav'n's all gra - cious King.
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dors fling,

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
And the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

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He Is Born

Traditional French Carol

He is born, the di - vine Christ child! Play the o - boe and
He is born, the di - vine Christ child! Sing we all of the

1. bag-pipes mer - ri - ly! 2. Sav - ior mild. Thro' long a - ges
Fine

of the past, Proph - ets have fore - told his com - ing; Thro' long

a - ges of the past, Now the time has come at last.
D.C. al Fine

How Great Our Joy!

Traditional German Melody

While by the sheep we watched at night, Glad tid - ings brought an
There shall be born, so he did say, In Beth - le - hem a

f an - gel bright. *p*
child to - day. How great our joy! Great our joy!

f joy, joy, joy! *p* Joy, joy, joy! *f* Praise we the Lord in

p heav'n on high! Praise we the Lord in heav'n on high!

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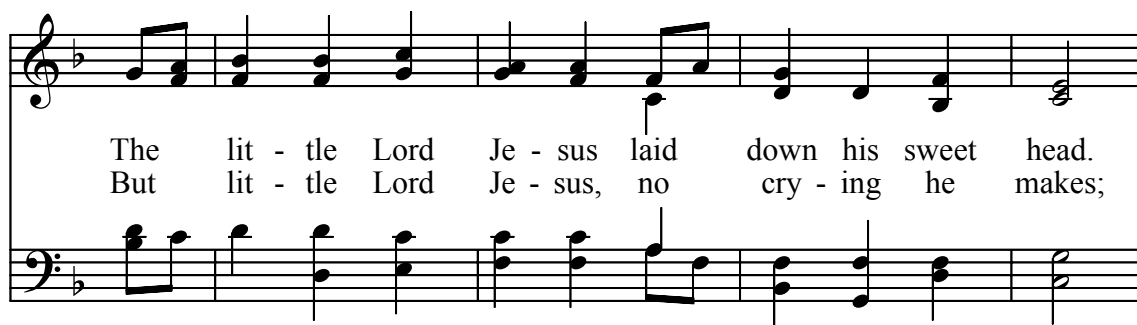
Away in a Manger

*Little Children's Book
for Schools and Families, c. 1885*

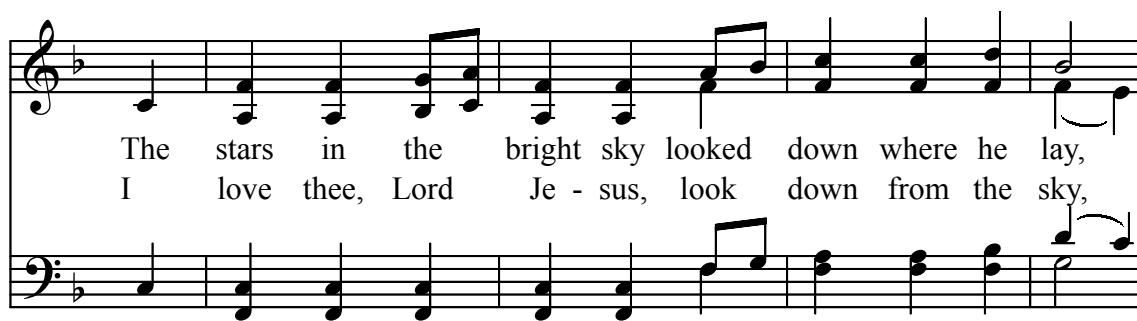
William J. Kirkpatrick



A - way in a man-ger, no crib for a bed,
The cat - tle are low - ing, the ba - by a - wakes,



The lit - tle Lord Je - sus laid down his sweet head.
But lit - tle Lord Je - sus, no cry - ing he makes;



The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
I love thee, Lord Je - sus, look down from the sky,



The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.
And stay by my cra - dle till morn - ing is night.

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