



# Christmas Hymns

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# 1. Angels from the Realms of Glory

*Iris*



Angels from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;

Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the Infant Light:

*Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the King.  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the newborn King.*

All creation, join in praising  
God, the Father, Spirit, Son,  
Evermore your voices raising  
To the eternal Three in One.

*James Montgomery*

## 2. As with Gladness

*Dix*



As with gladness, men of old  
Did the guiding star behold;  
As with joy they hailed its light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright;  
So, most gracious Lord, may we  
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,  
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed;  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom heaven and earth adore;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy Glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright,  
Need they no created light;  
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
Thou its Sun which goes not down;  
There for ever may we sing  
Alleluias to our King.

*William Chatterton Dix*

### 3. Away in a Manger

*Away in a Manger*



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 side until 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.

*Anonymous*

## 4. Earth has Many a Noble City

*Stuttgart*



Earth has many a noble city;  
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel:  
Out of thee the Lord from heaven  
Came to rule His Israel.

Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:  
Incense doth their God disclose,  
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,  
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

Fairer than the sun at morning  
Was the star that told His birth,  
To the world its God announcing,  
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

Jesus, whom the Gentiles worshipped  
At Thy glad Epiphany,  
Unto Thee, with God the Father  
And the Spirit, glory be.

Eastern sages at His cradle  
Make oblations rich and rare;  
See them give, in deep devotion,  
Gold, and frankincense and myrrh.

*Aurelius Clemens Prudentius, trans. Edward Caswell*

## 5. Joy to the World

*Antioch*



Joy to the world! The Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room;  
And heaven and nature sing.

He rules the world with truth and  
grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.

Joy to the earth! The Saviour reigns!  
Let men their songs employ.  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills,  
and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.

*Isaac Watts*

## 6. Silent Night

*Stille Nacht*



Silent night! Holy night!  
All is calm, all is bright  
Round yon virgin mother and Child,  
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,  
Sleep in heavenly peace!

Silent night! Holy night!  
Son of God, love's pure light  
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,  
With the dawn of redeeming grace,  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth!

Silent night! Holy night!  
Shepherds quake at the sight!  
Glories stream from heaven afar,  
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia;  
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

*Joseph Mohr, trans. John Freeman Young*

## 7. While Shepherds Watched

*Winchester Old*



While shepherds watched their  
flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

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

"Fear not!" said he (for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind);  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.

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

"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:

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

*Nahum Tate*

## 8. Who is He in Yonder Stall

*Wondrous Story*



Who is He in yonder stall,  
At whose feet the shepherds fall?

Lo! at midnight, who is He  
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

*'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!  
'Tis the Lord! the King of glory!  
At His feet we humbly fall,  
Crown Him! crown Him Lord of all!*

Who is He on yonder tree,  
Dies in grief and agony?

Who is He that from the grave  
Comes to succour, help and save?

Who is He to whom they bring  
All the sick and sorrowing?

Who is He that from His throne  
Rules through all the world alone?

Who is He, in deep distress,  
Fasting in the wilderness?

Who is He that stands and weeps  
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

*Benjamin Russell Hanby*

## 9. Christians, Awake!

*Yorkshire*



Christians, awake! Salute the happy morn,  
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;  
Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:  
With them the joyful tidings first begun  
Of God incarnate and the virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold!  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,  
To you and all the nations upon earth;  
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word;  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang.  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,  
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song:  
He that was born upon this joyful day  
Around us all His glory shall display.  
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing  
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

*John Byrom*

## 10. Come ye Redeemed

*Nativity*



Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Your grateful tribute bring;  
And celebrate, with one accord,  
The birthday of our King.

Let us with humble hearts repair  
(Faith will point out the road)  
To little Bethlehem, and there  
Adore our infant God.

In swaddling bands the Saviour view!  
Let none His weakness scorn;  
The feeblest heart shall hell subdue,  
Where Jesus Christ is born.

No pomp adorns, no sweets perfume  
The place where Christ is laid;  
A stable serves Him for His room,  
A manger is His bed.

The crowded inn, like sinners' hearts,  
(O ignorance extreme!)  
For other guests, of various sorts,  
Had room; but none for Him.

But see what different thoughts arise  
In our and angels' breasts;  
To hail His birth they left the skies,  
We lodged Him with the beasts!

Yet let believers cease their fears,  
Nor envy heavenly powers;  
If sinless innocence be theirs,  
Redemption all is ours.

*Joseph Hart*

# 11. Hark the Herald

Mendelssohn



Hark! The herald angels sing  
Glory to the new born King;  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled:  
Joyful all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies,  
With the angelic host proclaim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.  
*Hark! The herald angels sing  
Glory to the new born King.*

Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold Him come  
Offspring of a virgin's womb:  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail the incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as man with men to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

*Hark! The herald angels sing  
Glory to the new born King.*

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings;  
Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that we no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

*Hark! The herald angels sing  
Glory to the new born King.*

*Charles Wesley, George Whitfield, Martin Madan*

## 12. O Come, all ye Faithful

*Adeste Fideles*



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:

*O come, let us adore Him,*

*O come, let us adore Him,*

*O come, let us adore Him,*

*Christ the Lord!*

Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;  
'Glory to God  
In the highest!'

*O come, let us adore Him,*

*O come, let us adore Him,*

*O come, let us adore Him,*

*Christ the Lord!*

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
Born that happy morning,  
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing,

*O come, let us adore Him,*

*O come, let us adore Him,*

*O come, let us adore Him,*

*Christ the Lord!*

*John Francis Wade, trans. Frederick Oakeley*

### 13. O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

*Veni Emmanuel*



O come, O come, Emmanuel,  
And ransom captive Israel;  
That mourns in lonely exile here,  
Until the Son of God appear.

*Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.*

O come! Thou Rod of Jesse! Free  
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;  
From depths of hell Thy people save,  
And give them victory o'er the grave.

O come! Thou Dayspring! Come and cheer  
Our spirits by Thine advent here;  
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

O come! Thou Key of David! Come,  
And open wide our heavenly home;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery.

*Anonymous, trans. John Mason Neale*

## 14. O Little Town of Bethlehem

*Forest Green*



O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.

O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth,  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth;  
For Christ is born of Mary;  
And, gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming;  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him, still  
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell:  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel.

*Phillips Brooks*

## 15. Once in Royal David's City

*Irby*



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.

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.

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.

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.

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;  
When like stars His children crowned  
All in white shall wait around.

*Cecil Frances Humphreys Alexander*