

Congregational Carol Singing 2012

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.

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.

Enough for him, whom cherubim
worship night and day,
a breast full of milk,
and a manger full of hay:
enough for him, whom angels
bow down before,
the ox and ass and camel
which adore.

Angels and archangels
may have gathered there,
cherubim and seraphim
thronged the air -
but only his mother
in her maiden bliss
worshipped the beloved
with a kiss.

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.

God rest ye merry, people, let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Savior was born on Christmas
Day;

To save us all from Satan's power when we were gone
astray.

O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy;

O tidings of comfort and joy.

In Bethlehem, in Israel, this blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger upon this blessed morn;
The which His mother Mary did nothing take in scorn.

O tidings of comfort and joy ...

From God our heavenly Father a blessed angel came;
And unto certain shepherds brought tidings of the same;
How that in Bethlehem was born the Son of God by
name.

O tidings of comfort and joy ...

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“Fear not, then,” said the angel, “Let nothing you afright
This day is born a Savior of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in Him from Satan’s power
and might.”

O tidings of comfort and joy ...

The shepherds at those tidings rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding in tempest, storm and
wind,
And went to Bethl’em straightaway this blessed Babe to
find.

O tidings of comfort and joy ...

But when to Bethlehem they came where our dear
Savior lay,
They found Him in a manger where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary kneeling unto the Lord did pray.

O tidings of comfort and joy ...

Now to the Lord sing praises all you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood each other now
embrace;

This holy tide of Christmas all others doth deface.

O tidings of comfort and joy ...

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, sleep ...

Silent night, holy night,
shepherds first saw the sight:
glories stream from heaven afar,
heavenly hosts sing alleluia:
Christ the Saviour is born! Christ ...

Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love’s pure light;
radiance beams from thy holy face,
with the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth. Jesus ...

If time allows

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 ...

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 ...

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