



# Carol Sheet 2022

## Welcome!

We're so glad you can join those of us from Maswell Park Church as we celebrate Christmas together.

Make sure you have something to eat and drink as you enjoy the carols



Feel free to take this carol sheet home with you. The back page gives details of other events this Christmas.

Whatever your Christmas plans we hope that you'll be able to find God amidst all the activity.

### 1. 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:

*Come and worship  
Worship Christ the new-born  
King.*

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

### *Chorus*

Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great desire of nations,  
Ye have seen His natal star:

### *Chorus*

Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord descending  
In His temple shall appear:

### 2. 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 You, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky  
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus: I ask You to stay  
Close by me forever and love me, I pray;  
Bless all the dear children in Your tender care,  
And fit us for heaven to live with You there.

### **3. DING DONG MERRILY ON HIGH**

In heav'n the bells are ringing  
Ding, dong! verily the sky  
Is riv'n with angel singing  
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis

E'en so here below, below  
Let steeple bells be swungen  
And i-o, i-o, i-o  
By priest and people sungen  
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis

Pray ye dutifully prime  
Your matin chime, ye ringers  
May ye beautifully rime  
Your evetime song, ye singers  
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis

### **4. 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 man to dwell,  
Jesus, our Immanuel.  
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 men 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, altd.*

**5. IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER**  
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 midwinter, 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 midwinter a stable  
place sufficed  
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus  
Christ.

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.

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

### **6. IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR**

That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the  
earth,

To touch their harps of gold:  
"Peace on the earth, goodwill to  
men  
From heavens all gracious King!"  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they  
come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world:  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

O ye beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow;  
Look now, for glad and golden  
hours  
Come swiftly on the wing;  
Oh rest beside the weary road  
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophets seen of old,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Shall come the time foretold,  
When the new heaven and earth  
shall own  
The Prince of Peace, their King,  
And the whole world send back the  
song which now the angels sing.

## 7. JOY TO THE WORLD

the Lord is come!

Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him  
room,  
And Heaven and nature sing,  
And Heaven and nature sing,  
And Heaven, and Heaven, and  
nature sing.

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

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

## 8. 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:

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

## 9. O HOLY NIGHT,

O Holy Night! The stars are  
brightly shining,  
It is the night of our dear Saviour's  
birth.  
Long lay the world in sin and error  
pining.  
Till He appeared and the Soul felt  
its worth.  
A thrill of hope the weary world  
rejoices,  
For yonder breaks a new and  
glorious morn.

*Fall on your knees! Oh, hear the  
angel voices!  
O night divine,*

*O night when Christ was born;  
O night divine, o night,  
O night divine!*

Led by the light of faith serenely  
beaming,  
With glowing hearts by His cradle  
we stand.  
So led by light of star so sweetly  
gleaming,  
Here came the wise men from O-  
rient land.  
The King of kings lay thus in lowly  
manger;  
In all our trials born to be our  
friend.

## Chorus

Truly He taught that we love one  
another,  
His law is love and His gospel is  
peace.  
Chains shall He break, the slave is  
still our brother.  
And in his name all oppression  
shall cease.  
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful  
chorus raise we,  
Let all within us praise His holy  
name  
Chorus

## 10. 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 Immanuel!

**11. 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 meek and  
lowly  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

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.

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.

**12. 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 in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,  
shepherds quake at the sight,  
glories stream from heaven afar,  
heavenly hosts sing alleluia;  
Christ, the Saviour, is born!  
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

Silent night, holy night,  
Son of God, love's pure light  
radiant beams thy holy face,  
with the dawn of redeeming grace,  
Jesus, Lord at thy birth.  
Jesus, Lord at thy birth.  
*Tr. S. A. Brooke.*

**13. THE HOLLY AND THE IVY,**  
When they are both full grown  
Of all the trees that are in the  
wood  
The holly bears the crown

*O the rising of the sun  
And the running of the deer  
The playing of the merry organ  
Sweet singing of the choir*

The holly bears a blossom  
As white as lily flower  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
To be our sweet Saviour

The holly bears a berry  
As red as any blood  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus  
Christ  
To do poor sinners good

The holly bears a prickle  
As sharp as any thorn;  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
On Christmas Day in the morn.

The holly bears a bark  
As bitter as any gall;  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
For to redeem us all.

The holly and the ivy  
Now both are full well grown,  
Of all the trees that are in the  
wood,  
The holly bears the crown.

**14. WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT  
ARE**

Bearing gifts we traverse afar.  
Field and fountain, moor and  
mountain,  
Following yonder star.

O star of wonder, star of  
night,  
Star with royal beauty bright,  
Westward leading, still  
proceeding,  
Guide us to thy perfect Light.



Born a king on Bethlehem's plain,  
Gold I bring to crown Him  
again,  
King forever, ceasing never  
Over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I.  
Incense owns a Deity nigh.  
Prayer and praising all men  
raising,  
Worship Him, God on high.

Myrrh is mine: Its bitter perfume  
Breaths a life of gathering gloom.  
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding  
dying,  
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Glorious now behold Him arise,  
King and God and Sacrifice.  
Heaven sings alleluia!  
Alleluia! the earth replies.

*John H. Hopkins*

**15. Christmas Holiday**  
(Apologies to 10cc)  
I was counting all the sheep  
Watching over my flocks by night  
I heard a loud voice above me  
And I looked up in a state of fright  
I saw some angels, oh man!  
A host sent from the Father  
They looked me up and down a  
bit, and turned to each other  
to say

We don't like Jesus, Oh No!  
We love him x2  
Got to go to the Lord

Got to show some respect  
Got to go to the lord  
Cause the story's not done yet...

A star shone down on our camel  
train  
Me and my Magi brothers  
Hea-ding for the new king  
We had some presents for his  
mother  
She said I like that you gave them  
The gold and frankincense  
And I'm just sorry the myrrh  
means  
An acquaintance with death  
Now we must roam  
A long way from home

She said  
We don't like Egypt, oh no  
But we'll run there x2  
Got to get out of here

Got my son to protect  
Got to get out of here  
Cause the story's not done yet...

We went back to our shepherding  
But with no angel choir  
It was our turn to sing  
Because we'd met the messiah

And we said  
We don't like Jesus, oh no,  
We love him x2

We don't like Christmas, oh no,  
we love it x2

Got to walk with the Lord  
Got to show some respect  
Got to walk with the Lord  
Cause the story's not done yet

Christmas Holiday...

## ***Christmas Events***

**21<sup>st</sup> 7pm**  
**Carols on the Green**  
Park Road

**24<sup>th</sup> 11:10pm-midnight**  
***Carols by Candlelight***

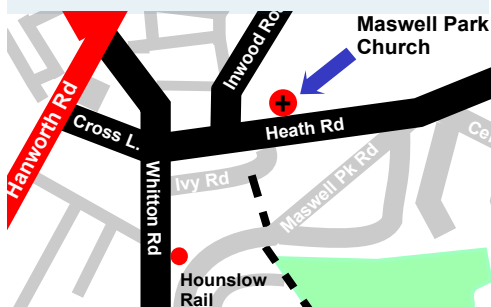
**25th 10.30am**  
***Christmas Day***  
***Celebration***

## **Regular Service**

10:30am Every Sunday  
All welcome

## **Worship Space**

7:15 pm, Last Sun of month  
*reflective worship*



More info: [www.maswell.org.uk](http://www.maswell.org.uk)