



Hunsdon Church
presents

Carols

by

Starlight

Carolling with the Community,
singing the sacred story,
feasting with friends and family,
bringing Christmas joy!

Christmas Carols, Seasonal Refreshments
and a Charity Collection

All the carols are presented in alphabetical order.

**Angels from the realms of glory,
wing your flight o'er all the earth;
you who sang creation's story
now proclaim Messiah's birth.**

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

**Shepherds, in the field abiding,
watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with us is now residing;
see, there shines the infant light:**

**Wise men, leave your contemplations,
brighter visions beam afar;
seek the great Desire of nations;
you have seen His natal star.**

**Though an Infant now we view Him,
He shall fill His Father's throne,
gather all the nations to Him;
every knee shall then bow down:**

James Montgomery (1771-1854)

**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 God, may we
evermore be led by Thee.**

**As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
there to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore,
so may we with willing feet
ever seek Thy mercy-seat.**

**As they offered gifts most rare
at Thy cradle rude and bare,
so may we with holy joy,
pure, and free from sin's alloy,
all our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.**

**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.**

continues...

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 forever may we sing
hallelujahs to our King.

W Chatterton-Dix (1837-1898)

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! x2

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! x2

Pray you, dutifully prime
your matin chime, ye ringers.
May you beautifully rhyme
your eve'time song, ye singers.

Gloria! Hosanna in excelsis! x2

traditional

**God rest you merry, gentlemen,
let nothing you dismay
for Jesus Christ our Saviour
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.***

**From God our heavenly Father
a holy angel came;
the shepherds saw the glory
and heard the voice proclaim
that Christ was born in Bethlehem
and Jesus was his name.**

**“Fear not,” then said the angel,
“Let nothing cause you fright;
to you is born a Saviour
in David's town tonight –
to free all those who trust in Him
from Satan's power and might.”**

**Now to the Lord sing praises
all people in this place!
With Christian love and fellowship
each other now embrace;
and let this Christmas festival
all bitterness displace.**

traditional

**Good Christian men, rejoice
with heart and soul and voice;
give ye heed to what we say,
Jesus Christ is born today;
ox and ass before Him bow,
and He is in the manger now.
Christ is born today;
Christ is born today!**

**Good Christian men, rejoice
with heart and soul and voice;
now ye hear of endless bliss,
Jesus Christ was born for this:
He hath opened heaven's door
and man is blessed forever more.
Christ was born for this;
Christ was born for this!**

**Good Christian men, rejoice
with heart and soul and voice;
now ye need not fear the grave,
Jesus Christ was born to save;
calls you one and calls you all
to gain His everlasting hall.
Christ was born to save;
Christ was born to save!**

John Mason Neale, altd.

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

*Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the newborn King!”*

Christ, by highest Heav’n adored;
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Late in time, behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin’s womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail th’incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus our Emmanuel.

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

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

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,
noels ringing, tidings bringing:
Christ the Babe is Lord of all.
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.
Christ the Babe was born for you.

Traditional Polish Carol
Translated by Edith M Reed 1921

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 midwinter long ago.

continues...

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 Belovèd 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.

C G Rossetti (1830-94)

It came upon the 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 heaven's 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.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
the world has suffered long,
beneath the angel-strain have rolled
two thousand years of wrong;
and man, at war with man, hears not
the love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
and hear the angels sing.

continues...

**For lo! the days are hastening on,
by prophet bards foretold,
when with the ever-circling years
comes round the age of gold;
when peace shall over all the earth
its ancient splendours fling,
and all the world send back the song
which now the angels sing.**

E. H. Sears (1810-1876)

**Joy to the world! the Lord has 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 earth! the Saviour reigns;
your sweetest songs employ
while fields and streams and hills and plains
repeat the sounding joy,
repeat the sounding joy,
repeat, repeat the sounding joy!**

continues...

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

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

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.*

True God of true God, Light from Light Eternal,
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Son of the Father, begotten, not created;

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

tr J F Wade (1710-1786)

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.

For Christ is born of Mary,
and gathered all above,
while mortals sleep, the angels keep
their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together,
proclaim the holy birth,
and praises sing to God the King,
and peace to men on earth!

How silently, how silently
the wondrous Gift is giv'n;
so God imparts to human hearts
the blessings of His Heav'n.
No ear may hear His coming,
but in this world of sin,
where meek souls will receive Him still,
the dear Christ enters in.

continues...

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 (1835-1893)

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.

And at last our eyes 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.

continues...

**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.
There His children gather round,
bright like stars, with glory crowned.**

*C F Alexander (1818-95)
altd Horrobin/Leavers*

**On Christmas night all Christians sing,
to hear the news the angels bring;
on Christmas night all Christians sing,
to hear the news the angels bring:
news of great joy, news of great mirth,
news of our merciful King's birth.**

**Then why should men on earth be sad,
since our Redeemer made us glad:
then why should men on earth be sad,
since our Redeemer made us glad:
when from our sin He set us free,
all for to gain our liberty.**

**When sin departs before His grace,
then life and health come in its place;
when sin departs before His grace,
then life and health come in its place;
angels and men with joy may sing,
all for to see the newborn King.**

continues...

**All out of darkness we have light
which made the angels sing this night;
all out of darkness we have light
which made the angels sing this night:
“Glory to God and peace to men,
now and forevermore. Amen.”**

Traditional English Carol

**See, amid the winter's snow,
born for us on earth below,
see, the Lamb of God appears,
promised from eternal years.**

***Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn!
Hail, redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem:
Christ is born in Bethlehem!***

**Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies,
He who throned in height sublime
sits amid the cherubim.**

**Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
what your joyful news today;
wherefore have ye left your sheep
on the lonely mountain steep?**

continues...

**'As we watched at dead of night,
lo, we saw a wondrous light:
angels singing, "Peace on earth"
told us of the Saviour's birth.'**

**Sacred Infant, all divine,
what a tender love was Thine,
thus to come from highest bliss
down to such a world as this!**

**Teach, O teach us, holy Child,
by Thy face so meek and mild,
teach us to resemble Thee
in Thy sweet humility.**

Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

**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!**

continues...

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.

*Joseph Mohr (1792-1848)
v1 & 3 tr. J F Young (1863, v2 tr. anon)*

The first Noel the angel did say
was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
in fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
on a cold winter's night that was so deep.

*Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.*

They lookèd up and saw a star
shining in the east, beyond them far;
and to the earth it gave great light,
and so it continued both day and night.

And by the light of that same star
three Wise Men came from country far;
to seek for a King was their intent,
and to follow the star wherever it went.

This star drew nigh to the northwest,
over Bethlehem it took its rest;
and there it did both stop and stay,
right over the place where Jesus lay.

continues...

Then entered in those Wise Men three,
full reverently upon the knee,
and offered there, in His presence,
their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

Then let us all with one accord
sing praises to our heavenly Lord;
that hath made Heaven and earth of naught,
and with His blood mankind hath bought.

Traditional

Unto us a Boy is born,
King of all creation:
came He to a world forlorn,
the Lord of every nation.

Cradled in a stall was He
with sleepy cows and asses;
but the very beasts could see
that He all men surpasses.

Herod then with fear was filled:
“A prince,” he said, “in Jewry!”
All the little boys he killed
At Bethl’em in his fury.

Now may Mary’s Son, who came
long ago to love us,
lead us all with hearts aflame
unto the joys above us.

continues...

**Alpha and Omega He!
Let the organ thunder,
while the choir with peals of glee
doth rend the air asunder.**

*translated from the German (15th C) by Percy Dearmer (1928)
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**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 light,
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, voices raising,
worshipping God on high.**

continues...

**Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
breathes 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;
Alleluia, Alleluia,
sounds through the earth and skies.**

John Henry Hopkins, Jr. (1820-1891)

**What child is this who, laid to rest
on Mary's lap is sleeping,
whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
while shepherds watch are keeping?
This, this is Christ the King,
whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
haste, haste, to bring Him laud,
the babe, the son of Mary.**

**Why lies He in such mean estate,
where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christians, fear, for sinners here
the silent Word is pleading.
Nails, spear shall pierce Him through,
the cross be borne for me, for you.
Hail, hail the Word made flesh,
the babe, the son of Mary.**

continues...

So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh,
come peasant, king, to own Him;
the King of kings salvation brings,
let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise a song on high,
the virgin sings her lullaby.
Joy, joy for Christ is born,
the babe, the son of Mary.

W Chatterton-Dix (1837-1898)

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

‘Fear not!’ said he, for mighty dread
had seized their troubled mind;
‘Glad tidings of great joy I bring
to you and all mankind.

‘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.

continues...

**'The heavenly babe you there shall find
to human view displayed,
all meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
and in a manger laid.'**

**Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
appeared a shining throng
of angels, praising God, who thus
addressed their joyful song:**

**'All glory be to God on high
and to the earth be peace;
goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
begin and never cease.'**

Nahum Tate (1652-1715)

***May God grant you and your families
a safe and peaceful Christmas,
and may you know his blessing and love
throughout the New Year***

***Church services continue throughout the season.
There is information about these and other things at
www.hunsdonchurch.org***

***Our thanks, once again,
to Bishop's Stortford Brass Band
for accompanying our singing***

***Your donations will support the work of the
Salvation Army in Harlow***

Thank you

