

Welocme to Leighton-Linslade Rotary Club Christmas Eve Carols

Number One

Ding dong, merrily on high,
In heaven the bells are ringing.
Ding dong, verily the sky
Is riv'n with angel singing.

Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis.

E'en so here below, below,
Let steeple bells be swungen,
And Io, Io, Io,
By priest and people sungen.

Pray you, dutifully prime
Your matin chime, ye ringers.
May you beautifully rime
Your evetime song, ye singers.

Number Two

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, and wonders of of his love.

Number Three

The first Nowell the Angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds
in fields as they lay
In fields where they lay a-keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

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

They looked 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.

Then enter in those wise men three,
Fall reverently upon their 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,
Who hath made heaven and earth of nought.
And with his blood mankind hath bought.

**If you'd like to donate to the Rotary Club so we
can continue to support the community
throughout the year, please see below:**

Text Santa 2 to 70227 to donate £2

Text Santa 5 to 70227 to donate £5

Text Santa 10 to 70227 to donate £10

Please donate if you can

The Rotary Club of Leighton-Linslade is a registered charity.

Number: 1030014



Number Four

Silent night, holy night.
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin and her child,
Holy infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night.
Shepherds quail 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 saving grace, Jesus,
Lord, at thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

Number Five

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our saviour,
Was born upon this 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 blessed Angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The son of God by name.

The shepherds at these tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
This blessed babe to find.

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 other doth efface.

Number Six

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
Live 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, T
hrough 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.

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Number Seven

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, choir of Angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above.
Glory to God in the highest.

Number Eight

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

Shepherds in the fields abiding,

Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing.
Yonder shines the infant light.

Saints before the alter bending,
Watching long in hope and fear, S
uddenly the Lord, descending.
In his temple shall appear.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
doomed for guilt with endless pains,
justice now revokes the sentence,
mercy calls you – break your chains

Number Nine

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 minds
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.

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace.
Good will henceforth from heaven to men Be-

gin and never cease.

Number Ten

It was on a starry night when the hills were
bright
Earth lay sleeping, sleeping calm and still.
Then in a cattle shed, in a manger bed
A boy was born,
King of all the world

**And all the angels sang for Him
The bells of heaven rang for Him
For a boy was born, King of all the world
And all the angels sang for Him
The bells of heaven rang for Him
For a boy was born, King of all the world**

Soon the shepherds came that way
where the baby lay
And were kneeling, kneeling by his side.
And their hearts believed again for the peace of
men,
For a boy was born, king of all the world.



Number Eleven

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 to-night.

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 on wondering love.
How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given.

So God imparts to human hearts
The blessing 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!

Number Twelve

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 in 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 forever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven to live with thee there.

Number Thirteen

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 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 lay his glory by,
Born that man 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.

**The Rotary Club of Leighton-Linslade and
Leighton Buzz Radio wish you all a very
Happy Christmas**

