



CAROLS ON THE QUAY

With
The Fakenham
Town Band
And
The Creekers' Choir
December

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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 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 the 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 newborn King!"

Hail! The heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail! The Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen 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.
Hark! The herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born king!"

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.

We three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

Chorus

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

Men

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

Chorus

Men

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

Chorus

Men

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom.
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Chorus

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Sounds through the earth and skies.

Chorus

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 pray at the sight.
Glory streams 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 from Thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth!
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth!

All

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even.

All

Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

Men

Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

Ladies

Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

Men

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither.
Thou and I shall see him dine,
when we bear them thither."

All

Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

Ladies

"Sire, the night is darker now,
and the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how.
I can go no longer."

Men

"Mark my footsteps, good my page.
Tread thou in them boldly.
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

All

In his master's steps he trod,
where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.

All

Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

O LITTLE TOWN ON BETHLEHEM

6

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 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

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!
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!
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!

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

Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!

Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!

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 Savior 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.

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

Chorus

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

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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 heav'n 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!

I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
And what was in those ships all three
On Christmas Day in the morning?

The Virgin Mary and Christ were there
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.
The Virgin Mary and Christ were there
On Christmas Day in the morning.

O, they sailed into Bethlehem
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.
They sailed into Bethlehem
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on Earth shall ring
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.
And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.
And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice again
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.
Then let us all rejoice again
On Christmas Day in the morning

Deck the halls with boughs of holly,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.
'Tis the season to be jolly,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.
Don we now our gay apparel,
Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la.
Troll the ancient Yule-tide carol,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.

See the flowing bowl before us,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.
Strike the harp and join the chorus,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.
Follow me in merry measure,
Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la.
While I sing of beauty's treasure,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.

Fast away the old year passes,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.
Hail the new year, lads and lassies,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.
Laughing, quaffing all together,
Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la.
Heedless of the wind and weather,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.



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