

Fourteen Carols for Christmas

1. Silent Night

Silent night, holy night
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin, mother and child
Holy infant, tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace
Sleep in heavenly peace

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

Silent night, holy night
Shepherd's quake at the sight
Glories stream from heaven above
Heavenly host sing hallelujah
Christ the savior is born
Christ the savior is born

Swīge Niht

Swīge niht, hālig niht
Eall is smylte, eall is beorht
Ymbe ġeonre mægþ, mēder and cilde
Hālig lýtling, hnesce and milde
Slæp in heofoniscum friðe
Slæp in heofoniscum friðe

Swīge niht, hālig niht
Goding, lufe clæne lēoht
Torhte bēamas of þīnum hālgan ansīene
Mid þām uhte alīsednesse lisse
Iesus, dryhten æt þīnum ġebyrde
Iesus, dryhten æt þīnum ġebyrde

Swīge niht, hālig niht
Hierdras cwaciaþ æt ġesihte
Wuldor iernaþ of heofone ofer
Heofonlic gaderung singþ hallelūga
Crist se hālend wæcnaþ
Crist se hālend wæcnaþ

2. O Holy Night

O Holy Night! The stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth.
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
Till he appeared and the spirit 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, the night when Christ was born;
O night, O Holy Night, O night divine!

Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,
With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand.
O'er the world a star is sweetly gleaming,
Now come the wisemen from out of the Orient land.
The King of kings lay thus lowly manger;
In all our trials born to be our friend.
He knows our need, our weakness is no stranger,
Behold your King! Before him lowly bend!
Behold your King! Before him lowly bend!

Truly he taught us to love one another,
His law is love and His gospel is peace.
Chains he shall break, for the slave is our brother,
And in his name all oppression shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,
With all our hearts we praise His holy name.
Christ is the Lord! Then ever, ever praise we,
His power and glory ever more proclaim!
His power and glory ever more proclaim!

Lā Hālig Niht

Lā Hālig Niht! Þā steorran beorhte scīnaþ
Hit is sēo niht þæs lēofan Hælendes byrde
Lange læg eorþe in gylte and dwilde weorþiende.
Oð hē cōm and se gāst fælde his weorðes.
Yð tōhopan se wēriġ weoruld blissaþ
For ġeond þurbricð nīwe morgen and wuldorful.
Feall on þīn cnēo! Lā, hīer þāra engla drēamas!
Lā godcund niht, sēo niht þe Crist awōc:
Lā niht, Lā Hālig Niht, Lā niht godcund!

Þæt lēorht ġelēafan lædde smolte beamaþ,
Mid glōwendum heortum wē standaþ be His cradole.
Ofer þāre eorþe steorra swētlīce glisnaþ,
Nū cumað þā witan of þām Ēastum lande.
Se Cyning cyninga swā lege hēanlicum binne;
In ealle ūre earfoðe awōc ūre frēond tō bēonne.
Hē cnāweþ ūre nīed, ūre lēwsa is nā uncūða,
Lōc nū ēower cyning! For Him niþerbugað!
Lōc nū ēower cyning! For Him niþerbugað!

Soþlīce Hē ūs lārde lufian ælc oþer.
His lagu bið lufu and His godspel bið frið.
Racentan Hē bryhð, forðæm se þēow is ūre brōþor,
And in his naman eall oferfrēcednes āswāmaþ.
Swēte ymenas drēames in þancfulum wynwerode hēaþ wē,
Mid eallum ūrum heortum wē herað His hāligne naman.
Crist is se Dryhten! Þon ā, æfter lofiað wē,
His miht and wuldor ā māra ġebēodaþ!
His miht and wuldor ā māra ġebēodaþ!

3. Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

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 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, the incarnate Deity:
Pleased, as man, with men 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 newborn King!”

Heorciap! Se Bōdienda Englas Singap

Heorciap! Singap þā Englas Ærendfæste,
“Wuldor tō nīgawacodum Cyninge!”
Friþ on eorþe and milts mild,
God and gyltend gesēmende
Blīðe, eall gē þeoda, rīsaþ,
Ðæt oretlof rodores þeodaþ ;
Mid þæm engellic werode bēodaþ,
“Crist in Bethleheme wacnaþ.”
Heorciap! Singap þā Englas Ærendfæste ,
“Wuldor tō nīgawacodum Cyninge!”

Crist, gēeapmēded be hīehstum heofone
Crist, se ēcelic Dryhten:
Sīþ in tīde sēoþ hine cuman,
Tūdor of hrife fæmnan.
Gēbehylod in flæsce, sēoþ godhād:
Halettaþ, se gēflæscoda God:
Ġelysted, swā mann, mid mannum wunian,
Iesus, ūre Emmanuel!
Heorciap! Singap þā Englas Ærendfæste,
“Wuldor tō nīgawacodum Cyninge!”

Halettaþ! se hēofonbyrde Ðēoden friðes!
Halettaþ! Se sunu rihtwīsnesse!
Lēoht and līf tō ealle hē bringþ,
Astigen mid hālinge in his fiðrum
Milde hē legþ his wuldor be,
Awōc þe mann ne mā mōt sweltan:
Awōc þā suna eorðe tō fēdanne,
Awōc him oþer byrde tō giefanne,
Heorciap! Singap þā Englas Ærendfæste,
“Wuldor tō nīgawacodum Cyninge!”

4. In the Bleak Midwinter

In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind may 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.

In Ðǣm Æblæcum Midwintra

In þǣm æblæcan midwintra, forstīg wind cwiðe.
Eorðe stōd heard swā isen, swā stān wæter;
Snāw hæfde dropen, snāw on snāwe, snāw on snāwe,
In þǣm æblæcan midwintra, forlonge .

Ūre God, heofen ne mæg hine healdan, ne fēt eorþe:
Þā oðflēoþ heofon and eorþe þā hē cymþ tō
rīcsianne.

In þǣm æblæcan midwintra faldstede ġenugde
Se Dryhten God Ælmihtig, Iesus Crist.

Englas and hēahenglas, hīe þær gadroden,
Cerabin and Seraphim lyfte þrunġon;
Ac his mōdor āna, in hiere mædenlicre blisse,
Weorþode þā drūte mid cosse.

Hwæt mæg ic him ġiefan, swā eom ic earm?
Ġif ic wære scēaphierde, ic bringe lamb;
Ġif ic wære Wita, ic doe dǣl mīnne;
Ġiet hwæt mæg ic him ġiefan: ġiefe heortan mīne.

5. God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

God rest ye merry gentlemen
Let nothing you dismay
Remember 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 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,
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy

And when they came to Bethlehem
Where our dear Saviour lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where the oxen feed on hay.
His Mother Mary kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy

God Ēow Læte Ġesælig Burhmenn

God ēow læte ġesælige burhmenn
Ne lætaþ nāht ēow swearcaþ
Ġemunað Crist ūre Hælend
Wōc on Cristesmæssan dæġe
Ūs eall fram Satanes ġewealde tō nerianne
Ðonne wē wandrodon.
Lā godspell frōfre and drēames,
Frōfre and drēames
Lā godspell frōfre and drēames

Fram Gode ūrum Heofonlican Fæder
Ġebletsod engel cōm;
And tō sumum sceaphyrdum
Brengeðon spell þæs ilcan:
Hū þe in Bethleheme awōc
Se Sunu Godes þurh Naman.
Lā godspell frōfre and drēames,
Frōfre and drēames
Lā godspell frōfre and drēames

And þā hīe cōmon tō Bethleheme
þær læġ ūre dēore Hælend,
Hīe hine fundon in binne,
þær fēdaþ þā oxan on hīeġe.
His Mōdor Maria cnēowigende,
Bæd tō þām Dryhtene.
Lā godspell frōfre and drēames,
Frōfre and drēames
Lā godspell frōfre and drēames

6. Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful

Oh, come, all ye faithful
Joyful and triumphant!
Oh, come ye, oh, come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him
Born the king of angels:
Oh, come, let us adore him,
Oh, come, let us adore him,
Oh, come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord.

Highest, most holy,
Light of light eternal,
Born of a virgin,
A mortal he comes;
Son of the Father
Now in flesh appearing!
Oh, come, let us adore him,
Oh, come, let us adore him,
Oh, come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!
Glory to God
In the highest:
Oh, come, let us adore him,
Oh, come, let us adore him,
Oh, come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory given!
Word of the Father
Now in flesh appearing!
Oh, come, let us adore him,
Oh, come, let us adore him,
Oh, come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord.

Lā, Cumaþ, Eall Ġē Trēowġeþoftan

Lā, cumaþ, eall ġē trēowġeþoftan
Blissiġ and sigorbeorht!
Lā, cumaþ ġē, lā, cumaþ ġē tō Bethlehem;
Cumaþ and hine lōciaþ
Ġeboren se cyning engla:
Lā, cumaþ , wuton blētsian hine,
Lā, cumaþ , wuton blētsian hine,
Lā, cumaþ , wuton blētsian hine,
Crist se Dryhten.

Hīehst, halgost,
Lēoht ēces lēohtes,
Ġeboren fæmnan,
In dēaðlicnesse he cymþ;
Sunu þæs Fæder
Nū in flæsce onŷwende!
Lā, cumaþ , wuton blētsian hine,
Lā, cumaþ , wuton blētsian hine,
Lā, cumaþ , wuton blētsian hine,
Crist se Dryhten.

Singaþ, choras engla,
Singaþ in blissunge,
Singaþ, ealla ġe ēasterware heofones ofer!
Wuldor tō Gode
Heahgode:
Lā, cumaþ , wuton blētsian hine,
Lā, cumaþ , wuton blētsian hine,
Lā, cumaþ , wuton blētsian hine,
Crist se Dryhten.

Ġēa, Dryhten wē þē grētaþ,
Ġeboren þēs sǣliġa morgen;
Iesus, man tō þē ġiefe wuldor!
Word þæs Fæder
Nū in flæsce onŷwende!
Lā, cumaþ , wuton blētsian hine,
Lā, cumaþ , wuton blētsian hine,
Lā, cumaþ , wuton blētsian hine,
Crist se Dryhten.

7. Once In Royal David's City Ġēara In Cyneliċre Dāuides Ćeastre

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 from 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 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.

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.

Ġēara in cyneliċre Dāuides Ćeastre
Niċerliċ scipen stōd,
Þær legde mōdor Lýtling
In binne for His bedde:
Maria wæs sēo mōdor milde,
Iesus Crist hier e lýtle Ćild.

Hē niċerstāg tō earċe fram heofenone,
Ðe is God and Drihten ealles,
And his hlēowþ wæs horsern,
And his cradol wæs bōsig;
Mid þæm eatmingas, and þearfan, and esnas,
Ūre hālig Hælend būde on eorþe.

And ġeond eallne His wrætliċne ċildhād
Hē wolde ārian and hīersumian
Lufian and wacian þā niċerliċe mægð,
In þære līðum earmum hē læg:
Eallu Crīstenu ċild sculon bēon
Milde, ġehīersum and ġōd swā Hē.

For Hē is ūres ċildhādes bīsen:
Dæg æfter dæg, swā ūs Hē awēox;
Hē wæs lýtrel, unmihtig and fultumlēas,
Swā wē, hē drēag smearcian and grēotan;
And Hē fēleð ūre sārignesne,
And Hē dælnimeþ in ūre glædnesse.

And ūre eaġan æ niehtstan sīehþ Hine,
Ðurh His agenre ālīesendre lufe;
For þæt ċild swā lēof and līðe
Is ūre Dryhten in heofonum ofer,
And hē læt forþ his ċild
Tō þære stōwe þe hē ēode.

8. Away in a Manger

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
'til 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 take us to heaven,
To live with Thee there.

Ġeond in binne

Ġeond in binne,
Nā cribb for bedde,
Se lȳtel Iesus Drihten
Oflegde his līðe hēafod.

Þā steorran in beorhtum rodore
Lōcodon niþer þær lægd hē,
Se lȳtla Iesus Dryhten
Swodraþ in þæm hiege.

Þā oxan hlōwaþ,
Se lȳtling aweçþ,
Ac lȳtel Iesus Dryhten
Nā wōp hē ne dēþ.

Ic þē lufie, Iesus Dryhten
Lōcaþ niþer of rodore
And bītt be mīne sīde
Oð morgen is neah.

Bēo neah mē, Iesus Dryhten,
Ic þē bidde wunian
Ġetenge mē ā on ēcnesse,
And mē lufast, ic ġebidde.

Bletsa eall þā lēofan cild
In þīnum hnescum fæðme,
And læde ūs tō heofone,
Þær libban mid þē.

9. Joy to the World

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her king;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n, and heaven, and nature sing.

Joy to the earth, 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.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found,
Far as the curse is found,
Far as, far as, the curse is found.

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.

Drēam tō þære Worulde

Drēam tō þære worulde, se Drihten is cumen!
Eorðe āfō hiere cyning;
Eall heorte him gearwie rȳmet
Ĝe heofon singþ and middangeard,
Ĝe heofon singþ and middangeard,
Ĝe heofon, ĝe heofon singþ and middangeard.

Drēam tō þære eorðe, se Hælend rīcsaþ!
Menn nēoten hiera sanga;
Þenden æcras and flōdas, stānas and felda
Eftġiaþ þone swēġlican drēam,
Eftġiaþ þone swēġlican drēam,
Eftġiaþ, eftġiaþ þone swēġlican drēam.

Nā mā synna weaxen and murcunga,
Nā þornas ymbhīpaþ þā folde:
Hē cymþ tō dōnne His blētsunga flōwan
Feorr swā sēo awiergung is funden,
Feorr swā sēo awiergung is funden,
Feorr swā, feorr swā, sēo awiergung is funden.

Hē rīcsaþ middangeard mid sōðe and lisse,
And dōþ þā þēoda cȳðan
Þā tīras his rihtwīsesse,
And wundra his lufe,
And wundra his lufe,
And wundra, wundra, his lufe.

10. O Come, O Come, Emmanuel Lā Cum, Lā Cum, Emmanuel

O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Lā cum, Lā cum, Emmanuel,
And ālīesaþ hæftne Israel,
þe gnornaþ in annum wræc hēr
Oððæt se Goding ætīewe.
Blissiaþ! Blissiaþ! Emmanuel
Cymþ tō þē, Lā Israel.

O come, Thou rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Lā cum, þū stæf Iesses, gefrēa
þīn swāsan men fram Satanes rīcetere;
Nere þīnne þēodscipe fram dēop helle,
And gief þæm sigor ofer þære bygene.
Blissiaþ! Blissiaþ! Emmanuel
Cymþ tō þē, Lā Israel.

O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night
And death's dark shadows put to flight!
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Lā cum, þū Dæg-Wiell, cum and amyрге
Ūra sāwla þurh þīne cyme hider;
Ūtdrif þā mircan wolcnu nihte
And deorca dēaðscūa flīeme!
Blissiaþ! Blissiaþ! Emmanuel
Cymþ tō þē, Lā Israel.

O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Lā cum, þū Ćæg Dauides, cum,
And opena wīde ūrne heofonlic hām;
Befæste þone weg þe lætt hēah,
And beclýse þone pæð tō wēan.
Blissiaþ! Blissiaþ! Emmanuel
Cymþ tō þē, Lā Israel.

O come, Thou Lord of Might,
Who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Lā cum, þū Drihten Mihte,
þe tō þīnum geðēodum on Hēahsinai
In ealddagum gēafe æ
In wolcne, and mægenðrymme, and ege.
Blissiaþ! Blissiaþ! Emmanuel
Cymþ tō þē, Lā Israel.

11. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

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, good will 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 hath 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.

For lo! The days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the Age of Gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And all the world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Hit Cōm Uppan Þære Midniht Scīrre

Hit cōm uppan þære midniht scīrre,
Se þrymlic sang ærdaga,
Fram englas būgende ġehende þære eorþe
Hrīnan þāra hearpa goldes!
Sibb in þære eorðe, frēod tō mannum,
Fram heofones eallum ārfæstum cyninge!
Sēo woruld læġ in dēopre stillnesse
Tō hīeranne þā englas singaþ.

Ġēn cumað hīe ġeond þā ġeclofne heofnas
Mid smoltum fiðrum unġefealden
And ġēn flīet hiera heofonisc sōncræft
Ofer eall þone wēriġ middangeard;
Bufan his unrōtum and niðerlicum felda
Hīe būgan on wandriendum flyhte.
And æfre ofer his Babelra hlēoðorum
Þā ēadiġe englas singaþ.

Ġīet mid þām wēam gyltes and sæce
Middangeard þolode langlice;
Beneoðan þām engelcynne wealwodon
Twā þūsend ġēara wranga;
And mann, æt wiġe wið menn, ne hīerþ
Se sang lufe þe hīe brengað:
Lā stillað þone hrēam, ġē men sæce,
Þā englas singað tō hīeranne.

For lā! Þā dagas scyndaþ,
Fram wīteġiendum scōpum foresæġdon,
Þonne, mid þām ā hwearftum ġēara,
Cymþ sēo ieldo goldes;
Ðonne ofer eallre eorðe
Frið āsprengþ his ealda wēorðnessa,
And eall worulde eftāġiefþ þone sang
Þe nū singþ þā englas.

12. The Holly and The Ivy

The holly and the ivy
When they are both full grown,
Of all 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 in the choir.

The holly bears a blossom,
As white as lily flow'r,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our dear Saviour
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 berry,
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good.
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 prickle,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Christmas Day in the morn.
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 bark,
As bitter as the gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all.
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 and the ivy
When they are both full grown,
Of all 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 in the choir.

Se Holen and Pæt Īfig

Se hōlen and þæt īfig
Þonne hīe begen full ġegrowen,
Ealla trēowa þe sind in þǣm wealda,
Se hōlen birþ þone corōna.
Lā, se ūpgang sunnan,
And sēo ærning þæs hēorotes
Se glēowcræft þære blīre orgelan,
Swētswēge drēamnes in þǣm chore.

Se hōlen birþ blōstm,
Swā hwīte swā lilian cropp,
And Maria cenþ līðe Iesus Crist,
Ūre lēof Hǣlend tō bēonne.
Lā, se ūpgang sunnan,
And sēo ærning þæs hēorotes
Se glēowcræft þære blīre orgelan,
Swētswēge drēamnes in þǣm chore.

Se hōlen birþ berig,
Swā read swā æniġ blōd,
And Maria cenþ līðe Iesus Crist,
Hrēowlice gyltendas bētanne.
Lā, se ūpgang sunnan,
And sēo ærning þæs hēorotes
Se glēowcræft þære blīre orgelan,
Swētswēge drēamnes in þǣm chore.

Se hōlen birþ pīl,
Swā scearp swā æniġ þorn,
And Maria cenþ līðe Iesus Crist,
On Midwintres Dæg in þǣm morgene.
Lā, se ūpgang sunnan,
And sēo ærning þæs hēorotes
Se glēowcræft þære blīre orgelan,
Swētswēge drēamnes in þǣm chore.

Se hōlen birþ rind,
Swā biter swā se ġealla,
And Maria cenþ līðe Iesus Crist,
For ealle ūs tō ālīesanne.
Lā, se ūpgang sunnan,
And sēo ærning þæs hēorotes
Se glēowcræft þære blīre orgelan,
Swētswēge drēamnes in þǣm chore.

Se hōlen and þæt īfig
Þonne hīe begen full ġegrowen,
Ealla trēowa þe sind in þǣm wealda,
Se hōlen birþ þone corōna.
Lā, se ūpgang sunnan,
And sēo ærning þæs hēorotes
Se glēowcræft þære blīre orgelan,
Swētswēge drēamnes in þǣm chore.

13. O Little Town of Bethlehem

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:
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Lā Lȳtel Ćeaster Bethlehemes

Lā lȳtel Ćeaster Bethlehemes
Hū stille wē sēoþ þē licgan!
Bufan þīnum dēopan and swefenlēasan slæpe
Þā swīgan steorran belēoraþ;
Swāðēah in þīnum deorcum strætum scīnþ
Þæt ēcelic lēoht;
Þā tōhopan and ēgas ealla þāra gearas
Mētaþ in þē þēos niht.

For Crist is ācenned of Marian,
And eall gadrodon bufan,
Þenden slæpþ feorhcyn, þā englas habbað
Þāra wæcce wundorlice lufe.
Lā morgenlice steorran, samod
Ābēodaþ þā hālige ācennednesse
And singaþ lofu tō Gode, þām cyninge,
And sib tō mannum on middangearde.

Æthwæga swīglīce, æthwæga swīglīce,
Sēo wundorgiefu is giefen!
Swā āgiefþ God to menniscum heortum
Þā blētsunga his heofones.
Ne eare hīere His cyme,
Ac in þisse worulde leahtores,
Þær līða sāwla Hine āfōð forþ,
Þær ingæþ se lēofa Crist.

Lā hālig Ćild Bethlehemes,
Sīg tō ūs, wē biddaþ;
Weorp ūt ūre leahtor and ingā,
Wæcna in ūs tōdæg.
Wē hīeraþ þā Cristesmæssan englas
Tellaþ miĉelu gladu godspell:
Lā, cum tō ūs, abīd mid ūs,
Ūre Dryhten Emmanuel!

14. See, amid the winter's snow,

See, amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on Earth below,
See, the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.
Hail, thou ever blessed 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 among the cherubim.
Hail, thou ever blessed morn,
Hail redemption's happy dawn,
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news today;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?
Hail, thou ever blessed morn,
Hail redemption's happy dawn,
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

“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.”
Hail, thou ever blessed morn,
Hail redemption's happy dawn,
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this.
Hail, thou ever blessed morn,
Hail redemption's happy dawn,
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee,
In Thy sweet humility.
Hail, thou ever blessed morn,
Hail redemption's happy dawn,
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Sēoþ, onmiddan þæs wintres snāwe,

Sēoþ, onmiddan þæs wintres snāwe,
Wæcnaþ for ūs on eorðe niðer,
Sēoþ, þæt nīwerne lamb ætiweþ,
Behätte of ēcum gēarum.
Welgā, þū æfre ēadiġ morgen,
Welgā ālȳsednesse blīðemōd ærmorgen,
Singað þurh eall Jerusaleme,
Crist wæcnaþ in Bethleheme.

Lā, innan binne liþ
Hē þe timbrode þā āstyrreda lyfta;
Hē þe, ġehālgod in hēanesse ūpliçe,
Sitt betwēonan þæm čeruphīne.
Welgā, þū æfre ēadiġ morgen,
Welgā ālȳsednesse blīðemōd ærmorgen,
Singað þurh eall Jerusaleme,
Crist wæcnaþ in Bethleheme.

Secgaþ, ġē hāliġe scēaphierdas, secgaþ,
Þe ēower blīðe spell tōdæg;
Forhwȳ læfdon ġē ēower scēap
On þæm annan clifigan munte?
Welgā, þū æfre ēadiġ morgen,
Welgā ālȳsednesse blīðemōd ærmorgen,
Singað þurh eall Jerusaleme,
Crist wæcnaþ in Bethleheme.

“Swā wacodon wē onmiddan nihte,
Lā, wē lōcodon wrætlic leoht:
Englas singað ‘Frið on Middangeard’
Secgaþ ūs be þæs Hælendes ācennednesse.”
Welgā, þū æfre ēadiġ morgen,
Welgā ālȳsednesse blīðemōd ærmorgen,
Singað þurh eall Jerusaleme,
Crist wæcnaþ in Bethleheme.

Ġehālgod Lytling, eall godcund,
Þe biliwit lufu wæs þīn,
Þus fram hīehst bliss tō dūne
Þylcre worulde swā þisre cuman.
Welgā, þū æfre ēadiġ morgen,
Welgā ālȳsednesse blīðemōd ærmorgen,
Singað þurh eall Jerusaleme,
Crist wæcnaþ in Bethleheme.

Tāce, lā ūs tāce, Hāliġ Čild,
Be þīnum nebwlite swā manswæsum and milde,
Tāce ūs þe æfterhyrgan,
In þære līðan eaþmōdnesse.
Welgā, þū æfre ēadiġ morgen,
Welgā ālȳsednesse blīðemōd ærmorgen,
Singað þurh eall Jerusaleme,
Crist wæcnaþ in Bethleheme.