

Oh Little Town of Bethlehem

Oh 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.
Oh 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.

Oh 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 Emanuel!

O Come, Little Children

O come, little children, O come one and all!
O come to the cradle in Bethlehem's stall!
Come see what has happened this holiest night;
Come gaze on the gift from the Father of Might.

How sweetly He lies in His bed made of straw,
As Mary and Joseph behold Him in awe!
The shepherds are kneeling before His poor bed,
While caroling angels are heard over head.

O come, join the shepherds, and on bended knee
Give thanks to the Father for Jesus our king.
O lift up your voices and join in the praise,
That angels from Heav'n to the Father now raise.

“Empty Manger” Abortion Mill

Christmas Caroling

Pro-Life Action League, 12/18/04



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 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 Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle till 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.

Silent Night

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 Savior is born! Christ the Savior 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.

It Came upon a 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 heav'n'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 unfurl'd,
And still their heavenly music floats, O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains, They bend on hov'ring 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 still their heav'nly music floats O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on hov'ring wing.
And ever o'er its Babel sounds The blessed angels sing.

For lo! the days are hast'ning on, By prophet seen of old,
When, with the ever-circling years, Shall come the time forefold,
When peace shall over all the earth, Its ancient splendors fling,
And all the world send back the song, Which now the angels sing.

What Child Is This?

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!

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 the song on high,
The Virgin sings her lullaby:
Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen

God rest you merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Savior was born on Christmas day,
To save us all from Satan's pow'r when we were gone astray;

Chorus: O tidings of comfort and joy, Comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

In Bethlehem in Jewry, this blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger upon this blessed morn;
The which his mother Mary, did nothing take in scorn; *{Chorus}*

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; *{Chorus}*

The First Noel

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

Chorus: Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, 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. *{Chorus}*

This star drew nigh to the northwest,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay. *{Chorus}*

Then entered in those wise men three
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in his presence
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense. *{Chorus}*