

Hymn No. 245 The First Noel

- 1 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.

- 2 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.
 Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, born is the King of Israel.

- 3 And by the light of that same star
 three Wise Men came from country far;
 to see for a king was their intent,
 and to follow the star wherever it went.
 Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, born is the King of Israel.

- 4 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.
 Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, born is the King of Israel.

- 5 Then entered in those Wise Men three,
 full reverently upon the knee;
 and offered there, in his presence,
 their gold and myrrh and frankincense.
 Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, born is the King of Israel.

Hymn No. 219 What Child Is This

1 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.

2 Why lies he in such mean estate
 Where ox and ass are feeding?
 Good Christians, fear, for sinners here,
 The silent Word is pleading.
 This, this is Christ the King,
 whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
 haste, haste to bring him laud,
 the babe, the son of Mary.

3 So bring him incense, gold, and myrrh,
 Come, peasant, king, to own him;
 The King of kings salvation brings,
 Let loving hearts enthrone him.
 This, this is Christ the King,
 whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
 haste, haste to bring him laud,
 the babe, the son of Mary.

Hymn No. 242 Love Came Down at Christmas

- 1 Love came down at Christmas,
 Love all lovely, Love divine;
 Love was born at Christmas;
 star and angels gave the sign.

- 2 Worship we the Godhead,
 Love incarnate, Love divine;
 worship we our Jesus,
 but wherewith for sacred sign?

- 3 Love shall be our token;
 love be yours and love be mine;
 love to God and others,
 love for plea and gift and sign.

Hymn No. 236 While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

- 1 While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
all seated on the ground, the angel of the Lord came down,
and glory shone around, and glory shone around.
- 2 “Fear not!” said he, for mighty dread
had seized their troubled mind. “Glad tidings of great joy I bring
to all of humankind, to all of humankind.
- 3 “To you, in David’s town, this day
is born of David’s line a Savior, who is Christ the Lord,
and this shall be the sign, and this shall be the sign.
- 4 “The heavenly babe you there shall find
to human view displayed, all meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
and in a manger laid, and in a manger laid.”
- 5 Thus spake the seraph and forthwith
appeared a shining throng of angels praising God on high,
who thus addressed their song, who thus addressed their song:
- 6 “All glory be to God on high,
and to the earth be peace; good will hence-forth from heaven to earth
begin and never cease, begin and never cease!”

Hymn No. 254 We Three Kings

- 1 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.*
- 2 Born a King on Bethlehem's plain, gold I bring to crown him again,
King forever, ceasing never, over us all to reign.
*O star of wonder, star of light, star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to thy perfect light.*
- 3 Frankincense to offer have I; incense owns a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising, voices raising, worshiping God on high.
*O star of wonder, star of light, star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to thy perfect light.*
- 4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
*O star of wonder, star of light, star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to thy perfect light.*
- 5 Glorious now behold him arise; King and God and sacrifice;
Alleluia, Alleluia, sounds through the earth and skies.
*O star of wonder, star of light, star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to thy perfect light.*