

Christmas Carols

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Angels from the Realm of Glory

Irishman James Montgomery wrote the words to Angels from the Realms of Glory in 1816. Henry Smart composed the music to this triumphant carol.

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, come and worship
Worship Christ the newborn King

Shepherds in the fields abiding
Watching o'er your flocks by night
God with man is now residing
Yonder shines the Infant light
Come and worship, come and worship
Worship Christ the newborn King

Saints before the alter bending
Watching long in hope and fear
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear
Come and worship, come and worship
Worship Christ the newborn King

Angels We Have Heard On High

French carol, ca. 1862

Angels we have heard on high
Sweetly singing o'er the plains
And the mountains in reply,
Echoing their joyous strains.

Chorus

Glo-ori-a in excelsis de-o
Glo-ori-a in excelsis de-o

Shepherds, why this Jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be
Which inspire your heavenly song?

Chorus

Glo-ori-a in excelsis de-o
Glo-ori-a in excelsis de-o

Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee
Christ, the Lord,
The newborn King

Chorus

Glo-ori-a in excelsis de-o
Glo-ori-a in excelsis de-o

See Him in a manger laid
Jesus, Lord of heaven and earth!
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
With us sing our Savior's birth.

Chorus

Glo-ori-a in excelsis de-o
Glo-ori-a in excelsis de-o

Auld Lang Syne

Auld Lang Syne originated as a Scottish poem and retains the original lyrics. See our translations below. Auld Lang Syne is traditionally sung at midnight on New Year's Eve.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?
And days of auld lang syne, my dear,
And days of auld lang syne.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

We twa hae run about the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine.
We've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.
Sin' auld lang syne, my dear,
Sin' auld lang syne,
We've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae sported i' the burn,
From morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.
Sin' auld lang syne, my dear,
Sin' auld lang syne.
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And ther's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Translation:

auld lang syne – times gone by
twa – two
hae – have
about – about
braes – hills
pu'd – pulled

gowans – daisies
mony – many
burn – stream
braid – broad
gie's – give

Away in a Manger

The words to this popular carol were first published anonymously in Philadelphia in 1885. The melody was later added by American composer James Ramsey Murray in 1887.

Away in a manger, no crib for His 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 poor Baby wakes
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

Bring a Torch, Jeanette Isabella

French carol, ca. 1553

Bring a torch, Jeanette, Isabella
Bring a torch, come swiftly and run
Christ is born, tell the folk of the village
Jesus is sleeping in His cradle
Ah, ah, beautiful is the Mother
Ah, ah, beautiful is her Son

Hasten now, good folk of the village
Hasten now, the Christ Child to see
You will find Him asleep in the manger
Quietly come and whisper softly
Hush, hush, peacefully now He slumbers
Hush, hush, peacefully now He sleeps

Coventry Carol

Englishman Robert Croo wrote the lyrics of the Coventry Carol for the Pageant of the Shearman and Tailors Guild in 1534. The composer of the music is unknown.

Lullay, Thou little tiny Child,
By, by, lully, lullay.
Lullay, Thou little tiny Child.
By, by, lully, lullay.

O sisters, too, how may we do,
For to preserve this day;
This poor Youngling for whom we sing,
By, by, lully, lullay.

Herod the King, in his raging,
Charged he hath this day;
His men of might, in his own sight,
All children young, to slay.

Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee,
And ever mourn and say;
For Thy parting, nor say nor sing,
By, by, lully, lullay.

Deck the Halls

Although the background of this song has never been identified, most historians estimate that both the lyrics and melody originate from 16th-century Wales.

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 blazing Yule 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 tell of Yule tide 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, ye lads and lasses,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Sing we joyous, 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.

Go, Tell It on the Mountain

This popular American carol was created around the turn of the 19th century. Some historians have linked it to a Nashville composer, Frederick J. Work.

While shepherds kept their watching
Over silent flocks by night,
Behold throughout the heavens,
There shone a holy light:

Chorus

Go, tell it on the mountain,
Over the hills and everywhere;
Go, tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born.

The shepherds feared and trembled
When lo! above the earth
Rang out the angel chorus
That hailed our Savior's birth:

Chorus

Go, tell it on the mountain,
Over the hills and everywhere;
Go, tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born.

Down in a lowly manger
Our humble Christ was born
And God send us salvation,
That blessed Christmas morn:

Chorus

Go, tell it on the mountain,
Over the hills and everywhere;
Go, tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born.

God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen!

This traditional carol probably originated in 16th-century London and is reputed to be one of the oldest. The version we know today arose during the Victorian era, when caroling in groups became popular in England and America.

God rest ye merry, gentlemen
Let nothing you dismay
Remember, Christ, our Savior
Was born on Christmas day
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray

Chorus

O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy

In Bethlehem, in Israel,
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

O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy

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 deface.

Chorus

O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy

Good King Wenceslas

The melody to this carol was written in the 16th century. The lyrics, based on a Bohemian legend about Saint Wenceslas, were later added by John M. Neale in the mid-1800s to celebrate the feast of Saint Stephen (the first Christian martyr) on December 26.

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the feast of Stephen
When the snow lay round about
Deep and crisp and even
Brightly shone the moon that night
Though the frost was cruel
When a poor man came in sight
Gath'ring winter fuel

"Hither, page, and stand by me
If thou know'st it, telling
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence
Underneath the mountain
Right against the forest fence
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine
Bring me pine logs hither
Thou and I will see him dine
When we bear him thither."
Page and monarch forth they went
Forth they went together
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather

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

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

In his master's steps he trod
Where the snow lay dinted
Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed
Therefore, Christian men, be sure
Wealth or rank possessing
Ye who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Charles Wesley, co-founder of the Protestant denomination Methodism, wrote the lyrics to this carol in 1739. The melody, written in 1840 by Felix Mendelssohn, was added later.

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 angelic host proclaim
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
Hark! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the favored one.
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!"

It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

Known as one of the first carols composed by Americans, this song combines an 1849 poem by Massachusetts minister Edmund H. Sears and an 1850 melody created by Boston musician Richard S. Willis.

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, goodwill to men
From heavens 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.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace, their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day

After his son was severely wounded in the Civil War, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote this poem. It was later joined with an 1872 melody composed by Englishman John Baptiste Calkin.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And in despair I bowed my head:
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep;
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men."

Till, ringing singing, on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Jingle Bells

Boston musician James S. Pierpont wrote the lyrics and melody to this song for a Sunday school class in 1857. One hundred years later, it inspired one of the best-known Christmas rock songs, "Jingle Bell Rock."

Dashing through the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh
O'er the fields we go
Laughing all the way

Bells on bobtail ring
Making spirits bright
What fun it is to sing a sleighing song tonight!

Oh! Jingle bells, jingle bells
Jingle all the way.
What fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!

Jolly Old St. Nicholas

This anonymously written carol was likely composed in the second half of the 19th century. Some historians link it to composer Benjamin R. Hanby, who created "Up on the Housetop." The songs have similar styles.

Jolly old Saint Nicholas, lean your ear this way
Don't you tell a single soul
What I'm going to say.
Christmas Eve is coming soon
Now you dear old man,
Whisper what you'll bring to me
Tell me if you can.

When the clock is striking twelve
When I'm fast asleep
Down the chimney broad and black
With your pack you'll creep.
All the stockings you will find hanging in a row
Mine will be the shortest one
You'll be sure to know.

Johnny wants a pair of skates;
Susie wants a sled; Nellie wants a picture book
Yellow, blue, and red.
Now I think I'll leave to you
What to give the rest.
Choose for me, dear Santa Claus
You will know the best.

Joy to the World

The lyrics to this song come from a 1719 hymn written by Englishman Isaac Watts. The melody has been credited to two composers: German George Frederick Handel and American Lowell Mason.

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.

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.

O Christmas Tree

Some historians have said this German folk carol is from the Middle Ages, but most likely it was created in the 16th or 17th century.

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree!
Thy leaves are so unchanging;
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree!
Thy leaves are so unchanging;
Not only green when summer's here,
But also when 'tis cold and drear.
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree!
Thy leaves are so unchanging!

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree!
Thy candles shine so brightly;
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree!
Thy candles shine so brightly;
From base to summit, gay and bright,
There's only splendor for the sight.
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree!
Thy candles shine so brightly!

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree!
How richly God has decked thee;
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree!
How richly God has decked thee;
Thou bidst us true and faithful be,
And trust in God unchangingly.
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree!
How richly God has decked thee!

O Come, All Ye Faithful

The words for this carol were originally written in Latin by Englishman John Wade ("Adeste Fideles"). Fellow Englishman John Reading composed the now-familiar melody. Reverend Frederick Oakley translated it into English in 1841.

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;

Chorus

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 heaven above;
Glory to God,
Glory in the highest;

Chorus

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ, the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesus, to Thee be all glory given;
Son of the Father, now in flesh appearing

Chorus

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ, the Lord.

O Holy Night

In 1847 Frenchman Placide Cappeau asked composer Adolphe Adam to write a melody for Cappeau's recently written poem. The result was one of the best-known French Christmas carols.

O holy night! The stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Savior's birth.
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
Till He appeared and the soul 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!
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 Orient land.
The King of kings lay thus lowly manger;
In all our trials born to be our friends.
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 shall He 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!

O Little Town of Bethlehem

Philadelphia clergyman Phillips Brooks wrote the lyrics to this song in 1868, recalling a trip to Israel three years earlier. His friend, organist Lewis H. Redner, wrote the melody.

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.

Silent Night

On Christmas Eve 1818, in Austria, the organ in St. Nicholas Church broke down. Franz Gruber, the organist, was forced to write a simple melody for two solo voices, the chorus, and a guitar. With Father Joseph Mohr's simple set of lyrics, the song was performed at the evening service to great acclaim.

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

The First Noel

This piece originates from 16th-century England. It was first published in a package of cards in 1833.

The first Noel the angels 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!

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!

This star drew nigh to the northwest
Over 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!

Then entered in those wise men three
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence
Their gold, and myrrh and frankincense.
Noel Noel Noel Noel!
Born is the King of Israel!

The Holly and the Ivy

Historians link the greenery of this song to medieval symbols of rivalry between males and females. Historically, holly was supposed to represent men, and the ivy, women.

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

The holly bears a blossom
As white as lily flower
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet Savior
O the rising of the sun
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ
Sweet singing of the choir

The holly and the ivy
Now both are full well grown,
Of all the 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 of the choir

The Twelve Days of Christmas

This English folk song was written prior to the 19th century. Historians say the "Twelve Days" represent those between the birth of Christ (Christmas, December 25) and the coming of the Magi (Epiphany, January 6).

On the first day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me:
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the second day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me:
Two turtle doves...

On the third day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me:
Three French hens...

On the fourth day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me:
Four calling birds...

On the fifth day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me:
Five golden rings...

On the sixth day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me:
Six geese a-laying...

On the seventh day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me:
Seven swans a-swimming...

On the eighth day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me:
Eight maids a-milking...

On the ninth day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me:
Nine ladies dancing...

On the tenth day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me:
Ten lords a-leaping...

On the eleventh day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me:
Eleven pipers piping...

On the twelfth day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me:
**Twelve drummers drumming,
Eleven pipers piping
Ten lords a-leaping...
Nine ladies dancing,
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five golden rings!
Four calling birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves,
and a partridge in a pear tree.**

The Wassail Song

The author and composer of this carol is unknown, but historians do know "Wassail" is olde English for "Good Health" and was also spiced or mulled wine.

Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wand'ring
So fair to be seen.
Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail, too,
And God bless you, and send you
A Happy New Year,
And God send you a Happy New Year.

Good master and good mistress,
As you sit beside the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
Who wander in the mire.
Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail, too,
And God bless you, and send you
A Happy New Year,
And God send you a Happy New Year.

God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too;
And all the little children
That round the table go.
Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail, too,
And God bless you, and send you
A Happy New Year,
And God send you a Happy New Year.

We Three Kings of Orient Are

In 1857, Dr. John H. Hopkins of Pennsylvania wrote both the lyrics and melody to this song as a Christmas gift for his nephews and nieces.

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

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

Chorus

O Star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to thy Perfect Light

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh
Pray'r and praising, all men raising
Worship Him, God most high

Chorus

O Star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to thy Perfect Light

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

Up on the Housetop

Composer Benjamin R. Hanby, of Ohio, wrote this children's favorite in the mid-1800s.

Up on the housetop reindeer pause
Out jumps good old Santa Claus;
Down through the chimney with lots of toys
All for the little ones, Christmas joys

Ho, ho, ho, who wouldn't go?
Ho, ho, ho, who wouldn't go?
Up on the housetop, click, click, click
Down through the chimney with good Saint Nick.

We Wish You a Merry Christmas

This song was created in England, and historians believe it originated in the 16th century.

We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy New Year.

We all know that Santa's coming
We all know that Santa's coming
We all know that Santa's coming
And soon will be here.

Good tidings to we bring
To you and you kin
We wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy New Year.

What Child Is This?

The melody of this song is a popular English tune, "Greensleeves," which was written in the Elizabethan era. Englishman William Chatterton Dix wrote the lyrics in 1865.

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.

Why lies He in such mean estate
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, 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.

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.