

KINGSMEAD PRIMARY SCHOOL CAROLS FOR CHRISTMAS 2019



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 Night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.*

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

O—Star of Wonder, Star of Night ...

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

O—Star of Wonder, Star of Night ...

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 Night ...

Glorious now behold him arise,
King, and God, and sacrifice.
Heav'n sings: "Alleluya";
"Alleluya" the earth replies.

O—Star of Wonder, Star of 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.

Good King Wenceslas looked out

On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp even.
Brightly shone the moon that night
Though the Frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight
Gathering 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 St Agnes fountain.

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

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.

Don't be shy! Please support the children by joining in.

The staff and children of Kingsmead Primary School wish you a happy Christmas and Peaceful 2015
Please remember to recycle your Christmas tree and cards!

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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.

And through all
His wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love and watch the lowly mother,
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all should be,
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our child-hood'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

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.*

See how the shepherds,
Summoned to his cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;
We too will thither bend our joyful footsteps:

O come let us adore him . . .

Sing choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,

Sing all ye citizens of heaven above
Glory to God
In the highest

O come let us adore him . . .

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 on the hay.

Be near me lord Jesus, I ask thee to stay
Close by me for ever, and love me I pray.
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' 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 favoured one.
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see;
Hail, th'incarnate Deity:
Pleased, as man, with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born 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 son of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald
angels sing,
"Glory to the new-
born King !



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