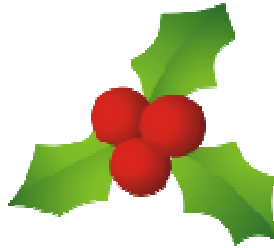
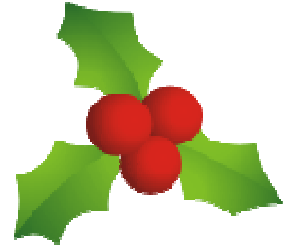
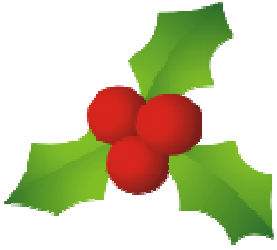




## MS Trust Christmas Carol Song sheet





## 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 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 bedside till morning is nigh.

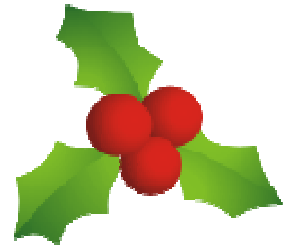
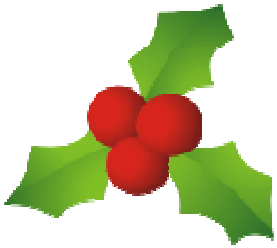
Be near me Lord Jesus; I ask thee to stay  
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.  
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,  
And fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.

## Ding Dong! Merrily on high

Ding Dong! Merrily on high,  
In heaven the bells are ringing.  
Ding Dong! Verily the sky  
Is riv'n with angels singing.  
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

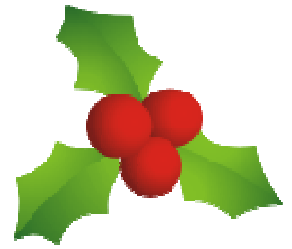
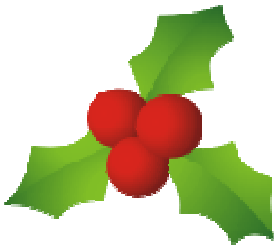
E'en so here below, below,  
Let steeple bells be swungen,  
And i-o, i-o, i-o, by priest and  
people sungen,  
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you dutifully prime your  
matin chime, ye ringers;  
May you beautifully rime your  
Evetime song ye singers;  
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!



## God rest ye merry, gentlemen

1. 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
2. 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  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
Comfort and joy  
O tidings of comfort and joy
3. 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
4. "Fear not then," said the Angel,  
"Let nothing you affright,  
This day is born a Saviour  
Of a pure Virgin bright,  
To free all those who trust in Him  
From Satan's power and might."  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
Comfort and joy  
O tidings of comfort and joy
5. The shepherds at those tidings  
Rejoiced much in mind,  
And left their flocks a-feeding  
In tempest, storm and wind:  
And went to Bethlehem straightway  
The Son of God to find.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
Comfort and joy  
O tidings of comfort and joy
6. And when they came to Bethlehem  
Where our dear Saviour lay,  
They found Him in a manger,  
Where 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
7. 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.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
Comfort and joy  
O tidings of comfort and joy

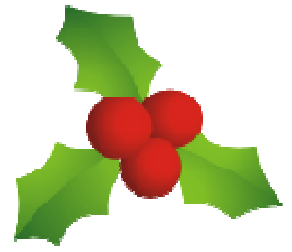
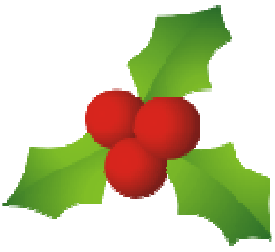


## Hark! The herald angels sing

1. 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 the angelic host proclaim:  
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.  
'Hark! The herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.
2. Christ, by highest heaven 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 Immanuel:  
'Hark! The herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.
3. 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 new-born King.

## O little town of Bethlehem

1. 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 street shineth  
The everlasting light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.
2. 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 all the earth!
3. 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.
4. 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 Immanuel!

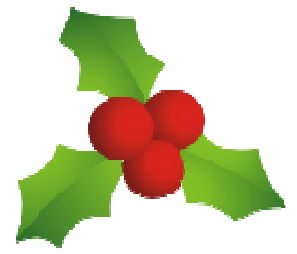
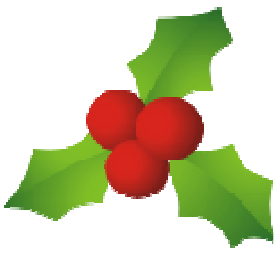


## Silent Night

1. 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.
2. Silent night, holy night,  
Darkness flies, all is light!  
Shepherds hear the angels sing;  
'Alleluia! Hail the King!  
Jesus, the Saviour is here,  
Jesus, the Saviour is here.'
3. 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.
4. Silent night, holy night,  
Wondrous star, lend thy light,  
With the angels let us sing,  
Alleluia to our King!  
Christ the Saviour is born,  
Christ the Saviour is born.

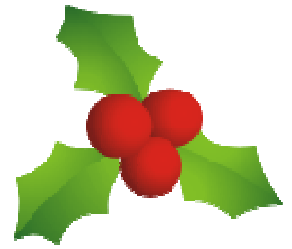
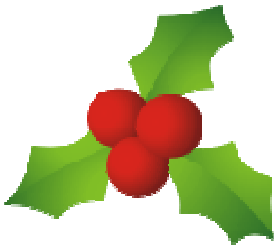
## Deck the halls

1. 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.
2. 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.
3. 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.
4. 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.
5. 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.
6. 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.



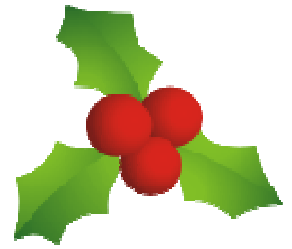
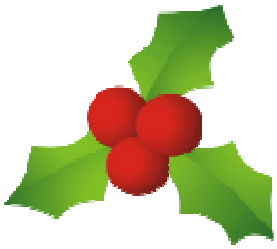
## Good King Wenceslas

1. 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
2. "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."
3. "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
4. "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."
5. 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



## The First Noel

1. 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!
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 seek 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 Pause and stay  
Right o'er 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 their knee  
And offered there in His presence  
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.  
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel  
Born is the King of Israel!
6. Then let us all with one accord  
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord  
That hath made Heaven and earth of nought  
And with his blood mankind has bought.  
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel  
Born is the King of Israel!



## The Holly and the Ivy

1. 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
2. The holly bears a blossom  
As white as lily flower  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
To be our sweet Saviour  
O the rising of the sun  
And the running of the deer  
The playing of the merry organ  
Sweet singing of the choir
3. 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 of the choir
4. 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 of the choir
5. The holly bears a bark  
As bitter as any 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 of the choir
6. 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