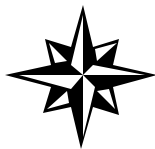




Hark the Herald Angels Sing

Hark! The herald angels sing, “Glory to the newborn King! Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinner reconciled.” Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumph of the skies; With angelic hosts proclaim “Christ is born in Bethlehem.” Hark! The herald angels sing, “Glory to the newborn King!”



The First Noel

The First Noel, the angels did say, Was to certain poor shepherds 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.



We Three Kings

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.



Joy to the World

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.