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| **SANTA WALK 2019 - CAROLS** |
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| **Hark The Herald Angels Sing**Hark the herald angels sing"Glory to the newborn King!Peace on earth and mercy mildGod and sinners reconciled"Joyful, all ye nations riseJoin the triumph of the skiesWith the angelic host proclaim:"Christ is born in Bethlehem"Hark! The herald angels sing"Glory to the newborn King!"Christ by highest heav'n adoredChrist the everlasting Lord!Late in time behold Him comeOffspring of a Virgin's wombVeiled in flesh the Godhead seeHail the incarnate DeityPleased as man with man to dwellJesus, our EmmanuelHark! The herald angels sing"Glory to the newborn King!"Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!Hail the Son of Righteousness!Light and life to all He bringsRis'n with healing in His wingsMild He lays His glory byBorn that man no more may dieBorn to raise the sons of earthBorn to give them second birthHark! The herald angels sing"Glory to the newborn King!" | **While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night**While shepherds watched their flocks by night,All seated on the ground,The angel of the Lord came down,And glory shone around."Fear not," said he, for mighty dreadHad seized their troubled mind,"Glad tidings of great joy I bringTo you and all mankind. ""To you, in David's town this day,Is born of David's lineThe Savior who is Christ the Lord,And this shall be the sign:The heavenly Babe you there shall findTo human view displayed,All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,And in a manger laid. "Thus spake the seraph, and forthwithAppeared a shining throngOf angels praising God and thusAddressed their joyful song:"All glory be to God on highAnd on the earth be peace,Goodwill henceforth from heaven to menBegin and never cease. " |
| **Silent Night, Holy Night**Silent night, holy nightAll is calm, all is brightRound yon Virgin Mother and ChildHoly Infant so tender and mildSleep in heavenly peaceSleep in heavenly peace | Silent night, holy night!Shepherds quake at the sightGlories stream from heaven afarHeavenly hosts sing Alleluia!Christ, the Saviour is bornChrist, the Saviour is bornSilent night, holy nightSon of God, love's pure lightRadiant beams from Thy holy faceWith the dawn of redeeming graceJesus, Lord, at Thy birthJesus, Lord, at Thy birth " |

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| Good King WenscelasGood King Wenceslas looked outOn the feast of StephenWhen the snow lay round aboutDeep and crisp and evenBrightly shone the moon that nightThough the frost was cruelWhen a poor man came in sightGath'ring winter fuel"Hither, page, and stand by meIf thou know'st it, tellingYonder peasant, who is he?Where and what his dwelling?""Sire, he lives a good league henceUnderneath the mountainRight against the forest fenceBy Saint Agnes' fountain.""Bring me flesh and bring me wineBring me pine logs hitherThou and I will see him dineWhen we bear him thither."Page and monarch forth they wentForth they went togetherThrough the rude wind's wild lamentAnd the bitter weather"Sire, the night is darker nowAnd the wind blows strongerFails my heart, I know not how,I can go no longer.""Mark my footsteps, my good pageTread thou in them boldlyThou shalt find the winter's rageFreeze thy blood less coldly."In his master's steps he trodWhere the snow lay dintedHeat was in the very sodWhich the Saint had printedTherefore, Christian men, be sureWealth or rank possessingYe who now will bless the poorShall yourselves find blessing | Merry Xmas Everybody Are you hanging up a stocking on your wallIt's the time that every Santa has a ballDoes he ride a red nosed reindeerDoes a ton-up on his sleighDo the fairies keep him sober for a daySo here it is Merry XmasEverybody's having funLook to the future nowIt's only just begunAre you waiting for the family to arriveAre you sure you got the room to spare insideDoes your granny always tell yaThat the old songs are the bestThen she's up and rock and rollin' with the restSo here it is Merry XmasEverybody's having funLook to the future nowIt's only just begunWhat will your daddy do when he seesYour mama kissin' Santa ClausAh ahAre you hanging up a stocking on your wallAre you hoping that the snow will start to fallDo you ride on down the hillsideIn a buggy you have madeWhen you land upon your headThen you bin slayedSo here it is Merry XmasEverybody's having funLook to the future nowIt's only just begun |