

St Mary, Storrington



Carols for Advent, Christmas, and Epiphany

1.
Hark the glad sound! the Saviour
comes, the Saviour promised long:
let every heart prepare a throne,
and every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release
in Satan's bondage held;
the gates of brass before him burst,
the iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
the bleeding soul to cure,
and with the treasures of his grace
enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
thy welcome shall proclaim;
and heaven's eternal arches ring
with thy beloved name.

Words: Philip Doddridge (1702 – 1751)
Tune: BRISTOL Thomas Ravenscroft (1583 – 1621)
A&M 36

2.
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 Saviour reigns!
let all their songs employ;
while fields and floods,
rocks, hills and plains
repeat the sounding joy,
repeat the sounding joy,
repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

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.

Words Isaac Watts (1674 – 1748)
Tune ANTIOCH Lowell Mason (1792 – 1872)
A&M 72

3.
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 Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, 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.
Words: Joseph Mohr (1792 – 1848)
Tune: STILLE NACHT Franz Gruber (1787 – 1863)
A&M 83

4.
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 side
until 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.

Words: Anonymous but att to Martin Luther (1483 – 1546)
Tune: CRADLE SONG William J Kirkpatrick (1838–1921)
A&M 60



5.
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 morning stars, together
proclaim the holy birth!
and praises sing to God the King,
and peace to men on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary;
and gathered all above,
while mortals sleep, the angels keep
their watch of wondering love.

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.

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!

Words Phillips Brooks 1835 – 1893
Tune FOREST GREEN collected Ralph Vaughan Williams
Descant Thomas Armstrong 1898 – 1994
A&M 79



6.

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.*

God of God, Light of Light,
lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God, begotten, not created:

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

Lo! Star-led chieftains,
Magi, Christ adoring
Offer him incense, gold and myrrh
We to the Christ Child
Bring our hearts oblations:

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
glory to God, glory in the highest;

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
born this happy morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh
appearing;

*O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord.*

From Latin plainchant
Translated Frederick Oakley 1802-1880
Tune ADESTE FIDELES attrib. John F Wade 1711 -1786
A&M 78



7.

The first Nowell the angel 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:

*Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
born is the King of Israel.*

Then wise men from a country far
looked up and saw a guiding star;
they travelled on by night and day
to reach the place where Jesus lay:

At Bethlehem they entered in,
on bended knee they worshiped him;
they offered there in his presence
their gold and myrrh and frankincense:

Then let us all with one accord
sing praises to our heavenly Lord;
for Christ has our salvation wrought
and with his blood our life has bought:

*Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
born is the King of Israel.*

Words: Traditional Cornish origin
adapted by Michael Perry (1942 - 1996) © Jubilate Hymns
Tune: THE FIRST NOWELL Arr John Stainer (1840 - 1901)
A&M 86

8.

Of the Father's heart begotten,
ere the world from chaos rose,
he is Alpha: from that Fountain
all that is and hath been flows;
He is Omega, of all things
yet to come the mystic Close!
Evermore and evermore!

By his word was all created;
He commanded and 'twas done;
Earth and sky and boundless ocean,
Universe of three in one,
All that sees the moon's soft radiance,
All that breathes beneath the sun
Evermore and evermore!

O how blest that wondrous birthday
When the Maid the curse retrieved,
brought to birth mankind's salvation,
By the Holy Ghost conceived;
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
In her loving arms received,
Evermore and evermore!

Sing ye heights of heav'n his praises
Angels and Archangels sing!
Wheresoe'r ye be, ye faithful,
let your joyous anthems ring,
Ev'ry tongue his name confessing
Countless voices answering
Evermore and evermore!

Words: Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348 - 410)
Trans: Roby Furley Davis (1866-1937)
Tune: DIVINUM MYSTERIUM Plainsong melody, 12th-13th
cent.
A&M 80

