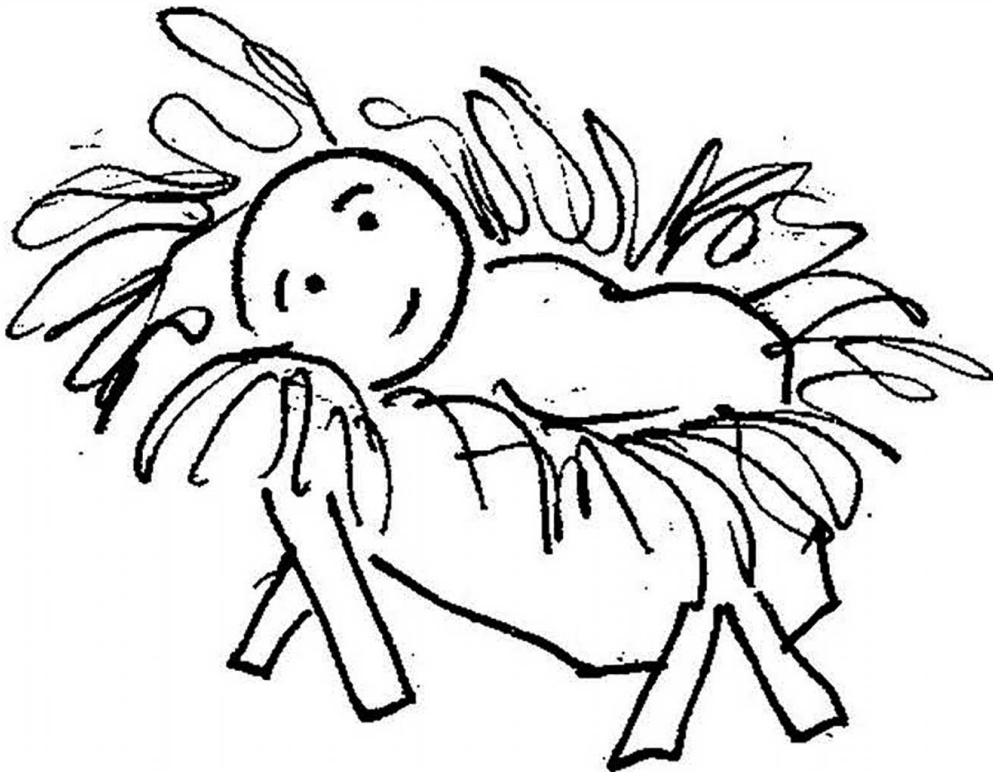


Color the Carols

Over 20 original coloring sheets
to encourage kids to learn carols.



Artwork by Rachel, Havilah, Mercy & Bethany Todd

Color the Carols

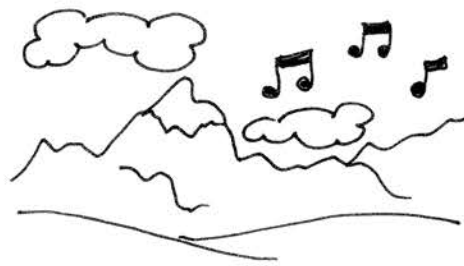
1. Angels We Have Heard On High ... page 3
2. Away In A Manger ... page 4
3. Come, Thou Long Expected Jesus ... page 5
4. Coventry Carol ... page 6
5. The Friendly Beasts ... page 7
6. Go Tell It On the Mountain ... page 9
7. God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen ... page 11
8. He Is Born, The Heav'nly Child ... page 13
9. Il Est Ne, le Divin Enfant ... page 14
10. It Came Upon A Midnight Clear ... page 16
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12. Joy to the World ... page 19
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22. We Three Kings ... page 34
23. What Child is This ... page 35

Angels We Have Heard On High

Traditional French carol; English lyrics by James Chadwick,



Angels we have heard on high
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,



And the mountains in reply
Echoing their joyous strains.



Gloria, in excelsis Deo!
Gloria, in excelsis Deo!



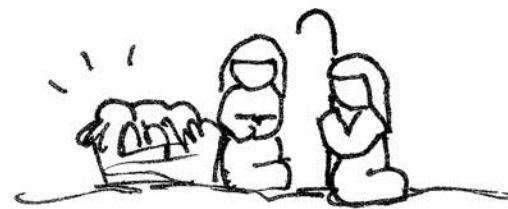
Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?



What the gladsome tidings be
Which inspire your heavenly song?



Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing;



Come, adore on bended knee,
Christ the Lord, the newborn King.



See Him in a manger laid,
Whom the choirs of angels praise;



Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
While our hearts in love we raise.

Away In A Manger

Lyrics, verses 1 & 2 anonymous, verse 3 John T. McFarland;
tune James R. Murray, 1887



Away in a manger,
no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus
laid down his sweet head.



The stars in the sky
looked down where he lay,



The little Lord Jesus
asleep on the hay.



The cattle are lowing,
the baby awakes,



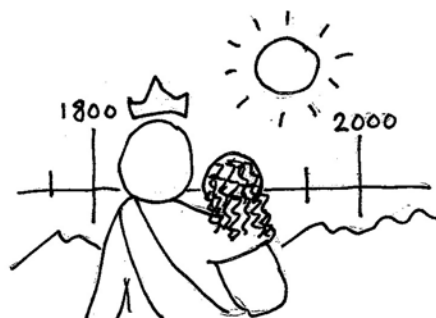
But little Lord Jesus
no crying he makes.



I love Thee, Lord Jesus,
look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle
til morning is nigh.



Be near me, Lord Jesus,
I ask Thee to stay



Close by me forever,
and love me, I pray.



Bless all the dear children
in thy tender care,
And take us to heaven,
to live with Thee there.



Come, Thou Long Expected Jesus

By Charles Wesley, 1744

verse 1



Come, thou long expected Jesus,



born to set thy people free;



from our fears and sins release us,



let us find our rest in thee.



Israel's strength and consolation,



hope of all the earth thou art;



dear desire of every nation,



joy of every longing heart.

verse 2



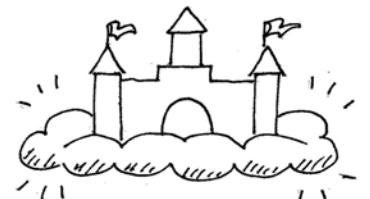
Born thy people to deliver,



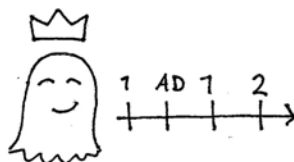
born a child and yet a King,



born to reign in us forever,



now thy gracious kingdom bring.



By thine own eternal spirit



rule in all our hearts alone;



by thine all sufficient merit,



raise us to thy glorious throne.

Coventry Carol

By unknown, written down by Robert Croo

verse 1



Lullay, thou
little tiny Child



By-bye lully, lullay



Lullay, thou
little tiny Child

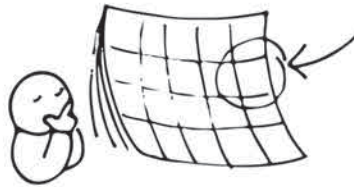


By-bye lully, lullay

verse 2



O sisters too,
how may we do



For to preserve this day



This poor Youngling
for whom we sing



By-bye lully, lullay

verse 3



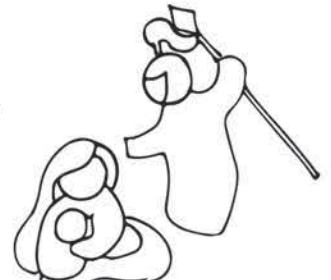
Herod the King,
in his raging



Charged he hath this day



His men of might,
in his own sight



All children young,
to slay

verse 4



Then woe is me,
poor Child, for Thee



And ever mourn
and say



For Thy parting nor
say nor sing



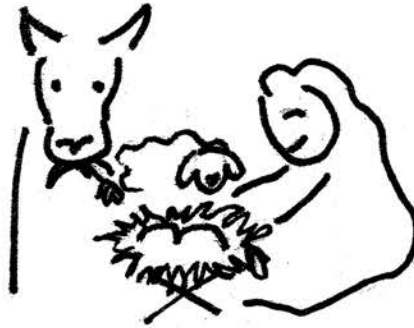
By-bye lully, lullay

The Friendly Beasts

English words by Robert Davis, 1920s; tune "Orientis Partibus."



Jesus our brother
strong and good



Was humbly born in a stable rude.
And the friendly beasts around him stood



Jesus our brother
strong and good



I, said the donkey,
shaggy and brown,



I carried his mother uphill and down
I carried his mother to Bethlehem town.



I, said the donkey,
shaggy and brown.



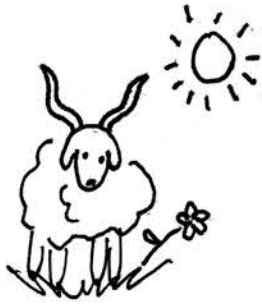
I, said the cow,
all white and red



I gave him my manger for his bed
I gave him my hay to pillow his head.



I, said the cow,
all white and red.



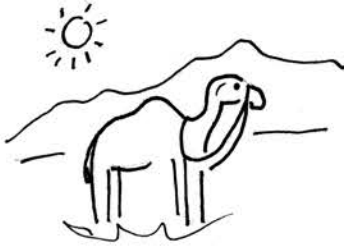
I, said the sheep,
with curly horn,



I gave him my wool for His blanket warm
He wore my coat on Christmas morn.



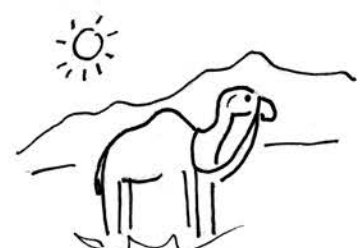
I, said the sheep,
with curly horn.



I, said the camel,
yellow and black,



Over the desert, upon my back,
I brought Him a gift in the Wise Men's pack.



I, said the camel,
yellow and black.



I, said the dove,
from the rafters high



I cooed him to sleep so He should not cry
We cooed Him to sleep, my mate and I



I, said the dove,
from the rafters hig.



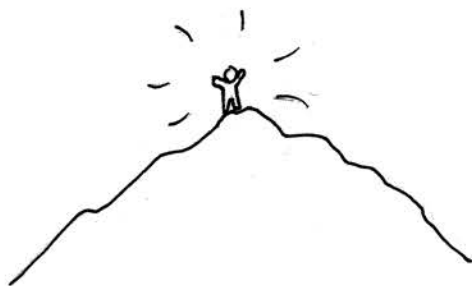
Thus all the beasts, by some good spell
In the stable dark were glad to tell



Of the gift they gave Emmanuel
The gift they gave Emmanuel

Go Tell It on the Mountain

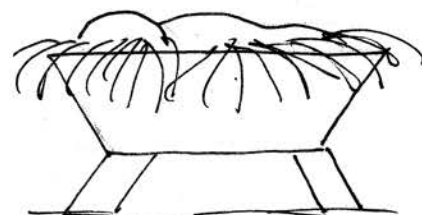
By John Wesley Work Jr., 1865



Go, tell it on the mountain



Over the hills
and everywhere



Go, tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born.



While shepherds
kept their watching



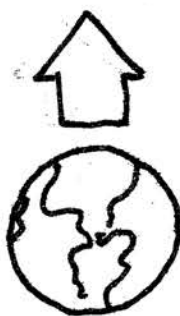
O'er silent flocks by night,



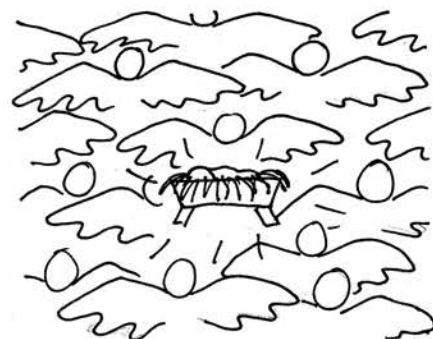
Behold throughout
the heavens
There shone a holy light



The shepherds feared
and trembled



When lo! above the earth



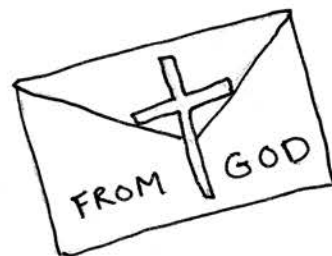
Rang out the angel chorus
That hailed our Savior's birth;



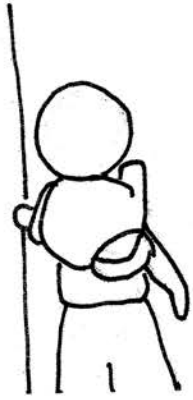
Down in a lowly manger



The humble Christ was born;



And God sent us salvation
That blessed holy morn.



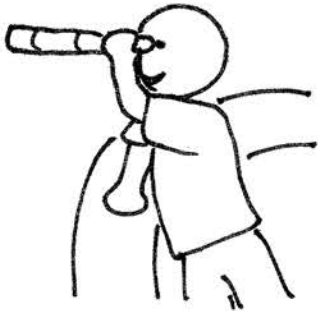
When I was a seeker



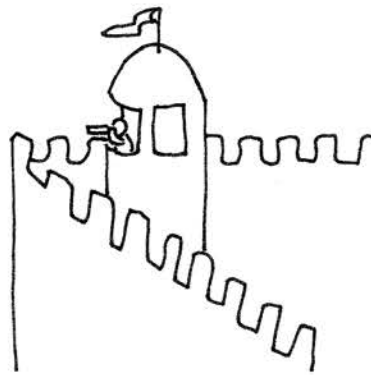
I sought both night and day



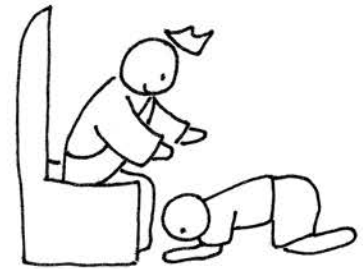
I sought the Lord to help me
And He showed me the way.



He made me a watchman



Upon the city wall



And if I am a Christian
I am the least of all.



God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

Traditional English carol from the 16th century.

verse 1



God rest yemerry,
gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,



For Jesus Christ
our Savior
Was born this holy day,



To save us all
from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.

chorus



O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

verse 2



In Bethlehem in Israel
This blessed
babe was born,



And laid within
a manger
Upon this blessed morn;



The which his mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn.

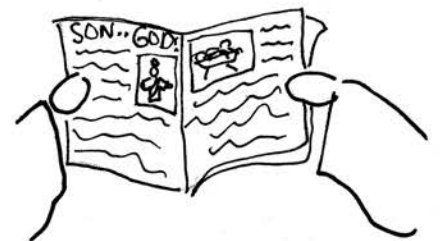
verse 3



From God our
Heav'nly 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.



Art by Mercy Todd, 2021

verse 4



"Fear not, then"
said the Angel,
"Let nothing you affright,



This day is born a Savior
Of virtue,
power and might;

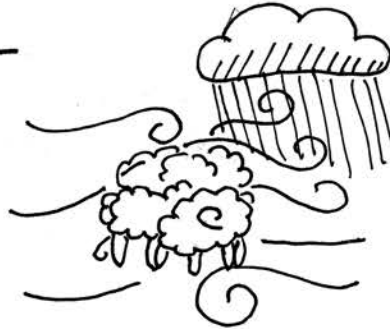


To free all those
who trust in him
From Satan's power and might."

verse 5



The Shepherds at
those tidings
Rejoic-ed much in mind,



And left their
flocks a-feeding
In tempest,
storm and wind,

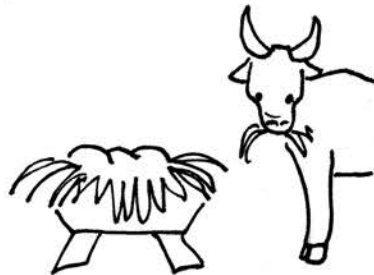


And went to
Bethlehem straightway,
This bless-ed babe to find.

verse 6



But when to Bethlehem
they came,
Whereas this infant lay,



They found him
in a manger
Where oxen feed on hay,



His mother Mary kneeling
Unto the Lord did pray.

verse 7



Now to the Lord
sing praises,
All you within this place,



And with true love
and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;

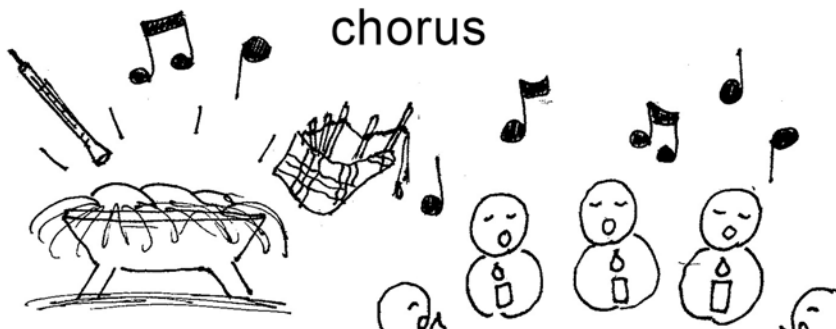


This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.

He Is Born, The Heav'nly Child

Traditional 19th century French carol. Translated to English by Edward Bliss Reed, 1930.


chorus



He is born,
the heav'nly child,
Oboes play;
set bagpipes
sounding.

He is born,
the heav'nly child.
Let all sing
his nativity.

verse 1




'Tis four thousand
years and more,
Prophets have
foretold His coming,

verse 1



'Tis four thousand
years and more,
Have we waited
this happy hour.

verse 2



Ah, how lovely,
Ah, how fair,
What perfection
is his graces,

Ah, how lovely,
Ah, how fair.
Child divine,
so gentle there.

verse 3



In a stable
lodged is he,
Straw is all he
has for cradle.

verse 3



In a stable
lodged is he,
Oh how
great humility!

verse 4



Jesus Lord,
O King with power,
Though a little babe
you come here,

verse 4



Jesus Lord,
O King with power,
Rule o'er us from
this glad hour.



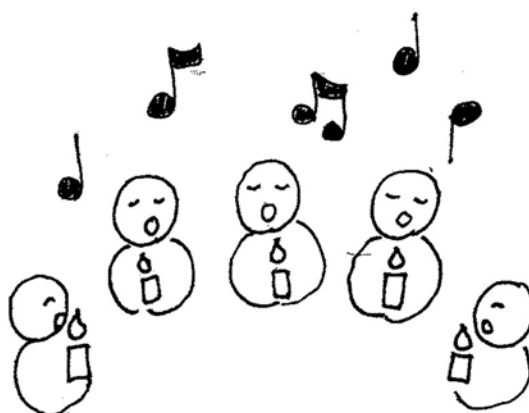
Il Est Né, le Divin Enfant

Chant français traditionnel du 19ème siècle.

refrain

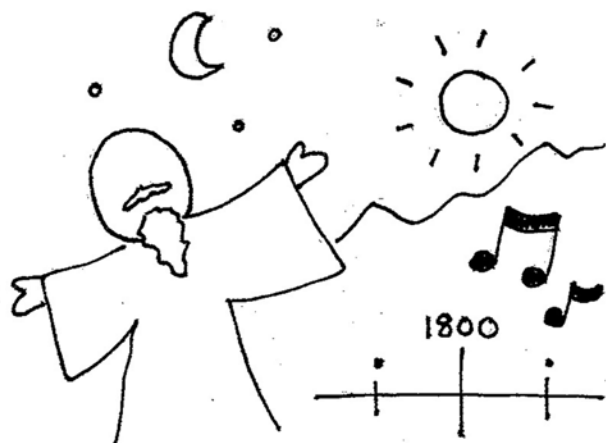


Il est né le divin enfant
Jouez hautbois, résonnez musettes

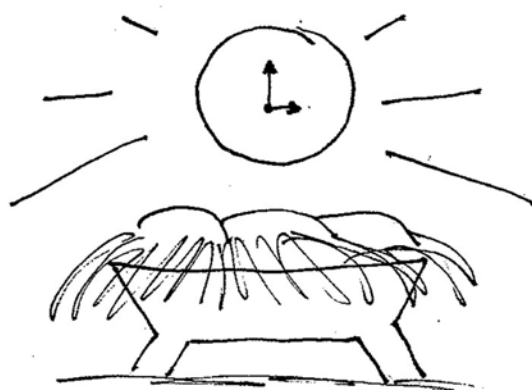


Il est né le divin enfant
Chantons tous son avènement

verset 1



Depuis plus de quatre mille ans
Nous le promettaient les prophètes



Depuis plus de quatre mille ans
Nous attendions cet heureux temps

verset 2



Ah! qu'il est beau, qu'il est charmant,
Que ses graces sont parfaites!



Ah! qu'il est beau, qu'il est charmant,
Qu'il est doux le divin Enfant!



Art par Havilah
et Mercy Todd, 2021

verset 3

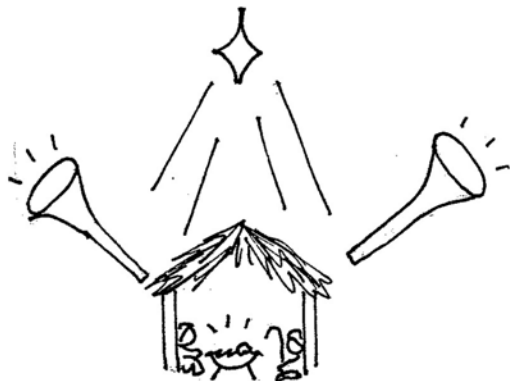


Une étable est son logement
Un peu de paille est sa couchette



Une étable est son logement
Pour un Dieu quel abaissement

verset 4

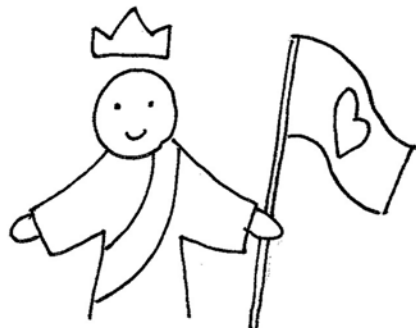


Partez ô rois de l'orient
Venez vous unir à nos fêtes



Partez ô rois de l'orient
Venez adorer cet enfant

verset 5



Il veut nos cœurs, il les attend:
Il est là pour faire leur conquête



Il veut nos cœurs, il les attend:
Donnons-les lui donc promptement!

verset 6



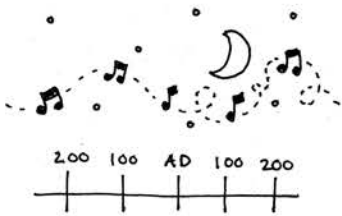
Ô Jésus, ô Roi tout puissant
Tout petit enfant que vous êtes



Ô Jésus, ô Roi tout puissant
Régnez sur nous entièrement

It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

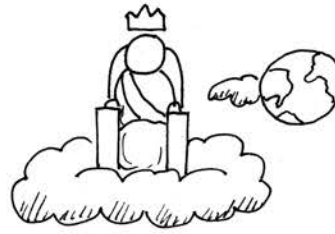
Lyrics by Edmund Sears, 1849 ; tune by Richard S. Willis, 1850



It came upon
a midnight clear,
That glorious
song of old,



From angels bending
near the earth,
To touch their
harps of gold:



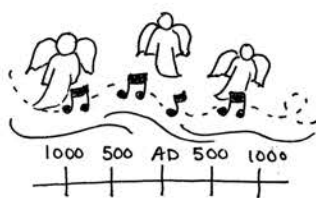
'Peace on the earth,
good will to men,'
From heaven's
all-gracious King.



The world in
solemn stillness lay,
To hear the
angels sing!



Yet with the woes
of sin and strife
The world has
suffered long,



Beneath the angel
strain have rolled
Two thousand
years of wrong;



And man, at war
with man, hears not
The love song
which they bring:



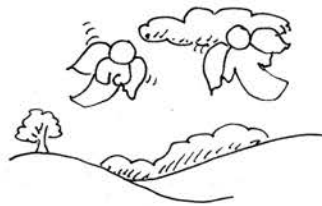
O hush the noise,
ye men of strife,
And hear the
angels sing!



Still thro' the cloven
skies they come,
With peaceful
wings unfurl'd;



And still their
heav'nly music floats
O'er all the
weary world:



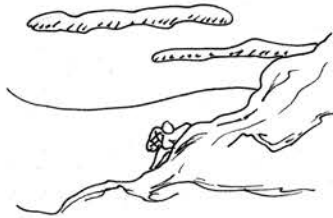
Above its sad and
lowly plains
They bend on
hov'ring wing,



And ever o'er
its Babel sounds
The blessed
angels sing.



All ye, beneath
life's crushing load,
Whose forms
are bending low,



Who toil along
the climbing way
With painful
steps and slow,



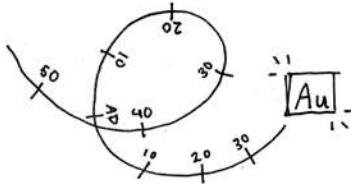
Look, now! for glad
and golden hours
Come swiftly
on the wing:



O rest beside
the weary road,
And hear the
angels sing!



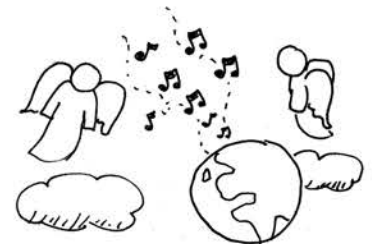
For lo! the days
are hast'ning on,
By prophet
bards foretold,



When with the
ever-circling years
Comes round
the age of gold;



When peace shall
over all the earth
Its ancient
splendors fling,



And the whole world
give back the song
Which now the
angels sing!

Jingle Bells

Lyrics & tune by James L. Pierpont, 1857.



verse 1

Dashing through
the snow
In a one horse
open sleigh

O'er the fields we go
Laughing all the way

Bells on bob tails ring
Making spirits bright

What fun it is
to laugh and sing
A sleighing
song tonight

chorus



repeat

Oh, jingle bells, jingle bells
Jingle all the way

Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one horse open sleigh



verse 2



A day or two ago
I thought I'd
take a ride



And soon
Miss Fanny Bright
Was seated by my side



The horse was
lean and lank
Misfortune
seemed his lot



We got into
a drifted bank
And then we got upsot



Art by
Bethany Todd,
2021.

Joy to the World

Lyrics by Isaac Watts, 1719; tune by Lowell Mason, 1848

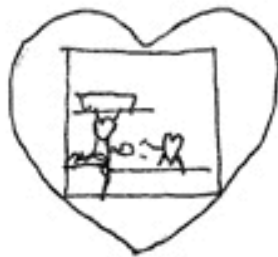
verse 1



Joy to the world!
The Lord is come



Let earth
receive her King!



Let every heart
prepare Him room



And heaven
and nature sing...

verse 2



Joy to the world!
The Savior reigns



Let men their
songs employ



While fields and floods
Rocks, hills and plains



Repeat the
sounding joy

verse 3



No more let sins
and sorrows grow



Nor thorns infest
the ground



He comes to make
His blessings flow



Far as the curse
is found...

verse 4



He rules the world
with truth and grace



And makes
the nations prove



The glories of
His righteousness



And wonders
of His love...

Lo, How A Rose E're Blooming

Lyrics by unknown, around 1599; translated into English by Theodore Baker, 1894;
verse 3 by Harriet R. K. Spaeth; verse 5 by John C. Mattes; tune by Michael Praetorius, 1609

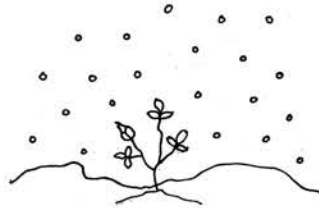
verse 1



Lo, how a Rose
e'er blooming
From tender stem
hath sprung!



From Jesse's
lineage coming,
As men of old
have sung.



It came,
a floweret bright,
Amid the cold
of winter,



When half spent
was the night.

verse 2



Isaiah 'twas
foretold it,
The Rose
I have in mind;



With Mary
we behold it,
The Virgin
mother kind.



To show God's
love aright,
She bore to us
a Savior,



When half spent
was the night.

verse 3



The shepherds
heard the story
Proclaimed by
angels bright,



How Christ,
the Lord of Glory
Was born on earth
this night.

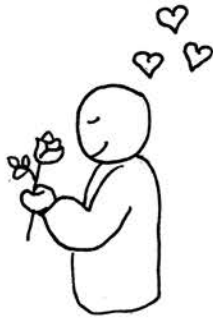


To Bethlehem
they sped
And in the manger
found Him,



As angel
heralds said.

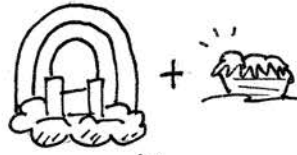
verse 4



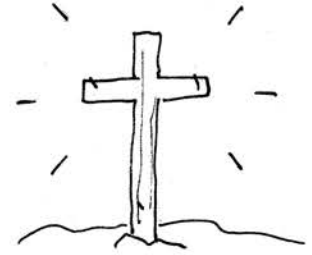
This Flower, whose
fragrance tender
With sweetness
fills the air,



Dispels with
glorious splendor
The darkness
everywhere;



True Man,
yet very God,



From sin and death
He saves us,
And lightens
every load.

verse 5



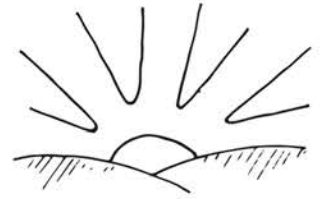
O Savior,
Child of Mary,
Who felt our
human woe,



O Savior,
King of glory,
Who dost our
weakness know;



Bring us at length
we pray,
To the bright courts
of Heaven,



And to the
endless day!



Art by
Rachel Todd
2021

O Come, All Ye Faithful

Lyrics probably by King John IV of Portugal, sometime in the 17th century;
tune by either King John IV., John Reading, or John F. Wade.



O come, all ye faithful,
joyful and triumphant,



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.



True God of true God,
Light from Light Eternal,



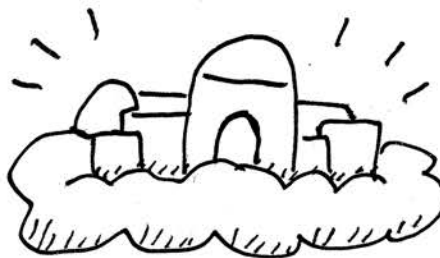
Lo, he shuns not
the Virgin's womb;



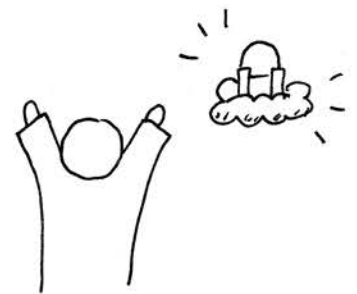
Son of the Father,
begotten, not created;



Sing, choirs of angels,
sing in exultation;



Sing, all ye citizens
of heav'n above!

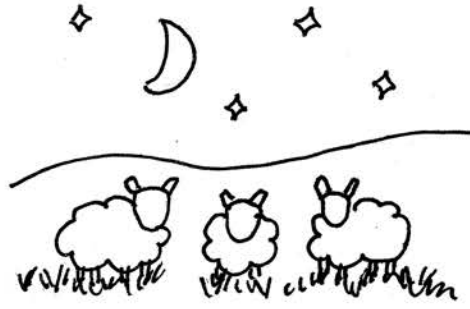


Glorify to God, all
glory in the highest;

verse 4



See how the shepherds,
summoned to His cradle,



Leaving their flocks,
draw nigh to gaze;



We too will thither
bend our joyful footsteps;

verse 5



Child, for us sinners
poor and in the manger,

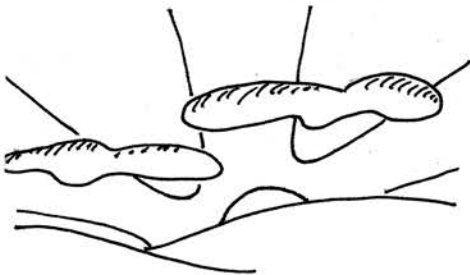


We would embrace Thee,
with love and awe;



Who would not love Thee,
loving us so dearly?

verse 6



Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
born this happy morning;



Jesus, to Thee
be glory giv'n;



Word of the Father,
now in flesh appearing.



Art by Rachel
and Havilah Todd
2021

O Come, O Come Emmanuel

Translated from Latin by John Mason Neale

verse 1



O come, O come
Emmanuel,



And ransom
captive Israel,

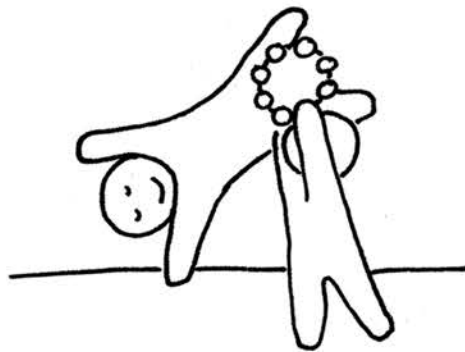


That mourns in
lonely exile here,



Until the Son
of God appear.

chorus



Rejoice! Rejoice!



Emmanuel shall come
to thee, O Israel!

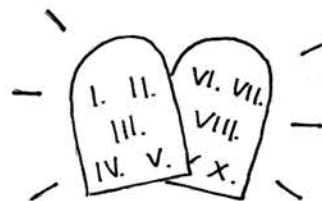
verse 2



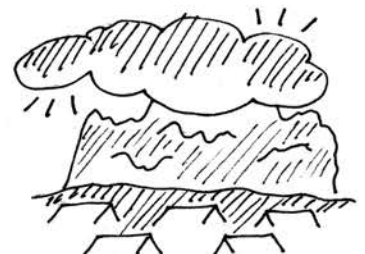
O come, O come,
great Lord of might,



Who to Thy tribes
on Sinai's height



In ancient times
once gave the Law



In cloud, and
majesty and awe.

verse 3



O come, Thou
Rod of Jesse, free



Thine own from
Satan's tyranny;



From depths of hell
Thy people save

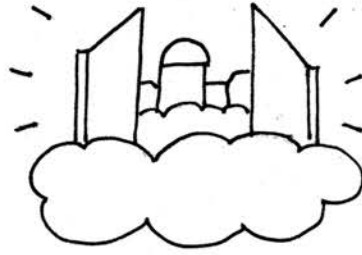


And give them vict'ry
o'er the grave.

verse 4



O come, Thou
Key of David, come



And open wide our
heav'nly home:



Make safe the way
that leads on high



And close the
path to misery.

verse 5



O come Thou
Dayspring,
come and cheer



Our spirits by
Thine advent here,



Disperse the gloomy
clouds of night,

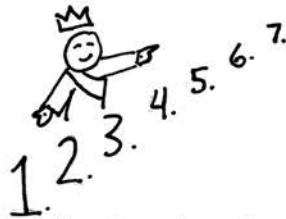


And death's dark
shadows put to flight.

verse 6



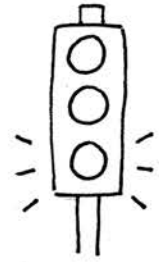
O come,
Thou Wisdom
from on high,



And order all
things, far and nigh;



To us the path
of knowledge show,



And cause us in
her ways to go.

verse 7



O come, Desire of
Nations, bind



All peoples in one
heart and mind;



Bid envy, strife,
and quarrels cease;



Fill the whole world
with heaven's peace.



O Holy Night

Original French words by Placide Cappeau, 1843; tune by Adolphe Adam, 1847;
English version by John S. Dwight, 1855

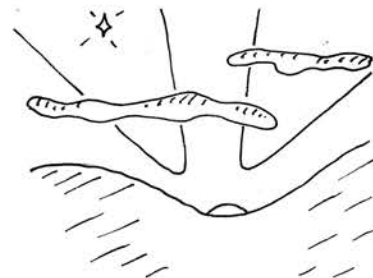
verse 1



O holy night,
the stars are brightly shining,
It is the night
of the dear Savior's birth;



Long lay the world
in sin and error pining,
Till He appeared
and the soul felt its worth.



A thrill of hope
the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks
a new and glorious morn;

chorus



Fall on your knees,
Oh hear
the angel voices!



O night divine,
O night
when Christ
was born!
O night divine,
O holy night,
O night divine.

verse 2



Led by the light
of Faith serenely beaming
With glowing hearts
by His cradle we stand

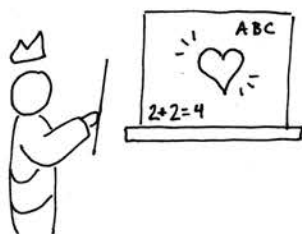


So led by light
of a star sweetly gleaming
Here come the wise men
from Orient land



The King of Kings
lay thus in lowly manger
In all our trials
born to be our friend.

verse 3



Truly He taught us
to love one another
His law is love
and His gospel is peace



Chains shall He break
for the slave is our brother
And in His name
all oppression shall cease



Sweet hymns of joy
in grateful chorus raise we,
Let all within us
praise His holy name.

O Little Town of Bethlehem

Lyrics by Phillips Brooks 1865; tune by Lewis Redner 1868

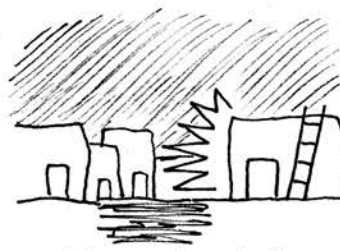
verse 1



Oh 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

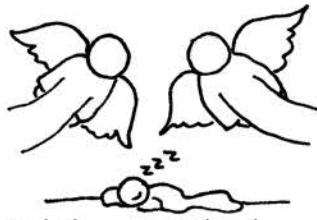


The hopes and fears
of all the years
are met in thee
tonight.

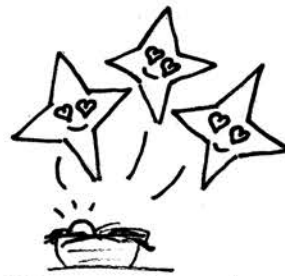
verse 2



For Christ is
born of Mary,
and gathered
all above



While mortals sleep
the angels keep
their watch of
wondering love



Oh morning stars
together,
proclaim thy
holy birth.



And praises sing
to God the king,
and peace to
men on earth..

verse 3



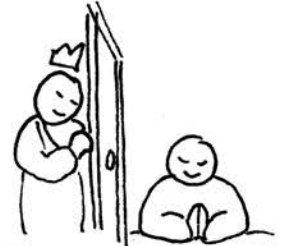
How silently,
how silently
the wondrous
gift is given



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

verse 4



O holy Child
of Bethlehem
descend to us,
we pray



Cast out our sin
and enter in
be born to us today



We hear the
Christmas angels
the great
glad tidings tell

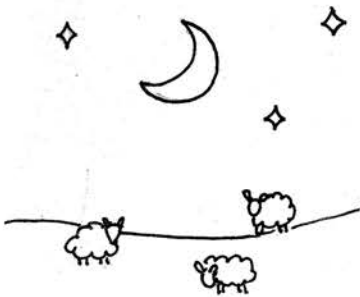


O come to us,
abide with us
our Lord
Emmanuel

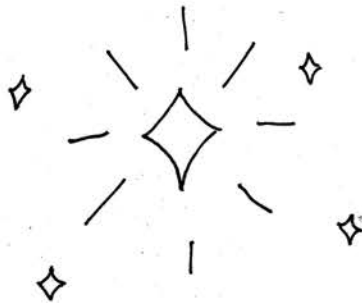
Silent Night

Lyrics by Joseph Mohr, 1816; tune by Franz Gruber, 1818.

verse 1



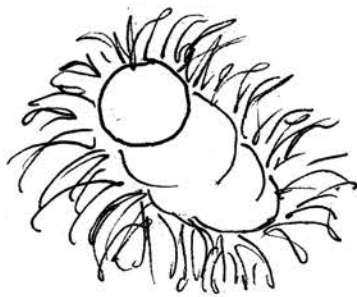
Silent night, Holy night.



All is calm, all is bright.



Round yon virgin
mother and child.

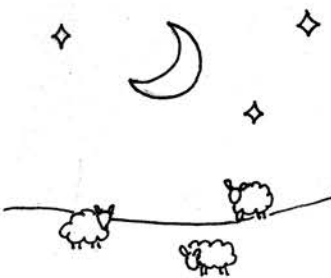


Holy infant so tender and mild.

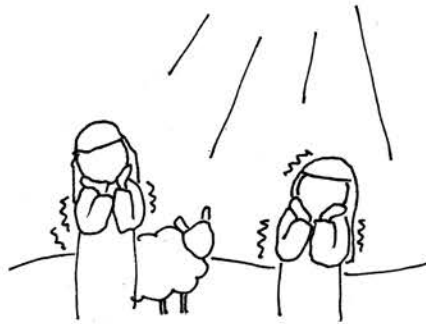


Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

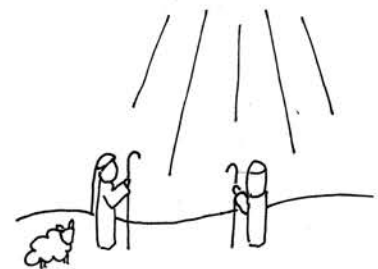
verse 2



Silent night, Holy night.



Shepherds quake at the sight.



Glories stream
from heaven afar;

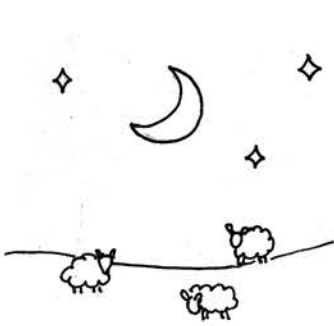


Heav'nly hosts sing "Alleluia.



Christ the Savior is born.
Christ the Savior is born."

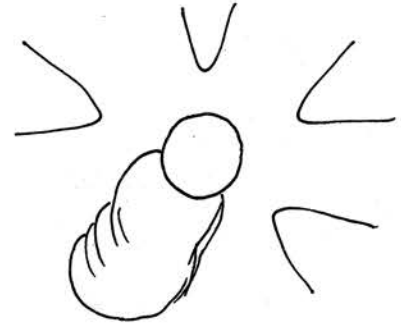
verse 3



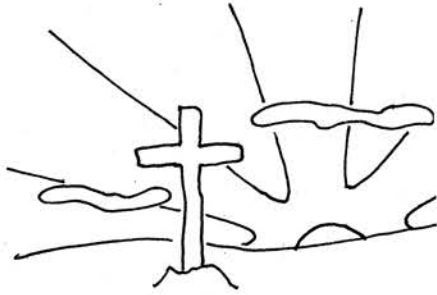
Silent night, Holy night.



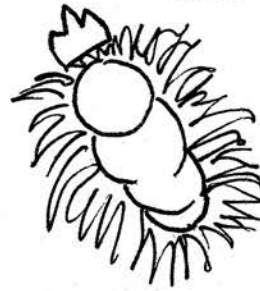
Son of God, love's pure light.



Radiant beams
from Thy Holy Face.

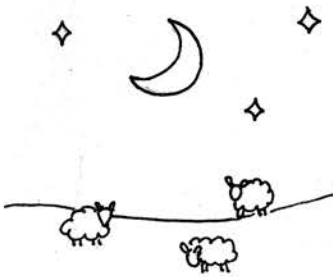


With the dawn
of redeeming grace.

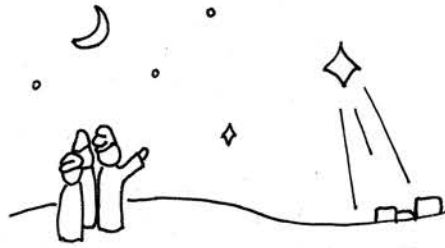


Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

verse 4



Silent night, Holy night.



Wondrous star, lend thy light



With the angels
let us sing



Alleluia to our King



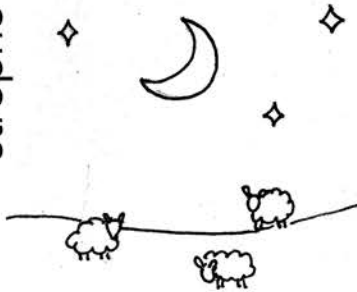
Christ the Savior is here,
Jesus the Savior is here!



Stille Nacht

Text von Joseph Mohr, 1816; Melodie von Franz Gruber, 1818.

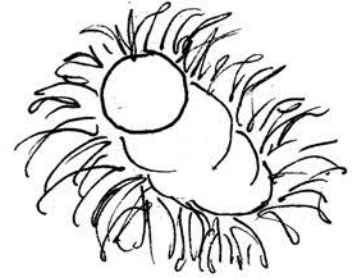
strophe 1



Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,
Alles schläft; einsam wacht

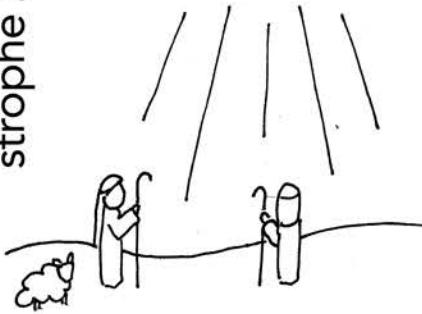


Nur das traute hochheilige Paar.
Holder Knabe im lockigen Haar,



Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh!
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh!

strophe 2



Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,
Hirten erst kundgemacht



Durch der Engel Halleluja,
Tönt es laut von fern und nah:

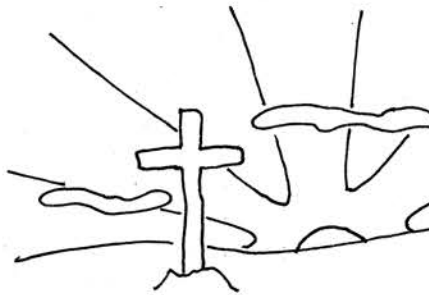


Christ, der Retter ist da!
Christ, der Retter ist da!

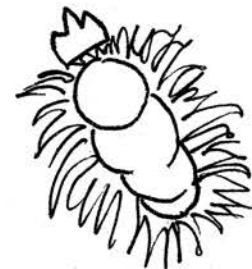
strophe 3



Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,
Gottes Sohn, o wie lacht
Lieb' aus deinem göttlichen Mund,



Da uns schlägt
die rettende Stund'.



Christ, in deiner Geburt!
Christ, in deiner Geburt!

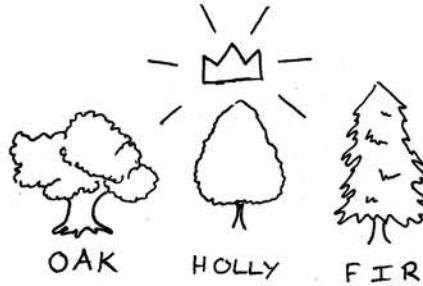


Kunst von Rachel Todd, 2021.

The Holly and the Ivy

Traditional British folk Christmas carol form the early nineteenth century.

verse 1



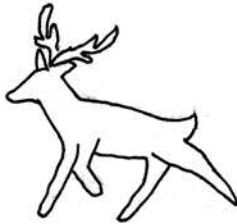
OAK HOLLY FIR

The holly and the ivy, Of all the trees that are in the wood,
When they are both full grown. The holly bears the crown.

chorus



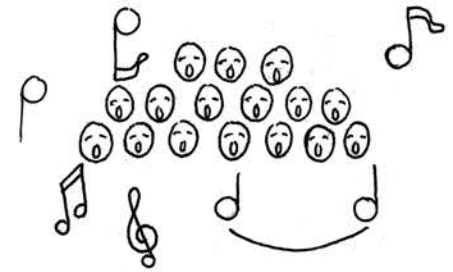
Oh, the rising of the sun,



The running of the deer.

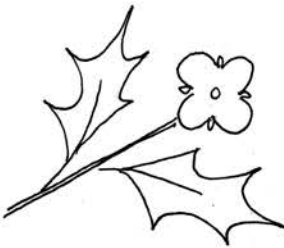


The playing of the merry organ,

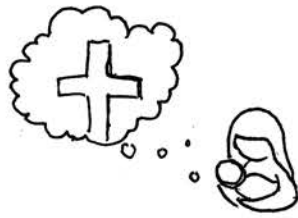


Sweet singing in the choir.
Sweet singing in the choir.

verse 2

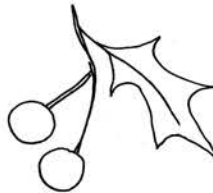


The holly bears a blossom
As white as lily flower;



And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet Savior.

verse 3



The holly bears a berry
As red as any blood;

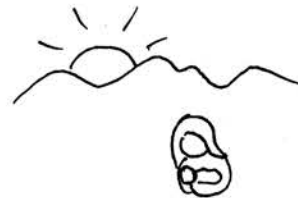


And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.

verse 4

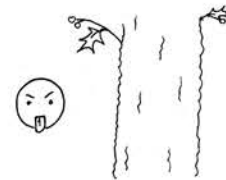


The holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn;



And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas day in the morn.

verse 5



The holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall;

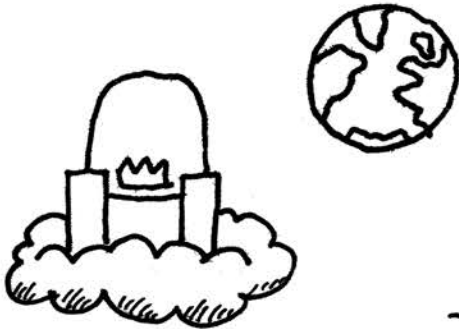


And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.

Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne

Lyrics by Emily S. Elliot, 1864; tune by Timothy R. Matthews

verse 1



Thou didst leave Thy throne
and Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;



But in Bethlehem's home
was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity.



O come to my heart,
Lord Jesus,
There is room
in my heart for Thee.

verse 2



Heaven's arches rang
when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;

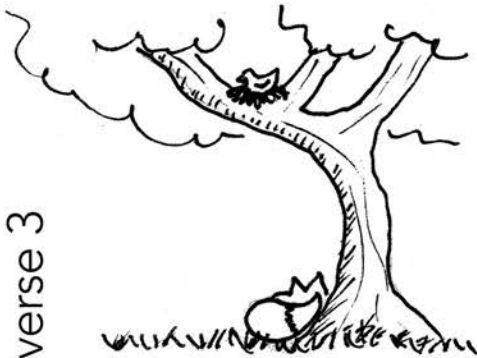


But of lowly birth
didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.

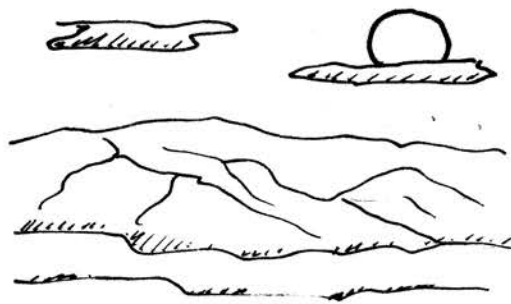


O come to my heart,
Lord Jesus,
There is room
in my heart for Thee.

verse 3



The foxes found rest,
and the birds their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;



But Thy couch was the sod,
O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.



O come to my heart,
Lord Jesus,
There is room
in my heart for Thee.

verse 4



Thou camest, O Lord,
with the living word
That should set Thy people free;



But with mocking scorn,
and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.

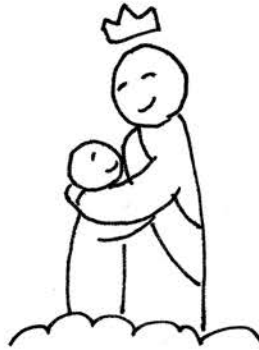


O come to my heart,
Lord Jesus,
There is room
in my heart for Thee.

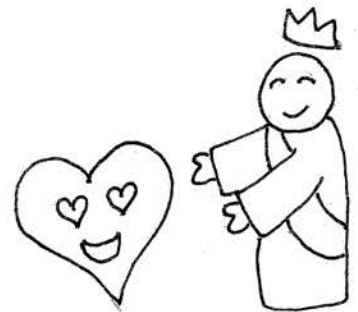
verse 5



When the heavens shall ring,
and the angels sing,
At Thy coming to victory,



Let Thy voice call me home,
saying "Yet there is room,
There is room at
My side for thee."



My heart shall rejoice,
Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest
and callest for me.

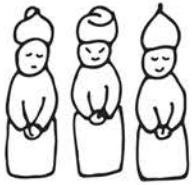


Art by
Rachel Todd
2021

We Three Kings

by John Henry Hopkins Jr.

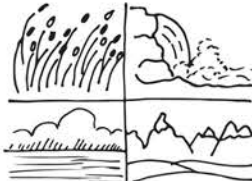
verse 1



We three kings
of Orient are



Bearing gifts we
traverse afar

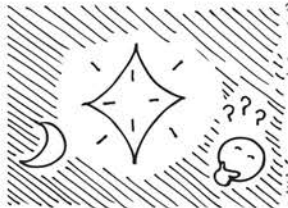


Field and fountain,
moor and mountain

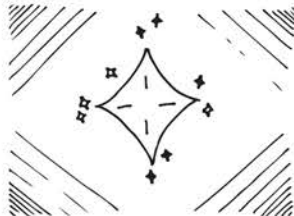


Following yonder star

chorus



O Star of wonder,
star of night



Star with royal
beauty bright



Westward leading,
still proceeding

Guide us to
thy Perfect Light

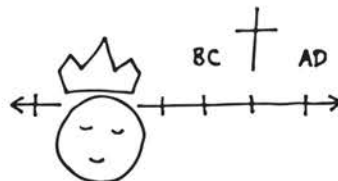
verse 2



Born a King on
Bethlehem's plain



Gold I bring to
crown Him again

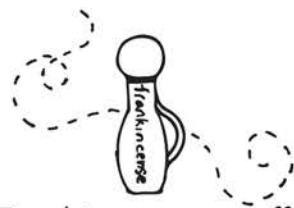


King forever,
ceasing never



Over us all to reign

verse 3



Frankincense to offer
have I



Incense owns
a Deity nigh



Prayer and praising,
all men raising

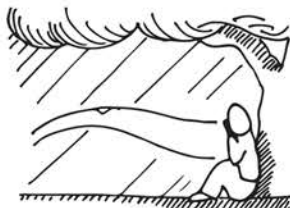


Worship Him,
God most high

verse 4



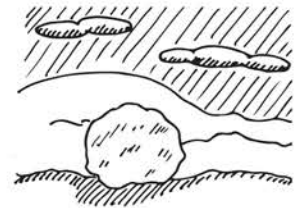
Myrrh is mine,
its bitter perfume



Breathes of life
of gathering gloom



Sorrowing, sighing,
bleeding, dying



Sealed in the
stone-cold tomb

verse 5



Glorious now
behold Him arise



King and God
and Sacrifice



Alleluia, Alleluia



Earth to heav'n replies

What Child Is This

Lyrics by William C. Dix, 1865; tune "Greensleeves," 1871

verse 1



What Child is this
who, laid to rest
on Mary's lap
is sleeping?



Whom angels greet
with anthems sweet,



While shepherds
watch are keeping?



This, this is
Christ the King,



Whom shepherds guard
and angels sing;



Haste, haste,
to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

verse 2



Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?



Good Christians, fear,
for sinners here



The silent Word
is pleading.



Nails, spear shall
pierce Him through,

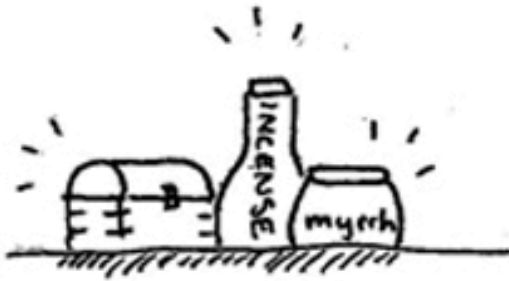


The cross be borne
for me, for you.



Hail, hail the Word
made flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

verse 3



So bring Him incense,
gold and myrrh,
Come peasant, king to own Him;



The King of kings
salvation brings,



Let loving hearts
enthroned Him.



Raise, raise a song on high,



The Virgin sings
her lullaby.



Joy, joy for Christ is born,
The Babe,
the Son of Mary.

