Walking Nativity Carol Sheet 2025

O come, O come, Immanuel, and ransom captive Israel that mourns in lonely exile here until the Son of God appear.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel shall come to you, O Israel.

O come, O Bright and Morning Star, and bring us comfort from afar! Dispel the shadows of the night and turn our darkness into light.

O come, O King of nations, bind in one the hearts of all mankind. Bid all our sad divisions cease and be yourself our King of Peace.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, all seated on the ground, an angel of the Lord came down, and glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he for mighty dread had seized their troubled mind "glad tidings of great joy I bring to you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day is born of David's line a Savior, who is Christ the Lord; and this shall be the sign:

"All glory be to God on high, and to the earth be peace; to those on whom his favor rests goodwill shall never cease."

Angels in the realms of Glory

All join in chorus: Gloria, in excelsis deo (x2)

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 light, star with royal beauty bright, westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to thy perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain, gold I bring to crown him again, King forever, ceasing never, over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I; incense owns a Deity nigh; prayer and praising, voices raising, worshiping God on high.

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume breathes a life of gathering gloom; sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Glorious now behold him arise; King and God and sacrifice: Alleluia, Alleluia, sounds through the earth and skies.

In the bleak midwinter

frosty wind made moan, earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone: snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow, in the bleak midwinter, long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold him, nor earth sustain; heaven and earth shall flee away when he comes to reign: in the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed the Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there, cherubim and seraphim thronged the air, but only his mother, in her maiden bliss, worshiped the Beloved with a kiss.



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What can I give him, poor as I am? If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb, if I were a wise man I would do my part, yet what I can I give him, give my heart.

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.

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

How silently, how silently, the wondrous gift is giv'n! So God imparts to human hearts the blessings of His heav'n. 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!

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,
heav'nly hosts sing, "Alleluia!
Christ the Savior is born!
Christ the Savior 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!

Hark! the herald angels sing,

"Glory to the newborn King: peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!" Joyful, all ye nations, rise, join the triumph of the skies; with th'angelic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!" Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King"

Christ, by highest heaven adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord, late in time behold him come, offspring of the Virgin's womb: veiled in flesh the Godhead see; hail th'incarnate Deity, pleased with us in flesh to dwell, Jesus, our Immanuel. Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King"

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
born that we no more may die,
born to raise us from the earth,
born to give us second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King"

