

# *Christmas Carols*



*Irish TFP*  
*Ireland Needs Fatima*



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# Angels We Have Heard on High

1 Angels we have heard on  
high,  
singing sweetly through the  
night,  
and the mountains in reply  
echoing their brave delight.

## **Refrain:**

Gloria in excelsis Deo,  
gloria in excelsis Deo.

2 Shepherds, why this jubilee?

Why these songs of happy  
cheer?

What great brightness did you  
see?

What glad tidings did you  
hear?

[Refrain]

3 Come to Bethlehem and see  
him whose birth the angels  
sing.

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

[Refrain]

4 See him in a manger laid  
whom the angels praise  
above.

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

[Refrain]

## Silent Night!

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.

## What Child is this?

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!

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

So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh;  
Come, peasant, king, to own Him!  
The King of Kings salvation brings;  
Let loving hearts enthrone Him!  
Raise, raise the song on high!  
The virgin sings her lullaby.  
Joy! joy! for Christ is born,  
The babe, the son of Mary!

# 12 Days of Christmas

## **On the first day of Christmas**

my true love sent to me  
a partridge in a pear tree.

## **On the second day of Christmas**

my true love sent to me  
Two turtle doves,  
and a partridge in a pear tree.

## **On the third day of Christmas**

my true love sent to me  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.

## **On the fourth day of Christmas**

my true love sent to me  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.

## **On the fifth day of Christmas**

my true love sent to me  
Five golden rings,  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.

## **On the sixth day of Christmas**

my true love sent to me  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five golden rings,  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.

## **On the seventh day of Christmas**

my true love sent to me  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five golden rings,  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,

Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.

**On the eighth day of  
Christmas**

my true love sent to me  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five golden rings,  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.

**On the ninth day of  
Christmas**

my true love sent to me  
Nine ladies dancing,  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five golden rings,  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.

**On the tenth day of  
Christmas**

my true love sent to me  
Ten lords a-leaping,  
Nine ladies dancing,  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five golden rings,  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.

**On the eleventh day of  
Christmas**

my true love sent to me  
Eleven pipers piping,  
Ten lords a-leaping,  
Nine ladies dancing,  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five golden rings,  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree.

**On the twelfth day of  
Christmas**

my true love sent to me

Twelve drummers drumming,  
Eleven pipers piping,  
Ten lords a-leaping,  
Nine ladies dancing,  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,

Six geese a-laying,  
Five golden rings,  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge in a pear tree!

## 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  
Born a King on Bethlehem's plain  
Gold I bring to crown Him again  
King forever, ceasing never  
Over us all to reign

O Star of wonder, star of night  
Star with royal beauty bright  
Westward leading, still proceeding  
Guide us to Thy perfect light

Frankincense to offer have I  
Incense owns a Deity nigh  
Prayer and praising, all men raising  
Worship Him, God most high

O Star of wonder, star of night  
Star with royal beauty bright  
Westward leading, still proceeding  
Guide us to Thy perfect light

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume  
Breathes of life of gathering gloom  
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying  
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb

O Star of wonder, star of night  
Star with royal beauty bright  
Westward leading, still proceeding  
Guide us to Thy perfect light  
Glorious now behold Him arise  
King and God and Sacrifice  
Alleluia, Alleluia  
Earth to heav'n replies

O Star of wonder, star of night  
Star with royal beauty bright  
Westward leading, still proceeding  
Guide us to Thy perfect light

## O Come, All Ye Faithful

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.  
Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above!  
Glory to God  
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!

## God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

God rest ye merry gentlemen  
Let nothing you dismay  
Remember Christ our Savior  
Was born on Christmas Day  
To save us all from Satan's pow'r  
When we were gone astray  
Oh tidings of comfort and joy  
Comfort and joy  
Oh tidings of comfort and joy  
In Bethlehem, in Israel  
This blessed Babe was born  
And laid within a manger  
Upon this blessed morn  
The which His Mother Mary  
Did nothing take in scorn  
Oh tidings of comfort and joy  
Comfort and joy  
Oh tidings of comfort and joy



Our Lady Help of Christians at the American TFP Headquarters