
The Gloweth Chapel Carol Sheet



1 Once in royal David's city
stood a lowly cattle shed,
where a mother laid her baby
in a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ, her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven
who is God and Lord of all;
and His shelter was a stable,
and His cradle was a stall:
with the poor, and mean and lowly
lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all His wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
love and watch the lowly maiden
in whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
tears and smiles like us He knew:
and He feeleth for our sadness,
and He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
through His own redeeming love,
for that child, so dear and gentle,
is our Lord in heaven above:
and He leads His children on
to the place where He has gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable
with the oxen standing by
we shall see Him, but in heaven,
sat at God's right hand on high;
when like stars His children crowned
all in white shall wait around.

Cecil Frances Alexander 1818-1895



2 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 thee, O Israel!*

O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height,
in ancient times didst give the Law
in cloud and majesty and awe.

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
from depths of hell Thy people save,
and give them victory o'er the grave.

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.

O come, Thou Key of David, come,
and open wide our heavenly home;
make safe the way that leads on high,
and close the path to misery.

*Latin, 12th Century
translated by John Mason Neale,
1818-1866, altered*

3 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 Immanuel.

Phillips Brooks 1835-1893

4 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
to enrich the humble poor.

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

*Philip Doddridge 1702-1751
Music by Thomas Merritt of Illogan,
1863-1908*

5 It came upon the midnight clear,
that glorious song of old,
from angels bending near the earth
to touch their harps of gold:
'Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
from heaven's all-gracious King!'
The world in solemn stillness lay
to hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
with peaceful wings unfurled,
and still their heavenly music floats
o'er all the weary world;
above its sad and lowly plains
they bend on hovering wing,
and ever o'er its Babel sounds
the blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
the world has suffered long;
beneath the angels' 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.

And ye beneath life's crushing load,
whose hope is burning low,
who toil along the climbing way
with painful steps and slow-
look up! For songs of joy and peace
through all the heavens ring!
O rest beside the weary road,
and hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening 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 splendours fling,
and the whole world send back the song
which now the angels sing.

Edmund Hamilton Sears 1810-1876

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,

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:

*Latin, 17th century
translated by Frederick Oakeley, 1802-1880*

7 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 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 Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
and this shall be the sign—'

'The heavenly babe ye there shall find to
human view displayed;
all meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
and in a manger laid.'

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
appeared a shining throng
of angels praising God who thus
addressed their joyful song:

'All glory be to God on high,
and to the earth be peace!
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
begin and never cease.'

*Nahum Tate
1652-1715*

8 Joy to the world! The Lord is come!

Let earth receive her King:
let every heart prepare Him room,
and heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! The Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
while fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
repeat the sounding joy.

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.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
and makes the nations prove
the glories of His righteousness,
the wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts 1674-1784

9 Hark! The herald angels sing,

glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled;
joyful, all ye nations rise,
join the triumph of the skies-
with the angelic host proclaim:
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Hark, the herald angels sing:
glory to the new-born King!

Christ by highest heaven adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord.
Late in time behold Him come,
offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!
Hark, the herald angels sing:
glory to the new-born 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 man no more may die,
born to raise the sons of earth,
born to give them second birth.
Hark, the herald angels sing:
glory to the new-born King!

Come, Desire of Nations, come,
fix in us Thy humble home;
rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
bruise in us the serpent's head.
Now display Thy saving power,
ruined nature now restore,
now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine!
Hark, the herald angels sing:
glory to the new-born King!

Charles Wesley, 1717-1788 and others



10 Angels, from the realms of glory,
wing your flight o'er all the earth;
ye who sang creation's story,
now proclaim Messiah's birth:

*Come and worship,
worship Christ the King.
Come and worship,
worship Christ, the new-born King.*

Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
yonder shines the infant light:

Sages, leave your contemplations,
brighter visions beam afar;
seek the great Desire of Nations,
ye have seen His natal star:

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
doomed for guilt to endless pains,
justice now revokes the sentence,
mercy calls you—break your chains:

Though an infant now we view Him,
He shall fill His Father's throne,
gather all the nations to Him;
every knee shall then bow down:

James Montgomery (1771-1854)



11 Infant holy, infant lowly,
for His bed a cattle stall;
oxen lowing, little knowing
Christ the babe is Lord of all.
Swift are winging angels singing,
nowells ringing, tidings bringing:
Christ the babe is Lord of all!
Christ the babe is Lord of all!

Flocks were sleeping; shepherds keeping
vigil till the morning new
saw the glory, heard the story,
tidings of the gospel true.
Thus rejoicing, free from sorrow,
praises voicing: greet the morrow:
Christ the babe was born for you!
Christ the babe was born for you!

Trans. Edith Reed (1885-1933)

12 The first Nowell the angel did say
was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
in fields where they lay a-keeping their sheep,
on a cold winter's night that was so deep.

*Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell!
Born is the King of Israel.*

They lookèd up and saw a star,
shining in the east, beyond them far,
and to the earth it gave great light
and so it continued both day and night.

And by the light of that same star,
three wise men came from country far;
to seek for a King was their intent,
and to follow the star where'er it went.

This star drew nigh to the north-west,
o'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
and there it did both stop and stay right
over the place where Jesus lay.

Then entered in those wise men three
full reverently on bended knee,
and offered there, in His presence,
their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Then let us all with one accord
sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
that hath made heaven and earth of naught,
and with His blood mankind hath bought.

Traditional, c. 17th century.

13 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!*

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



Casper:
Frankincense to offer have I,
incense owns a Deity nigh,
prayer and praising, all men raising,
worship Him, God most high!

Balthazar:
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!
Heaven sings "Alleluia!"
"Alleluia!" the earth replies.

John Henry Hopkins, Jr 1857

14 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.

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar,
heavenly hosts sing alleluia;
Christ the Saviour is born!

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light,
radiant beams Thy holy face,
with the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

*Joseph Mohr,
1792-1848
translator unknown*

15 See amid the winter's snow,
born for us on earth below,
see the tender Lamb appears,
promised from eternal years.

*Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn!
Hail, redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.*

Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies;
He, who throned in height sublime
sits amid the cherubim.

Say, ye holy shepherds, say
what your joyful news today;
wherefore have ye left your sheep
on the lonely mountain steep?

'As we watched at dead of night,
lo, we saw a wondrous light;
angels singing peace on earth
told us of the Saviour's birth.'

Sacred infant, all divine,
what a tender love was Thine,
thus to come from highest bliss
down to such a world as this.

Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
by Thy face so meek and mild,
teach us to resemble Thee,
in Thy sweet humility!

Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

16 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 bedside till 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 fit us for heaven, to live with Thee there.

Anonymous

17 All poor men and humble
all lame men who stumble
come, haste ye, nor feel ye afraid -
for Jesus, our treasure
with love past all measure
in lowly poor manger was laid

Then haste we to show Him
our praises we owe Him
our service He ne'er can despise
whose love still is able
to show us that stable
where softly in manger He lies.

*Caradog Roberts
Translated by KE Roberts*

18 Christians, awake, salute the happy morn
whereon the Saviour of the world was born!
Rise to adore the mystery of love
which hosts of angels chanted from above;
with them the joyful tidings first begun
of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
to you and all the nations upon earth!
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word;
this day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake, and straightway the celestial choir
in hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
the praises of redeeming love they sang,
and heaven's whole orb with Hallelujahs rang.
God's highest glory was their anthem still: "Peace
upon earth and unto men goodwill!"

To Bethl'em straight the enlightened shepherds
ran to see the wonder God had wrought for man,
and found, with Joseph and the blessed Maid;
her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid.
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
and their glad hearts with holy rapture burn.

Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind!
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
from His poor manger to His bitter cross.
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace
till man's first heavenly state again take place.

Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
to sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song.
He that was born upon this joyful day
around us all His glory shall display.
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
eternal praise to heaven's almighty King.

*John Byrom
(1691-1763)*



19 Let earth and heaven combine,
angels and men agree,
to praise in songs divine
the incarnate Deity;
our God contracted to a span,
incomprehensibly made Man.

He laid His glory by,
He wrapped Him in our clay;
unmarked by human eye,
the latent Godhead lay;
infant of days He here became,
and bore the mild Immanuel's Name.

See in that infant's face
the depths of deity,
and labour while ye gaze
to sound the mystery;
in vain, ye angels, gaze no more,
but fall, and silently adore.
Unsearchable the love

that hath the Saviour brought;
the grace is far above
or men or angels' thought:
suffice for us that God, we know,
our God, is manifest below.

He deigns in flesh to appear,
widest extremes to join;
to bring our vileness near,
and make us all divine:
and we the life of God shall know,
for God is manifest below.

Made perfect by His love,
and sanctified by grace,
we shall from earth remove,
and see His glorious face:
then shall His love be fully showed,
and man shall then be lost in God.

*Charles Wesley
(1707-1788)*



20 Glory be to God on high,
and peace on earth descend;
God comes down: He bows the sky,
and shows Himself our Friend!
God the invisible appears,
God, the blest, the great I AM,
sojourns in this vale of tears,
and Jesus is His name.

Him the angels all adored,
their Maker and their King:
tidings of their humbled Lord
they now to mortals bring:
emptied of His majesty,
of His dazzling glories shorn,
Being's source begins to be,
and God Himself is born!

See the eternal Son of God
a mortal son of man,
dwelling in an earthly clod,
whom heaven cannot contain!
Stand amazed, ye heavens, at this!
See the Lord of earth and skies!
Humbled to the dust He is,
and in a manger lies!

We the sons of men rejoice,
the Prince of Peace proclaim,
with heaven's host lift up our voice,
and shout Immanuel's name:
knees and hearts to Him we bow,
of our flesh, and of our bone,
Jesus is our brother now,
and God is all our own!

*Charles Wesley
(1707-1788)*

21 Ding dong merrily on high
in heaven the bells are ringing:
Ding dong! verily the sky
is riven with angels singing.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below
let steeple bells be swungen
and "io, io, io!"
by priest and people sungen.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime
your matin chyme, ye ringers;
may you beautifully rime
your evetime song, ye singers.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

*GR Woodward, 1859-
1934*

22 Good King Wenceslas looked out
on the feast of Stephen,
when the snow lay round about,
deep and crisp and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
though the frost was cruel,
when a poor man came in sight,
gathering winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me.
If thou know'st it telling:
yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
underneath the mountain,
right against the forest fence
by Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine.
Bring me pine logs hither.
Thou and I will see him dine
when we bear the thither."
Page and monarch, forth they went,
forth they went together
through the rude wind's wild lament
and the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
and the wind blows stronger.
Fails my heart, I know not how.
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, my good page,
tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's step he trod,
where the snow lay dented.
Heat was in the very sod
which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
wealth or rank possessing,
ye who now will bless the poor
shall yourselves find blessing

JM Neale, 1818-1866

23 Deck the halls with boughs of holly,
Fa la la la, la la la la!
'Tis the season to be jolly,
Fa la la la, la la la la!
Don we now our gay apparel,
Fa la la, la la la, la la la!
Troll the ancient Yuletide carol,
Fa la la la, la la la la!

See the blazing yule before us,
Fa la la la, la la la la!
Strike the harp and join the chorus,
Fa la la la, la la la la!
Follow me in merry measure,
Fa la la, la la la, la la la!
While I tell of Yuletide treasure,
Fa la la la, la la la la!

Fast away the old year passes,
Fa la la la, la la la la!
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses,
Fa la la la, la la la la!
Sing we joyous all together!
Fa la la, la la la, la la la!
Heedless of the wind and weather,
Fa la la la, la la la la!

*Thomas Oliphant, 1799-
1873*



24In the bleak mid-winter
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 mid-winter
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 mid-winter
a stable-place sufficed
the Lord God Almighty —
Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him, whom cherubim
worship night and day,
a breastful of milk
and a mangerful of hay;
enough for Him, whom Angels
fall down before,
the ox and ass and camel
which adore.

Angels and archangels
may have gathered there,
cherubim and seraphim
thronged the air;
but only His Mother
in her maiden bliss
worshipped the Belovèd
with a kiss.

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.

*Christina Rossetti, 1830-
1894*

25Awake, my harp, my lute and cheerful voice;
ye people all in songs of praise rejoice:
on this glad morn, to chase the gloom of night,
the Star of Jacob rose divinely bright.

He comes, the tyrant's kingdom to destroy,
to publish peace and universal joy.
From pole to pole, o'er all the vast domain,
the King of Salem shall forever reign.

Break forth aloud, and swell the lofty song:
to man beloved the lofty strains belong.
While endless ages in their circles move,
enraptured saints shall sing redeeming love.

26Lo! He comes, an infant stranger,
of a lowly mother born;
swathed and cradled in a manger,
of His pristine glory shorn!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise ye God's incarnate Word!

Lo! He comes by man unfriended,
fain with stable beasts to rest;
shepherds who their night-fold tended,
hailed alone the newborn guest!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise ye Jesse's tender rod!

Son of the eternal Father,
who again in power shall come,
cherub, seraph hosts adorning,
swell His state and loudly cry:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise ye Him, the living Lord!

Richard Mant, 1776-1848

27God rest ye merry gentlemen
let nothing you dismay
for Jesus Christ our Saviour
was born on Christmas Day
to save us all from Satan's pow'r
when we were gone astray:

*O tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy*

From God our Heavenly 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.

The shepherds at those tidings
rejoicèd much in mind,
and left their flocks a-feeding
in tempest, storm and wind,
and went to Bethlehem straightway
the Son of God to find.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
whereat this infant lay,
they found Him in a manger,
where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary kneeling down,
unto the Lord did pray.

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 other doth efface.



29What 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 oxen now 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 enthronè him.
Raise, raise the song on high,
the virgin sings her lullaby;
joy, joy, for Christ is born,
the babe, the son of Mary!

*William Chatterton Dix
1837-1898*

28Unto us a child is born!
King of all creation,
came He to a world forlorn,
the Lord of ev'ry nation.

Cradled in a stall was He
with sleepy cows and asses;
but the very beasts could see
that He all men surpasses.

Herod then with fear was filled:
"A prince," he said, "in Jewry!"
- all the little boys he killed
at Bethl'hem in his fury.

Now may Mary's son, who came
so long ago to love us,
lead us all with hearts aflame
unto the joys above us.

Alpha and Omega He -
let the organ thunder!
while the choir with peals of glee
shall rend the air asunder.

*GR Woodward, 1859-
1934*



30 As with gladness men of old
did the guiding star behold,
as with joy they hailed its light,
leading onward, beaming bright,
so, most gracious Lord, may we
evermore be led by Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
there to bend the knee before
Thee, whom heaven and earth adore,
so may we with willing feet
ever seek Thy mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
at Thy cradle, rude and bare,
so may we with holy joy,
pure and free from sin's alloy,
all our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heav'nly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
keep us in the narrow way;
and, when earthly things are past,
bring our ransomed souls at last
where they need no star to guide,
where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down.
There forever may we sing
alleluias to our King!

*William Chatterton Dix
1837-1898*

31 We wish you a merry Christmas,
we wish you a merry Christmas,
we wish you a merry Christmas
and a happy new year!

*Good tidings we bring to you and your kin,
we wish you a merry Christmas
and a happy new year!*

Now bring us some figgy pudding!
Now bring us some figgy pudding!
Now bring us some figgy pudding
and bring some out here!

For we all like figgy pudding,
for we all like figgy pudding,
for we all like figgy pudding,
so bring some out here!

And we won't go until we've got some
and we won't go until we've got some
and we won't go until we've got some
so bring some out here!

Anonymous

Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people...

The words of Christmas carols represent a deeply heartfelt expression of Christian faith. They focus on Jesus Christ, and express great joy at the thought of Jesus coming into the world as the long-promised Saviour.

Full of the rich language and imagery of the Holy Bible, the carols put into verse the Christian faith: the overwhelming good news that God has come to the rescue of the human race. He has done this through sending us His Son, Jesus Christ to be the Saviour of the world.

We need the Saviour because of sin. By nature we are cut off from fellowship with God because of sin, and we deserve God's fair judgement. But God is kind and merciful, and He sent His Son to save us.

When Jesus died on the cross, He was a substitute. He took God's judgement for sin in the place of sinners, so that we may go free. God now commands all people everywhere to turn away from their sins, and to trust in Jesus.

Because of the Son of God, born to Mary in Bethlehem, God forgives the sins of every person who puts their faith in Him. After Jesus died, He came back to life again, giving us a sure hope that death is not the end. Whoever believes in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

At Gloweth Chapel, this is our simple Christian faith. We are pleased to share it with you in this time of singing the well-loved carols of Christmas.