

ADVENT & CHRISTMAS SONGFEST LYRICS



AWAKE! AWAKE, AND GREET THE NEW MORN

*To us, to all in sorrow and fear,
Emmanuel comes a-singing,
whose humble song is quiet and near,
yet fills the earth with its ringing.
Music to heal our broken souls
and hymns of loving kindness,
the thunder of the anthems rolls
to shatter all hate and injustice.*

STILL, STILL, STILL

*Still, still, still, he sleeps this night so chill!
The virgin's tender arms enfolding,
Warm and safe the child are holding.
Still, still, still, he sleeps this night so chill.*

*Sleep, sleep, sleep, he lies in slumber deep
While angel hosts from heaven come winging,
Sweetest songs of joy are singing.
Sleep, sleep, sleep, he lies in slumber deep.*



AWAY IN A MANGER

*Away in a manger, no crib for his 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 till morning is nigh.*

THE CHRISTMAS SONG



*Chestnuts roasting on an open fire, Jack Frost nipping at your nose,
Yuletide carols being sung by a choir, and folks dressed up like Eskimos.
Everybody knows the turkey and the mistletoe help to make the season bright.
Tiny tots with their eyes all a-glow will find it hard to sleep tonight.*

*They know that Santa's on his way, he's loading lots of toys and goodies on his sleigh,
And every mother's child is gonna spy to see if reindeer really know how to fly.*

*And so, I'm offering this simple phrase to kids from one to ninety-two.
Although it's been said many times, many ways, Merry Christmas,
Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas to you.*



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?*

*REFRAIN: 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.*

REFRAIN

*So bring him incense, gold, and myrrh, come peasant, King, to own him;
The King of kings salvation brings, let loving hearts enthrone him.*

REFRAIN





DING DONG MERRILY ON HIGH

*Ding dong merrily on high,
In heav'n the bells are ringing;
Ding dong! verily the sky
Is riv'n with angel 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!*

