



**Christmas Carol**  
**Monday, 6<sup>th</sup> December 2021**  
**Main Pitch, Hong Kong Football Club**

**PROGRAMME**

(\* : Songs that are sung with the audience)

Gaudete

Deck the Hall

**\* *Joy to the World***

**\* *The Holly and the Ivy***

Mary's Boy Child

The Boar's Head Carol

**\* *God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen***

**\* *O Come, All Ye Faithful***

O Tannenbaum

In the Bleak Midwinter

Jingle Bells

***Silent Night***

**\* *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer***

Winter Wonderland

White Christmas

**\* *Ding Dong! Merrily on High***

**\* *Hark! the Herald-Angels Sing***

Sing Praises – Allelujah

We Wish You a Merry Christmas

**CHRISTMAS  
CAROLS**

# JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world! The Lord is come  
Let earth receive her King.  
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room  
And heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the world! The Saviour reigns:  
Let men their songs employ  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and  
plains Repeat the sounding joy.

He rules the world with truth and grace  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness And  
wonders of his love.



# THE HOLLY AND THE IVY

The holly and the ivy, when they are both full-grown;  
Of all the trees that are in the wood, the holly bears the crown.  
O, the rising of the sun and the running of the deer,  
The playing of the merry organ, sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a blossom as white as any flower;  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to be our sweet Saviour.  
O, the rising of the sun and the running of the deer,  
The playing of the merry organ, sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a berry as red as any blood;  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to do poor sinners good.  
O, the rising of the sun and the running of the deer,  
The playing of the merry organ, sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a prickle as sharp as any thorn;  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ on Christmas Day in the  
morn.  
O, the rising of the sun and the running of the deer,  
The playing of the merry organ, sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a bark as bitter as any gall;  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ for to redeem us all.  
O, the rising of the sun and the running of the deer,  
The playing of the merry organ, sweet singing in the choir.



## **GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN**

God rest you merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born upon this day,  
To save us all from Satan's power when we were gone astray;  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

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;  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

The shepherds at those tidings rejoiced much in mind,  
And left their flocks a-feeding in tempest, storm and wind,  
And went to Bethlehem straightway this blessed babe to find:  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

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, unto the Lord did pray:  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

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 do deface:  
O tidings of comfort and joy.



## 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, Christ the Lord!

God of God, Light of Light,  
Lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb;  
Very God, begotten, not created:  
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;  
Glory to God in the highest:  
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!



# SILENT NIGHT

*(The choir sing a verse in Cantonese,  
then in German, then in English:  
join in when you like!)*

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.



# RUDOLPH, THE RED-NOSED REINDEER

(Choir solo .. )

You know Dasher and Dancer and Prancer and Vixen,  
Comet and Cupid and Donner and Blitzen;  
But do you recall the most famous reindeer of all?)

(Everyone .. )

Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer  
Had a very shiny nose,  
And if you ever saw it, You would even say it glows.  
All of the other reindeer  
Used to laugh and call him names,  
They never let poor Rudolph Join in any reindeer games.

Then one foggy Christmas Eve, Santa came to say:  
“Rudolph, with your nose so bright, Won’t you guide my sleigh tonight?”

Then how the reindeer loved him And they shouted out with glee:

“Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer, You’ll go down in history!”



## **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!

E'en so here below, below, let steeple bells be  
swungen.

And ee-o, ee-o, ee-o, by priest and people  
sungen.

Gloria, Hosanna in Excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime your matin chime, ye  
ringers,

May you beautifully rime your evetime song, ye  
singers.

Gloria, Hosanna in Excelsis!







*135th Anniversary*  
1886 - 2021

# **HARK! THE HERALD-ANGELS SING**

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 host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem!  
Hark! the herald-angels sing “Glory to the newborn King!”

Christ, by highest heav’n adored, Christ, the everlasting  
Lord,  
Late in time behold Him come, Offspring of a virgin's  
womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see, Hail th’incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as man with man to dwell, Jesus our Emanuel;  
Hark! the herald-angels sing “Glory to the newborn King!”

Hail, the heav’n born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Son of  
Righteousness.  
Light and life to all He brings, Ris’n 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 newborn King!”