

# DOORSTEP CAROLS 2020

Broadcast Live at **6 pm**  
Sunday December 20<sup>th</sup>  
on **Radio North Angus**

- 96.6FM in the Arbroath area,
- 107.5FM in the Carnoustie area,
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Tune in – Step out your door – join in the singing!

1. 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  
Christ, the new-born King.  
Come and worship  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.*

Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant Light:

Wise men, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of nations,  
Ye have seen His natal star:

Though an infant now we view Him,  
He will share His Father's throne,  
Gather all the nations to Him;  
Every knee shall then bow down:

All creation, join in praising,  
God the Father, Spirit, Son,  
Evermore your voices raising  
To the eternal Three in One:

James Montgomery (v 4 unascrbed)



4.            Good Christians, all rejoice,  
              With heart and soul and voice;  
Now give heed to what we say,  
              Jesus Christ is born today:  
              Ox and ass before Him bow,  
              And He is in the manger now.  
              Christ is born today,  
              Christ is born today.

              Good Christians, all rejoice,  
              With heart and soul and voice;  
Now you hear of endless bliss,  
              Jesus Christ was born for this:  
              He has opened heaven's door,  
And all are blessed for evermore  
              Christ was born for this!  
              Christ was born for this!

              Good Christians, all rejoice,  
              With heart and soul and voice;  
Now you need not fear the grave,  
              Jesus Christ was born to save,  
              Calls you one, and calls you all,  
              To gain His everlasting hall.  
              Christ was born to save!  
              Christ was born to save!

John Mason Neale

5. 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 relieve,  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

He comes the broken hearts to bind,  
The bleeding souls to cure,  
And with the treasures of His grace  
To enrich the humble poor.

The sacred year has now revolved,  
Accepted of the Lord,  
When heaven's high promise is fulfilled,  
And Israel is restored.

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

Scottish Paraphrases, 1781 Luke 4:18-19

6. 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 man 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 men 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.’*

Charles Wesley

7.           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.

Enough for Him whom cherubim worship night and day  
              A breast full of milk and a manger full 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 His mother only, 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 G Rossetti

8.            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 a 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!

Polish traditional carol, tr. Edith M.G. Reed



9.           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.

              But with the woes of sin and strife  
              The world has suffered long,  
              Beneath the angel-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.

              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 all the world send back the song  
              Which now the angels sing.

E H Sears

10. Joy to the world! the Lord has come;  
Let earth receive her King.  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing,  
And heaven and nature sing,  
And heaven, and heaven and nature sing!

Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;  
Your sweetest songs employ.  
While fields and streams and hills and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy!

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

Isaac Watts

11. Love came down at Christmas,  
Love all lovely, Love divine;  
Love was born at Christmas,  
Star and angels gave the sign.

Worship we the Godhead,  
Love Incarnate, Love divine;  
Worship we our Jesus:  
But wherewith for sacred sign?

Love shall be our token,  
Love be yours and love be mine,  
Love to God and all men,  
Love for plea and gift and sign.

Christina Rossetti

12. 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 for our Salvation,  
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;  
Word of the Father  
Now in flesh appearing:

Latin, Tr. J F Wade and others

13. 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 Key of David, come  
And open wide our heavenly home;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery.

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.

Tr John Mason Neale

14.

O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see you lie!  
Above your deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.  
Yet in your dark streets is shining  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in you tonight.

O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth,  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to all 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

15.           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 meek and lowly  
              Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

              And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
              Through His own redeeming love;  
              For that Child, so dear and helpless,  
              Is our Lord in heaven above;  
              And He leads His children on  
              To the place where He is gone.

              Not in that poor lowly stable,  
              With the oxen standing by,  
              We shall see Him, but in heaven,  
              Set at God's right hand on high,  
              Where His children gather round,  
              Bright like stars, with glory crowned.

Cecil Frances Alexander

16. See! In yonder manger low,  
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!

Edward Caswall



17.            Still the night, holy the night!  
                 Sleeps the world; hid from sight,  
                 Mary and Joseph in stable bare  
Watch o'er the Child beloved and fair,  
                 Sleeping in heavenly rest,  
                 Sleeping in heavenly rest.

                 Still the night, holy the night!  
                 Shepherds first saw the light,  
Heard resounding clear and long,  
                 Far and near, the angel-song:  
                 'Christ the Redeemer is here,  
                 Christ the Redeemer is here.'

                 Still the night, holy the night!  
                 Son of God, O how bright  
                 Love is smiling from Thy face!  
Strikes for us now the hour of grace,  
                 Saviour, since Thou art born,  
                 Saviour, since Thou art born.

                 Joseph Mohr tr. Stopford Augustus Brooke

18. 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 wherever 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 upon their 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 nought,  
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

19. The race that long in darkness pined  
Has seen a glorious light;  
The people dwell in day, who dwelt  
In death's surrounding night.

To us a child of hope is born;  
To us a Son is given;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
Him all the hosts of heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
For evermore adored;  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The great and mighty Lord.

His power increasing still shall spread,  
His reign no end shall know;  
Justice shall guard His throne above,  
And peace abound below.

Scottish Paraphrases, 1781 – Isaiah 9: 2-7

20. While humble shepherds watched their flocks  
In Bethlehem's plains by night,  
An angel sent from heaven appeared  
And filled the plains with light.

'Fear not' he said, for sudden 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  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign:

'The heavenly babe you 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; and thus  
Addressed their joyful song:

'All glory be to God on high  
And to the earth be peace;  
Goodwill is shown from heaven above  
And never more shall cease.'