

David Phelps, Manger Medley

Away in a manger no crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky look down where He lay
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

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.

O little town of Bethlehem how still we thee lie
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars go by.
We hear the Christmas angels their great glad tidings tell
O come to us abide with us our Lord Emmanuel.

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.