

Hymns ~ Feast of The Holy Family

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, (3×) 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, (3×) Christ the Lord.
Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above!
Glory to God, glory in the highest:
O come, let us adore Him, (3×) Christ the Lord.
Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this happy morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory given!
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing!
O come, let us adore Him, (3×) Christ the Lord.

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 side until 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.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION

‘My Jesus, I believe that you are present in this Holy Sacrament of the Altar.
I love you above all things and I passionately desire to receive you into my soul.
Since I cannot now receive you sacramentally, come spiritually into my soul so that
I may unite myself wholly to you now and forever.’ Amen
(based on prayer of St Alphonsus Liguori)

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.
Silent night, holy night, Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar, Heavenly hosts sing alleluia;
Christ the Saviour, is born! Christ the Saviour, is born!
Silent night, holy night, Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from thy holy face, With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth. Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

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 incarnate, Jesus Christ.
Angels and archangels May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim Thronged the air;
But only his mother, In her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the Beloved 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.