**The Angel Gabriel from Heaven Came**
By: Basque carol, para. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1834-1924

The angel Gabriel from heaven came,
With wings as drifted snow, with eyes as flame:
‘All hail to thee, O lowly maiden Mary,
Most highly favoured lady.’ Gloria!

‘For know a blessed mother thou shalt be,
All generations laud and honour thee;
Thy son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold,
Most highly favoured lady.’ Gloria!

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head;
‘To me be as it pleaseth God,’ she said.
‘My soul shall laud and magnify God’s holy name.’
Most highly favoured lady.’ Gloria!

Of her, Emmanuel, the Christ, was born
In Bethlehem all on a Christmas morn,
And Christian folk through-out the world will ever say:
‘Most highly favoured lady.’ Gloria!

**In the Bleak Midwinter**

*Christina G. Rossetti, 1830-1894*

1. In the bleak midwinter, frost 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.

2. 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.

3. Angels and archangels may have gathered there,

 Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;

 But his mother only, in her maiden bliss,

 Worshiped the beloved with a kiss.

4. 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.

**Once in royal David's city**

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, the scorned, the lowly,
lived on earth our Saviour holy.

**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?
This, this is Christ the King
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing.
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

Raise, raise, the song on high,
The Virgin sings her lullaby:
Joy joy for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!
This, this is Christ the King
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing.
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

**The Wexford Carol**

Good people all, this Christmas time,

Consider well and bear in mind

What our good God for us has done

In sending his beloved son

With Mary holy we should pray,

To God with love this Christmas Day

In Bethlehem upon that morn,

There was a blessed Messiah born.