

Mayors Carols by Candlelight

22 December 2025



**With Thanks to Salvation Army Band
For Their Support**



Deck the halls with boughs of holly
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
'Tis the season to be jolly
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Don we now our gay apparel
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Troll the ancient Yuletide carol
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Fa-la-la-la-la, fa-la-la-la-la
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Fa-la-la-la-la, fa-la-la-la-la
See the blazing yule before us
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Strike the harp and join the chorus
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Follow me in merry measure
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
While I tell of Yuletide treasure
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.
The stars in the sky looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep in 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 cradle til 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 take us to heaven, to live with Thee there.

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 "Io, io, io!"
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!

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 th' 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 th' incarnate Deity,
pleased as man with man to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel.
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 man no more may die,
born to raise the sons of earth, born to give us second birth.

Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new born King!"

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 mean and lowly, Lived on earth our savior holy
And through all his wonderous childhood, He would honour and obey
Love and watch the lowly mother, In whose gentle arms he lay, Christian children all must
be Mild, obedient, good as he

For he is our childhood's pattern; Day by day like us he grew;
He was little, weak and helpless; Tears and smiles like us he knew;
And he feeleth for our sadness, And he shareth in our gladness

And our eyes at last shall see him, Through his own redeeming love
For that child, so dear and gentle, Is our Lord in heaven above
And he leads his children on, To the place where he is gone

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 Savior is born
Christ the Savior 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

The holly and the ivy,, When they both are full well grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood, the holly bears the crown.

*Oh, 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 lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to be our sweet saviour

The holly bears a berry, as red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to do poor sinners good.

The holly bears a prickle, as sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ on Christmas Day in the morn.

The holly bears a bark, as bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ for to redeem us all.

We three kings of orient are, Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, Moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright.
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain, Gold I bring to crown Him again
King for ever, ceasing never, Over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I,, Incense owns a Deity nigh
Prayer and praising, all men raising,, Worship Him, God most high.

Myrrh is mine,, Its bitter perfume
breathes a life of gathering gloom.,
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,, Sealed in the stone cold tomb.

Glorious now behold Him arise, King and God and Sacrifice!
Heaven sings, 'Alleluia!' 'Alleluia!' the Earth replies.

We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year

*Good tidings we bring to you and your kin
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year*

Now bring us some figgy pudding
Now bring us some figgy pudding
Now bring us some figgy pudding
And bring some out here

We won't go until we get some
We won't go until we get some
We won't go until we get some
So bring it right here