



Silent Night

by Franz Xavier Gruber

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,
Heav'nly 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 redeem-ing grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth;
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Joy to the World

by G.F. Handel



Joy to the world! The Lord has come:
Let earth receive her King.
Let ev'ry heart, prepare Him room,
And heav'n and nature sing,
and heav'n and nature sing,
And hea-ven, and hea-ven and nature sing.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove,
The glo-ries of, His right-eous-ness
And wonders of His love,
and wonders of His love,
And won-ders, won-ders of His love.

O, Holy Night

by Adolphe Adam

Fall_ on your knees, O hear_ the angel voic-es.
O night_ divine, O_ night_ when Christ was born.
O night_ O Ho-ly night, O night divine.

Christ_ is the Lord. O praise_ his name for-ever.
His powr'_ and glo-ry, ev-er more proclaim.
His powr'_ and glo-ry, ev-er more proclaim.

Carol of the Bells

Ukrainian carol



Hark to the bells, high sounding bells
Joyful they ring "Born is the King"
O how they chime, sound with a rhyme
Be of good cheer, Christmas is here

Singing their song, Ding ding a dong
This is the day, come come away
Now ev'rywhere, all through the air
Ring silver bells, sing silver bells

Hear how they pound, hear how they sound
Telling the tale, o'er hill and vale
Come one and all, answer the call
Come come and sing "Born is the King"

Join the joyous Christmas celebration
Join the folks of ev'ry land and nation
Endless the song, lives on and on
"Born is the King! Born is the King!"

The Clergy and Staff of Corpus Christi

Wish you a Merry Christmas!

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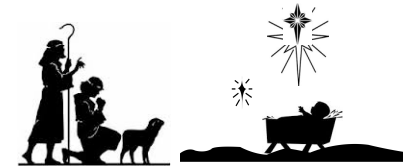
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Corpus Christi Catholic Church

December 24 and 25, 2025

Christmas

Solemnity of the Nativity of the Lord



1. O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL
Joyful and triumphant
O come ye, O come ye
to Beth-lehem.
Come and behold_ Him,
Born the king of an-gels

2. SING, CHOIRS OF ANGELS
Sing in exultation;
Sing, all ye citizens of
Hea-ven above;
Glo-ry to God_
glory in the high-est

Refrain



VENITE ADOREMUS, VENITE ADOREMUS, VENITE ADOREMUS
DO-MINUM!

Text: Irregular with refrain; John F. Wade, ca. 1711-1786;
tr. by Frederick Oakeley, 1802-1880, alt. Music: John F. Wade.

GLORIA

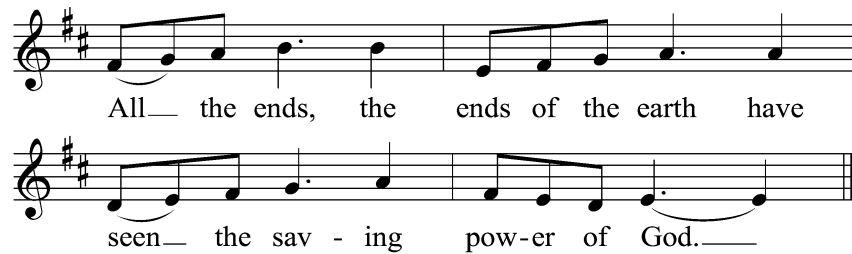
Glo-ri-a in excel-sis De-o. Et in ter-ra pax. ho-minibus bonae vo-luntatis.
We praise you, we bless you, we adore you, we glorify you.
We give you thanks for your_ great_ glo-ry.

Lord God heav-enly King. O God al-mighty Fa-ther.
Lord Jesus Christ only be-gotten Son.
Lord God, Lamb of God, Son_ of the Fa-ther.
You take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.
You take away the sins of the world, re-ceive our prayer.
You are seated at the right hand of the Fa-ther, have mercy on us.

Quo-ni-am tu sol-us sanctus. Tu sol-us Dominus_.
Tu so-lus al-tissi-mus_ Je-sus Christ. with the Holy Spir-it,
in_ the glory of God_ the Fa-ther. A- men.

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All the Ends of the Earth - Psalm 98



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CELTIC ALLELUIA

Celtic Mass
Fintan O'Carroll and Christopher Walker



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DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR



1. Do you see what I see?

A star, a star, dancing in the night, with a tail as big as a kite...

2. Do you hear what I hear?

A song, a song, high above the tree, with a voice as big as the sea...

3. Do you know what I know?

A Child, a Child, shivers in the cold, let us bring Him silver and gold...

4. Listen to what I say?

*The Child, the Child, sleeping in the night,
He will bring us goodness and light, he will bring us goodness, and light!*

words and music ©1962 Noel Regney & Gloria Shayne © Jewel Music Publ. Co. Inc.

Jesus What a Wonderful Child

Jesus, Jesus, Ohhh what a wonderful child.

Jesus, Jesus, so Ho-ly, meek and mild.

New life, new hope, to all he brings, listen, to the an-gels sing!

Glory, Glory, Glo-ry to the new, born, King.



Mass of Glory by Ken Canedo and Bob Hurd

Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly_ Lord_ God of hosts. Heav-en and earth, are full of_ your glo-ry.

Hosan-na! Hosan-na! Ho-san-na in_ high-est.

Bless-ed is he who comes, in the name_ of the Lord.

Hosan-na! Hosan-na! Ho-san-na in the_ high-est.



Mystery of Faith and Great Amen

Save_ us Savior of the world, for by your cross_ and re-surrection. You have set us free.

Lamb of God

Lamb of God, you take a-way the sins of the world, have mer-cy on us, have mercy on us. 2x

Lamb_ of God, you take a-way the sins of the world, grant_ us_ peace, grant us_ peace.

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The First Noël

English carol

The first Noël, the angels did say,

Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;

In fields where they, lay keeping their sheep,

On a cold winter's night, that was so deep.

**Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël,
Born is the King of Israel.**



They look-ed 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.

Angels We Have Heard on High

French/English carol

Angels we have heard on high,

sweetly singing o'er the plains.

And the mountains in reply, echoing their joyous strains.

Glo-ria, in Excelsis Deo. Glo-ria, in Excelsis Deo.

Shepherds why this jubilee, why your joyous strains prolong

What the gladsome tidings be, which inspire your heav'nly song.

Come to Bethlehem and see, Him whose birth the angels sing

Come adore on bended knee, Christ the Lord, the newborn king.



Hark! The Herald Angels Sing
by Felix Mendelssohn

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to_ the newborn King!"
Peace on earth and mercy mild_
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With, angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born, in Bethlehem!"

**Hark, the herald angels sing,
"Glory to, the newborn King!"**

Christ by high-est heaven adored;
Christ the ev-erlasting Lord!
Late in time, behold Him come_
Offspring of, a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity.
Pleased, with everyone to dwell,
Jesus our, Emanuel!

**Hark, the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King!"**

