

## **O Come, O Come Emmanuel**

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel  
And ransom captive Israel,  
That mourns in lonely exile here,  
Until the Son of God appear.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come Thou Dayspring, come and cheer  
Our Spirits by Thine advent here;  
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
And death's dark shadow put to flight.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, Tho Rod of Jesse, free  
Thine own from Satan's tyranny,  
from depths of Hell Thy people save  
And give them victory o'er the grave.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

*Psalm 145:*

Great is the Lord and worthy to be praised.  
Lord, You are gracious, You are slow to anger,  
Abounding in love, You are good to all.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

## **It Came Upon the Midnight Clear**

It came upon the midnight clear  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth,  
To touch their harps of gold.  
“Peace on the earth, good will to men,”  
From heaven’s all-gracious King.  
The world in solemn stillness lay,  
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come  
With peaceful wings unfurled,  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O’er all the weary world.  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o’er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

And ye beneath life’s crushing load  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow,  
Look now for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing.  
O rest beside the weary road  
And hear the angels sing.

For lo the days are hastening on,  
By prophet bards foretold,  
When with the ever’ circling years  
Comes round the age of gold;  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world give back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

## **Hark! The Herald Angels Sing**

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 hosts proclaim,  
“Christ is born in Bethlehem!”

Hark! the herald angels sing,  
“Glory to the newborn King!”

Christ, by highest heav’n adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord:  
Late in time, behold Him come,  
Offspring of a virgin’s womb.  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail in th’incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as man with man to dwell,  
Jesus, our Immanuel.

Hark! the herald angels sing,  
“Glory to the newborn King!”

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Son of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Ris’n 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 them second birth.

Hark! the herald angels sing,  
“Glory to the newborn King!”

## **Joy to the World (Joyful, Joyful)**

Joy to the world! The Lord is come;  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing  
And heaven and nature sing  
And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.

We will sing sing sing.

Joy to the world! The Savior reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy  
Repeat the sounding joy  
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

We will sing, sing, sing. Joy to the world.

He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness  
And wonders of His love  
And wonders of His love  
And wonders, wonders of His love

Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee  
God of Glory, Lord of love.  
Hearts unfold like flow'rs before Thee  
Ope'ning to the sun above.

Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee  
God of Glory, Lord of love.  
Hearts unfold like flow'rs before Thee  
Ope'ning to the sun above.

We will sing, sing, sing. Joy to the world.

## **God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen**

God rest ye merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay  
Remember Christ our Savior was born on Christmas day  
To save us all from Satan's pow'r when we were gone astray,  
O tiding of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy!

From God our Heavenly Father a blessed angel came,  
And unto certain shepherds brought tidings of the same,  
How that in Bethlehem was born the Son of God by name,  
O tiding of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy!

Now to the Lord sing praises, all you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood, each other now embrace  
This holy tide of Christmas all others doth deface  
O tiding of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy!

## In the Bleak Midwinter

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 heav'n cannot hold Him  
Nor earth sustain,  
Heav'n and earth shall flee away  
When He comes to reign.  
In the bleak midwinter  
A stable place sufficed  
The Lord God Almighty  
Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels  
May have gathered there.  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Thronged the air,  
But His mother only,  
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 can I give Him?  
Give my heart.

## **Go Tell It on the Mountain**

Go, tell it on the mountain,  
Over the hills and ever'y-where.  
Go, tell it on the mountain  
That Jesus Christ is born.

While shepherds kept their watching  
O'er silent flocks by night,  
Behold throughout the heavens,  
There shone a holy light.

Go, tell it on the mountain,  
Over the hills and ever'y-where.  
Go, tell it on the mountain  
That Jesus Christ is born.

The shepherds feared and trembled,  
When lo above the earth  
Rang out the angel chorus  
That hailed the Savior's birth.

Go, tell it on the mountain,  
Over the hills and ever'y-where.  
Go, tell it on the mountain  
That Jesus Christ is born.

Down in a lowly manger  
The humble Christ was born,  
And God sent us salvation  
That blessed Christmas morn.

Go, tell it on the mountain,  
Over the hills and ever'y-where.  
Go, tell it on the mountain  
That Jesus Christ is born.