

Worship in Song

December 12, 2021

Come and Worship

Angels from the realms of glory
Wing your flight o'er the earth.
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.

*Come and worship;
Come and worship;
Come and worship,
worship Christ the newborn King.*

Shepherds in the fields abiding
Watching o'er your flocks by night.
God with man is now residing.
Yonder shines the infant light.

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear.
Suddenly the Lord descending
In His temple shall appear.

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 th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
*Hark! The herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King."*

Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail th'incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
*Hark! The herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King."*

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun 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."*

Angels We Have Heard on High

Angels we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,
And the mountains in reply
Echo back their joyous strains.

*Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Gloria in excelsis Deo.*

Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing;
Come adore on bended knee
Christ the Lord the newborn King.

O Little Town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to night.

For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love,
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is giv'n
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heav'n
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin
Where meek souls will receive Him still
The dear Christ enters in

O holy Child of Bethlehem
Descend to us, we pray
Cast out our sin and enter in
Be born in us today
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell
O come to us abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel

O Come, All Ye Faithful

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,
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
Christ, the Lord!*

Sing choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
O sing all ye bright hosts
of heav'n above!
Glory to God, all glory in the highest!

Yea, Lord we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning
Jesus to Thee be all glory giv'n
Word of the Father
Now in flesh appearing

The First Noel

The first Noel, the angel 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.

They looked 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

*Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
Born is the King of Israel*

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heav'nly Lord,
That hath made heaven
and earth of naught
And with His blood mankind hath bought

**From the Squalor of a Borrowed Stable
(Immanuel)**

From the squalor of a borrowed stable,
By the spirit and a virgin's faith;
To the anguish and the shame of scandal
Came the Saviour of the human race!
But the skies were filled, with the praise of
heav'n,
Shepherds listen as the angels tell
Of the Gift of God, come down to man
At the dawning of Immanuel

King of heaven now the Friend of sinners,
Humble servant in the Father's hands,
Filled with power and the Holy Spirit,
Filled with mercy for the broken man
Yes he walked my road, and He felt my pain,
Joys and sorrows that I know so well;
Yet His righteous steps, give me hope again -
I will follow my Immanuel!

Through the kisses of a friend's betrayal,
He was lifted on a cruel cross;
He was punished for a world's transgressions,
He was suffering to save the lost
He fights for breath, He fights for me
Loosing sinners from the claims of hell;
And with a shout, our souls are free -
Death defeated by Immanuel!

Now He's standing in the place of honour,
Crowned with glory on the highest throne,
Interceding for His own beloved
Till His Father calls us to bring them home!
Then the skies will part, as the trumpet sounds
Hope of heaven or the fear of hell;
But the Bride will run, to her Lover's arms,
Giving glory to Immanuel!