

Worship in Song

December 24, 2021

Joy to the World!

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

Joy to the earth!
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

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.

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.

O come, desire of nations, bind
All peoples in one heart and mind.
Bid envy, strife and sorrow cease,
Fill all the world with heaven's peace.

Come Thou Long Expected Jesus

Come Thou long expected Jesus
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us
Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Jesus, I do now receive Him
More than all in Him I find
He hath granted me forgiveness
I am His and He is mine.
Hallelujah what a savior
Hallelujah what a friend
Saving, helping keeping, loving
He is with me to the end

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."*

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.

Angels We Have Heard on High

Gloria! We sing Gloria!
Gloria! We sing Gloria!

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.

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.

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*

Why lies He in such mean estate
Where ox and lamb are feeding
Good Christian, fear; for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading

So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh,
Come peasant king to own Him
The King of kings salvation brings
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.

Come Behold the Wondrous Mystery

Come behold the wondrous myst'ry
In the dawning of the King
He the theme of heaven's praises
Robed in frail humanity
In our longing in our darkness
Now the light of life has come
Look to Christ who condescended
Took on flesh to ransom us

Come behold the wondrous myst'ry
He the perfect Son of Man
In His living in His suff'ring
Never trace nor stain of sin
See the true and better Adam
Come to save the hell-bound man
Christ the great and sure fulfillment
Of the law in Him we stand

Come behold the wondrous myst'ry
Christ the Lord upon the tree
In the stead of ruined sinners
Hangs the Lamb in victory
See the price of our redemption
See the Father's plan unfold
Bringing many sons to glory
Grace unmeasured love untold

Come behold the wondrous myst'ry
Slain by death the God of life
But no grave could e'er restrain Him
Praise the Lord He is alive
What a foretaste of deliv'rance
How unwavering our hope
Christ in power resurrected
As we will be when He comes

O Holy Night

O holy night! The stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of our dear Savior's birth;
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn;

*Fall on your knees, oh hear the angel voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was born!
O night, O holy night, O night divine!*

Truly He taught us to love on another
His law is love and His gospel is peace;
Chains shall He break, for the slave is our
brother
And in His name all oppression shall cease,
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise
we,
Let all within us praise His holy name

*Christ is the Lord, Oh, praise His name forever
His power and glory evermore proclaim
His power and glory evermore proclaim*

Silent Night! Holy Night!

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.