



Songs for Christmas

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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 ass are feeding?
Good Christians, fear, for sinners here
The silent word is pleading.
Nails, spear shall pierce him through,
The cross be borne for me, for you.
Hail, hail the word made flesh,
The babe, the Son of Mary.

So bring him incense, gold and myrrh,
Come peasant, king to own him;
The King of kings salvation brings,
Let loving hearts enthrone him.
Raise, raise a song on high,
The virgin sings her lullaby.
Joy, joy for Christ is born,
The babe, the Son of Mary.

Silent 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.

Joy to the World

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.

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.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground; He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found, far as the curse is found,
Far as, far as the curse is found.

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 Holy Night

O holy night, the stars are brightly shining;
It is the night of the 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 soul rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.
Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was born!
O night, O holy night, O night divine!

Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,
With glowing hearts by his cradle we stand.
So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,
Here came the wise men from Orient land.
The King of kings lay thus in lowly manger,
In all our trials born to be our friend!
He knows our need—to our weakness is no stranger.
Behold your King; before him lowly bend!
Behold your King; before him lowly bend!

Truly he taught us to love one 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!

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 tonight.

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!

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.

*Noel, noel, noel, noel,
born is the King of Israel.*

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.

And by the light of that same star,
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a king was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

This star drew nigh to the northwest;
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest;
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

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 for ever, 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.

Good Christian Men, Rejoice

Good Christian men, rejoice With heart, and soul and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say: (News, news!)
Jesus Christ is born today;
Ox and ass before him bow,
And he is in the manger now.
Christ is born today! Christ is born today!

Good Christian men, rejoice! With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss: (News, news!)
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He has open'd the heavenly door,
And we are blessed evermore.
Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice with heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave: (News, news,)
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain his everlasting hall.
Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!

Comfort, Comfort Ye My people

Comfort, comfort ye my people, speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
Comfort those who sit in darkness, mourning 'neath their sorrow's load;
Speak ye to Jerusalem of the peace that waits for them;
Tell her that her sins I cover and her warfare now is over.

For the herald's voice is crying In the desert far and near,
Bidding all men to repentance, since the kingdom now is here.
O that warning cry obey! Now prepare for God a way!
Let the valleys rise to meet Him and the hills bow down to greet him.

Yea, her sins our God will pardon, blotting out each dark misdeed;
All that well deserved his anger he will no more see nor heed.
She has suffered many a day, now her griefs have passed away,
God will change her pining sadness into ever springing gladness.

Make ye straight what long was crooked, make the rougher places plain:
Let your hearts be true and humble, as befits his holy reign,
For the glory of the Lord now o'er the earth is shed abroad,
And all flesh shall see the token that his word is never broken.

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 tidings 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.

“Fear not, then,” said the angel, “Let nothing you fright;
This day is born a Savior of a pure virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in him from Satan's power and might.”

Of the Father's Love Begotten

Of the Father's love begotten, 'ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega, he the source, the ending he,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see, evermore and evermore!

O that birth forever blessed, when the virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving, bare the Savior of our race;
And the babe, the world's Redeemer,
First revealed his sacred face, evermore and evermore!

This is he whom seers in old time chanted of with one accord;
Whom the voices of the prophets promised in their faithful word;
Now he shines, the long expected,
Let creation praise its Lord, evermore and evermore!

O ye heights of heaven adore him; angel hosts, his praises sing;
Powers, dominions, bow before Him, and extol our God and King!
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert sing, evermore and evermore!

Christ, to thee with God the Father, and, O Holy Ghost, to thee,
Hymn and chant with high thanksgiving, and unwearied praises be:
Honor, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory, evermore and evermore!

I Wonder as I Wander

I wonder as I wander out under the sky,
How Jesus the Savior did come for to die.
For poor on'ry people like you and like I...
I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

When Mary birthed Jesus 'twas in a cow's stall,
With wise men and farmers and shepherds and all.
But high from God's heaven a star's light did fall,
And the promise of ages it then did recall.

If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing,
A star in the sky, or a bird on the wing,
Or all of God's angels in heav'n for to sing,
He surely could have it, 'cause he was the King.

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, heaven cannot hold him, nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away when he comes to reign.
In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

Enough for him, whom cherubim, worship night and day,
Breastful of milk and a mangerful of hay;
Enough for him, whom angels fall before,
The ox and ass and camel which adore.

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 I can I give him: give my heart.

Lovely Child, Holy Child

Lovely child, holy child, gentle, mild, undefiled;
Infant King, fairest King, gifts we'll bring and anthems sing:

*Alleluia, alleluia,
Alleluia, alleluia!*

Child of light, born tonight, our delight, promise bright;
Child so fair: see him there; now declare him ev'ry where:

Rest your head, sweetest head; gifts we'll spread at your bed
Jesus Lord, be adored, may this word now be out-poured:

To this boy, our great joy, we employ hymns of joy;
Child so fair: see him there; now declare him ev'ry where:

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

Lo, how a rose e'er blooming from tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming, as men of old have sung.
It came, a floweret bright, amid the cold of winter,
When half spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it, the rose I have in mind;
With Mary we behold it, the virgin mother kind.
To show God's love aright, she bore to men a Savior,
When half spent was the night.

The shepherds heard the story proclaimed by angels bright,
How Christ, the Lord of glory was born on earth this night.
To Bethlehem they sped and in the manger found him,
As angel heralds said.

This flower, whose fragrance tender with sweetness fills the air,
Dispels with glorious splendor the darkness everywhere;
True man, yet very God, from sin and death he saves us,
And lightens every load.

O Savior, Child of Mary, who felt our human woe,
O Savior, King of glory, who dost our weakness know;
Bring us at length we pray, to the bright courts of heaven,
And to the endless day!

Savior of the Nations, Come

Savior of the nations, come; Virgin's son, here make thy home!
Marvel now, O heaven and earth, that the Lord chose such a birth.

Not by human flesh and blood; By the spirit of our God
Was the word of God made flesh, woman's offspring, pure and fresh.

Wondrous birth! O wondrous Child of the virgin undefiled!
Though by all the world disowned, still to be in heaven enthroned.

From the Father forth he came and returneth to the same,
Captive leading death and hell high the song of triumph swell!

Thou, the Father's only son, hast over sin the victory won.
Boundless shall thy kingdom be; When shall we its glories see?

Brightly doth thy manger shine, glorious is its light divine.
Let not sin o'er cloud this light; Ever be our faith thus bright.

Praise to God the Father sing, praise to God the Son, our King,
Praise to God the Spirit be ever and eternally.

See, Amid the Winter's Snow

See amid the winter's snow, born for us on earth below,
See, the gentle Lamb appears, promised from eternal years.

Hail that ever blessed morn, hail redemption's happy dawn,
Sing through all Jerusalem: Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Lo, within a manger lies he who built the starry skies;
He Who, thronè in height sublime, sits amid the cherubim.

Say, you holy shepherds, say, tell your joyful news today.
Why have you now left your sheep on the lonely mountain steep?

"As we watched at dead of night, lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing 'Peace on earth' told us of the Savior's birth."

Sacred Infant, all divine, what a tender love was thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss down to such a world as this.

Teach, O teach us, holy Child, by thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble thee, in thy sweet humility.

Thou Who Wast Rich Beyond All Splendour

Thou who wast rich beyond all splendour,
All for love's sake becamest poor;
Thrones for a manger didst surrender,
Sapphire-paved courts for stable floor.
Thou who wast rich beyond all splendour,
All for love's sake becomes poor.

Thou who art God beyond all praising,
All for love's sake becamest man;
Stooping so low, but sinners raising
Heavenwards by thine eternal plan.
Thou who art God beyond all praising,
All for love's sake becamest man.

Thou who art love beyond all telling,
Saviour and King, we worship thee.
Emmanuel, within us dwelling,
Make us what thou wouldst have us be.
Thou who art love beyond all telling,
Saviour and King, we worship thee.

On Christmas Night All Christians Sing

On Christmas night all Christians sing,
to hear the news the angels bring: (x2)
News of great joy, news of great mirth, news of our merciful King's birth.

Then why should men on earth be sad,
since our Redeemer made us glad: (x2)
When from our sin he set us free, all for to gain our liberty.

When sin departs before your grace,
then life and health come in its place; (x2)
Angels and men with joy may sing, all for to see the newborn King.

All out of darkness we have light
which made the angels sing this night; (x2)
“Glory to God and peace to men, now and forevermore. Amen.”

Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Mighty Gates

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates;
Behold, the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near;
The Savior of the world is here!

A helper just he comes to thee,
His chariot is humility,
His kingly crown is holiness,
His scepter, pity in distress.

O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confessed!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!

Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

Redeemer, come, with us abide;
Our hearts to thee we open wide;
Let us thy inner presence feel;
Thy grace and love in us reveal.

Thy Holy Spirit lead us on
Until our glorious goal is won;
Eternal praise, eternal fame
Be offered, Savior, to thy name!

O Come, Divine Messiah!

O come, divine Messiah! The world in silence waits the day
When hope shall sing its triumph, and sadness flee away.

Dear Savior haste; Come, come to earth,
Dispel the night and show your face and bid us hail the dawn of grace.

O come, divine Messiah! The world in silence waits the day
When hope shall sing its triumph and sadness flee away.

O Christ, whom nations sigh for, whom priest and prophet long foretold,
Come break the captive fetters; Redeem the long-lost fold.

Dear Savior haste; Come, come to earth,
Dispel the night and show your face and bid us hail the dawn of grace.

O come, divine Messiah! The world in silence waits the day
When hope shall sing its triumph and sadness flee away.

You come in peace and meekness, and lowly will your cradle be;
All clothed in human weakness shall we your Godhead see.

Dear Savior haste; Come, come to earth,
Dispel the night and show your face, and bid us hail the dawn of grace.

O come, divine Messiah! The world in silence waits the day
When hope shall sing its triumph and sadness flee away.

Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

Infant holy, infant lowly, for his bed a cattle stall;
Oxen lowing, little knowing Christ, the babe, is Lord of all.
Swift are winging angels singing, noels ringing, tiding bringing:
Christ the babe is Lord of all. Christ the babe is Lord of all.

Flocks were sleeping: shepherds keeping vigil til the morning new
Saw the glory, heard the story, tidings of a gospel true.
Thus rejoicing, free from sorrow, praises voicing, greet the morrow;
Christ the babe was born for you. Christ the babe was born for you.

Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

Let all mortal flesh keep silence,
And with fear and trembling stand;
Ponder nothing earthly minded,
For with blessing in his hand,
Christ our God to earth descendeth,
Our full homage to demand.

King of kings, yet born of Mary,
As of old on earth he stood,
Lord of lords, in human vesture,
In the body and the blood;
He will give to all the faithful
His own self for heavenly food.

Rank on rank the host of heaven
Spreads its vanguard on the way,
As the light of light descendeth
From the realms of endless day,
That the powers of hell may vanish
As the darkness clears away.

At his feet the six wingèd seraph,
Cherubim with sleepless eye,
Veil their faces to the presence,
As with ceaseless voice they cry:
Alleluia, Alleluia...Alleluia, Lord Most High!

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around
And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he (for mighty dread
had seized their troubled mind);
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind,
To you and all mankind.”

“To you in David’s town this day
Is born of David’s line
A Savior, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign,
And this shall be the sign:”

“The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid,
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song,
Addressed their joyful song:

“All glory be to God on high,
And to earth be peace:
Good will to men from highest heav’n
Begin and never cease,
Begin and never cease.”

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 wisdom from on high,
Who orderest all things mightily;
To us the path of knowledge show,
And teach us in her ways to go.

O come, thou day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

O come, desire of nations, bind
In one the hearts of all mankind;
Bid thou our sad divisions cease,
And be thyself our King of Peace.

We Three Kings

We three kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain
Following yonder star

*Oh,
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 forever, ceasing never.
Over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I.
Incense owns a deity night.
Prayer and praising, all men raising.
Worship him, God on high.

All My Heart This Night Rejoices

All my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near, sweetest angel voices;
“Christ is born,” their choirs are singing,
Till the air, everywhere, now their joy is ringing.

Forth today the Conqueror goeth,
Who the foe, sin and woe, death and hell, o’er throweth.
God is man, man to deliver;
His dear Son now is one with our blood forever.

Shall we still dread God’s displeasure,
Who, to save, freely gave his most cherished treasure?
To redeem us, he hath given
His own Son from the throne of his might in heaven.

He becomes the lamb that taketh
Sin away and for aye full atonement maketh.
For our life his own he tenders
And our race, by his grace, meet for glory renders.

Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat, “Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come; from all that grieves you
You are freed; all you need I will surely give you.”

Come, then, banish all your sadness,
one and all, great and small; come with songs of gladness.
Love him who with love is glowing;
hail the star, near and far light and joy bestowing.

Dearest Lord, thee will I cherish.
Though my breath fail in death, yet I shall not perish,
but with thee abide forever there on high,
in that joy which can vanish never.

Angels, From the Realms of Glory

Angels, from the realms of glory, wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story, now proclaim Messiah's birth:

*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 us is now residing, yonder shines the infant light:

Sages, leave your contemplations, brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great desire of nations; Ye have seen his natal star:

Saints, before the altar bending, watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending, in his temple shall appear:

As With Gladness Men of Old

As with gladness men of old did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light, leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we evermore be led to thee.

As with joyful steps they sped to that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet ever seek thy mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare at the manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy, pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring, Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past, bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide, where no clouds thy glory hide.

Angels We Have Heard on High

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

Gloria, in excelsis Deo!
Gloria, in excelsis Deo!

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be
Which inspire your heavenly song?

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

It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

It came upon a 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.

O 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.

Gentle Mary Laid Her Child

Gentle Mary laid her child lowly in a manger;
There he lay, the undefiled, to the world a stranger:
Such a babe in such a place, can he be the Savior?
Ask the saved of all the race who have found his favor.

Angels sang about his birth; wise men sought and found him;
Heaven's star shone brightly forth, glory all around him:
Shepherds saw the wondrous sight, heard the angels singing;
All the plains were lit that night, all the hills were ringing.

Gentle Mary laid her child lowly in a manger;
He is still the undefiled, but no more a stranger:
Son of God, of humble birth, beautiful the story;
Praise his Name in all the earth, hail the King of glory!

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 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 th' Incarnate Deity,
Pleased with us in flesh to dwell, Jesus our Emmanuel.

Hail the heav'nly 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.

Once In Royal David's City

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 wondrous childhood, he would honor and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden, 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 heav'n above,
And he leads his children on to the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable, with the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven, set at God's right hand on high;
Where like stars his children crowned all in white shall wait around.

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 citizens of heaven above!
Glory to God, all glory in the highest;

Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this happy morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing.

Salvation Is created!

Salvation! Is created! Salvation! Is created!
Salvation is! Is created!
In the midst of us.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Amen!

Away in a Manger

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 on 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 till 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 fit us for heaven to live with thee there.

Go Tell It On the Mountain

*Go, tell it on the mountain,
Over the hills and everywhere
Go, tell it on the mountain,
That Jesus Christ is born.*

While shepherds kept their watching
Over silent flocks by night
Behold throughout the heavens
There shone a holy light.

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

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

Cover image:
Rublev's Nativity



City Church
PHILADELPHIA