

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:

REFRAIN:

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

Highest, most holy,
Light of Light eternal,
Born of a virgin, a mortal He comes;
Son of the Father
Now in flesh appearing!

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!
Glory to God
In the highest:

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

Text: John F. Wade; tr. Frederick Oakeley
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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 oh Israel.

O come our Dayspring from on high.
And cheer us by your drawing nigh.
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
and death's dark shadows put to flight.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel,
Shall come to thee oh Israel.

O come Desire of Nations bind.
In one the hearts of all mankind.
O bid our sad divisions cease.
And be yourself our King of Peace.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel,
Shall come to thee of Israel.

Original arrangement by Thomas Helmore
Translated by John Mason Neale
Arranged by Blake Flattley
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THERE WILL BE REST

Are You there? Are You listening? Do You care? Did You plan this?
Oh, great God. Oh, great God.

Savior of the nations come and fill this world with grace and love
hallelujah, hallelujah
When all the world is torn apart and victory remains with God
Hallelujah, hallelujah. Will there be rest?

You are here. You are listening. And You've met us with forgiveness
You are here. You are listening. You hurt more and weep with us
You make all things new. God, You make us new.

Savior of the nations come and fill this world with grace and love
Hallelujah, hallelujah.
Though the world is torn apart, the victory remains with God.
Hallelujah, hallelujah
There will be rest.

Oh, great God. You are so great God...

Savior of the nations come, and fill this world with grace and love
Hallelujah, hallelujah.
When all that's right shall be restored and victory remains with God
Hallelujah, hallelujah
There will be rest.

Written by Blake Flattley & Brian T. Murphy
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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.

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 feels for all our sadness, and He shares in all 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
Shall we see Him, but in heaven, set at God's right hand on high.
Then like stars His children, crowned, all in white, His praise will sound!

Text: Cecil F. Alexander
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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.

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 all the 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 Immanuel!

Text: Phillips Brooks
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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 Christian, 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 the song on high,
The virgin sings her lullaby;
Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
The babe, the son of Mary!

Text: William C. Dix
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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.

Oh, that birth forever blessed,
When the virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bore the Savior of our race,
And the babe, the world's Redeemer,
First revealed His sacred face
Evermore and evermore.

O ye heights of heav'n, adore Him;
Angel hosts, His praises sing.
Pow'rs, dominions, bow before Him,
And extol our God and King.
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Ev'ry voice in concert ring
Evermore and evermore.

Text: Aurelius Prudentius Clemens
Translated by John Mason Neale
Arranged by Matt Preston
CCLI Song # 7140764
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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 the 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 the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Jesus, our Immanuel!

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!"

Text: Charles Wesley
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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,
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 redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Text: Franz Joseph Mohr
Translated by John F. Young
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JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world, the Lord is 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 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.

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.

Text: Isaac Watts
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