

1 Hark! The herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn king;
peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all you nations, rise;
join the triumph of the skies;
with angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Refrain

Hark! The herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn king!"

2 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, incarnate deity!
Pleased as man with us to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel! ***Refrain***

3 Hail the heav'n-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 we no more may die,
born to raise each child of earth,
born to give us second birth. ***Refrain***

1 Away in a manger, no crib for his bed,
the little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head;
the stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
the little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

2 The cattle are lowing; the baby awakes,
but little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love you, Lord Jesus; look down from the sky
and stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

3 Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask you to stay
close by me forever and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in your tender care
and fit us for heaven, to live with you there.

Text: North American, 19th cent.

1 Angels we have heard on high,
sweetly singing o'er the plains, and the
mountains in reply,
echoing their joyous strains.

Refrain

Gloria in excelsis Deo;
gloria in excelsis Deo.

2 Shepherds, why this jubilee? Why
your joyous strains prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be
which inspire your heav'nly song? ***Refrain***

1 Cold December flies away
at the rose-red splendor.
April's crowning glory breaks
while the whole world wonders
at the holy unseen pow'r
of the tree which bears the flow'r.
On the blessed tree
blooms the reddest flow'r.
On the tree blooms the rose
here in love's own garden,
full and strong in glory.

2 In the hopeless time of sin
shadows deep had fallen.
All the world lay under death.
Eyes were closed in sleeping.
But, when all seemed lost in night,
came the sun whose golden light
brings unending joy,
brings the endless joy
of our hope, highest hope,
of our hope's bright dawning,
Son belov'd of heaven.

3 Now the bud has come to bloom,
and the world awakens.
In the lily's purest flow'r
dwells a wondrous fragrance.
And it spreads to all the earth
from the moment of its birth;
and its beauty lives.
In the flow'r it lives,
in the flow'r, and it spreads
in its heav'nly brightness
sweet perfume delightful.

Anthem - "For Such a Time as This"

All Creation Sings 1003

Could it be that we are called

For such a time as this

Repeat x 2

Could it be that you are called

For such a time as this

Repeat x 2

Could it be that I am called

For such a time as this

Repeat x 2

Could it be that we are called

For such a time as this

Repeat x 2

For such a time as this

Repeat x 3

Song Go Tell It on the Mountain ELW 290

CHRISTMAS

ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o.

Go Tell It on the Mountain 290

Refrain

Go tell it on the moun - tain, o - ver the hills and ev - 'ry - where;

go tell it on the moun - tain that Je - sus Christ is born!

- 1 While shep-herds kept their watch-ing o'er si - lent flocks by night,
- 2 The shep-herds feared and trem-bled when, lo, a - bove the earth
- 3 Down in a lone - ly man - ger the hum - ble Christ was born;

Refrain

be - hold, through-out the heav - ens there shone a ho - ly light.

rang out the an - gel cho - rus that hailed our Sav - ior's birth.
 and God sent us sal - va - tion that bless - ed Christ - mas morn.