

Come, Jesus, Holy Son of God

G. F. Handel, arranged by Hal Hopson

Come, Jesus, Holy Son of God, come.
Holy Son of God, Thy truth unseal.
Thy love reveal. Thy truth unseal, Thy love reveal.
Lord, hear Thou in mercy our prayer to Thee.

Come, Jesus, Holy Son of God, come.
Holy Son of God, Come in Thy might.
Send forth Thy light. Come in might, Come send forth Thy light.
Lord, hear Thou in mercy, our prayer to Thee.

Come, Jesus, O holy Son of God. For Thee we long.
Hear Thou our prayer. For Thee we long. O hear Thou our prayer
To Thee be glory now and every more.
Lord, hear Thou in mercy our prayer to Thee.

Come, Jesus, Holy Son of God.
To Thee be glory,
To Thee be glory evermore.

Medieval Gloria

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

Lower: Et in terra pax, pax hominibus ...
Higher: bonae voluntatis,
All: voluntatis.

Laudamus te. Benedicimus te.
Adoramus te. Glorificamus te.

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

Lower: Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam ...
Higher: gloriam tuam,
All: Domine Deus!

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

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

Once in Royal David's City

Verse 1 - SOLO

Verse 2 - Adult Choir (women only)

Verse 3 - Children's Choirs

Jesus 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.

Verse 4 - Adult Choir

Verse 5 - Congregation

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;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white His praise shall sound.

Still, Still, Still

Traditional Austrian carol, arranged by Robert A. Hobby

Still, still, still, one can hear the falling snow.

For all is hushed, the world is sleeping,

Holy Star its vigil keeping.

Still, still, still, one can hear the falling snow.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Sleep, sleep, sleep, 'tis the eve of our Savior's birth.

The night is peaceful all around you,

Close your eyes, let sleep surround you.

Sleep , Sleep sleep, 'tis the night of the dear Savior's birth.

Dream, dream, dream, of the joyous day to come.

While guardian angels without number watch you as you sweetly slumber.

Dream, dream, dream, of the joyous day to come.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Still, Still, still.

The Angel Gabriel

Basque Carol, with English words by Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould
arranged by John Raymond Howell

The angel Gabriel from heaven came,
his wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame;
"All hail," said he the lowly maiden Mary,
"most highly favored lady ." Gloria!

For known the blessed mother thou shall be
For generations laud and honor thee
My son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold,
most highly favored lady." Gloria!

3 Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head;
"To me be as it pleaseth God," she said.
"My soul shall laud and magnify his holy name."
Most highly favored lady, Gloria!

4 Of her, Emmanuel, the Christ, was born
In Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn,
and Christian folk throughout the world will ever say,
"Most highly favored lady." Gloria!

The Glory of the Father

Egil Hovland, adapted from John I

The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.
We beheld the glory of the Father,
We beheld the glory of the Father, full of grace and truth.

In the beginning was the Word.
The Word was with God, was with God,
In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.
He came to his own, and his own,
And his own, and his own received him not.

The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.
We beheld the glory of the Father, full of grace and truth.