

It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

Verse 1

It came upon the 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.

Verse 2

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.

Verse 3

And 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!

What Wonder Filled the Starry Night

Verse 1

What wonder filled the starry night
When Jesus came with heralds bright
I marvel at His lowly birth
That God for sinners stooped to earth.

Verse 2

His splendor laid aside for me
While angels hail His Deity
And shepherds on their knees in fright
Fall down in wonder at the sight

Verse 3

The child who is the Way, the Truth
Who pleased His Father in His youth
Through all His days the Law obeyed
Yet for its curse His Life He paid

Verse 4

What drops of grief fell on the site
Where Jesus wrestled through the night
Then for transgressions not his own
He bore my cross and guilt alone

Verse 5

What glorious life arose that day
When Jesus took death's sting away!
His children raised to life and light
To serve him by his grace and might

Verse 6

One day the angel hosts will sing
Triumphant Jesus, king of kings!
Eternal praise we'll shout to him
When Christ in splendor comes again!

O Come O Come Emmanuel

Verse 1

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.

Verse 2

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

Verse 3

O come, Thou Wisdom from on high
And order all things, far and nigh
To us the path of knowledge show
And cause us in her ways to go
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Verse 4

O come, desire of nations, bind
All people in one heart and mind
Bid envy strife and quarrels cease
And be Thyself our King of peace
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel

We Three Kings

Verse 1

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

Chorus

O, Star of Wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to thy perfect light

Verse 2

Born a king on Bethlehem's plain
Gold I bring to crown Him again
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign

Verse 3

Frankincense to offer have I;
incense owns a Deity nigh;
prayer and praising, voices raising,
worshiping God on high.

Verse 4

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
breathes a life of gathering gloom;
sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Verse 5

Glorious now behold him arise;
King and God and sacrifice:
Alleluia, Alleluia,
sounds through the earth and skies.

What Child Is This

Verse 1

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.

Verse 2

Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and donkeys are feeding?
Good Christians, fear, for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading.
Nails, spears shall pierce him through,
the cross he bore for me, for you.
Hail, hail the Word made flesh,
the Babe, the Son of Mary.

Verse 3

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

Outro

This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,
The babe, the son of Mary.

God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

Verse 1

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 power
When we were gone astray

Chorus

O tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy!

Verse 2

In Bethlehem, in Israel
The blessed Babe was born
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessed morn
The which His Mother Mary
Did nothing take in scorn

Verse 3

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

Verse 4

"Fear not, then," said the Angel
"Let nothing you affright
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."

Verse 5

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm and wind:
And went to Bethlehem straightway
The Son of God to find

Verse 6

And when they came to Bethlehem
Where our dear Savior lay
They found Him in a manger
Where oxen feed on hay;
His Mother Mary kneeling down
Unto the Lord did pray

Verse 7

Now to the Lord sing praises
All you within this place
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace
This holy tide of Christmas
Doth bring redeeming grace