

Hymn No. 234

O Come, All Ye Faithful

- 1 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.

- 2 True God of True God, Light from Light Eternal,
lo, he shuns not the Virgin's womb;
Son of the Father, begotten, not created;
Refrain
O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

- 3 Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation;
O sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!
Glory to God, all glory in the highest;
Refrain
O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

- 4 See how the shepherds, summoned to his cradle,
leaving their flocks, draw nigh to gaze;
we too will thither bend our joyful footsteps;
Refrain
O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

Hymn No. 218

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

- 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 all,
from heaven’s gracious King.”
The world in solemn stillness lay,
to hear the angels sing.

- 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.

- 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!

- 4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
by prophet seen of old,
when with the ever-circling years
shall come the time foretold
when peace shall over all the earth
its ancient splendors fling,
and the whole world send back
the song which now the angels sing.

Hymn No. 217

Away in a Manger

- 1 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.

- 2 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.

- 3 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.

Hymn No. 230

O Little Town of Bethlehem

- 1 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.
- 2 For Christ is born of Mary, and gathered all above,
while mortals sleep, the angels keep their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together, proclaim the holy birth,
and praises sing to God the King, and peace to all on earth!
- 3 How silently, how silently, the wondrous gift is given;
so God imparts to human hearts the blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming, but in this world of sin,
where meek souls will receive him, still the dear Christ enters in.
- 4 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!

Hymn No. 216

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

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

- 2 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 us a Savior,
 when half spent was the night.

- 3 O Flower, whose fragrance tender
 with sweetness fills the air,
 dispel in glorious splendor
 the darkness everywhere.
 True man yet very God,
 from sin and death now save us,
 and share our every load.

Hymn No. 239

Silent Night, Holy Night

- 1 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.

- 2 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!

- 3 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.

- 4 Silent night, holy night,
 wondrous star, lend thy light;
 with the angels let us sing,
 Alleluia to our King;
 Christ the Savior is born, Christ the Savior is born.

Hymn No. 246

Joy to the World

- 1 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.

- 2 Joy to the word, the Savior reigns!
Let all their songs employ;
while fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
repeat the sounding joy,
repeat the sounding joy,
repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

- 3 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.

- 4 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.