

12.12.21 Songs

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING (UMH 240)

Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born 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 new born King!"

Christ, by highest heaven 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 with us in flesh to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King!"

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings, risen with healing in his wings
Mild he lays his glory by, born that we no more may die
Born to raise us from the earth, born to give us second birth
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new born King!"

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM (UMH 230)

Oh 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 wondering love
Oh morning stars together, proclaim the holy birth
And praises sing to God the King, and peace to all on earth!

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

Oh 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
Oh come to us, abide with us, our Lord Emmanuel

12.12.21 Songs

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH (UMH 238)

Angels we have heard on high
Sweetly singing o'er the plains
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their joyous strains
Gloria, in excelsis Deo Gloria, in excelsis Deo!

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be
Which inspire your heavenly song?
Gloria, in excelsis Deo! Gloria, in excelsis Deo!

Come to Bethlehem and see.
Christ Whose birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee,
Christ the Lord, the newborn King.
Gloria, in excelsis Deo! Gloria, in excelsis Deo!

See Him in a manger laid,
Whom the choirs of angels praise;
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
While our hearts in love we raise.
Gloria, in excelsis Deo! Gloria, in excelsis Deo!