

Processional Hymn #118 O Come, All Ye Faithful

*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;
O come, let us adore him, Christ, the Lord.*

*God of God, Light of Light,
lo, he abhors not the virgin's womb;
very God, begotten not created:
O come, let us adore him, Christ, the Lord.*

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

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

*Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this happy morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore him, Christ, the Lord.*

Gradual Hymn #122 In the Bleak Midwinter

*In the bleak midwinter frosty wind made moan,
earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone:
snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
in the bleak midwinter, long ago.*

*Our God, heaven cannot hold him, nor earth sustain;
heaven and earth shall flee away
when he comes to reign.*

*In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed
the Lord God almighty, Jesus Christ.*

*Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
but his mother only in her maiden bliss,
worshiped the beloved with a kiss.*

*What can I give him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;
if I were a wise man I would do my part;
yet what I can I give him, give my heart.*

Offertory Hymn #135 Shepherds in the Field Abiding

*Shepherds in the field abiding,
tell us, when the seraph bright
greeted you with wondrous tiding,
what you saw and heard that night.*

Refrain

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

*We beheld (it is no fable),
God incarnate, king of bliss,
swathed and cradled in a stable,
and the angel strain was this:*

Refrain

*Choristers on high were singing
Jesus and his virgin birth,
heavenly bells the while-a-ringing,
“Peace, good will to all on earth”*

Refrain

*Thanks, good shepherds, true your story;
let us go to Bethlehem.
Angels hymn the king of glory,
carol we with you and them.*

Refrain

Communion Hymn #126 Away in a Manger

*Away in a manger, no crib for a 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.*

*The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
but little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love you, Lord Jesus -- look down from on high
and stay by my side until morning is nigh.*

*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.*

Communion Hymn #119 Silent Night

*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.*

*Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight:
glories stream from heaven afar,
heavenly hosts sing, alleluia,
Christ the Savior is born.*

*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.*

Recessional Hymn #138 Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

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

Refrain:

*Hark! The herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King."*

*Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
late in time behold him come,
offspring of the virgin's womb.
Veiled, in flesh the Godhead see;
hail the incarnate deity,
pleased as one of us with us to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.*

[Refrain]

*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.*

[Refrain]