

Hymns for the “Readings & Carols” service (December 20th, 2020)

1. **Joy to the world, the Lord has 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 world, the Saviour reigns!
Let men 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. 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.

(Isaac Watts)

2. O morning stars, together
proclaim the holy birth,
and praises sing to God the King,
and peace to men on earth;
for Christ is born of Mary;
and, gathered all above,
while mortals sleep, the angels keep
their watch of wondering love.
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 Immanuel.

(Phillips Brooks)

1. **O little town of Bethlehem,**
how still we see thee lie!
Above your deep and dreamless sleep
the silent stars go by:
yet in your dark street shineth
the everlasting Light;
the hopes and fears of all the years
are met in you tonight.

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:

*O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!*

2. Sing, choirs of angels,
sing in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
'Glory to God,
glory in the highest!'
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
born this happy morning,
Jesus, to Thee be all glory given;
Word of the Father,
now in flesh appearing:

(Latin, 17th cent.; tr. by Frederick Oakeley)

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 hallelujah;
Christ the Saviour is born!
Christ the Saviour 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.

(Joseph Mohr; translator unknown)

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1. **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.*

2. Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
late in time behold Him come,
offspring of a maiden’s womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.
3. 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 man no more may die,
born to raise the sons of earth,
born to give them second birth.

(Charles Wesley)

1. **Once in royal David’s city**
stood a lowly cattle-shed,
where a mother laid her baby
in a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.
2. He came down to earth from heaven
who is God and Lord of all,
and His shelter was a stable,
and His cradle was a stall.
With the poor, and mean, and lowly
lived on earth our Saviour holy.
3. And our eyes at last shall see Him,
through His own redeeming love;
for that child so dear and gentle
is our Lord in heaven above;
and He leads His children on
to the place where He is gone.
4. 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 shall wait around.

(Cecil Frances Alexander)

1. **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.
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 'til 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.

*(John Thomas McFarland, Martin Luther &
William James Kirkpatrick; CCLI licence:
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