

Hymns for Christmas Day Divine Service

2015

O Come, All Ye Faithful



1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-umphant, O come ye, O
2. God of God, Light of Light, Lo! he ab-
3. See how the shepherds, Summoned to his cra-dle, Leav-ing their
4. Child, for us sin-ners Poor and in the man-ger, Fain we em-



come ye to Beth-le-hem; Come, and be-hold him,
horns not the Vir-gin's womb; Ver-y God, Be-
flocks, draw nigh with low-ly fear; We too will thi-ther
brace thee, with awe and love; Who would not love thee,



Born the King of an-gels; O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-
got-ten, not cre-a-a-ted;
Bend our joy-ful foot-steps;
Lov-ing us so dear-ly?



dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord.

5. Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God,
In the Highest;
Refrain

6. Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
Refrain

Text: John Wade (1711–86); tr. Frederick Oakeley (1803–80); Music: John Wade

Of the Father's Love Begotten



1. Of the Fath - er's love be - got - ten Ere the worlds
2. Oh, that birth for - ev - er bless - ed, When the vir -
3. This is He whom seers in old time Chant - ed of
4. O ye heights of heav'n ad - ore Him; An - gel hosts,



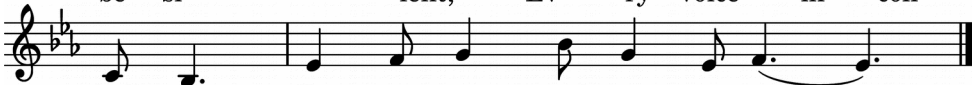
be - gan to be, He is Al - pha and O - me - ga,
gin full of grace, By the Ho - ly Ghost con - ceiv - ing,
with one ac - cord, Whom the voic - es of the proph - ets
His prais - es sing, Pow'rs, do - min - ions, bow be - fore Him



He the source, the end - ing He, Of the things that are,
Bore the Sa - viour of our race, And the babe, the world's
Prom - ised in their faith - ful word. Now He shines, the long -
And ex - tol our God and King. Let no tongue on earth



that have been, And that fu - ture years
Re - deem - er, First re - vealed His sac -
ex - pec - ted; Let cre - a - tion praise
be si - lent, Ev' - ry voice in con -



shall see Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.
red face Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.
its Lord Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.
cert ring Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.

5. Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee
Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving
And unending praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory
Evermore and evermore.

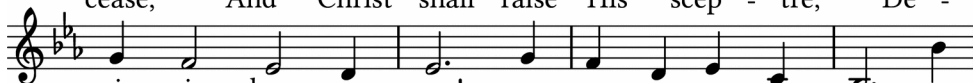
A Great and Mighty Wonder



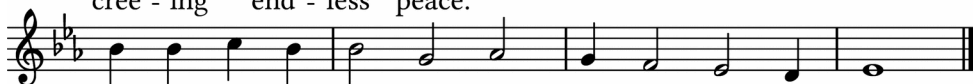
1. A great and might - y won - der, A full and ho - ly
2. The Word be - comes in - car - nate And yet re - mains on
3. While thus they sing your Mon - arch, Those bright an - gel - ic
4. Since all He comes to ran - som, By all be He a -
5. All i - dols then shall per - ish And Sa - tan's ly - ing



cure: The vir - gin bears the in - fant With
high, And che - ru - bim sing an - thems To
bands Re - joice, O vales and moun - tains, And
dored, The in - fant born in Beth - l'em, The
cease, And Christ shall raise His scep - tre, De -



vir - gin hon - our pure!
shep - herds from the sky.
o - ceans, clap your hands. *Pro - claim the Sav - iour's birth: "To*
Sav - iour and the Lord.
cree - ing end - less peace.



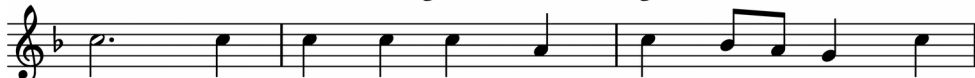
God on high be glo - ry And peace to all the earth!"

Text: Germanus (634–734; tr. John Mason Neale (1818–66), alt.; Music: Cologne, 1599

Let All Together Praise the Lord



1. Let all to - geth - er praise our God Be - fore His glo - rious
2. He leaves His heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne, Is born an in - fant
3. With - in an earth - born form he hides His all - cre - at - ing
4. He un - der - takes a great ex - change, Puts on our hu - man



throne; To - day He o - pens heav'n a - gain To
small, And in a man - ger, poor and lone, Lies
light; To serve us all He humb - ly cloaks The
frame, And in re - turn gives us His realm, His



give us His own Son, To give us His own Son.
in a hum - ble stall, Lies in a hum - ble stall.
splen - dour of His might, The splen - dour of His might.
glo - ry, and His name, His glo - ry, and His name.

5. He is a servant, I a lord:
How great a mystery!
How strong the tender Christ Child's love!
No truer friend than He,
No truer friend than He.
6. He is the key and He the door
To blessed paradise;
The angel bars the way no more.
To God our praises rise,
To God our praises rise.
7. Your grace in lowliness revealed,
Lord Jesus, we adore
And praise to God the Father yield
And Spirit evermore;
We praise You evermore.

Text: Nicolaus Herman (1480–1561); tr. Samuel Janzow (1913–2001); Music: Nicolaus Herman