

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing (191~)

- Vs 1** 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."
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King."
- Vs 3** Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings, ris'n 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.
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King."

Words by Charles Wesley 1739; Music by Felix Mendelssohn 1840 – Public Domain

O Little Town of Bethlehem (169~)

- Vs 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.
- Vs 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 men on earth.
- Vs 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.
- Vs 4** O Holy Child of Bethlehem, descend on 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.

Words by Phillips Brooks 1868; Music by Lewis Redner 1868 – Public Domain

Away in a Manger (176~)

Vs 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.

Vs 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.

Vs 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.

Verse 3 by John Thomas McFarland 1892; music by James R Murray 1887 – Public Domain

Today's text is Matthew 1:18-25 NIV