

## O, Come, All Ye Faithful



1 O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant! O  
 2 The high - est, most ho - ly, light of light e - ter - nal,  
 3 Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,  
 4 Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this hap - py morn - ing;



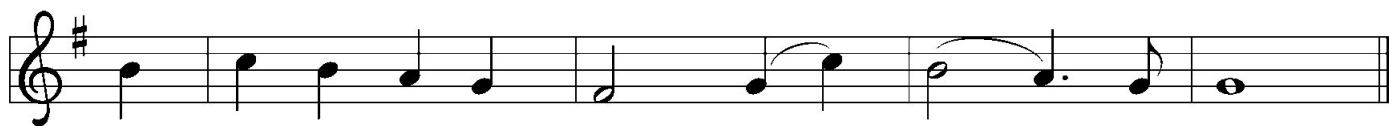
come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem;  
 born of a vir - gin, a mor - tal he comes;  
 sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heav - en a - bove!  
 Je - sus, to thee be . . . glo - ry giv'n!



come and be - hold him, born the king of an - gels:  
 Son of the Fa - ther now in flesh ap - pear - ing!  
 Glo - ry to God . . . in . . . the . . . high - est:  
 Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap - pear - ing:

*Refrain*

Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus, ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus,  
 O come, let us a - dore him, O come, let us a - dore him,



ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus Do - mi - num.  
 O come, let us a - dore him, Christ the Lord!

## Hark! The Herald Angels Sing



1 Hark! The her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born king;  
 2 Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord,  
 3 Hail the heav'n - born Prince of peace! Hail the Sun of righ - teous - ness!



peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."  
 late in time be - hold him come, off - spring of a vir - gin's womb.  
 Light and life to all he brings, ris'n with heal - ing in his wings.



Joy - ful, all you na - tions, rise; join the tri - umph of the skies;  
 Veiled in flesh the God - head see! Hail, in - car - nate de - i - ty!  
 Mild he lays his glo - ry by, born that we no more may die,



with an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"  
 Pleased as man with us to dwell, Je - sus, our Em - man - u - el!  
 born to raise each child of earth, born to give us sec - ond birth.

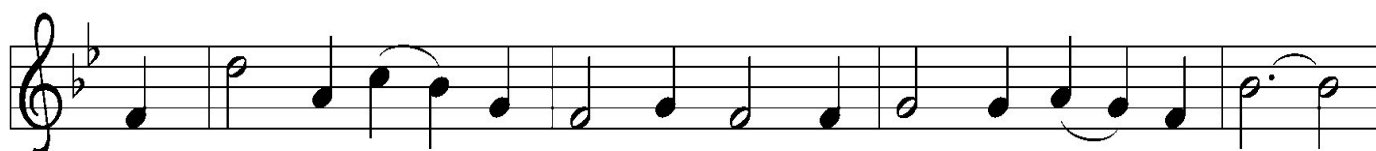


*Refrain*  
 Hark! The her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born king!"

## It Came upon the Midnight Clear



- 1 It came up-on the mid-night clear, that glo-rious song of old,
- 2 Still through the clo-ven skies they come with peace-ful wings un-furled,
- 3 And you, be-neath life's crush-ing load, whose forms are bend-ing low,
- 4 For lo! The days are has-t'ning on, by proph-ets seen of old,



from an-gels bend-ing near the earth to touch their harps of gold:  
 and still their heav'n-ly mu-sic floats o'er all the wea-ry world.  
 who toil a-long the climb-ing way with pain-ful steps and slow:  
 when with the ev-er-cir-cling years shall come the time fore-told,



"Peace on the earth, good will to all, from heav'n's all-gra-cious king."  
 A-bove its sad and low-ly plains they bend on hov-'ring wing,  
 look now, for glad and gold-en hours come swift-ly on the wing;  
 when peace shall o-ver all the earth its an-cient splen-dors fling,



The world in sol-emn still-ness lay to hear the an-gels sing.  
 and ev-er o'er its ba-bel sounds the bless-ed an-gels sing.  
 oh, rest be-side the wea-ry road and hear the an-gels sing!  
 and all the world give back the song which now the an-gels sing.

## Create in Me a Clean Heart

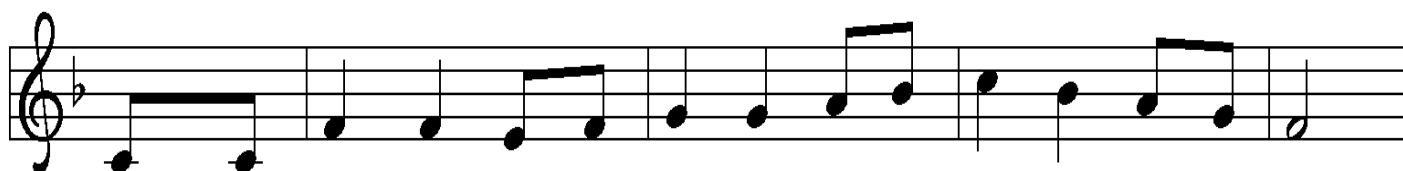
Cre - ate in me a clean heart, O God, and re - new a right  
spir-it with - in me. Cast me not a - way from your pres-ence, and  
take not your Ho - ly Spir - it from me. Re - store un - to me the  
joy of your sal - va - tion, and up - hold me with your free Spir - it.

The musical score is written on four staves in G minor (three flats). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below each staff. The first staff ends with a fermata over the word 'God'. The second staff has a fermata over 'me'. The third staff has a fermata over 'Spir - it'. The fourth staff ends with a double bar line.

Text: Psalm 51:10–12

Music: FRANCKE, J.A. Freylinghausen, 1670–1739

## Infant Holy, Infant Lowly



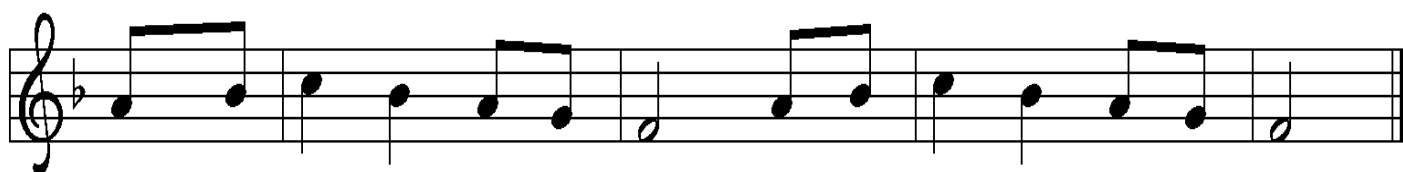
1 In - fant ho - ly, in - fant low - ly, for his bed a cat - tle stall;  
2 Flocks were sleep - ing, shep - herds keep - ing vig - il till the morn - ing new



ox - en low - ing, lit - tle know - ing Christ the child is Lord of all.  
saw the glo - ry, heard the sto - ry, tid - ings of a gos - pel true.

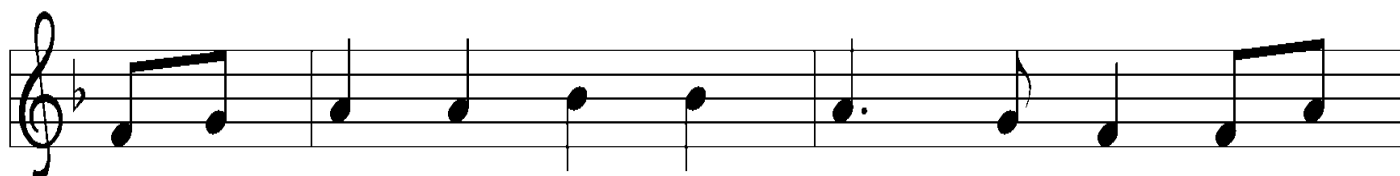


Swift - ly wing - ing, an - gels sing - ing, bells are ring - ing, tid - ings bring - ing:  
Thus re - joic - ing, free from sor - row, prais - es voic - ing, greet the mor - row:

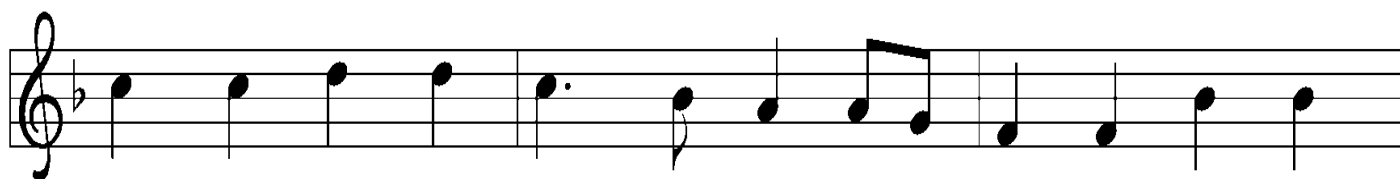


Christ the child is Lord of all! Christ the child is Lord of all!  
Christ the child was born for you! Christ the child was born for you!

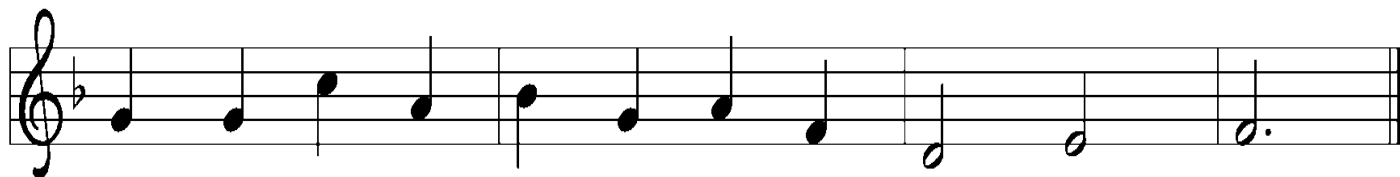
## Your Little Ones, Dear Lord



1 Your lit - tle ones, dear Lord, are we, and  
 2 With songs we has - ten you to greet, and  
 3 Oh, draw us whol - ly to you, Lord, and  
 4 Un - til at last we too pro - claim, with



come your low - ly bed to see; en - light - en ev - 'ry  
 kiss the ground be - fore your feet. Oh, bless - ed hour, oh,  
 to us all your grace ac - cord; true faith and love to  
 all your saints, your glo - rious name; in par - a - dise our



soul and mind, that we the way to you may find.  
 sweet-est night that gave you birth, our soul's de - light.  
 us im - part, that we may hold you in our heart.  
 songs re - new, and praise you as the an - gels do.

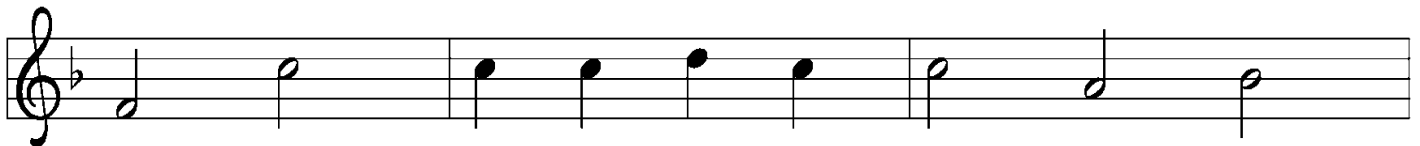
Text: Hans A. Brorson, 1694–1764; tr. Harriet Krauth Spaeth, 1845–1925, alt.

Music: HER KOMMER DINE ARME SMÅ, Johann A. P. Schulz, 1747–1800

## Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming



1 Lo, how a rose e'er bloom - ing from ten - der stem hath  
 2 I - sai - ah had fore - told it, the rose I have in  
 3 This flow'r, whose fra - grance ten - der with sweet-ness fills the  
 4 O Sav - ior, child of Mar - y, who felt our hu - man



sprung! Of Jes - se's lin - eage com - ing as  
 mind; with Mar - y we be - hold it, the  
 air, dis - pels with glo - rious splen - dor the  
 woe; O Sav - ior, king of glo - ry, who



seers of old have sung, it came, a flow'r so bright, a -  
 vir - gin moth - er kind. To show God's love a - right, she  
 dark-ness ev - 'ry - where. True man, yet ver - y God, from  
 dost our weak - ness know: bring us at length, we pray, to



mid the cold of win - ter, when half - spent was the night.  
 bore to us a Sav - ior, when half - spent was the night.  
 sin and death he saves us and light - ens ev - 'ry load.  
 the bright courts of heav - en and in - to end - less day.

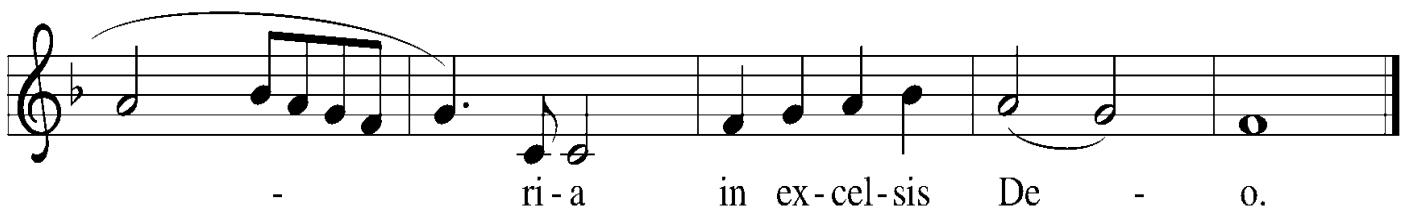
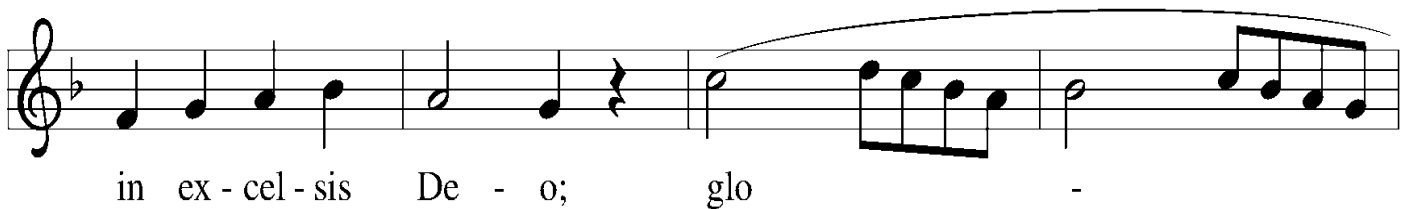
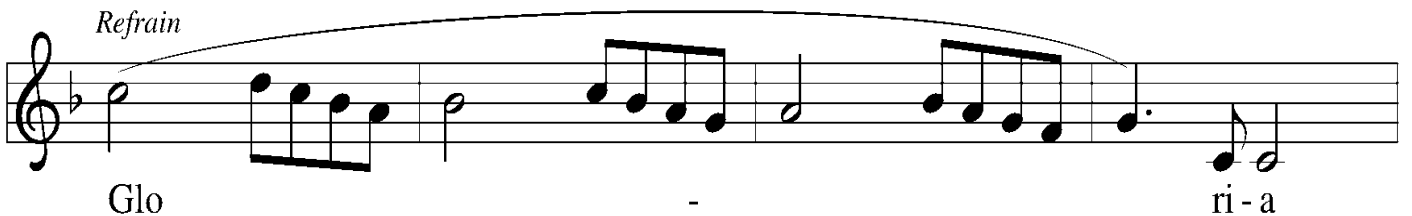
## Angels We Have Heard on High



- 1 An - gels we have heard on high, sweet - ly sing - ing o'er the plains,  
 2 Shep-herds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why your joy - ous strains pro - long?  
 3 Come to Beth - le - hem and see him whose birth the an - gels sing;



and the moun-tains in re - ply, ech - o - ing their joy - ous strains.  
 What the glad-some tid - ings be which in - spire your heav'n - ly song?  
 come, a - dore on bend - ed knee Christ the Lord, the new - born king.



Text: French carol; tr. H. F. Hemy, *The Crown of Jesus Music*, 1864

Music: GLORIA, French carol