

Christmas Morning

Joy to the world, the Lord is 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.

Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns!
Let all their songs employ;
while fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
repeat the sounding joy,
repeat the sounding joy,
repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

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 (1674-1748) based on Psalm 97

In the bleak mid-winter 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 mid-winter 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 mid-winter a stable-place sufficed the Lord God almighty, Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there, cherubim and seraphim thronged the air; but only His mother in her maiden bliss worshipped the Belovèd 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.

Christina Georgina Rosetti (1830-1894)

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.

Christ, by highest heaven adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord, late in time behold Him come, offspring of a Virgin's womb! Veiled in flesh the Godhead see: Hail, the incarnate Deity! Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel! 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, (1707-1788) and others

Like a candle flame, flickering small in our darkness, uncreated light shines through infant eyes.

God is with us, alleluia Come to save us, alleluia

Stars and angels sing, yet the earth sleeps in shadows; can this tiny spark set a world on fire?

Yet his light shall shine from our lives, Spirit blazing, as we touch the flame of his holy fire.

Graham Kendrick (b. 1950) © 1988 Make Way Music

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.

God of God, Light of Light, lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb; very God, begotten, not created:

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation, sing, all ye citizens of heaven above; Glory to God in the highest.

Yea, Lord we greet Thee, born this happy morning, Jesu, to Thee be glory given; Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing:

Attributed to John Francis Wade (1711-1786) trans. Frederick Oakeley (1802-1880) and others