

Hymn Texts – December 11, 2022

JOY TO THE WORLD! THE LORD IS COME

1 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.

2 Joy to the earth! the Savior 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 No more let sins and sorrows grow, nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow far as the curse is found,
far as the curse is found, far as, far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace, and make the nations prove
the glories of His righteousness, and wonders of His love,
and wonders of His love and wonders, wonders of His love.

ADVENT DOXOLOGY

Praise to God, the One who made us. Praise to Christ, the newborn Son.
Praise the Spirit, ever with us. Praise the Godhead, Three in One.
Clear a path! Prepare the way! Advent leads to Christmas Day!

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

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.

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 all the earth!

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 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 Emmanuel!

INFANT HOLY, INFANT LOWLY

1 Infant holy, infant lovely, for His bed a cattle stall'
oxen lowing, little knowing Christ the Babe is Lord of all.
Swift are winging, angels singing, noels ringing, tidings bringing;
Christ the Babe is Lord of all, Christ the Babe is Lord of all.

2 Flocks were sleeping, shepherds keeping vigil till the morning new
saw the glory, heard the story, tidings of a gospel true.
Thus rejoicing, free from sorrow, praises voicing greet the morrow:
Christ the Babe is Lord of all, Christ the Babe is Lord of all.

BENEDICTION

Christ, be our light! Shine in our hearts. Shine through the darkness;
Christ, be our light! Shine in Your Church gathered today.