

Hymn Texts – December 18, 2022

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

1 Angels we have heard on high sweetly singing o'er the plains,
and the mountains in reply echoing their joyous their joyous strains.

Refrain

Gloria
in excelsis Deo!
Gloria
in excelsis Deo!

2 Shepherds, why this jubilee? Why your joyous strains prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be which inspire your heavenly song? *Refrain*

3 Come to Bethlehem and see Him whose birth the angels sing;
come, adore on bended knee, Christ the Lord, the newborn King. *Refrain*

4 See Him in a manger laid, whom the choirs of angels praise;
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid, while our hearts in love we raise. *Refrain*

THE HANDS THAT FIRST HELD MARY'S CHILD

1 The hands that first held Mary's Child were hard from working wood,
from boards they sawed and planed and filed and splinters they withstood.
This day they gripped no tool of steel they drove no iron nail,
but cradled from the head to heel our Lord, newborn and frail.

2 When Joseph marveled at the size of that small breathing frame,
and gazed upon those bright new eyes and spoke the infant's name,
the angel's words he once had dreamed poured down from heaven's height,
and like the host of stars that beamed blessed earth with welcome light.

3 "This child shall be Emmanuel, not God upon the throne,
but God with us, Emmanuel, as close as blood and bone."
The tiny form in Joseph's palms confirmed what he had heard,
and from his heart rose hymns and psalms for heaven's human word.

4 The tools that Joseph laid aside a mob would later lift
and use with anger, fear, and pride to crucify God's gift.
Let us, O Lord, not only hold the child who's born today,
but charged with faith may we be bold to follow in His way.

WHERE SHEPHERDS LATELY KNELT

1 Where shepherds lately knelt, and kept the angel's word, I
come in half belief, a pilgrim strangely stirred; but
there is room and welcome there for me, (for me), but
there is room and welcome there for me.

2 In that unlikely place I find Him as they said: sweet
newborn Babe, how frail! And in a manger bed: a
still small Voice to cry one day for me, (for me),
still small Voice to cry one day for me.

3 How should I not have known Isaiah would be there, his
prophecies fulfilled? With pounding heart I stare: a
Child, a Son, the Prince of Peace for me, (for me),
Child, a Son, the Prince of Peace for me.

4 Can I, will I forget how Love was born and burned its
way into my heart unasked, unforced, unearned, to
die, to live, and not alone for me, (for me), to
die, to live, and not alone for me?

BENEDICTION

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