

Hymn Texts – December 4, 2022

O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL

1 O come O come, Emmanuel, and ransom captive Israel,
that mourns in lonely exile here, until the Son of God appear.

Refrain

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel shall come to thee, Israel!

2 O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer our spirits by Thine advent here;
disperse the gloomy clouds of night, and death's dark shadows put to flight. *Refrain*

3 O come, Thou Wisdom from on high, and order all things far and nigh;
to us the path of knowledge show, and cause us in her ways to go. *Refrain*

4 O come, Desire of nations, blind all peoples in one heart and mind;
bid envy, strife, and quarrels cease; fill all the world with heaven's peace. *Refrain*

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

1 It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old,
from angels bending near the earth, to touch their harps of gold:
“Peace on the earth, good will to men, from heaven's all gracious King.”
The world in solemn stillness lay, to hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come with peaceful wings unfurled,
and still their heavenly music floats o'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lonely plains they bend on hovering wing,
and every o'er its Babel sounds the heavenly angels sing.

3 All ye, beneath life's crushing load, whose forms are bending low,
who toil along the climbing way with painful steps and slow,
look now! for glad and golden hours come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road, and hear the angels sing.

4 For lo! the days are hastening on, by prophet bards foretold,
when with the ever circling years come round the age of gold;
when peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors fling,
and the whole world give back the song which now the angels sing.

WHAT CHILD IS THIS

1 What Child is this, who, laid to rest on Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet, while shepherds watch are keeping?
This, this is Christ the King, whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
hast, haste to bring Him laud, the Babe, the Son of Mary!

2 Why lies He in such mean estate, where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christians, fear: for sinners here the silent Word is pleading.
Nails, spears, shall pierce Him through the cross be borne for me, for you.
Hail, hail the Word made flesh, the Babe, the Son of Mary!

3 So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh, come peasant, king, to own Him;
the King of kings salvation brings, let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise the song on high, the virgin sings her lullaby.
Joy, joy for Christ is born, the Babe, the Son of Mary!