

Please join in singing

1. Come, thou long expected Jesus, born to set thy people free; from our fears and sins release us, let us find our rest in thee. Israel's strength and consolation, hope of all the earth thou art; dear desire of every nation, joy of every longing heart. Born thy people to deliver, born a child and yet a king; born to reign in us forever, now thy gracious kingdom bring. By thine own eternal spirit, rule in all our hearts a lone; by thine all sufficient merit raise us to thy glorious throne.
2. Comfort, comfort ye my people, speak ye peace, thus saith our God; comfort those who sit in darkness, mourning 'neath their sorrows' load. Speak ye to Jerusalem of the peace that waits for them; tell her that her sins I cover, and her warfare now is over. Hark, the voice of one that crieth in the desert far and near, calling us to new repentance since the kingdom now is here. Oh, that warning cry obey! Now prepare for God a way; let the valleys rise to meet him, and the hills bow down to greet him. Make ye straight what long was crooked, make the rougher places plain; let your hearts be true and humble as befits his holy reign. For the glory of the Lord now o'er earth is shed abroad; and all flesh shall see the token that the word is never broken.
3. Hark! A thrilling voice is sounding, "Christ is nigh" it seems to say; "Cast away the works of darkness, O ye children of the day." Wakened by the solemn warning, from earth's bondage let us rise; Christ, our sun, all sloth dispelling, shines upon the morning skies. Lo! The Lamb, so long expected, comes with pardon down from heaven' let us haste with tears of sorrow, one and all to be forgiven; so when next he comes with glory, and the world is wrapped in fear, may he with his mercy shield us, and with words of love draw near. Honor, glory, might and blessing to the Father and the Son, with the everlasting Spirit while unending ages run.
4. Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming from tender stem hath sprung. Of Jesse's lineage coming as seers of old have sung. It came a blossom bright, amid the cold of winter, when half spent was the night. Isaiah 'twas foretold it, the Rose I have in mind, with Mary we behold it, the Virgin Mother kind. To show God's love aright, she bore to us a savior, when half spent was the night. O Flower whose fragrance tender with sweetness fills the air, dispel in glorious splendor the darkness everywhere; true man, yet very God, from sin and death now save us, and share our every load.
5. The Magnificat vocal solo

(turn)

6. O come, O come Emmanuel and ransom captive Israel, that mourns in lonely exile here, until the Son of God appear. Rejoice, Rejoice. Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel. O come, thou Branch of Jesse's tree, free them from Satan's tyranny that trust thy mighty power to save and give them victory o'er the grave. Rejoice, Rejoice. Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel. O Come, Desire of nations, bind in one the hearts of all mankind; bid thou our sad divisions cease, and be for us the King of Peace. Rejoice, Rejoice. Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.
7. Angels we have heard on high, singing sweetly through the night, and the mountains in reply echoing their brave delight. **Gloria in Excelsis Deo.** Shepherds, why this jubilee? Why these songs of happy cheer? What great brightness did you see? What glad tidings did you hear? REFRAIN Come to Bethlehem and see him whose birth the angels sing; come, adore on bended knee, Christ, the Lord, the new-born King. REFRAIN See Him in a manger laid whom the angels praise above. Mary, Joseph, lend your aid, while we raise our hearts in love. REFRAIN
8. 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. 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 lowly plains they bend on hovering wing, and ever o'er its Babel sounds the blessed angels sing. Yet with the woes of sin and strife the world has suffered long; beneath the heavenly hymn have rolled two thousand years of wrong; and warring humankind hears not the tidings which they bring: O hush the noise and cease your strife and hear the angels sing. For lo! The days are hastening on, by prophets seen of old, when with the ever-circling years shall come the time foretold, when peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors fling, and all the world give back the song which now the angels sing.