

Hymns of Praise

Sunday December 19, 2021

115 (vs.1,2,5)

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed,
his reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
to set the captive free;
to take away transgression,
and rule in equity.

He brings salvation speedy
to those who suffer wrong;
he saves the poor and needy,
and helps the weak be strong;
they sing who once were sighing,
their darkness turned to light,
for they, who once were dying,
are precious in his sight.

O'er every foe victorious,
Christ on his throne shall rest,
from age to age more glorious,
all blessing and all blest:
the tide of time shall never
his covenant remove;
his name shall stand for ever
that name to us is Love.

Words: James Montgomery (1771-1854)

Music: Melchior-Teschner (1584-1635)

Tune: St. Theodulph

Anthem – Born in the Night

Born in the night, Mary's child,
a long way from your home;
coming in need, Mary's child,
born in a borrowed room.

Clear shining light, Mary's child,
your face lights up our way;
Light of the world, Mary's child,
dawn on our darkened day.

Truth of our life, Mary's child,
you tell us God is good;
prove it is true, Mary's child,
go to your cross of wood.

Hope of the world, Mary's child,
you're coming soon to reign;
King of the earth, Mary's child,
walk in our streets again.

#144 (vs.1,2)

'Twas in the moon of wintertime
when all the birds had fled,
that mighty Gitchi Manitou
sent angel choirs instead;
before their light the stars grew dim,
and wandering hunters heard the hymn:
Jesus your King is born,
Jesus is born, in excelsis gloria.

Within a lodge of broken bark
the tender Babe was found;
a ragged robe of rabbit skin
enwrapped his beauty round,
but, as the hunter braves drew nigh,
the angel song ran loud and high:
Jesus your King is born,
Jesus is born, in excelsis gloria.

Words: Huron, Jean de Brébeuf (1593-1649); trans, J. Edgar Middleton (1872-1960)

Music: Anonymous; arranged by Frederick Jackisch (b. 1922)

Tune: Jesus Ahatonia

#156 (vs.1-3)

The angel Gabriel from heaven came,
his wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame;
'All hail,' said he, 'O lowly maiden Mary,'
most highly favoured lady: Gloria!

'For know a blessed mother you shall be,
all generations praise continually,
your son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold,'
most highly favoured lady: Gloria!

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head,
'To me be as it pleases God,' she said,
'my soul shall laud and magnify God's holy name,'
most highly favoured lady: Gloria!

Words: paraphrase, Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-1924)

Music: Basque traditional melody; arranged by C. Edgar Pettman (1866-1943)

Tune: Gabriel's message

#830 – Doxology

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
praise him all creatures here below;
praise him above, ye heavenly host;
praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Words: Thomas Ken (1637-1711)

Music: Genevan Psalter 1551; last line, Ravenscroft's Psalter 1621

Tune: Old 100th

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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:
Haste, haste to bring Him laud, the Babe, the Son of Mary!

Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear: for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading.
Nails, spear shall pierce him through,
the cross be born for me, for you.
Hail, Hail the Word made flesh, the babe, the son of Mary.

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.

Words: William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898)

Music: English traditional

Tune: Greensleeves