

**St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church**  
**Hymns of Praise**  
**Sunday December 26, 2021**





**#153 (vs.1,2,4)**

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive its king;  
let every heart prepare him room,  
and heaven and nature sing,  
and heaven and nature sing,  
and heaven, and heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!  
Let us our songs employ,  
while fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
repeat the sounding joy,  
repeat the sounding joy,  
repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

He rules the world with truth and grace,  
and makes the nations prove  
the glories of his righteousness  
and wonders of his love,  
and wonders of his love,  
and wonders, wonders of his love.

*Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)*

*Music: Lowell Mason (1792-1872)*

*Tune: Antioch*

**Anthem: In the bleak mid-winter**

In the bleak mid-winter, frosty wind made moan;  
earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;  
snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow  
in the bleak mid-winter, long ago.

Our God, heav'n cannot hold him, nor earth sustain,  
heav'n and earth shall welcome him when he comes to reign:  
in the bleak mid-winter a stable place sufficed  
the Lord God incarnate, Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,  
cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;  
but his mother only, in her maiden bliss  
worshipped the Beloved with a kiss.

What can I give him, poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;  
if I were a Wise Man, I would do my part;  
yet what I can I give him - give my heart.

*Words: Christina G. Rossetti (1830-1894)*

*Music Gustav T Holst (1874-1934)*

*Tune: Cranham*



### **Good King Wenceslas**

Good King Wenceslas looked out  
on the feast of Stephen,  
when the snow lay round about  
deep and crisp and even.  
Brightly shone the moon that night  
though the frost was cruel;  
when a poor man came in sight  
gathering winter fuel.

Hither, page, and stand by me,  
if thou knowst it, telling;  
yonder peasant, who is he?  
where and what his dwelling?  
Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
underneath the mountain,  
right against the forest fence  
by Saint Agnes fountain.

Bring me flesh and bring me wine  
bring me pine logs hither;  
thou and I shall see him dine  
when we bear them thither.  
Page and monarch, forth they went,  
forth they went together;  
through the rude winds wild lament  
and the bitter weather.

Sire, the night is darker now  
and the wind blows stronger,  
fails my heart, I know not how  
I can go no longer.  
Mark my footsteps, good my page  
tread thou in them boldly;  
thou shall find the winters rage  
freeze thy blood less coldly.

In his masters step he trod  
where the snow lay dinted,  
heat was in the very sod  
which the saint had printed.  
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,  
wealth or rank possessing;  
ye, who now will bless the poor  
shall yourselves find blessing.

*Words: John Mason Neale and Thomas Helmore (1853)*

*Music: 13<sup>th</sup> century Finnish*

*Tune: Tempus adest floridum*



**#148 (vs.1,3,4)**

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

But with the woes of sin and strife,  
the world has suffered long;  
beneath the angel strain have rolled  
two thousand years of wrong,  
but we, through din and war, hear not  
the love-song which they bring.  
Oh hush the noise, oh still the strife  
and hear the angels sing

And 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.  
Oh rest beside the weary road  
and hear the angels sing.

*Words: Edmund Hamilton Sears (1810-1876)*  
*Music: English traditional; arr. Arthur Sullivan*  
*Tune: Noel (#158)*

### **#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 100<sup>th</sup>*

## #164 (vs.1,2,4)

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 street shineth the everlasting light;  
the hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight.

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 on earth.

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;  
oh come to us, abide with us, our Lord, Emmanuel.

*Words: Phillips Brooks (1835-1893)*

*Music: English traditional*

*Tune: Forest Green*

