

**Hymns of Praise**  
**Sunday December 24, 2022**  
**Christmas Eve**



**#159 (v.1,2,5)**

O come, all ye faithful,  
joyful and triumphant;

O come ye; O come ye to Bethlehem!  
Come, and behold him, born the King of angels!

**(Refrain)**

**O come, let us adore him; (3x) Christ, the Lord!**

God of God,  
Light of light,  
Born unto Mary, the virgin blest,  
Very God begotten, not created. **(Refrain)**

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,  
born this happy morning;  
Jesus, to thee be glory given;  
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing! **(Refrain)**

**#148 (v.1,3)**

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

**#122 (v.1,2,6)**

Oh come, oh come, Emmanuel,  
and ransom captive Israel,  
that mourns in lowly exile here,  
until the Son of God appear.

**Rejoice, rejoice!**  
**Emmanuel shall come to thee,**  
**O Israel.**

Oh come, oh come, thou Lord of might,  
who to thy tribes on Sinai's height,  
in ancient times didst give the law  
in cloud and majesty and awe. **(Refrain)**

Oh come, thy 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)**

**#149**

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,  
the little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.  
The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,  
the little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,  
but little Lord Jesus no crying he makes.  
I love you, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,  
and stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask you to stay  
close by me forever and love me, I pray.  
Bless all the dear children in your tender care,  
and fit us for heaven to live with you there.

**#165 (v.1,3,4)**

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

How silently, how silently,  
the wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
the blessings of his heaven.  
No ear may hear his coming,  
but in this world of sin,  
where meek souls will receive him,  
still the dear Christ enters in.

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;  
O come to us; abide with us,  
our Lord Emmanuel!



**#147 (v.1,2,3)**

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

Gloria in excelsis Deo (2x)

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

Gloria in excelsis Deo (2x)

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

Gloria in excelsis Deo (2x)



**#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.

#154

Silent night, holy night!  
All is calm, all is bright  
'round yon virgin mother and child!  
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,  
sleep in heavenly peace, sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night!  
Shepherds quake at the sight;  
glories stream from heaven afar,  
heavenly hosts sing "Alleluia:  
Christ the Saviour is born; Christ the Saviour is born!"

Silent night, holy night!  
Son of God, love's pure light  
radiant beams from thy holy face,  
with the dawn of redeeming grace,  
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth, Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.



**#153**

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her 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 all their songs employ,  
while fields and floods,  
rocks, hills, and plains  
repeat the sounding joy,  
repeat the sounding joy,  
repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
nor thorns infest the ground;  
he comes to make  
his blessings flow  
far as the curse is found,  
far as the curse is found,  
far as, far as the curse is found.

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