

Angels We Have Heard on High

Trad. French carol. Arr. Barnes

Harmony Miller and Lovelace (c) 1964 Abingdon Press. All rights reserved.

Used with permission under ONE LICENSE #A-731655

An-gels we have heard on high sweet-ly sing-ing o'er the plains,
and the moun-tains in re-ply ech-o-ing their joy-ous strains.
Glo-----ri-a, in ex-cel-sis De-o! Glo-----ri-a, in ex-cel-sis De-o!

Shep-herds, why this ju-bi-lee? Why your joy-ous stains pro-long?
What the glad-some tid-ings be which in-spire your heav-en-ly song?
Glo-----ri-a, in ex-cel-sis De-o! Glo-----ri-a, in ex-cel-sis De-o!

Come to Beth-le-hem and see Christ who birth the an-gels sing;
come, a-dore on bend-ed knee, Christ the Lord, the new-born King.
Glo-----ri-a, in ex-cel-sis De-o! Glo-----ri-a, in ex-cel-sis De-o!

See him in a man-ger laid, whom the choirs of an-gels praise;
Ma-ry, Jo-seph, lend your aid, while our hearts in love we raise.
Glo-----ri-a, in ex-cel-sis De-o! Glo-----ri-a, in ex-cel-sis De-o!

God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

God rest ye merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Savior was born on Christmas day,
to save us all from Satan's pow'r when we were gone astray.
O tid-ings of com-fort and joy, com-fort and joy;
O tid-ings of com-fort and joy.

From God our heav'nly Father a blessed angel came,
and unto certain shepherds brought tidings of the same,
how that in Bethlehem was born the Son of God by name.
O tid-ings of com-fort and joy, com-fort and joy;
O tid-ings of com-fort and joy.

The shepherds at those tidings rejoiced much in mind,
and left their flocks afeeding in tempest, storm, and wind,
and went to Bethlehem straightway, the blessed babe to find.
O tid-ings of com-fort and joy, com-fort and joy;
O tid-ings of com-fort and joy.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

Wesley, Mendelssohn & Cummings

Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, “Glo-ry to the new-born King;
peace on earth, and mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled!”
Joy-ful, all ye na-tions rise, join the tri-umph of the skies;
with th’an-gel-ic host pro-claim, “Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!”
Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, “Glo-ry to the new-born King!”

Christ, by high-est heaven a-dored; Christ, the ev-er-last-ing Lord;
late in time be-hold him come, off-spring of a vir-gin’s womb.
Veiled in flesh, the God-head see; hail th’in-car-nate De-i-ty,
pleased with us in flesh to dwell, Je-sus, our Em-man-u-el.
Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, “Glo-ry to the new-born King!”

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righ-teous-ness!
Light and life to all he brings, risen with heal-ing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glo-ry by, born that we no more may die,
born to raise us from the earth, born to give us sec-ond birth.
Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, “Glo-ry to the new-born King!”

O Come, All Ye Faithful

Wade, trans. Oakley

Susan Koppelman & Sharon Miller, vocals

Duane Koppelman, accordion

O come, all ye faith-ful, joy-ful and tri-um-phant,
O come ye, O come ye, to Beth-le-hem.
Come and be-hold him, born the King of an-gels;
O come let us a-dore him, O come, let us a-dore him,
O come, let us a-dore him, Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of an-gels, sing in ex-ul-ta-tion;
O sin, all ye cit-i-zens of hea-ven above!
Glo-ry to God, all glory in the high-est;
O come let us a-dore him, O come, let us a-dore him,
O come, let us a-dore him, Christ the Lord.

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

vv. 1, 7 – 9th C. Latin, arr. Miller

(c) 1940, 1943, renewed 1981 The Church Pension Fund All rights reserved.

Used with permission under ONE LICENSE #A-731655

O Come, O Come, Em-man-u-el, and ran-som cap-tive Is-ra-el,
that mourns in lone-ly ex-ile here until the Son of God ap-pear.
Re-joice! Re-joice! Em-man-u-el shall come to thee, O Is-ra-el
O come, De-sire of na-tions bind all peo-ples in one heart and mind.
From dust thou brought us forth to life; de-liv-er us from earth-ly strife.
Re-joice! Re-joice! Em-man-u-el shall come to thee, O Is-ra-el

Savior of the Nations Come

v. 1 Luther, v. 3, 5 Seltz. *Enchirdion Oder Hamdbuchlein*. arr. Bach.

v. 3, 5 (c) 1969 Concordia Publishing House. All rights reserved.

Used with permission under ONE LICENSE #A-731655

Sav-ior of the na-tions come; Vir-gin's Son, here make thy home!
Mar-vel now, O heaven and earth, that the Lord chose such a birth.
Won-drous birth! O won-drous Child of the Vir-gin un-de-filed!
Hu-man and di-vine in one, ea-ger no his race to run!
Now thy man-ger's ha-lo bright hal-lows night with new-born light;
let no night this light sub-due, let our faith shine ev-er new.

Silent Night

Mohr, Gruber, arr. Miller

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 a-far,
heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!

Christ the Savior is born, Christ the Savior 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.

Silent night, holy night, wondrous star, lend thy light;
with the angels let us sing,
Alleluia to our King;

Christ the Savior is born, Christ the Savior is born.

What Child Is This

Dix, 16th C English melody, arr. Miller

What child is this who, laid to rest, on Ma-ry's lap is sleep-ing?

Whom an-gels greet with an-thems sweet,
while shep-herds watch are keep-ing!

This, this is Christ the King, whom shep-herds guard and an-gels sing;
haste, haste to bring him laud, the babe, the son of Ma-ry.

Why lies he in such mean es-tate where ox and ass are feed-ing?

Good Chris-tians, fear, for sin-ners here
the sil-lent Word is plead-ing.

This, this is Christ the King, whom shep-herds guard and an-gels sing;
haste, haste to bring him laud, the babe, the son of Ma-ry.

So bring him in-cense, gold, and myrrh, come, peas-ant, king, to own him;
the King of kings sal-va-tion brings,
let lov-ing hearts en-throne him.

This, this is Christ the King, whom shep-herds guard and an-gels sing;
haste, haste to bring him laud, the babe, the son of Ma-ry.