

Hymns and Songs – Christmas Day, 2021

Joy to the world! The Lord has 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!
Your sweetest songs employ.
While fields and streams and 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,
The wonders of His love,
The wonders of His love,
The wonders, the wonders of His love,

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
all seated on the ground,
the angel of the Lord came down
and glory shone around.

“Fear not” said he, for mighty dread
had seized their troubled mind;
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
to you and all mankind.

“To you in David’s town this day
is born of David’s line
a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
and this shall be His sign.

“The heavenly babe you there shall find
to human view displayed,
all meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
and in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
appeared a shining throng
of angels, praising God, who thus
addressed their joyful song:

“All glory be to God on high
and on the earth be peace;
goodwill henceforth from heaven to man
begin and never cease.”

See him lying on a bed of straw
A draughty stable with an open door;
Mary cradling the babe she bore;
The Prince of glory is His name.

*O now carry me to Bethlehem,
To see the Lord appear to men;
Just as poor as was the stable then,
The Prince of glory when he came.*

Star of silver, sweep across the skies,
Show where Jesus in the manger lies;
Shepherds, swiftly from your stupor rise
To see the Saviour of the world.

Angels, sing again the song you sang,
Bring God’s glory to the heart of man;
Sing that Bethlehem’s little baby can
Be salvation to the soul.

Mine are riches, from Thy poverty,
From Thine innocence, eternity;
Mine, forgiveness by Thy death for me,
Child of sorrow for my joy.

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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 for ever and love me, I pray;
bless all the dear children in Your tender care,
and fit us for heaven to live with You there.

Come and join the celebration,
it’s a very special day;
come and share our jubilation,
there’s a new King born today!

See the shepherds
hurry down to Bethlehem;
gaze in wonder
at the Son of God who lay before them.

Wise men journey,
led to worship by a star,
kneel in homage,
bringing precious gifts from lands afar, so

“God is with us,”
‘round the world the message bring;
He is with us,
“Welcome!” all the bells on earth are pealing.

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