

## O Little Town of Bethlehem

1 O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!  
 2 For Christ is born of Mar - y, And, gath - ered all a - bove  
 3 How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n!  
 4 O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by,  
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring love.  
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n.  
 Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light.  
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth,  
 No ear may hear His com - ing; But in this world of sin,  
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad tid - ings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.  
 And prais - es sing to God the king And peace to all the earth!  
 Where meek souls will re - ceive Him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.  
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Im - man - u - el!

Alternate tune: FOREST GREEN (362)

Text: Phillips Brooks, 1835-93

Tune: Lewis H. Redner, 1831-1908; setting: *Service Book and Hymnal*, 1958, at.

Text and music: Public domain

ST. LU  
86 85 7  
Luke 2:1-13; Luke 1:68-75; Eph. 3:16-17; Matt.

## What Child Is This

1 What child is this, who, laid to rest, On Mar - y's lap is  
 2 Why lies He in such mean es - tate Where ox and ass are  
 3 So bring Him in - cense, gold, and myrrh; Come, peas - ant, king, to

sleep - ing? Whom an - gels greet with an - thems sweet While  
 feed - ing? Good Chris - tian, fear; for sin - ners here The  
 own Him. The King of kings sal - va - tion brings; Let

shep - herds watch are keep - ing? This, this is  
 si - lent Word is plead - ing. Nails, spear shall  
 lov - ing hearts en - throne Him. Raise, raise the

Christ the king, Whom shep - herds guard and an - gels sing;  
 pierce Him through, The cross be borne for me, for you,  
 song on high, The vir - gin sings her lul - la - by;

Text: William C. Dix, 1837-98  
 Tune: English, 16th cent.; setting: John Stainer, 1840-1901, alt.

Text and music: Public domain

GREENSLEEVES  
 87 87 65 87

Luke 2:1-20; Matt. 2:1-11; Phil. 2:5-8; 0-100%

## 366 It Came upon the Midnight Clear

1 It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,  
 2 Still through the clo-ven skies they come With peace-ful wings un-furle  
 3 All you, be-neath your heav-y load, By care and guilt bent low,  
 4 For lo, the days have come to pass By proph-ets seen of old,

From an-gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold  
 And still their heav'n-ly mu-sic floats O'er all the wea-ry world  
 Who toil a-long a drea-ry way With pain-ful steps and slow  
 When down in-to the cir-cling years Came Christ as was fore-told.

"Peace on the earth, good-will to all, From heav'n's all-gra-cious king  
 A-bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend on hov-'ring wing  
 Look up, for gold-en is the hour, Come swift-ly on the wing  
 His word of peace shall to the earth God's an-cient prom-ise bring

The world in sol-ern still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing  
 And ev-er o'er its ba-bel sounds The bless-ed an-gels sing  
 The Prince was born to bring you peace; Of Him the an-gels sing  
 And all who take this gift will hear The song the an-gels sing.

Text: Edmund H. Sears, 1810-76, alt.  
 Music: Richard S. Willis, 1819-1900

Text and music: Public domain

Luke 2:13-14; Is. 9:4-5; Gen.

## Of the Father's Love Begotten



1 Of the Fa - ther's love be - got - ten Ere the worlds be -  
 2 Oh, that birth for - ev - er bless - ed, When the vir - gin,  
 3 This is He whom seers in old time Chant - ed of with  
 4 O ye heights of heav'n, a - dore Him; An - gel hosts, His  
 △ 5 Christ, to Thee, with God the Fa - ther, And, O Ho - ly



gan to be, He is Al - pha and O - me - ga,  
 full of grace, By the Ho - ly Ghost con - ceiv - ing,  
 one ac - cord, Whom the voic - es of the proph - ets  
 prais - es sing. Pow'rs, do - min - ions, bow be - fore Him  
 Ghost, to Thee Hymn and chant and high thanks - giv - ing



He the source, the end - ing He, Of the things that are, that  
 Bore the Sav - ior of our race, And the babe, the world's Re -  
 Prom - ised in their faith - ful word. Now He shines, the long - ex -  
 And ex - tol our God and King. Let no tongue on earth be  
 And un - end - ing prais - es be, Hon - or, glo - ry, and do -



have been, And that fu - ture years shall see  
 deem - er, First re - vealed His sa - cred face  
 pect - ed; Let cre - a - tion praise its Lord  
 si - lent, Ev - 'ry voice in con - cert ring  
 min - ion, And e - ter - nal vic - to - ry



Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.  
 Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.  
 Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.  
 Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.  
 Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.

A - men.

Setting available in hymn accompaniment edition.

Text: Aurelius Prudentius Clemens; 348-c. 413; tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-66, sts. 1-4, alt.;  
 tr. Henry W. Baker, 1821-77, st. 5  
 Tune: Plainsong, 13th cent., mode V

Text and tune: Public domain

DIVINUM MYSTERIUM  
 87 87 87

1 Tim. 3:16; Rev. 1:8; John 1:1; Phil. 2:11

## Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

1 Lo, how a rose e'er bloom - ing From ten - der stem hath  
 2 I - sa - iah 'twas fore - told it, The rose I have in  
 3 This flow'r, whose fra - grance ten - der With sweet - ness fills the  
 4 O Sav - ior, child of Mar - y, Who felt our hu - man

sprung! Of Jes - se's lin - eage com - ing As proph - ets long have  
 mind; With Mar - y we be - hold it, The vir - gin moth - er  
 air, Dis - pels with glo - rious splen - dor The dark - ness ev - 'ry  
 woe; O Sav - ior, King of glo - ry, Who dost our weak - ness

sung, It came, a flow - 'ret bright, A - mid the  
 kind. To show God's love a - right, She bore to  
 where. True man, yet ver - y God, From sin and  
 know: Bring us at length we pray To the bright

cold of win - ter, When half - spent was the night.  
 us a Sav - ior, When half - spent was the night.  
 death He saves us And light - ens ev - 'ry load.  
 courts of heav - en, And to the end - less day.

Text: German, 16th cent., sts. 1-2, 4; Friedrich L. C. Layriz, 1808-59, st. 3;  
 tr. Theodore Baker, 1851-1934, sts. 1-2, alt.; tr. Harriet R. K. Spaeth, 1845-1925, st. 3;  
 tr. John C. Mattes, 1876-1948, st. 4

Tune: *Alte Catholische Geistliche Kirchengesang*, Köln, 1599; setting: Michael Praetorius, 1571-1621

Text and music: Public domain

ES IST EIN ROS (Rhythmic)  
 76 76 6 76

Is. 11:1-2; Mat. 1:20-21; Heb. 2:14-15; Luke 2:11

## Silent Night, Holy Night

1 Si - lent night, ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright Round yon  
 2 Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Shep-herds quake at the sight; Glo - ries  
 3 Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Ra - diant

vir - gin moth-er and child. Ho - ly In-fant, so ten-der and mild,  
 stream from heav-en a - far, Heav'n-ly hosts sing, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 beams from Thy ho-ly face With the dawn of re-deem - ing grace,

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
 Christ, the Sav - ior, is born! Christ, the Sav - ior, is born!  
 Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Text: Franz Joseph Mohr, 1792-1848; tr. John F. Young, 1820-85;  
 Spanish tr. Federico Pflüger, 1845-1901  
 Tune: Franz Xaver Gruber, 1787-1863; setting: Traditional

Text and music: Public domain