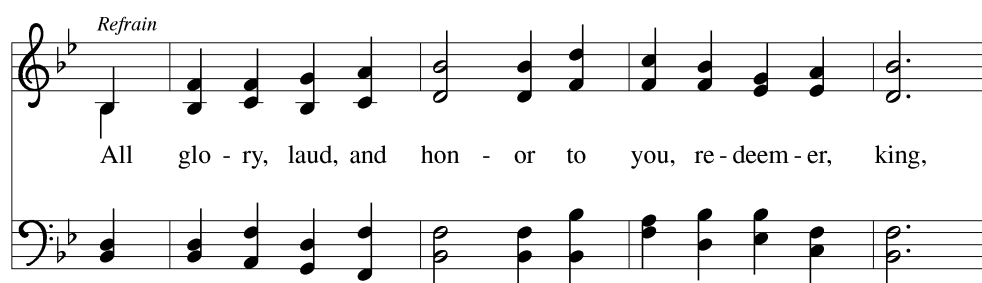
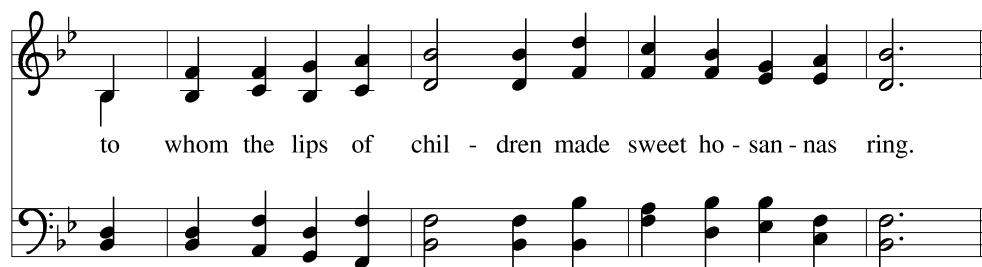


All Glory, Laud, and Honor

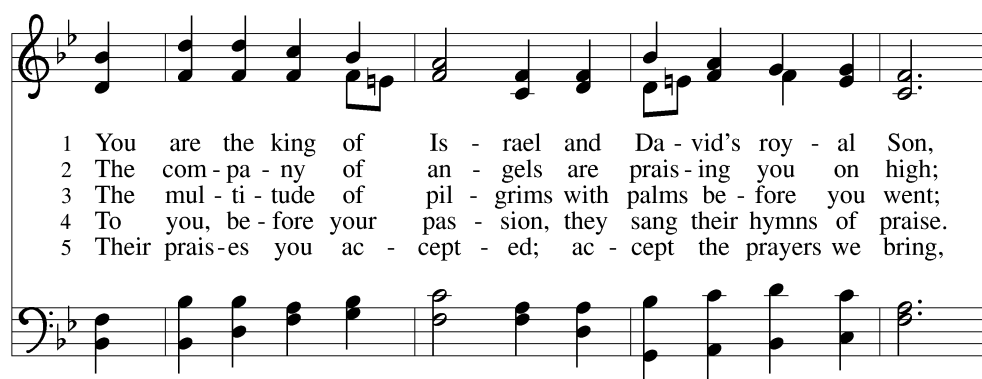
Refrain



All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or to you, re - deem - er, king,



to whom the lips of chil - dren made sweet ho - san - nas ring.



1 You are the king of Is - rael and Da - vid's roy - al Son,
2 The com - pa - ny of an - gels are prais - ing you on high;
3 The mul - ti - tude of pil - grims with palms be - fore you went;
4 To you, be - fore your pas - sion, they sang their hymns of praise.
5 Their prais - es you ac - cept - ed; ac - cept the prayers we bring,

Refrain



now in the Lord's name com - ing, our King and Bless - ed One.
cre - a - tion and all mor - tals in cho - rus make re - ply.
our praise and prayer and an - thems be - fore you we pre - sent.
To you, now high ex - alt - ed, our mel - o - dy we raise.
great au - thor of all good - ness, O good and gra - cious King.

Text: Theodulph of Orleans, c. 760–821; tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–1866, alt.
Music: VALET WILL ICH DIR GEBEN, Melchior Teschner, 1584–1635

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel



1 O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, and ran - som cap - tive
2 O come, O Wis - dom from on high, em - brac - ing all things
3 O come, O come, O Lord of might, as to your tribes on
4 O come, O Branch of Jes - se, free your own from Sa - tan's



Is - ra - el, that mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here
far and nigh: in strength and beau - ty come and stay;
Si - nai's height in an - cient times you gave the law
tyr - an - ny; from depths of hell your peo - ple save,

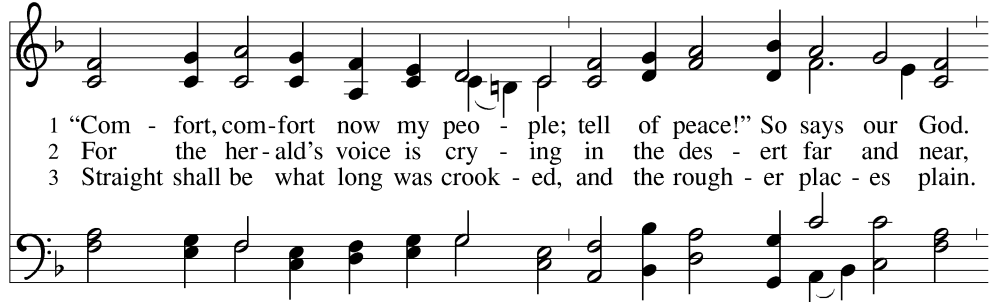


Refrain
un - til the Son of God ap - pear.
teach us your will and guide our way. Re-joice! Re-joice!
in cloud, and maj - es - ty, and awe.
and give them vic - t'ry o'er the grave.

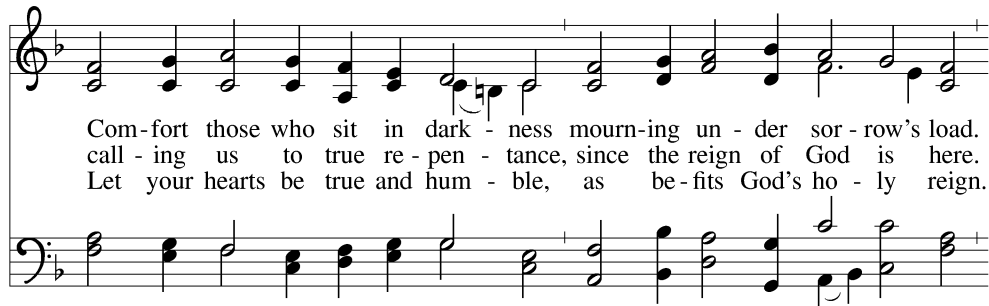


Em - man - u - el shall come to you, O Is - ra - el.


Comfort, Comfort Now My People




1 "Com - fort, com-fort now my peo - ple; tell of peace!" So says our God.
 2 For the her-ald's voice is cry - ing in the des - ert far and near,
 3 Straight shall be what long was crook - ed, and the rough - er plac - es plain.



Com-fort those who sit in dark - ness mourn-ing un - der sor - row's load.
 call - ing us to true re - pen - tance, since the reign of God is here.
 Let your hearts be true and hum - ble, as be-fits God's ho - ly reign.



To God's peo - ple now pro-claim that God's par - don waits for them!
 Oh, that warn - ing cry o - bey! Now pre - pare for God a way.
 For the glo - ry of the Lord now on earth is shed a - broad,



Tell them that their war is o - ver; God will reign in peace for-ev - er.
 Val - leys, rise to greet the Sav - ior; hills, bow down in hum-ble fa - vor.
 and all flesh shall see the to - ken that God's word is nev - er bro - ken.

Text: Johann G. Olearius, 1635–1711; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–1878, alt.
 Music: FREU DICH SEHR, *Trente quatre psaumes de David*, Geneva, 1551

Joy to the World

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re -
 2 Joy to the earth, the Sav - ior reigns! Let all their
 3 No more let sin and sor - row grow nor thorns in -
 4 He rules the world with truth and grace and makes the

ceive her king; let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him
 songs em - ploy, while fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
 fest the ground; he comes to make his bless - ings
 na - tions prove the glo - ries of his righ - teous -

room and heav'n and na - ture sing, and heav'n and na - ture
 plains re - peat the sound - ing joy, re - peat the sound - ing
 flow far as the curse is found, far as the curse is
 ness and won - ders of his love, and won - ders of his
 and heav'n and na - ture sing, and

sing, and heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
 joy, re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 found, far as, far as the curse is found.
 love, and won - ders, won - ders of his love.
 heav'n and na - ture sing,

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748
 Music: ANTIOCH, English melody, 18th cent.; arr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872

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;

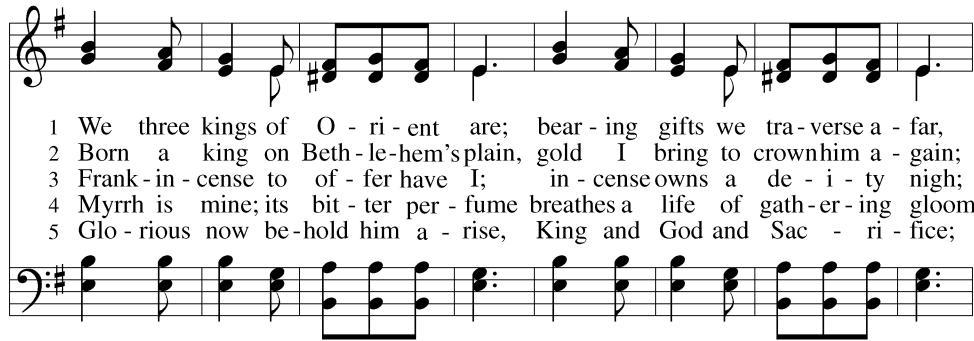
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep the si - lent stars go by;
 while mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their watch of won - d'ring love.
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bless - ings of his heav'n.
 cast out our sin, and en - ter in, be born in us to - day.

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.
 oh, come to us, a - bide with us, our Lord Im - man - u - el!

Text: Phillips Brooks, 1835–1893
 Music: ST. LOUIS, Lewis H. Redner, 1831–1908

We Three Kings of Orient Are




1 We three kings of O - ri - ent are; bear - ing gifts we tra - verse a - far,
 2 Born a king on Beth - le - hem's plain, gold I bring to crown him a - gain;
 3 Frank - in - cense to of - fer have I; in - cense owns a de - i - ty nigh;
 4 Myrrh is mine; its bit - ter per - fume breathes a life of gath - er - ing gloom;
 5 Glo - rious now be - hold him a - rise, King and God and Sac - ri - fice;

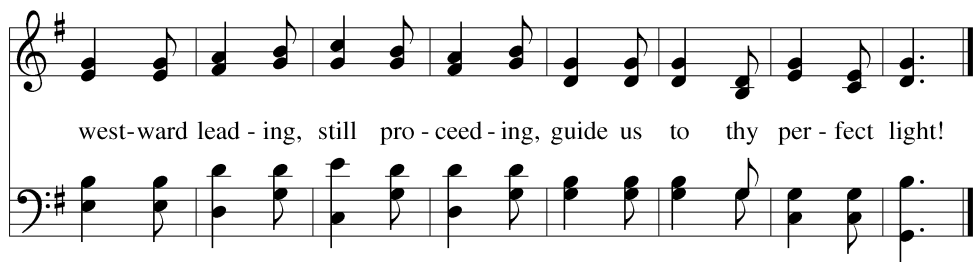


field and foun - tain, moor and moun - tain, fol - low - ing yon - der star.
 king for - ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, o - ver us all to reign.
 prayer and prais - ing, glad - ly rais - ing, wor - ship - ing God Most High.
 sor - rowing, sigh - ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, sealed in the stone - cold tomb.
 heav'n sings al - le - lu - ia: al - le - lu - ia the earth re - plies.

Refrain



Oh, star of won - der, star of night, star with roy - al beau - ty bright;



west - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, guide us to thy per - fect light!

Text: John Henry Hopkins Jr., 1820–1891, alt.
 Music: THREE KINGS OF ORIENT, John Henry Hopkins Jr., 1820–1891

The First Noel

1 The first No - el the an - gel did say was to
 2 They look - ed up and saw . . . a star shin - ing
 3 And by the light of that . . . same star three . . .
 4 This star drew near to the . . . north - west, o'er . . .
 5 Then en - tered in those wise . . . men three, full . . .

cer - tain poor shep - herds in fields as they lay; in fields where
 in . . . the east . . . be - yond . . . them far; and to the
 wise . . . men came . . . from coun - try far; to seek for a
 Beth - le - hem . . . it took . . . its rest; and there it
 rev - 'rent - ly . . . up - on . . . their knee, and of - fered

they lay, keep - ing their sheep, on a cold win - ter's
 earth it gave . . . great light, and . . . so it con -
 king was their . . . in - tent, and to fol - low the
 did both stop . . . and stay right . . . o - ver the
 there in his . . . pres - ence their . . . gold, . . . and

Refrain

night that was so deep.
 tin - ued both day and night.
 star wher - ev - er it went. No - el, No - el, No -
 place where Je - sus lay.
 myrrh, and frank - in - cense.

el, No - el! Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

Text: English traditional
 Music: THE FIRST NOWELL, English traditional; arr. John Stainer, 1840-1901

Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross

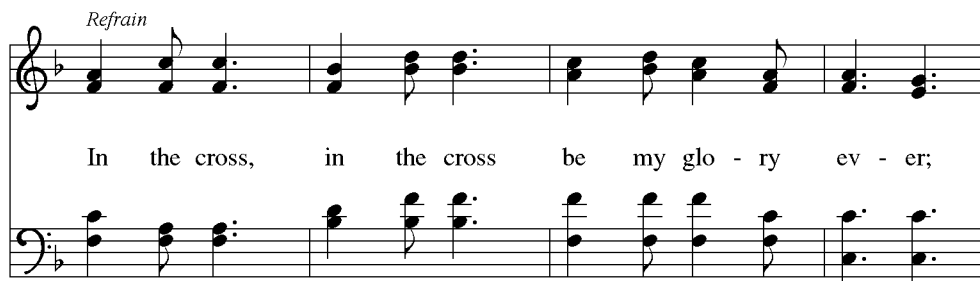


1 Je - sus, keep me near the cross, there's a pre - cious foun - tain;
 2 Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, love and mer - cy found me;
 3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God, bring its scenes be - fore me;
 4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait, hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,



free to all, a heal - ing stream flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
 there the bright and morn - ing star sheds its beams a - round me.
 help me walk from day to day with its shad - ow o'er me.
 till I reach the gold - en strand just be - yond the riv - er.

Refrain



In the cross, in the cross be my glo - ry ev - er;



till my ran - somed soul shall find rest be - yond the riv - er.

Text: Fanny J. Crosby, 1820–1915
 Music: NEAR THE CROSS, William H. Doane, 1832–1915

LENT

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Lamb of God

Your Only Son



1 Your on - ly Son, no sin to hide, but you have
2 Your gift of love we cru - ci - fied. We laughed and
3 I was so lost, I should have died, but you have



sent him from your side to walk up - on this guilt - y
scorned him as he died. The hum - ble king we named a
brought me to your side to be led by your staff and



sod and to be - come the Lamb of God. O Lamb of
fraud and sac - ri - ficed the Lamb of God.
rod and to be called a lamb of God.



God, sweet Lamb of God, I love the ho - ly Lamb of God. Oh, wash me



in your pre - cious blood, my Je - sus Christ, the Lamb of God.

Jesus Christ Is Risen Today

1 Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!
 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia!
 3 But the pains which he en - dured, Al - le - lu - ia!
 4 Sing we to our God a - bove, Al - le - lu - ia!

our tri - um - phant ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia!
 un - to Christ, our heav'n - ly king, Al - le - lu - ia!
 our sal - va - tion have pro - cured; Al - le - lu - ia!
 praise e - ter - nal as his love; Al - le - lu - ia!

who did once up - on the cross, Al - le - lu - ia!
 who en - dured the cross and grave, Al - le - lu - ia!
 now a - bove the sky he's king, Al - le - lu - ia!
 praise him, all you heav'n - ly host, Al - le - lu - ia!

suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - le - lu - ia!
 sin - ners to re - deem and save. Al - le - lu - ia!
 where the an - gels ev - er sing. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. Al - le - lu - ia!

Text: Latin carol, 14th cent., sts. 1-3; tr. J. Walsh, *Lyra Davidica*, 1708, alt.; Charles Wesley, 1707-1788, st. 4
 Music: EASTER HYMN, J. Walsh, *Lyra Davidica*, 1708

Good Christian Friends, Rejoice and Sing!

1 Good Chris - tian friends, re - joice and sing! Now is the tri - umph
 2 The Lord of life is ris'n this day; death's might - y stone is
 3 Praise we in songs of vic - to - ry that love, that life which
 4 Your name we bless, O ris - en Lord, and sing to - day with

of our king! To all the world glad news we bring:
 rolled a - way; let all the earth re - joice and say:
 can - not die, and sing with hearts up - lift - ed high:
 one ac - cord, the life laid down, the life re - stored:

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

Text: Cyril A. Alington, 1872-1955, alt.
 Music: GELOBT SEI GOTT, Melchior Vulpinus, 1570-1615
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Shine, Jesus, Shine

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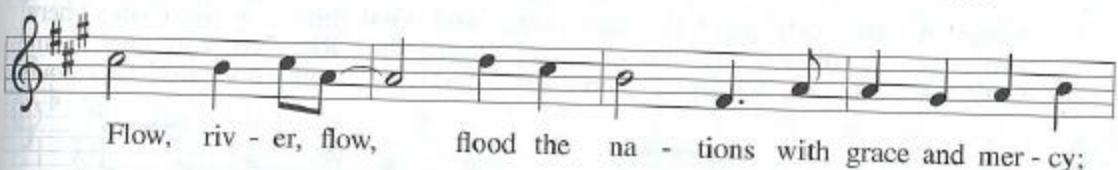
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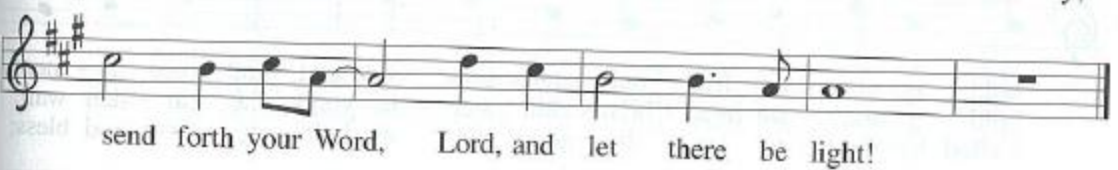
Shine, Je - sus, shine, fill this land with the Fa - ther's glo - ry;



blaze, Spir - it, blaze, set our hearts on fire.



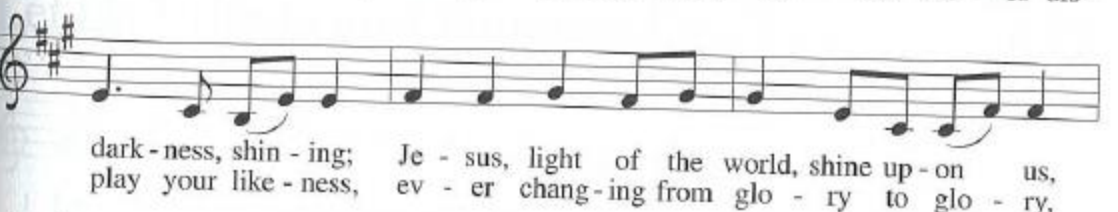
Flow, riv - er, flow, flood the na - tions with grace and mer - cy;



send forth your Word, Lord, and let there be light!



1 Lord, the light of your love is shin - ing, in the midst of the
2 As we gaze on your king - ly bright-ness, so our fac - es dis -



dark-ness, shin - ing; Je - sus, light of the world, shine up - on us,
play your like - ness, ev - er chang - ing from glo - ry to glo - ry,



set us free by the truth you now bring us.
mir - rored here, may our lives tell your sto - ry.



Refrain

Shine on me, shine on me:
Shine on me, shine on me:

Lead On, O King Eternal!

1 Lead on, O King e - ter - nal! The day of march has come;
 2 Lead on, O King e - ter - nal, till sin's fierce war shall cease,
 3 Lead on, O King e - ter - nal: we fol - low, not with fears,

hence - forth in fields of con - quest your tents will be our home.
 and ho - li - ness shall whis - per the sweet a - men of peace;
 for glad - ness breaks like morn - ing wher - e'er your face ap - pears.

Through days of prep - a - ra - tion your grace has made us strong;
 for not with swords loud clash - ing, nor roll of stir - ring drums,
 Your cross is lift - ed o'er us; we jour - ney in its light;

and now, O King e - ter - nal, we lift our bat - tle song.
 but deeds of love and mer - cy the heav'n - ly king - dom comes.
 the crown a - waits the con - quest; lead on, O God of might!

Text: Ernest W. Shurtleff, 1862-1917
 Music: LANCASHIRE, Henry T. Smart, 1813-1879