

O COME, O COME EMMANUEL

O come, O come Emmanuel, And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lowly exile here Until the Son of God appears.

O Come, Thou Dayspring, from on high,
And cause Thy light on us to rise
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night.
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

CHORUS

Rejoice, Rejoice Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come O come, true prophet of the Lord
And turn the key to heaven's door
Be Thou our comforter and guide
And lead us to the Father's side.

CHORUS

O come, our great High Priest, an intercede
Thy sacrifice, our only plea
The judgment we no longer fear
Thy precious blood has brought us near

CHORUS 2

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Has banished every fear of hell.

O come, Thou King of nations, bring
An end to all our suffering
Bid every pain and sorrow cease
And reign now as our Prince of Peace

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel, *(3 Times)*
Shall come again with us to dwell.

O SING A SONG OF BETHLEHEM

O sing a song of Bethlehem,
Of shepherds watching there,
And of the news that came to them
From angels in the air:
The light that shone on Bethlehem
Fills all the world to-day;
Of Jesus' birth and peace on earth
The angels sing alway.

O sing a song of Nazareth,
Of sunny days of joy,
O sing of fragrant flowers' breath,
And of the sinless Boy:
For now the flowers of Nazareth
In every heart may grow;
Now spreads the fame of His dear Name
On all the winds that blow.

O sing a song of Galilee,
Of lake and woods and hill,
Of Him who walked upon the sea
And bade its waves he still:
For though, like waves on Galilee,
Dark seas of trouble roll,
When faith has heard the Master's word,
Falls peace upon the soul.

O sing a song of Calvary,
Its glory and dismay;
Of Him who hung upon the tree
And took our sins away:
For He who died on Calvary
Is risen from the grave,
And Christ our Lord, by Heaven adored,
Is mighty now to save.

LET THIS CHRISTMAS BE

Creator of the heavens, majesty unknown
Behold the newborn infant, the Savior alone
Fully God and fully man, help me Lord to understand
The power of your grace now given to me

CHORUS

Let this Christmas be Christ in me
The love of God sent down for the world to see
Let the grace You've shown be evident in me
Let this Christmas be Christ in me

Chosen to be holy, adopted as Your child
Though once I lived in darkness, now I'm reconciled
God in Christ and Christ in me, I embrace this mystery
Your gift of grace and love now given to me

CHORUS

Bridge

Oh Christ in me, the hope of glory
More precious than the gifts beneath the tree
For the lights and gifts will fade, but Your word will remain
And the greatest gift of all is a life that's been redeemed

CHORUS

End

Let the grace You've shown be evident in me
Let this Christmas be Christ in me
Let this Christmas be Christ in me
Christ in me Christ in me

SING WE NOW OF CHRISTMAS

Sing we now of Christmas, Noel sing we here!
Listen to our praises to the Babe so dear.
Sing we Noel, the King is born, Noel!
Sing we now of Christmas, sing we all Noel!

Shepherds on the hillside heard the angels sing:
Glory, honor, praises to the infant King.
Sing we Noel, the King is born, Noel!
Sing we now of Christmas, sing we all Noel!

In the town they found Him; Son of Mary mild.
Sleeping in a manger was the Holy Child.
Sing we Noel, the King is born, Noel!
Sing we now of Christmas, sing we all Noel!

Wise Men sought and found Him, treasures did they bring;
Bowing down they worshiped Christ, the King of kings.
Sing we Noel, the King is born, Noel!
Sing we now of Christmas, sing we all Noel!

Sing we Noel, sing we Noel, sing we Noel,
The King is born, Noel!
Sing we now of Christmas, sing we all Noel!
Sing we all Noel! Sing we all Noel! Sing we all Noel!

WHAT CHILD IS THIS

What Child is this, who laid to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet
While shepherds watch are keeping?
This, this is Christ the King
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing.
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

Why lies He in such mean estate
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear: for sinners here,
The silent Word is pleading.
Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through,
The Cross be borne, for me, for you:
Hail, hail, the Word made flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh;
Come peasant, king to own Him.
The King of Kings salvation brings;
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise the song on high,
The Virgin sings her lullaby:
Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

This, this is Christ the King
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing.
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.