

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world the Lord is 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

Chorus
We will sing, sing , sing
Joy to the world
We will sing, sing, sing

[Verse 2]
Joy to the world the Savior reigns
Let men their songs employ
While fields and floods rocks hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy
Repeat the sounding joy
Repeat repeat the sounding joy

Chorus

[Verse 3]
He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love
And wonders of His love
And wonders wonders of His love

Chorus

[Outro] (2 Times)
Joyful, joyful we adore Thee
God of glory, Lord of love
Hearts unfold like flowers before Thee
Opening to the sun above

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.

"BEHOLD"

Behold the King has come
Divinity incarnate
Creator of the world
Breathing our air

Behold what light has come
And the dark cannot contain it
The Savior of the world
Is finally here

O come let us adore Him
Come let us adore Him
For He alone is worthy
Christ the Lord

Behold the Father's love
Beyond all comprehension
He gave His only Son
To die in our place

Go and see that empty tomb
He's not there for He is risen
Every heart prepare Him room
Jesus Christ the King of Heaven
O come let us adore Him
Come let us adore Him
For He alone is worthy
Christ the Lord

We give You all the glory
We give You all the glory
We give You all the glory
Christ the Lord

We give You all the glory (all the glory)
We give You all the glory
We give You all the glory
Christ the Lord

We praise Your name
(We praise Your name forever)
We praise Your name
(We praise Your name forever)
Jesus we praise Your name forever
Christ the Lord

O come let us adore Him
Come let us adore Him
For He alone is worthy
Christ the Lord

O come let us adore
Come let us adore Him
Come let us
O come let us adore
Come let us adore Him
For He alone is worthy
Christ the Lord
Christ the Lord
He is Christ the Lord

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.