

Sunday Worship Music

December 17, 2023

Introit

Come, Come Emmanuel

James Chepponis, 1995

Come, come Emmanuel. Come, Emmanuel.

Hymn 106

Prepare the Way, O Zion

text by F. M. Franzen, 1812
music by R. H. Prichard, 1830

*Prepare the way, O Zion, your Christ is drawing near!
Let every hill and valley a level way appear.
Greet One who comes in glory, foretold in sacred story.
O blest is Christ who came in God's most holy name.*

*He brings God's rule, O Zion; he comes from heaven above.
His rule is peace and freedom, and justice, truth, and love.
Lift high your praise resounding, for grace and joy abounding.
O blest is Christ who came in God's most holy name.*

*Fling wide your gates, O Zion; your Savior's rule embrace,
and tidings of salvation proclaim in every place.
All lands will bow rejoicing, their adoration voicing.
O blest is Christ who came in God's most holy name.*

Anthem

Thou Shalt Know Him When He Comes

Joel Raney

*Thou shalt know him when he comes, not by any din of drums,
nor the vantage of his airs, nor by anything he wears,
neither by his crown, nor his gown,
but his presence known shall be by the holy harmony,
which his coming makes in thee.*

*Sing we now of Christmas, sing we all noel!
Of the Lord and Savior, we the tidings tell.*

*Thou shalt know him here on earth, not by grand exalted birth,
neither by his throne, nor his home, but his presence known
shall be by the holy harmony, which his coming makes in thee.*

*Sing we now of Christmas, noel sing we here!
Hear our grateful praises to the Babe so dear.
Sing we noel, the King is born, noel!
Sing we now of Christmas, sing we now noel!*

*Not the vantage of his airs, nor by anything he wears,
neither by his crown, nor his gown,
but his presence known shall be by the holy harmony
which his coming makes in thee.*

Hymn 129

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

German carol

*Lo, how a rose e'er blooming from tender stem hath sprung,
of Jesse's lineage coming, by faithful prophets sung.
It came a floweret bright, amid the cold of winter,
when half spent was the night.*

*Isaiah 'twas foretold it, the rose I have in mind;
with Mary we behold it, the virgin mother kind.
To show God's love aright she bore for us a Savior,
when half spent was the night.*

*The flower, whose fragrance tender with sweetness fills the air,
dispels with glorious splendor the darkness everywhere.
Enfleshed, yet very God, from sin and death he saves us
and lightens every load.*