

O Come All Ye Faithful

O come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem
Come and behold Him, born the King of angels.

Chorus: O come let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him
O come let us adore Him Christ the Lord

Sing choirs of angels, sing in exultation, O sing all ye bright
Hosts of heav'n above, Glory to God, all glory in the highest

Chorus

Yea Lord we greet Thee born this happy morning
Jesus to Thee be all glory giv'n Word of the Father now
inflesh appearing

Chorus

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth, To touch their harps
of gold: Peace on the earth, good will to men, From
heaven's all-gracious King. The world in solemn stillness
lay, To hear the angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has suffered
long; Beneath the angel strain have rolled Two thousand
years of wrong; And man, at war with man, hears not The
love-song which they bring; hush the noise, ye men of
strife, And hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are
bending low, Who toil along the climbing way With
painful steps and slow, Look now for glad and golden
hours Come swiftly on the wing. O rest beside the weary
road, And hear the angels sing.

For lo the days are hastening on, By prophet bards
foretold, When with the ever circling years, Comes round
the age of gold. When peace shall over all the earth Its
ancient splendors fling, And the whole world gives back
the song Which now the angels sing.

In Christ Alone

In Christ alone my hope is found,
He is my light, my strength, my song
This Cornerstone, this solid Ground
Firm through the fiercest drought and storm.
What heights of love, what depths of peace
When fears are stilled, when strivings cease
My Comforter, my All in All
Here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone! - who took on flesh,
Fullness of God in helpless babe.
This gift of love and righteousness,
Scorned by the ones He came to save
Till on that cross as Jesus died,
The wrath of God was satisfied
For every sin on Him was laid
Here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay,
Light of the world by darkness slain:
Then bursting forth in glorious day
Up from the grave He rose again
And as He stands in victory
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me,
For I am His and He is mine
Bought with the precious blood of Christ

No guilt in life, no fear in death,
This is the power of Christ in me
From life's first cry to final breath,
Jesus commands my destiny
No power of hell, no scheme of man,
Can ever pluck me from His hand
Till He returns or calls me home
Here in the power of Christ I'll stand.