

[illegible]

A Hallelujah Christmas

Cloverton

I've heard about this baby boy
Who's come to earth to bring us joy
And I just want to sing this song to you
It goes like this, the fourth, the fifth
The minor fall, the major lift
With every breath, I'm singing Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

A couple came to Bethlehem
Expecting child, they searched the inn
To find a place, for You were coming soon
There was no room for them to stay
So in a manger filled with hay
God's only Son was born, oh, Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

The shepherds left their flocks by night
To see this baby wrapped in light
A host of angels led them all to You
It was just as the angels said
"You'll find Him in a manger bed"
Immanuel and Savior, Hallelujah

A star shone bright, up in the east
To Bethlehem, the wise-men three
Came many miles and journeyed long for You
And to the place at which You were
Their frankincense and gold and myrrh
They gave to You and cried out Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

I know You came to rescue me
This baby boy would grow to be
A man and one day die for me and you
My sins would drive the nails in You
That rugged cross was my cross too
Still every breath You drew was Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

It's Christmas

Chris Tomlin

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head
The stars in the sky looked down where He lay
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes
I love thee Lord Jesus, look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle 'til morning is nigh

It's Christmas
The angels are singing
And I know the reason
The Savior is born
It's Christmas
The bells are ringing
And I feel like shouting
Joy to the world

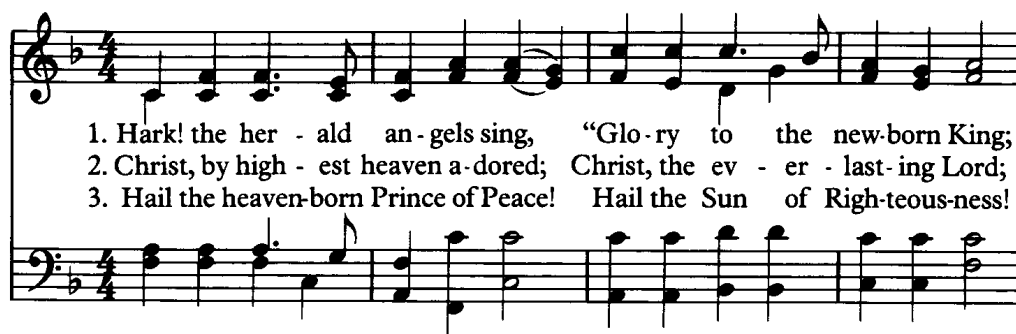
Be near me, Lord Jesus I ask thee to stay
Close by me forever and love me I pray
And bless all the dear children in thy tender care
And fit us for heaven to live with thee there

It's Christmas
The angels are singing
And I know the reason
The Savior is born
Yes, it's Christmas
The bells are ringing
And I feel like shouting
Joy to the world

Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere
Go tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is born

It's Christmas
The angels are singing
And I know the reason
The Savior is born
Yes, it's Christmas
The bells are ringing
And I feel like shouting
Joy to the world
Joy to the world
Oh, joy to the world

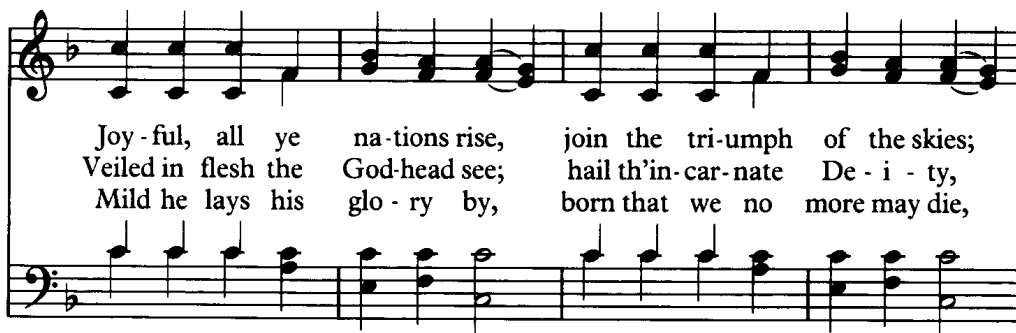
240 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing



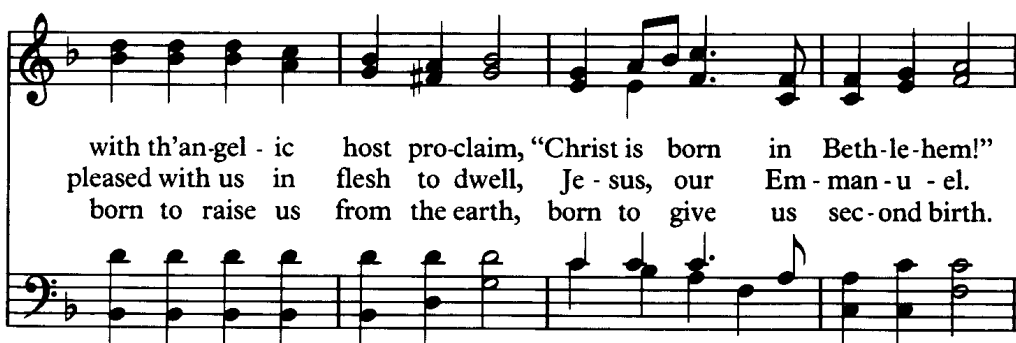
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
 2. Christ, by high - est heaven a-dored; Christ, the ev - er - last-ing Lord;
 3. Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righ-teous-ness!



peace on earth, and mer-cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled!"
 late in time be - hold him come, off-spring of a vir-gin's womb.
 Light and life to all he brings, risen with heal - ing in his wings.

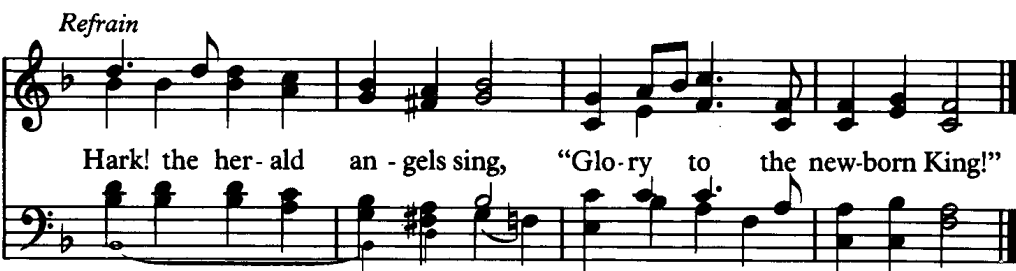


Joy - ful, all ye na-tions rise, join the tri-umph of the skies;
 Veiled in flesh the God-head see; hail th'in-car-nate De - i - ty,
 Mild he lays his glo - ry by, born that we no more may die,




with th'an-gel - ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!"
 pleased with us in flesh to dwell, Je - sus, our Em-man-u - el.
 born to raise us from the earth, born to give us sec-ond birth.

Refrain





Hark! the her-ald an - gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"



It Came upon the Midnight Clear



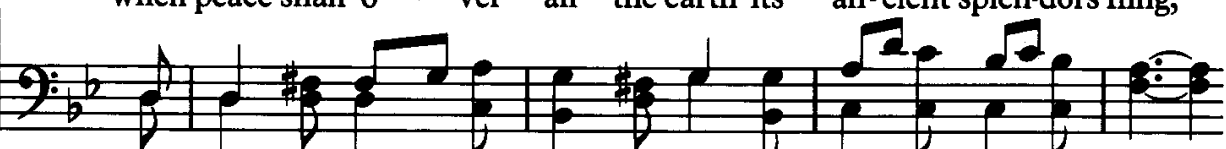

1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, that glo-rious song of old,
 2. Still through the clo-ven skies they come with peace-ful wings un-furled,
 3. And ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, whose forms are bend-ing low,
 4. For lo! the days are has-tening on, by proph-et seen of old,


from an - gels bend-ing near the earth, to touch their harps of gold:
 and still their heaven-ly mu - sic floats o'er all the wea - ry world;
 who toil a-long the climb-ing way with pain-ful steps and slow,
 when with the ev - er - cir-ling years shall come the time fore - told

"Peace on the earth, good will to men,* from heaven's all-gra-cious King."
 a - bove its sad and low - ly plains, they bend on hov-ering wing,
 look now! for glad and gold - en hours come swift-ly on the wing.
 when peace shall o - ver all the earth its an-cient splen-dors fling,

The world in sol - emn still-ness lay, to hear the an - gels sing.
 and ev - er o'er its Ba-bel sounds the bless-ed an - gels sing.
 O rest be-side the wea - ry road, and hear the an - gels sing!
 and the whole world send back the song which now the an - gels sing.



94 Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

Unison

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; praise

Harmony

God, all crea-tures here be - low: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -

Unison

lu - ia! Praise God, the source of all our gifts! Praise

Harmony

Je-sus Christ, whose power up-lifts! Praise the Spir - it, Ho-ly Spir - it!

Unison

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

WORDS: Thomas Ken, 1674; adapt. by Gilbert H. Vieira, 1978

MUSIC: *Geistliche Kirchengesänge*, 1623; harm. by Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

LASST UNS ERFREUEN

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238 Angels We Have Heard on High

1. An-gels we have heard on high sweet-ly sing-ing o'er the plains,
 2. Shep-herds, why this ju - bi-lee? Why your joy - ous strains pro-long?
 3. Come to Beth-le - hem and see Christ whose birth the an - gels sing;
 4. See him in a man - ger laid, whom the choirs of an - gels praise;

and the moun-tains in re - ply ech - o - ing their joy - ous strains.
 What the glad-some tid - ings be which in - spire your heaven - ly song?
 come, a - dore on bend - ed knee, Christ the Lord, the new - born King.
 Ma - ry, Jo - seph, lend your aid, while our hearts in love we raise.

Refrain

Glo - - - - - ri - a,

in ex - cel - sis De - o! Glo - - -

- - - ri - a, in ex - cel - sis De - o!

WORDS: Trad. French carol; trans. *Crown of Jesus*, 1862, alt. (Lk. 2:6-20)
 MUSIC: French carol melody; arr. by Edward Shippen Barnes, 1937;
 harm. by Austin C. Lovelace, 1964

GLORIA
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