



# Of the Father's Love Begotten

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1 Of the Fa - ther's love be - got - ten Ere the worlds be -  
 2 Oh, that birth for - ev - er bless - ed, When the vir - gin,  
 3 This is He whom seers in old time Chant - ed of with  
 4 O ye heights of heav'n, a - dore Him; An - gel hosts, His  
 △ 5 Christ, to Thee, with God the Fa - ther, And, O Ho - ly



gan to be, He is Al - pha and O - me - ga,  
 full of grace, By the Ho - ly Ghost con - ceiv - ing,  
 one ac - cord, Whom the voic - es of the proph - ets  
 prais - es sing. Pow'rs, do - min - ions, bow be - fore Him  
 Ghost, to Thee Hymn and chant and high thanks - giv - ing



He the source, the end - ing He, Of the things that are, that  
 Bore the Sav - ior of our race, And the babe, the world's Re -  
 Prom - ised in their faith - ful word. Now He shines, the long - ex -  
 And ex - tol our God and King. Let no tongue on earth be  
 And un - end - ing prais - es be, Hon - or, glo - ry, and do -



have been, And that fu - ture years shall see  
 deem - er, First re - vealed His sa - cred face  
 pect - ed; Let cre - a - tion praise its Lord  
 si - lent, Ev - 'ry voice in con - cert ring  
 min - ion, And e - ter - nal vic - to - ry



Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.  
 Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.  
 Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.  
 Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.  
 Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.

A - men.

*Text: Aurelius Prudentius Clemens, 348-c. 413;  
 tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-66, sts. 1-4, alt.;  
 tr. Henry W. Baker, 1821-77, st. 5  
 Tune: Plainsong, 13th cent., mode V  
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

# See amid the Winter's Snow

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1 See a - mid the win - ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low,  
 2 Lo, with - in a sta - ble lies He who built the star - ry skies,  
 3 Sa - cred In - fant, all di - vine, What a ten - der love was Thine,  
 4 Teach, O teach us, ho - ly Child, By Thy face so meek and mild,



See, the gen - tle Lamb ap - pears, Prom - ised from e - ter - nal years.  
 He who, throned in height sub - lime, Sits a - mid the cher - u - bim.  
 Thus to come from high - est bliss Down to such a world as this!  
 Teach us to re - sem - ble Thee In Thy sweet hu - mil - i - ty.



Hail, O ev - er - bless - ed morn! Hail, re - demp - tion's hap - py dawn!



Sing through all Je - ru - sa - lem: "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"

*Text: Edward Caseall, 1814–78, alt.*

*Tune: John Goss, 1800–80*

*Text and Tune: Public domain*

# We Praise You, Jesus, at Your Birth

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1 We praise You, Je - sus, at Your birth; Clothed in flesh You  
 2 Now in the man - ger we may see God's Son from e -  
 3 The vir - gin Mar - y's lul - la - by Calms the in - fant  
 4 The Light E - ter - nal, break - ing through, Made the world to



came to earth. The vir - gin bears a sin - less boy  
 ter - ni - ty, The gift from God's e - ter - nal throne  
 Lord Most High. Up - on her lap con - tent is He  
 gleam a - new; His beams have pierced the core of night,



And all the an - gels sing for joy. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Here clothed in our poor flesh and bone. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Who keeps the earth and sky and sea. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 He makes us chil - dren of the light. Al - le - lu - ia!

5 The very Son of God sublime  
 Entered into earthly time  
 To lead us from this world of cares  
 To heaven's courts as blessed heirs.  
 Alleluia!

6 In poverty He came to earth  
 Showing mercy by His birth;  
 He makes us rich in heav'nly ways  
 As we, like angels, sing His praise.  
 Alleluia!

7 All this for us our God has done  
 Granting love through His own Son.  
 Therefore, all Christendom, rejoice  
 And sing His praise with endless voice.  
 Alleluia!

*Text: German, c. 1380, st. 1;  
 Martin Luther, 1483–1546, sts. 2–7;  
 tr. Gregory J. Wismar, b. 1946, sts. 1, 6;  
 tr. F. Samuel Janzow, 1913–2001, sts. 2, 4;  
 tr. Lutheran Service Book, 2006, sts. 3, 5, 7  
 Tune: Eyn Enchiridion oder Handbüchlein, Erfurt, 1524  
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# What Child Is This

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1 What child is this, who, laid to rest, On Mar - y's lap is  
 2 Why lies He in such mean es-tate Where ox and ass are  
 3 So bring Him in - cense, gold, and myrrh; Come, peas - ant, king, to



sleep - ing? Whom an - gels greet with an - thems sweet While  
 feed - ing? Good Chris - tian, fear; for sin - ners here The  
 own Him. The King of kings sal - va - tion brings; Let



shep - herds watch are keep - ing? This, this is  
 si - lent Word is plead - ing. Nails, spear shall  
 lov - ing hearts en - throne Him. Raise, raise the



Christ the king, Whom shep - herds guard and an - gels sing;  
 pierce Him through, The cross be borne for me, for you;  
 song on high, The vir - gin sings her lul - la - by;



Haste, haste to bring Him laud, The babe, the son of Mar - y!  
 Hail, hail the Word made flesh, The babe, the son of Mar - y!  
 Joy, joy, for Christ is born, The babe, the son of Mar - y!

*Text: William C. Dix, 1937-98  
 Tune: English, 16th cent.  
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

# All My Heart Again Rejoices

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1 All my heart a - gain re - joic - es As I hear Far and near  
 2 Hear! The Con - quer - or has spo - ken: "Now the foe, Sin and woe,  
 3 Should we fear our God's dis - plea - sure, Who, to save, Free - ly gave  
 4 See the Lamb, our sin once tak - ing To the cross, Suf - f'ring loss,



Sweet - est an - gel voic - es. "Christ is born!" their choirs are sing - ing  
 Death and hell are bro - ken!" God is man, man to de - liv - er,  
 His most pre - cious trea - sure? To re - deem us He has giv - en  
 Full a - tone - ment mak - ing. For our life His own He ten - ders,



Till the air Ev - 'ry - where Now with joy is ring - ing.  
 And the Son Now is one With our blood for - ev - er.  
 His own Son From the throne Of His might in heav - en.  
 And His grace All our race Fit for glo - ry ren - ders.

5 Softly from His lowly manger  
 Jesus calls  
 One and all,  
 "You are safe from danger.  
 Children, from the sins that grieve you  
 You are freed;  
 All you need  
 I will surely give you."

6 Come, then, banish all your sadness!  
 One and all,  
 Great and small,  
 Come with songs of gladness.  
 We shall live with Him forever  
 There on high  
 In that joy  
 Which will vanish never.

*Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76, abr., adapt.;  
 tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.  
 Tune: Johann Crüger, 1598–1662  
 Text and Tune: Public domain*



1 From east to west, from shore to shore Let ev - 'ry  
 2 Be - hold, the world's cre - a - tor wears The form and  
 3 For this how won - drous - ly He wrought! A maid - en,  
 4 And while the an - gels in the sky Sang praise a -  
 △ 5 All glo - ry for this bless - ed morn To God the



heart a - wake and sing The ho - ly child whom  
 fash - ion of a slave; Our ver - y flesh our  
 in her low - ly place, Be - came, in ways be -  
 bove the si - lent field, To shep - herds poor the  
 Fa - ther ev - er be; All praise to You, O



Mar - y bore, The Christ, the ev - er - last - ing king.  
 mak - er shares, His fall - en crea - tures all to save.  
 yond all thought, The cho - sen ves - sel of His grace.  
 Lord Most High, The one great Shep - herd, was re - vealed.  
 Vir - gin - born, And Ho - ly Ghost e - ter - nal - ly.

*Text: Coelius Sedulius, 5th cent.;  
 tr. John Ellerton, 1826-93, alt.  
 Tune: Geistliche lieder, Leipzig, 1539  
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

# Now Sing We, Now Rejoice

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1 Now sing we, now re - joice,      Now raise to heav'n our voice;  
 2 Come from on high to me;      I can - not rise to Thee.  
 3 Now through His Son doth shine      The Fa - ther's grace di - vine.  
 4 Oh, where shall joy be found?      Where but on heav'n - ly ground?



He from whom joy stream - eth      Poor in a man - ger lies;  
 Cheer my wea - ried spir - it,      O pure and ho - ly Child;  
 Death was reign - ing o'er us      Through sin and van - i - ty  
 Where the an - gels sing - ing      With all His saints u - nite,



Not so bright - ly beam - eth      The sun in yon - der skies.  
 Through Thy grace and mer - it,      Blest Je - sus, Lord most mild,  
 Till He o - pened for us      A bright e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Sweet - est prais - es bring - ing      In heav'n - ly joy and light.



|                          |                          |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Thou my Sav - ior art!   | Thou my Sav - ior art!   |
| Draw me un - to Thee!    | Draw me un - to Thee!    |
| May we praise Him there! | May we praise Him there! |
| Oh, that we were there!  | Oh, that we were there!  |

*Text: Latin and German, 14th cent.;  
 tr. Arthur T. Russell, 1806-74, alt.  
 Tune: German, 14th cent.  
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

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