

HYMNS

Hark the Glad Sound

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1 Hark the glad sound! The Sav - ior comes, The Sav - ior
2 He comes the pris - 'ners to re - lease, In Sa - tan's
3 He comes the bro - ken heart to bind, The bleed - ing
4 Our glad ho - san - nas, Prince of Peace, Thy wel - come



prom - ised long; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare a
bond - age held. The gates of brass be - fore Him
soul to cure, And with the trea - sures of His
shall pro - claim, And heav'n's e - ter - nal arch - es



throne And ev - 'ry voice a song.
burst, The i - ron fet - ters yield.
grace To en - rich the hum - ble poor.
ring With Thy be - lov - ed name.

*Text: Philip Doddridge, 1702-51
Tune: Thomas Haweis, 1734-1820
Text and Tune: Public domain*

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

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1 Lo, how a rose e'er bloom - ing From ten - der stem hath
 2 I - sa - iah 'twas fore - told it, The rose I have in
 3 This flow'r, whose fra - grance ten - der With sweet - ness fills the
 4 O Sav - ior, child of Mar - y, Who felt our hu - man



sprung! Of Jes - se's lin - eage com - ing As proph - ets long have
 mind; With Mar - y we be - hold it, The vir - gin moth - er
 air, Dis - pels with glo - rious splen - dor The dark - ness ev - 'ry -
 woe; O Sav - ior, King of glo - ry, Who dost our weak - ness



sung, It came, a flow - 'ret bright, A - mid the
 kind. To show God's love a - right, She bore to
 where. True man, yet ver - y God, From sin and
 know: Bring us at length we pray To the bright



cold of win - ter, When half - spent was the night.
 us a Sav - ior, When half - spent was the night.
 death He saves us And light - ens ev - 'ry load.
 courts of heav - en, And to the end - less day.

Text (sts. 1–2): tr. Theodore Baker, 1851–1934, alt.;

(sts. 1–2, 4): German, 16th cent.;

(st. 3): Friedrich L. C. Layriz, 1808–59;

(st. 3): tr. Harriet R. K. Spaeth, 1845–1925;

(st. 4): tr. John C. Mattes, 1876–1948

Tune: Alte Catholische Geistliche Kirchengeseng, 1599, Köln

Text and Tune: Public domain

Angels We Have Heard on High

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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 Him whose birth the an - gels sing;



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 heav' - n - ly song?
 Come, a - dore on bend - ed knee Christ the Lord, the new - born King.



Glo - - - - ri - a



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



- ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o.

*Text: French;
 tr. The Crown of Jesus, 1862, Part 2, London, alt.
 Tune: French
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Mighty Gates

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1 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates! Behold, the
 2 Arighteous Helper comes to thee; His chariot
 3 How blest the land, the city blest, Where Christ the
 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart; Make it a
 5 Redeemer, come and open wide My heart to



King of glory waits. The King of kings is drawing
 is humil-ity, His kingly crown is holi-
 ruler is confessed! O peaceful hearts and happy
 temple set apart From earthly use for heav'n's em-
 Thee; here, Lord, abide! O enter with Thy grace di-



near; The Savior of the world is here. Life and sal-
 ness, His scepter, pity in distress. The end of
 homes To whom this King in triumph comes! The cloud-less
 ploy, Adorned with prayer and love and joy. So shall your
 vine; Thy face of mercy on me shine. Thy Holly



vation He doth bring; Therefore rejoice and gladly sing.
 all our woe He brings; Therefore the earth is glad and sings.
 sun of joy is He Who comes to set His people free.
 Sov'reign enter in And new and nobler life begin.
 Spirit guide us on Until our glorious goal is won.



To God the Father raise Your joyful songs of praise.
 To Christ the Savior raise Your grateful hymns of praise.
 To God the Spirit raise Your happy shouts of praise.
 To God alone be praise For word and deed and grace!
 Eternal praise and fame We offer to Thy name.

*Text: Georg Weissel, 1590–1635;
 tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.
 Tune: August Lemke, 1820–1913
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

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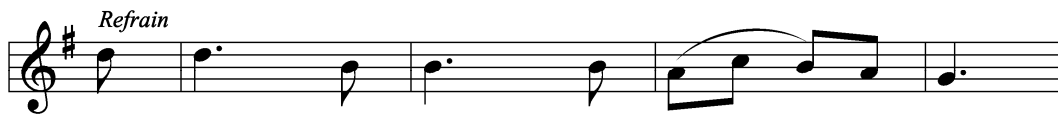
1 O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som
 2 O come, Thou Wis - dom from on high, Who or - d'rest
 3 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might, Who to Thy
 4 O come, Thou Branch of Jes - se's tree, Free them from



cap - tive Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly
 all things might - i - ly; To us the path of
 tribes on Si - nai's height In an - cient times didst
 Sa - tan's tyr - an - ny That trust Thy might - y



ex - ile here Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.
 knowl - edge show, And teach us in her ways to go.
 give the Law In cloud and maj - es - ty and awe.
 pow'r to save, And give them vic - t'ry o'er the grave.



Re - joice! Re - joice! Em - man - u - el



Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!

- 5 O come, Thou Key of David, come, And open wide our heav'nly home;
 Make safe the way that leads on high, And close the path to misery. *Refrain*
- 6 O come, Thou Dayspring from on high, And cheer us by Thy drawing nigh;
 Disperse the gloomy clouds of night, And death's dark shadows put to flight. *Refrain*
- 7 O come, Desire of nations, bind In one the hearts of all mankind;
 Bid Thou our sad divisions cease, And be Thyself our King of Peace. *Refrain*

*Text: Latin, c. 12th cent.;
 Psalterium Cantionum Catholicarum, 1710, Köln;
 tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-66, alt.
 Tune: French, 15th cent.
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Once in Royal David's City

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1 Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a
 2 He came down to earth from heav - en, Who is
 3 For He is our child - hood's pat - tern, Day by
 4 And our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His
 5 Not in that poor, low - ly sta - ble With the



low - ly cat - tle shed, Where a moth - er laid her
 God and Lord of all, And His shel - ter was a
 day like us He grew; He was lit - tle, weak, and
 own re - deem - ing love; For that child so dear and
 ox - en stand - ing by Shall we see Him, but in



ba - by In a man - ger for His bed: Mar - y
 sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a stall; With the
 help - less, Tears and smiles like us He knew; And He
 gen - tle Is our Lord in heav'n a - bove; And He
 heav - en, Set at God's right hand on high. Then like



was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child.
 poor and mean and low - ly Lived on earth our Sav - ior ho - ly.
 feels for all our sad - ness, And He shares in all our glad - ness.
 leads His chil - dren on To the place where He is gone.
 stars His chil - dren, crowned, All in white, His praise will sound!

Text: Cecil F. Alexander, 1818-95, alt.

Tune: Henry J. Gauntlett, 1805-76

Text and Tune: Public domain

A Great and Mighty Wonder

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1 A great and might - y won - der, A full and ho - ly cure:
 2 The Word be - comes in - car - nate And yet re - mains on high,
 3 While thus they sing your Mon - arch, Those bright an - gel - ic bands,
 4 Since all He comes to ran - som, By all be He a - dored,
 5 All i - dols then shall per - ish And Sa - tan's ly - ing cease,



The vir - gin bears the in - fant With vir - gin hon - or pure!
 And cher - u - bim sing an - thems To shep - herds from the sky.
 Re - jice, O vales and moun - tains, And o - ceans, clap your hands.
 The in - fant born in Beth - l'em, The Sav - ior and the Lord.
 And Christ shall raise His scep - ter, De - cree - ing end - less peace.

Refrain



Pro - claim the Sav - ior's birth: "To God on high be



glo - ry And peace to all the earth!"

*Text: Germanus, c. 634–c. 734; tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, alt.
 Tune: Alte Catholische Geistliche Kirchengeseng, 1599, Köln
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Let Us All with Gladsome Voice

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1 Let us all with glad-some voice Praise the God of heav - en,
2 To this vale of tears He comes, Here to serve in sad - ness,
3 We are rich, for He was poor; Is not this a won - der?
4 Christ, our Lord and Sav - ior dear, Be Thou ev - er near us.



Who, to bid our hearts re - jice, His own Son hath giv - en.
That with Him in heav'n's fair homes We may reign in glad - ness.
There-fore praise God ev - er - more Here on earth and yon - der.
Grant us now a glad new year. A - men, Je - sus, hear us.

*Text: German, 17th cent.; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78, alt.
Tune: Ander Theil Des Dreszdenischen GesangBuchs, 1632, Dresden
Text and Tune: Public domain*

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