

HYMNS

Of the Father's Love Begotten

384 sts. 1, 4-5

1 Of the Fa - ther's love be - got - ten Ere the worlds be -
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,
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
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
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. A - men.

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

What Child Is This

370



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, 1837-98

Tune: English, 16th cent.

Text and Tune: Public domain

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

380



1 Hark! The her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King;
2 Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord,
3 Hail, the heav'n-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, Ris'n 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 the in-car - nate De - i - ty!
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,



With the an - gel - ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Je - sus, our Im - man - u - el!
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.



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

*Text: Charles Wesley, 1707–88, alt.
Tune: Felix Mendelssohn, 1809–47
Text and Tune: Public domain*

It Came upon the Midnight Clear

366



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 All you, be-neath your heav-y load, By care and guilt bent low,
4 For lo, the days have come to pass By proph-ets seen of old,



From an-gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'n-ly mu-sic floats O'er all the wea-ry world.
Who toil a-long a drea-ry way With pain-ful steps and slow:
When down in-to the cir-cling years Came Christ as was fore-told.



“Peace on the earth, good-will to all, From heav'n's all-gra-cious king.”
A-bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend on hov-'ring wing,
Look up, for gold-en is the hour, Come swift-ly on the wing,
His word of peace shall to the earth God's an-cient prom-ise bring,



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.
The Prince was born to bring you peace; Of Him the an-gels sing.
And all who take this gift will hear The song the an-gels sing.

Text: Edmund H. Sears, 1810–76, alt.

Tune: Richard S. Willis, 1819–1900

Text and Tune: Public domain

God Loves Me Dearly

392



1 God loves me dear - ly, Grants me sal -
 2 I was in slav - 'ry, Sin, death, and
 3 He sent forth Je - sus, My dear Re -
 4 Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Him - self did
 5 Now I will praise You, O Love E -



va - tion, God loves me dear - ly, Loves e - ven me.
 dark - ness; God's love was work - ing To make me free.
 deem - er; He sent forth Je - sus And set me free.
 of - fer; Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Paid all I owed.
 ter - nal; Now I will praise You All my life long.



There - fore I'll say a - gain: God loves me



dear - ly, God loves me dear - ly, Loves e - ven me.

*Text: August Rische, 1819–1906;
 tr. composite
 Tune: German
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Joy to the World

387



1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her
 2 Joy to the earth, the Sav - ior reigns! Let men their songs em -
 3 No more let sins and sor - rows grow Nor thorns in - fest the
 4 He rules the world with truth and grace And makes the na - tions



King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him
 ploy, While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
 ground; He comes to make His bless - ings
 prove The glo - ries of His righ - teous -



room And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture
 plains Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
 flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
 ness And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His



sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

Tune: George Frideric Handel, 1685–1759, adapt.

Text and Tune: Public domain

Come, Thou Precious Ransom, Come

350



1 Come, Thou pre - cious Ran - som, come, On - ly hope for
 2 En - ter now my wait - ing heart, Glo - rious King and
 3 My ho - san - nas and my palms Gra - cious - ly re -
 4 Hail! Ho - san - na, Da - vid's Son! Je - sus, hear our



sin - ful mor - tals! Come, O Sav - ior of the world!
 Lord most ho - ly. Dwell in me and ne'er de - part,
 ceive, I pray Thee; Ev - er - more, as best I can,
 sup - pli - ca - tion! Let Thy king - dom, scep - ter, crown,



O - pen are to Thee all por - tals. Come, Thy beau - ty
 Though I am but poor and low - ly. Ah, what rich - es
 Sav - ior, I will hom - age pay Thee, And in faith I
 Bring us bless - ing and sal - va - tion, That for - ev - er



let us see; Anx - ious - ly we wait for Thee.
 will be mine When Thou art my guest di - vine!
 will em - brace, Lord, Thy mer - it through Thy grace.
 we may sing: Hail! Ho - san - na to our King.

*Text: Johann Gottfried Olearius, 1635–1711;
 tr. August Crull, 1845–1923, alt.*

*Tune: Neu-verfertigtes Darmstädisches Gesang-Buch, 1699, Darmstadt
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

393



1 In - fant ho - ly, In - fant low - ly, For His bed a cat - tle stall;
2 Flocks were sleep - ing, Shep - herds keep - ing Vig - il till the morn - ing new



Ox - en low - ing, Lit - tle know - ing Christ the child is Lord of all.
Saw the glo - ry, Heard the sto - ry, Tid - ings of a Gos - pel true.



Swift - ly wing - ing, An - gels sing - ing, Bells are ring - ing, Tid - ings bring - ing:
Thus re - joic - ing, Free from sor - row, Prais - es voic - ing, Greet the mor - row:



Christ the child is Lord of all! Christ the child is Lord of all!
Christ the child was born for you! Christ the child was born for you!

*Text: Polish;
tr. Edith M. G. Reed, 1885-1933, alt.
Tune: Polish
Text and Tune: Public domain*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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