

Mary-K. Short.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good
will toward men."

The Bible Institute

Calgary, Alberta



Christmas Music



"OH, COME TO MY HEART, LORD JESUS!"

Thou didst leave thy throne and thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For thy holy nativity.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

The foxes found rest,—and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the desert of Galilee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

When the heavens shall ring, and the angels shall sing
At Thy coming to victory!
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "yet, there is room",
"There is room at My side the thee".
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus!
When Thou comest and callest for me.

No 81

2 WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,

All seated on the ground,

The angel of the Lord came down,

And glory shone around:

"Fear not!" said he, for mighty dread

Had seized their troubled mind;

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring

To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town, this day

Is born, of David's line,

The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;

And this shall be the sign:

The heavenly Babe you there shall find

To human view displayed,

All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,

And in a manger laid."

Thus spoke the seraph; and forthwith

Appeared a shining throng

Of angels, praising God, and thus

Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,

And to the earth be peace;

Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men

Begin and never cease.'

3 IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

Carol - R.S. WALKER No. 83

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 angels' strain have rolled

Two thousand years of wrong;

And man, at war with man, hears not

The love-song which they bring:

O 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 up! 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 splendours fling,

And the whole world send back the song

Which now the angels sing!

Mendelssohn. No 85

4 HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark! the herald angels sing,

"Glory to the new-born King,

Peace on earth, and mercy mild,

God and sinner reconciled."

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,

Join the triumph of the skies;

With the angelic host proclaim,

Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hark! the herald angels sing,

"Glory to the new-born King."

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,

Hail, the Incarnate Deity!

Pleased as man with men to appear,

Jesus, our Immanuel, here.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!

Hail, the Sun of righteousness!

Light and life to all He brings,

Risen with healing in His wings.

Hark! the herald angels sing,

"Glory to the new-born King."

Mild, He lays His glory by;

Born that man no more may die;

Born to raise the sons of earth;

Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,

Fix in us Thy humble home;

Rise, the woman's conquering Seed;

Bruise in us the serpent's head.

Hark! the herald angels sing,

"Glory to the new-born King."



5 WHO IS HE?

Who is He in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?

Chorus: 'Tis the Lord, O wondrous story,
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
At His feet we humbly fall—
Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all!

Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?

Who is He the people bless
For His words of gentleness?

Who is He Who from His throne
Rules through all the worlds alone?

6 *Baptist Hymnal?*
LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven:
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear CHRIST enters in.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend on us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us today.
We hear the heavenly angels
The great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
Our LORD Immanuel.

7 JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing .

Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

8 *Isby - Saunter*
ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all;
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor and mean and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all His wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly mother
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.



9 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,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above:
"Glory to God
In the highest";

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;

10 ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY

Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery.

11 AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So, may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our Heavenly King.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down:
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

W. C. Dix.

12 HOLY NIGHT

Silent night! holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
'Round yon virgin mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night! holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia;
Christ, the Saviour, is born,
Christ, the Saviour, is born,

Silent night! holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

