

# Good NEWS OF GREAT Joy



SONGS FOR ADVENT

# AWAY IN A MANGER (FOREVER AMEN)

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

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,  
the dawn of salvation beginning to break;  
I love Thee, Lord Jesus, oh, gift from above.  
The King of the heavens, forever with us.

I worship You, Jesus, for all of my days.  
The highest of praises be unto Your name.  
My God and my Savior, my King and my friend,  
Yours is the glory, forever amen.  
Yours is the glory, forever amen.  
Yours is the glory, forever amen.

# COME, THOU LONG-EXPECTED JESUS

Come Thou long-expected Jesus,  
born to set Thy people free;  
From our fears and sins release us,  
let us find our rest in Thee.  
Israel's Strength and Consolation,  
Hope of all the earth Thou art;  
Dear Desire of every nation,  
Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver,  
born a Child and yet a King.  
Born to reign in us forever,  
now Thy gracious kingdom bring.  
By Thine own eternal Spirit  
rule in all our hearts alone;  
By Thine all-sufficient merit  
raise us to Thy glorious throne.

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# HARK, THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!"  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise, join the triumph of the skies;  
With angelic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"  
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King."

Christ, by highest heav'n adored; Christ, the everlasting Lord!  
Late in time behold Him come, Offspring of the virgin's womb:  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see, hail the incarnate Deity;  
Pleased as man with men to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel.  
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King."

Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings, ris'n with healing in His wings.  
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.  
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# HE WHO IS MIGHTY

Oh, the mercy our God has shone to those who sit in death's shadow.  
The sun on high pierced the night; Born was the Cornerstone.  
Unto us a Son is given, unto us a Child is born.

He who is mighty has done a great thing;  
Taken on flesh, conquered death's sting,  
shattered the darkness and lifted our shame. Holy is His name.

Oh, the freedom our Savior won; The yoke of sin has been broken.  
Once a slave, now by grace no more condemnation.  
Unto us a Son is given, unto us a Child is born.

He who is mighty has done a great thing;  
Taken on flesh, conquered death's sting,  
shattered the darkness and lifted our shame.  
Holy is His name. Holy is His name.

Now my soul magnifies the Lord; I rejoice in the God who saves,  
I will trust His unfailing love, I will sing His praises all my days.  
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# 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,  
and heaven and nature sing,  
and heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
repeat the sounding joy,  
repeat the sounding joy,  
repeat, 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,  
far as the curse is found,  
far as, 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,  
and wonders of His love,  
and wonders, wonders of His love.

# O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL (HIS NAME SHALL BE)

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!  
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;  
O sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!  
Glory to God, all glory in the highest!  
O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;  
Jesus, to Thee be all glory given;  
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing!  
O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord, the Lord!

His name shall be Wonderful Counselor.  
His name shall be Everlasting Father.  
His name shall be Prince of Peace, Mighty God.  
His name shall be Emmanuel.

We'll praise Your name forever, we'll praise Your name forever,  
we'll praise Your name forever, Christ the Lord!  
We'll praise Your name forever, we'll praise Your name forever,  
we'll praise Your name forever, Christ the Lord, the Lord!

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# SILENT 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,  
heavenly hosts sing, "Alleluia!  
Christ the Savior is born! Christ the Savior is born!"

Silent night, holy night, wondrous star, lend thy light;  
With the angels let us sing,  
"Alleluia!" to our King;  
Christ the Savior is born! Christ the Savior 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.  
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth.



# WHAT CHILD IS THIS?

What Child is this who, laid to rest  
on Mary's lap is sleeping,  
whom angels greet with anthems sweet,  
while shepherds watch are keeping?

This, this is Christ the King,  
whom shepherds guard and angels sing;  
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,  
the Babe, the Son of Mary.

Why lies He in such mean estate,  
where ox and lamb are feeding?  
Good Christians, fear, for sinners here  
the silent Word is pleading.

Nails, spear shall pierce Him through;  
The cross be borne for me, for you.  
Hail, hail the Word made flesh,  
the Babe, the Son of Mary.

So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh,  
come peasant, king to own Him;  
The King of kings salvation brings,  
let loving hearts enthrone Him.

Raise, raise a song on high,  
the Virgin sings her lullaby.  
Joy, joy for Christ is born,  
the Babe, the Son of Mary.

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