

Hymns for Christmas Eve

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.

Refrain: Venite adoremus, venite adoremus, venite
adoremus, Do-mi-num.

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation;
o sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!
Glory to God, all glory in the highest.

Refrain.

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

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, to all good will,
From heaven, the news we bring."
The world in solemn stillness lay,
to hear the angels, sing.

But with the woes of war and strife
The world has suffered long
Beneath the angel strain
Have rolled two thousand years of wrong
And we who fight the wars hear not
The love song which they bring.
O hush the noise of battle strife,
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 splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

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O 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 wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
proclaim the holy birth,
and praises sing to God the King
and peace to all the earth.

We Three Kings

1 We three kings of Orient are; bearing gifts
we traverse afar, field and fountain,
moor and mountain, following yonder star.

(Chorus) O Star of wonder, star of light,
star with royal beauty bright, westward leading, still
proceeding, guide us through this perfect night.

2 Frankincense to offer have I, incense owns a Deity
nigh. Prayer and praising, all are raising,
worship God most high. (Chorus)

3 Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume breathes
a life of gathering gloom; sorrowing, sighing,
bleeding, dying, sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
(Chorus)

4 Born a babe on Bethlehem's plain, gold I bring to
crown him again, love forever, ceasing never, in our
hearts to reign. (Chorus)

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