

Christmas Eve Songs for Worship

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 th'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 th'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
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King!"

THE FIRST NOEL

The first Noel the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

[CHORUS]

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel! Born is the King of Israel!

They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the east beyond them far;
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

This star drew nigh to the northwest,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest;
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Then entered in those wise men three,
Full rev'rently on bended knee;
And offered there, in His presence,
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

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 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 to us we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in, be born in us today!
We hear the Christmas angels the great glad tidings tell,
O come to us, abide with us, our Lord Emmanuel!

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world the Lord is come, let earth receive her King,
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room and heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n and nature sing, and heav'n, and heav'n 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.

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 ass are feeding?
Good Christian 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 the song on high! the Virgin sings her lullaby;
Joy, joy, for Christ is born, the Babe, the Son of Mary!

IN CHRIST ALONE

In Christ alone my hope is found, He is my light, my strength my song;
This cornerstone, this solid ground, firm through the fiercest drought and storm.
What heights of love, what depths of peace,
When fears are stilled, when strivings cease;
My comforter my all in all, here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone, who took on flesh, fullness of God in helpless babe;
This gift of love and righteousness, scorned by the ones he came to save.
'Till on that cross as Jesus died, the wrath of God was satisfied;
For every sin on Him was laid, here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay, Light of the world by darkness slain;
Then bursting forth in glorious day, up from the grave he rose again.
And as He stands in victory, sin's curse has lost its grip on me;
For I am His and He is mine, bought with the precious blood of Christ

No guilt in life, no fear in death, this is the power of Christ in me;
From life's first cry to final breath, Jesus commands my destiny.
No power of hell, no scheme of man, can ever pluck me from His hand;
'Till He returns or calls me home, here in the power of Christ I'll stand.

Closing Song

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, heav'nly 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.