

# Angels from the Realms of Glory

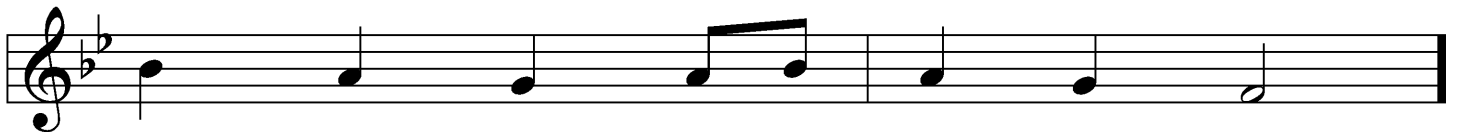
LSB 367



1 An - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er  
2 Shep - herds in the field a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your  
3 Sa - ges, leave your con - tem - pla - tions, Bright - er vi - sions  
4 Saints be - fore the al - tar bend - ing, Watch - ing long in  
△ 5 All cre - a - tion, join in prais - ing God the Fa - ther,



all the earth; Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry,  
flocks by night, God with us is now re - sid - ing,  
beam a - far; Seek the great De - sire of na - tions,  
hope and fear, Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing,  
Spir - it, Son, Ev - er - more your voic - es rais - ing



Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth.  
Yon - der shines the In - fant Light.  
Ye have seen His na - tal star.  
In His tem - ple shall ap - pear.  
To the e - ter - nal Three in One.

## *Refrain*



Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship;



Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

Text (sts. 1, ref. 2-4): James Montgomery, 1771-1854, alt.; (st. 5): Salisbury Hymn Book, 1857, Salisbury, alt.

Tune: Henry T. Smart, 1813-79

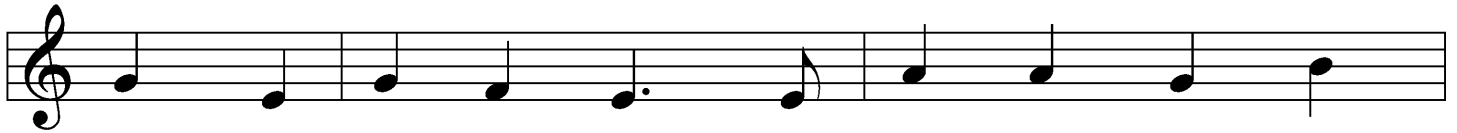
Text and tune: Public domain

# From Heaven Above to Earth I Come

LSB 358 sts. 1-4, 14-15



1 "From heav'n a - bove to earth I come To bear good  
2 "To you this night is born a child Of Mar - y,  
3 "This is the Christ, our God Most High, Who hears your  
4 "He will on you the gifts be - stow Pre - pared by



news to ev - 'ry home; Glad tid - ings of great  
cho - sen vir - gin mild; This lit - tle child of  
sad and bit - ter cry; He will Him - self your  
God for all be - low, That in His king - dom,



joy I bring, Where - of I now will say and sing:  
low - ly birth Shall be the joy of all the earth.  
Sav - ior be From all your sins to set you free.  
bright and fair, You may with us His glo - ry share.

14 My heart for very joy must leap;  
My lips no more can silence keep.  
I, too, must sing with joyful tongue  
That sweetest ancient cradlesong:

15 Glory to God in highest heav'n,  
Who unto us His Son has giv'n!  
While angels sing with pious mirth  
A glad new year to all the earth.

Text: Martin Luther, 1483-1546; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78, alt.

Tune: Geistliche lieder, Leipzig, 1539, ed. Valtin Schumann

Text and tune: Public domain

# Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

LSB 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!



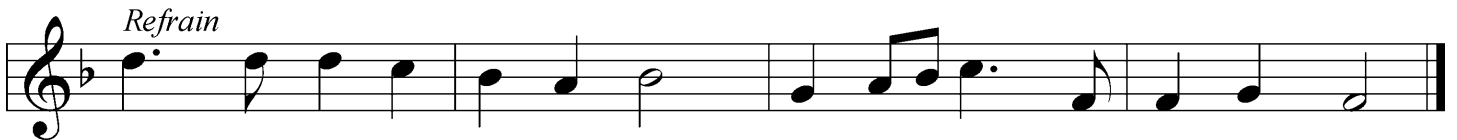
Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"  
Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir - gin's womb.  
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings.



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

# Come, Your Hearts and Voices Raising

LSB 375



1 Come, your hearts and voices raising, Christ the  
2 Christ, from heav'n to us descending And in  
3 Ja - cob's star in all its splen - dor Beams with  
4 From the bond - age that op - pressed us, From sin's



Lord with glad - ness prais - ing; Loud - ly sing His love a -  
love our race be - friend - ing; In our need His help ex -  
com - fort sweet and ten - der, Forc - ing Sa - tan to sur -  
fet - ters that pos - sessed us, From the grief that sore dis -



maz - ing, Wor - thy folk of Chris - ten - dom.  
tend - ing, Saved us from the wi - ly foe.  
ren - der, Break - ing all the pow'rs of hell.  
tressed us, We, the cap - tives, now are free.

5 Oh, the joy beyond expressing  
When by faith we grasp this blessing,  
And to You we come confessing  
That Your love has set us free.

6 Gracious Child, we pray, O hear us,  
From Your lowly manger cheer us,  
Gently lead us and be near us  
Till we join Your choir above.

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76; tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt.

Tune: German, 14th cent.

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Tune: Public domain

# Go Tell It on the Mountain

LSB 388

*Refrain*



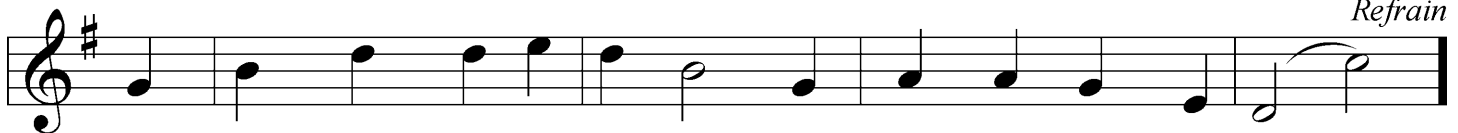
Go tell it on the moun - tain, O-ver the hills and ev - 'ry - where;



Go tell it on the moun - tain That Je - sus Christ is born!



1 While shep-herds kept their watch-ing O'er si - lent flocks by night,  
2 The shep-herds feared and trem - bled When lo, a - bove the earth  
3 Down in a lone - ly man - ger The hum-ble Christ was born;



Be - hold, through - out the heav - ens There shone a ho - ly light.  
Rang out the an - gel cho - rus That hailed our Sav - ior's birth.  
And God sent us sal - va - tion That bless - ed Christ - mas morn.

*Refrain*

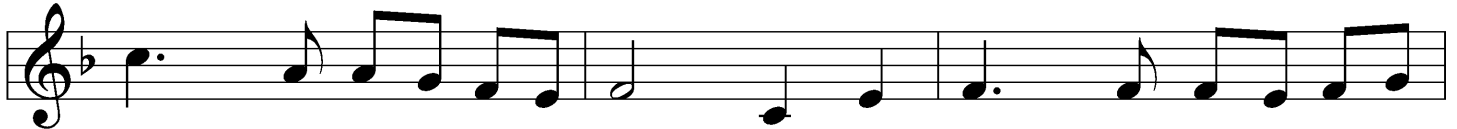
Text (sts. 1–3): John W. Work II, 1873–1925, alt.  
Text (ref) and tune: African American spiritual  
Text and tune: Public domain

# Once in Royal David's City

LSB 376



1 Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a  
2 He came down to earth from heav - en, Who is  
3 For He is our child - hood's pat - tern, Day by  
4 And our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His  
5 Not in that poor, low - ly sta - ble With the



low - ly cat - tle shed, Where a moth - er laid her  
God and Lord of all, And His shel - ter was a  
day like us He grew; He was lit - tle, weak, and  
own re - deem - ing love; For that child so dear and  
ox - en stand - ing by Shall we see Him, but in



ba - by In a man - ger for His bed: Mar - y  
sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a stall; With the  
help - less, Tears and smiles like us He knew; And He  
gen - tle Is our Lord in heav'n a - bove; And He  
heav - en, Set at God's right hand on high. Then like



was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child.  
poor and mean and low - ly Lived on earth our Sav - ior ho - ly.  
feels for all our sad - ness, And He shares in all our glad - ness.  
leads His chil - dren on To the place where He is gone.  
stars His chil - dren, crowned, All in white, His praise will sound!

Text: Cecil F. Alexander, 1818–95, alt.

Tune: Henry J. Gauntlett, 1805–76

Text and tune: Public domain

# Angels We Have Heard on High

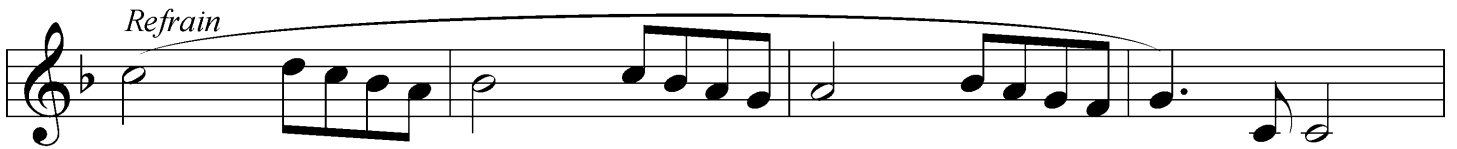
LSB 368



1 An - gels we have heard on high, Sweet - ly sing - ing o'er the plains,  
2 Shep - herds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why your joy - ous strains pro - long?  
3 Come to Beth - le - hem and see Him whose birth the an - gels sing;



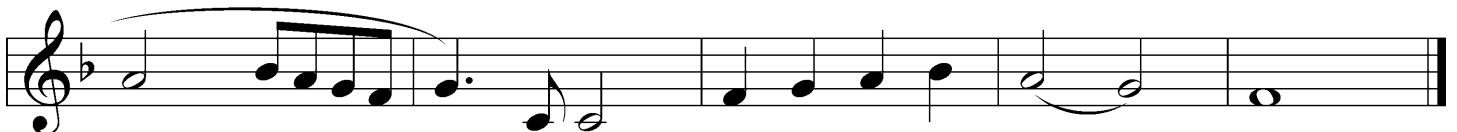
And the moun - tains in re - ply, Ech - o - ing their joy - ous strains.  
What the glad - some tid - ings be Which in - spire your heav'n - ly song?  
Come, a - dore on bend - ed knee Christ the Lord, the new - born King.



Glo - - - - - ri - a



in ex - cel - sis De - o. Glo - - - - -



- ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o.

Text: tr. The Crown of Jesus, 1862, Part 2, London, alt.  
Text and tune: French  
Text and tune: Public domain