

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY #49
CCLI # 1340880

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 oppressed, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Savior holy.

Jesus is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feels for all our sadness,
And He shares in all our gladness.

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.

PLEASE JOIN ME IN THE CALL TO WORSHIP
Psalm 145:1-9

LEADER - I will extol thee, my God and King, and bless thy name for ever and ever.
Every day I will bless thee,

CONGREGATION - and praise thy name for ever and ever. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, and his greatness is unsearchable.

LEADER - One generation shall laud thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

CONGREGATION - Of the glorious splendor of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works, I will meditate.

LEADER - Men shall proclaim the might of thy terrible acts, and I will declare thy greatness.

CONGREGATION - They shall pour forth the fame of thy abundant goodness, and shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

LEADER - The Lord is gracious and merciful, slow to anger and abounding in steadfast love.

CONGREGATION - The Lord is good to all, and his compassion is over all that he has made.

LET US CONTINUE TO WORSHIP GOD IN SONG.

**GOOD CHRISTIANS FRIENDS, REJOICE #28
CCLI # 1340880**

Good Christian friends, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say:
Jesus Christ is born today;
Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the manger now.
Christ is born today!
Christ is born today!

Good Christian friends, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath opened heaven's door,
And we are blest forevermore.
Christ was born for this!
Christ was born for this!

Good Christian friends, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave:
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Call you one and calls you all
To gain the everlasting hall.
Christ was born to save!
Christ was born to save

**GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN #29
CCLI # 1340880**

Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere;
Go, tell it on the mountain

That Jesus Christ is born!

While shepherds kept their watching
O'er silent flocks by night,
Behold throughout the heavens
There shone a holy light.

Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere;
Go, tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born!

The shepherds feared and trembled
When lo! Above the earth,
Rang out the angel chorus
That hailed our Savior's birth.

Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere;
Go, tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born!

Down in a lowly manger
The humble Christ was born,
And God sent us salvation
That blessed Christmas morn.

Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere;
Go, tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born!

IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR # 38
CCLI # 1340880

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 ALL,
From heaven's all-gracious King":
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,

And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed 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 now! 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 splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.