

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.

O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth,  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth;  
For Christ is born of Mary;  
And, gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessing 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.

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 and mean and lowly  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all His wondrous childhood  
He would honour and obey,  
Love and watch the lowly maiden,  
In whose gentle arms He lay,  
Christian children all must be  
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He 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 feeleth for our sadness,  
And He shareth in 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.

Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see Him; but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high;  
When like stars His children crowned  
All in white shall wait around.

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 heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Saviour 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.

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, and wonders of His love.

1 I want to serve the purpose of God  
In my generation.  
I want to serve the purpose of God  
While I am alive.  
I want to give my life  
For something that will last forever.  
Oh, I delight, I delight to do Your will.

2 I want to build with silver and gold  
In my generation.  
I want to build with silver and gold  
While I am alive.  
I want to give my life  
For something that will last forever.  
Oh, I delight, I delight to do Your will.

*What is on Your heart?  
Tell me what to do;  
Let me know Your will  
And I will follow You.  
(Repeat)*

3 I want to see the kingdom of God  
In my generation.  
I want to see the kingdom of God  
While I am alive.  
I want to live my life  
For something that will last forever.  
Oh, I delight, I delight to do Your will.

*What is on Your heart...*

4 I want to see the Lord come again  
In my generation.  
I want to see the Lord come again  
While I am alive.  
I want to give my life  
For something that will last forever.  
Oh I delight, I delight to do Your will.

*What is on Your heart...*