

Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth

*Come and worship
Christ the new-born King.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.*

Shepherds in their field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with us is now residing;
Yonder shines the Infant Light

Come and worship...

Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations;
Ye have seen His natal star;

Come and worship...

Saints before the alter bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:

Come and worship...

Joy to the world, the Lord has come;
Let Earth receive her King.
Let every Heart prepare Him room,
And Heav'n and nature sing,
And Heav'n and nature sing,
And Heaven, and Heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! The Saviour reigns;
Let us our 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.

While shepherds watched
Their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

'Fear not,' said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mid),
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

'To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord –
And this shall be the sign:

'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.'

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song

'All glory to God on high,
And to the Earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'

- 1 From heaven You came, helpless babe,
entered our world, Your glory veiled,
not to be served but to serve,
and give Your life that we might live.

*This is our God, the Servant King,
He calls us now to follow Him,
to bring our lives as a daily offering
of worship to the Servant King.*

- 2 There in the garden of tears
my heavy load He chose to bear;
His heart with sorrow was torn,
'Yet not my will but yours,' He said.

This is our God...

- 3 Come and see His hands and His feet,
the scars that speak of sacrifice,
hands that flung stars into space
to cruel nails surrendered.

This is our God...

- 4 So let us learn how to serve
and in our lives enthrone Him,
each other's needs to prefer,
for it is Christ we're serving.

This is our God...

- 1 What kind of love is this,
 that gave itself for me?
 I am the guilty one,
 yet I go free.
 What kind of love is this?
 A love I've never known.
 I didn't even know His name,
 what kind of love is this?

- 2 What kind of man is this,
 that died in agony?
 He who had done no wrong
 was crucified for me.
 What kind of man is this,
 who laid aside His throne
 that I may know the love of God?
 What kind of man is this?

- 3 By grace I have been saved,
 it is the gift of God.
 He destined me to be His son,
 such is His love.
 No eye has ever seen,
 no ear has ever heard,
 nor has the heart of man conceived,
 what kind of love is this?