

- 1 Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
 born to set Thy people free;
 from our fears and sins release us;
 let us find our rest in Thee.

- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
 hope of all the earth Thou art;
 dear desire of every nation,
 joy of every longing heart.

- 3 Born Thy people to deliver;
 born a child, and yet a King;
 born to reign in us for ever;
 now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

- 4 By Thine own eternal Spirit
 rule in all our hearts alone:
 by Thine all-sufficient merit
 raise us to Thy glorious throne.

- 1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
the Saviour promised long;
let every heart prepare a throne,
and every voice a song.

- 2 He comes, the prisoners to release
in Satan's bondage held;
the chains of sin before Him break,
the iron fetters yield.

- 3 He comes to free the captive mind
where evil thoughts control;
and for the darkness of the blind,
gives light that makes them whole.

- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
the wounded soul to cure;
and with the treasures of His grace
to enrich the humble poor.

- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Your welcome shall proclaim;
and heaven's eternal arches ring
with Your beloved name.

- 1 In the bleak mid-winter,
frosty wind made moan,
earth stood hard as iron,
water like a stone;
snow had fallen, snow on snow,
snow on snow,
in the bleak mid-winter,
long ago.
- 2 Our God, heaven cannot hold Him,
nor earth sustain,
heaven and earth shall flee away
when He comes to reign;
in the bleak mid-winter
a stable-place sufficed
the Lord God almighty,
Jesus Christ.
- 3 Angels and archangels
may have gathered there,
cherubim and seraphim
thronged the air;
but His mother only,
in her maiden bliss,
worshiped the Belovèd
with a kiss.
- 4 What can I give Him,
poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd,
I would bring a lamb;
if I were a wise man,
I would do my part;
yet what I can I give Him –
give my heart.

- 1 O come, O come, Emmanuel,
and ransom captive Israel,
that mourns in lonely exile here
until the Son of God appear.

*Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
shall come to thee, O Israel.*

- 2 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height
in ancient times didst give the law
in cloud and majesty and awe.

Rejoice, rejoice...

- 3 O come, Thou rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
from depths of hell Thy people save,
and give them victory o'er the grave.

Rejoice, rejoice...

- 4 O come, Thou dayspring, come and cheer
our spirits by Thine advent here;
disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
and death's dark shadows put to flight.

Rejoice, rejoice...

- 5 O come, Thou key of David, come
and open wide our heavenly home;
make safe the way that leads on high,
and close the path to misery.

Rejoice, rejoice...