

- 1 Angels from the realms of glory,
wing your flight through all the earth;
heralds of 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.*

- 2 Shepherds in the fields abiding,
watching by your flocks at night,
God with man is now residing:
see, there shines the infant light!

Come and worship...

- 3 Wise men, leave your contemplations!
brighter visions shine afar;
seek in Him the hope of nations,
you have seen His rising star:

Come and worship...

- 4 Though an infant now we view Him,
He will share His Father's throne,
gather all the nations to Him;
every knee shall then bow down:

Come and worship...

- 1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
 star of the east the horizon adoring,
 guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
 low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:
 angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
 maker and monarch, and Saviour of all.

- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 odours of Edom, and offerings divine;
 gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
 richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
 star of the east the horizon adoring,
 guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- 1 Children of Jerusalem
sang the praise of Jesus' name;
children, too, of modern days,
join to sing the Saviour's praise:

*Hark, hark, hark! while children's voices sing,
hark, hark, hark! while children's voices sing,
loud hosannas, loud hosannas,
loud hosannas to our King.*

- 2 We are taught to love the Lord,
we are taught to read His word,
we are taught the way to heaven;
praise for all to God be given:

Hark, hark, hark...

- 3 Parents, teachers, old and young,
all unite to swell the song;
higher and yet higher rise,
till hosannas reach the skies:

Hark, hark, hark...

- 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...