

Words for Worship Sunday 22 December 2024

One I wait for the LORD, my whole being waits,
All and in his word I put my hope.
One My soul waits for the Lord
All more than watchmen wait for the morning,
One O Israel, put your hope in the LORD,
All for with the LORD is unfailing love and with him is full redemption.

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.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Soon and very soon,
we are going to see the King!
Soon and very soon,
we are going to see the King!
Soon and very soon,
we are going to see the King!
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
we're going to see the King!

No more crying there,
we are going to see the King!
No more crying there,
we are going to see the King!
No more crying there,
we are going to see the King!
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
we're going to see the King!

Dance and sing for joy,
we are going to see the King!
Dance and sing for joy,
we are going to see the King!
Dance and sing for joy,
we are going to see the King!
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
we're going to see the King!

Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er 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.*

Shepherds in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flock by night,
God with us is now residing,
See, there shines the infant light.

Saints before the altar bending
Watching long in hope and fear
Suddenly the Lord descending
In his temple shall appear

Though an infant now we view him,
He will share his father's throne,
Gather all the nations round him,
Every knee shall then bow down.

Infant holy, infant lowly,
for his bed a cattle stall;
oxen lowing, little knowing
Christ the babe is Lord of all.
Swiftly winging angels singing,
nowells ringing, tidings bringing:
Christ the babe is Lord of all!
Christ the babe is Lord of all!

Flocks were sleeping, shepherds keeping
vigil till the morning new
saw the glory, heard the story,
tidings of a gospel true.
Thus rejoicing, free from sorrow,
praises voicing, greet the morrow:
Christ the babe was born for you!
Christ the babe was born for you!

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.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
The nations still at war hear not
The love song which they bring;
O hush the noise and cease the strife,
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 splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!”
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim,
“Christ is born in Bethlehem”.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King”.

Christ by highest heaven adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the virgin’s womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as us with us to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King”.

Hail the heaven born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that we no more may die,
Born to raise us from the earth,
Born to give us second birth:
Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King”.