

(2) Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!"

Joyful, all ye nations, rise, join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King."

Christ, by highest heav'n adored; Christ, the everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold Him come, offspring of the virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see; hail th' incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King."

Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!

Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!

Light and life to all He brings, ris'n with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by, born that men no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth, born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King!"

Come, Desire of nations, come! Fix in us Thy humble home.

Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,

Bruise in us the serpent's head;

Adam's likeness now efface, stamp Thine image in its place;

Second Adam from above, reinstate us in Thy love.

Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King."

(3) Hallelujah, What a Savior!

'Man of sorrows!' what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood-
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Guilty, vile and helpless we,
Spotless Lamb of God was He;
Full atonement! Can it be?
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished," was His cry;
Now in heav'n exalted high:
Hallelujah, What a Savior!

When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

(4) Silent Night

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and Child.
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight.
Glories stream from heaven afar;
Heavenly hosts sing alleluia.
Christ the Savior is born!
Christ the Savior is born!

Silent night, holy night,
Wondrous star, lend thy light.
With the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our King.
Christ the Savior is born!
Christ the Savior is born!

Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

(5) What a Friend We Have in Jesus

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our Refuge;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

(6) Only Trust Him

Come, every soul by sin oppressed—
There's mercy with the Lord,

And He will surely give you rest by trusting in His Word.

Chorus: Only trust Him; only trust Him. Only trust Him now.

He will save you; He will save you. He will save you now.

For Jesus shed His precious blood,
Rich blessings to bestow;

Plunge now into the crimson flood that washes white as snow.

Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;

Believe in Him without delay and you are fully blest.

SING

"I will sing a new song to Thee, O God;
Upon a harp of ten strings
I will sing praises to Thee"

PSALM 144:9

VANCOUVER BIBLE FELLOWSHIP

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(1) O Come, All Ye Faithful

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant;
O come ye, o come ye to Bethlehem!
Come and behold Him—born the King of angels!
O come, let us adore Him!
O come, let us adore Him!
O come, let us adore Him—Christ, the Lord!

Sing, choirs of angels; sing in exultation;
O sing all ye bright hosts of heav'n above!
Glory to God, all glory in the highest!
We'll praise His name forever!
We'll praise His name forever!
We'll praise His name forever—Christ, the Lord!

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be all glory giv'n:
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing!
We'll give Him all the glory!
We'll give Him all the glory!
We'll give Him all the glory—Christ, the Lord!