

Christmas Eve Carols

December 24, 2021

Love Has Come! (French Carol)

Love has come – a light in the darkness! Love explodes in the Bethlehem skies.
See, all heaven has come to proclaim it. Hear how their song of joy arises:
Love! Love! Born unto you, a Savior! Love! Love! Glory to God on high!

Love is born! Come share in the wonder. Love is God now asleep in the hay.
See the glow in the eyes of his mother. What is the name her heart is saying?
Love! Love! Love is the name she whispers. Love! Love! Jesus, Emmanuel.

Love has come – He never will leave us! Love is life everlasting and free.
Love is Jesus within and among us. Love is the peace our hearts are seeking.
Love! Love! Love is the gift of Christmas. Love! Love! Praise to You, God on high!

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming (BB 78)

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming from tender stem has sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming, as those of old have sung.
It came, a flower bright,
Amid the cold of winter, When half spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it, this Rose I have in mind.
With Mary we behold it, the Virgin Mother kind.
To show God's love aright..
She bore to us a Savior, when half spent was the night.

O Flow'r, whose fragrance tender, with sweetness fills the air,
Dispel in glorious splendor the darkness everywhere
True man, yet very God,
From sin and death now save us, And share our every load.

Infant Holy, Infant Lowly (BB 83)

Infant holy, infant lowly, for his bed a cattle stall;
Oxen lowing, little knowing Christ the babe is Lord of all.
Swift are winging angels singing, Noels ringing, tidings bringing
Christ the Babe is Lord of all.

Flocks were sleeping, shepherds keeping vigil till the morning new.
Saw the glory, heart the story, tidings of a gospel true.
Thus rejoicing at from the sorrow, Praises voicing, greet the morrow:
Christ the babe was born for you.

As we journey to the stable like the wisemen long ago,
We are hoping to discover what these pilgrims came to know.
All are welcome at this manger, king and shepherd, friend and stranger,
Christ the babe is Lord of all.

Wake our spirits from their slumber; send the darkness on its way.

Fill our hearts with joy and wonder on this blessed Christmas day.
Songs of angels all around us; Grace and blessing now surround us.
Christ be with us as we go.

Awake, Arise

Arise, arise, shine. Awake, arise, your light is come;
Behold, darkness has covered the earth. And thick darkness its people.

But God arose: see. Awake, arise, God's glory shines.
In you, glory the nations will know. In you, brightness arising!

O lift your eyes: see. O raise your eyes., look up and see!
(interlude)

Arise, arise, O see the people find God's glory Arise, awake the glory of the Lord within you.
Awake, awake, arise.

Away in a Manger (BB 90)

Away in a manger, No crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus Laid down His sweet head
The stars in the sky Looked down where He lay
The little Lord Jesus Asleep on the hay

The cattle are lowing The Baby awakes
But little Lord Jesus No crying He makes
I love You, Lord Jesus Look down from the sky
And stay by my side 'til morning is nigh

Be near me, Lord Jesus I ask You to stay
Close by me forever And love me I pray
Bless all the dear children In Your tender care
And fit us for heaven To live with You there

Child of the Poor/What Child is This? (BB 93/94)

Helpless and hungry, lowly afraid Wrapped in the chill of mid-winter
Comes now among us Born into poverty's embrace, new life for the world
Who is this who lives with the lowly Sharing their sorrows, knowing their hunger?
This is Christ, revealed to the world In the eyes of a child, a child of the poor

What child is this who laid to rest On Mary's lap is sleeping
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet While shepherds watch are keeping?

This, this is Christ the King Whom shepherds guard and angels sing
Haste, haste to bring Him laud The Babe, the Son of Mary

So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh Come peasant, King to own Him
The King of kings salvation brings Let loving hearts enthrone Him

This, this is Christ the King Whom shepherds guard and angels sing
Haste, haste to bring Him laud The Babe, the Son of Mary.