

- 1 Sing we the King who is coming to reign,  
glory to Jesus, the Lamb that was slain;  
life and salvation His empire shall bring,  
joy to the nations when Jesus is King.

*Come let us sing: praise to our King.  
Jesus our King, Jesus our King:  
this is our song, who to Jesus belong:  
glory to Jesus, to Jesus our King.*

- 2 All men shall dwell in His marvellous light,  
races long severed His love shall unite;  
justice and truth from His sceptre shall spring,  
wrong shall be ended when Jesus is King.

*Come let us sing...*

- 3 All shall be well in His kingdom of peace,  
freedom shall flourish and wisdom increase;  
foe shall be friend when His triumph we sing,  
sword shall be sickle when Jesus is King.

*Come let us sing...*

- 4 Souls shall be saved from the burden of sin;  
doubt shall not darken his witness within;  
hell hath no terrors, and death hath no sting;  
love is victorious, when Jesus is King.

*Come let us sing...*

- 5 Kingdom of Christ, for Thy coming we pray,  
hasten, O Father, the dawn of the day;  
when this new song Thy creation shall sing,  
Satan is vanquished and Jesus is King.

*Come let us sing...*

- 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...*

- 1 I cannot tell why He, whom angels worship,  
should set His love upon the sons of men,  
or why, as Shepherd, He should seek the wanderers,  
to bring them back, they know not how or when.  
But this I know, that He was born of Mary,  
when Bethlehem's manger was His only home,  
and that He lived at Nazareth and laboured,  
and so the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is come.
  
- 2 I cannot tell how silently He suffered,  
as with His peace He graced this place of tears,  
or how His heart upon the cross was broken,  
the crown of pain to three and thirty years.  
But this I know, He heals the broken-hearted,  
and stays our sin, and calms our lurking fear,  
and lifts the burden from the heavy laden,  
for yet the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is here.
  
- 3 I cannot tell how He will win the nations,  
how He will claim His earthly heritage,  
how satisfy the needs and aspirations  
of east and west, of sinner and of sage.  
But this I know, all flesh shall see His glory,  
and He shall reap the harvest He has sown,  
and some glad day His sun shall shine in splendour  
when He the Saviour,  
Saviour of the world, is known.
  
- 4 I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,  
when, at His bidding, every storm is stilled,  
or who can say how great the jubilation  
when all the hearts of men with love are filled.  
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,  
and myriad, myriad human voices sing,  
and earth to heaven,  
and heaven to earth, will answer:  
At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is King!

- 1     Have Thine own way, Lord,  
          have Thine own way;  
Thou art the potter, I am the clay;  
mould me and make me after Thy will,  
while I am waiting, yielded and still.
  
- 2     Have Thine own way, Lord,  
          have Thine own way;  
search me and try me, Master, today.  
Whiter than snow, Lord, wash me just now,  
as in Thy presence humbly I bow.
  
- 3     Have Thine own way, Lord,  
          have Thine own way;  
wounded and weary, help me, I pray.  
Power, all power, surely is Thine;  
touch me and heal me, Saviour divine.
  
- 4     Have Thine own way, Lord,  
          have Thine own way;  
hold o'er my being absolute sway;  
fill with Thy Spirit till all shall see  
Christ only, always, living in me.

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 th'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 a Virgin's womb!  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!  
Hail, the incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

*Hark! The...*

Hail, the Heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail, the Son 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 the sons of Earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

*Hark! The...*