

#233 Bring a Torch, Jeannette, Isabella

1 Un flambeau, Jeannette, Isabelle,
un flambeau, courons au berceau!
C'est Jésus, bonnes gens du hameau,
le Christ est né, Marie appelle,
Ah! Ah! Ah! Que la mère est belle,
Ah! Ah! Ah! que l'Enfant est beau!

1 Bring a torch, Jeannette, Isabella,
bring a torch and quickly run.
Christ is born, good folk of the village,
Christ is born and Mary's calling,
Ah! Ah! Beautiful is the mother,
Ah! Ah! Beautiful is her child.

2 Come and see within the stable,
come and see the Holy one,
Come and see the lovely Jesus,
brown his brow, his cheeks are rosy.
Hush! Hush! Quietly now he slumbers,

Hush! Hush! Quietly now he sleeps.

#225

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

1 O come, O come, Emmanuel,
and with your captive children dwell.

Give comfort to all exiles here,
and to the aching heart bid cheer.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
shall come within as Love to dwell.

2 O come, you Splendor very bright,
as joy that never yields to might.

O come, and turn all hearts to peace,
that greed and war at last shall cease.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
shall come within as Truth to dwell.

3 O come, you Dayspring, come and cheer
our spirits by your presence here.

And dawn in every broken soul
as vision that can see the whole.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel

shall come within as Light to dwell.

4 O come, you Wisdom from on high,

from depths that hide within a sigh,

To temper knowledge with our care,

to render every act a prayer.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel

shall come within as Hope to dwell.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

1 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 the angelic host proclaim

"Christ is born in Bethlehem"

Hark! The herald-angels sing

"Glory to the new-born king"

2 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;

Gracious bond of earth and sky

Born that we 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 new-born king"

#244

It Came upon the Midnight Clear

1 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, to all good will,
 from heaven the news we bring."
The world in solemn stillness lay
 to hear the angels sing.

2 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.

3 But with the woes of war and strife
the world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
two thousand years of wrong;
And we who fight the wars hear not
the love song which they bring.
O hush the noise of battle strife,
and hear the angels sing.

4 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 splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
which now the angels sing.