

**#195: Joy to the World! The Lord Is Come**

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come:  
let earth receive her King;  
let every heart prepare him room,  
and heav'n and nature sing,  
and heav'n and nature sing,  
and heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
2. Joy to the earth! The Savior reigns:  
let men their songs employ;  
while fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
repeat the sounding joy,  
repeat the sounding joy,  
repeat, repeat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
nor thorns infest the ground;  
he comes to make his blessings flow  
far as the curse is found,  
far as the curse is found,  
far as, far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace,  
and makes the nations prove  
the glories of his righteousness  
and wonders of his love,  
and wonders of his love,  
and wonders, wonders of his love.

**#211: God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen**

1. God rest you merry, gentlemen,  
let nothing you dismay,  
remember Christ our Savior  
was born on Christmas day,  
to save us all from Satan's pow'r  
when we were gone astray;  
  
Refrain:  
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy.
2. From God our heav'nly Father,  
a blessed angel came;  
and unto certain shepherds  
brought tidings of the same:  
how that in Bethlehem was born  
the son of God by name. [Refrain]
3. "Fear not, then," said the angel,  
"let nothing you affright;  
this day is born a Savior  
of a pure virgin bright,  
to free all those who trust in him  
from Satan's pow'r and might." [Refrain]
4. The shepherds at those tidings  
rejoiced much in mind,  
and left their flocks a-feeding,  
in tempest, storm, and wind:  
and went to Bethlehem straightway,  
the Son of God to find. [Refrain]

**#213: What Child is This**

1. 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.
2. Why lies he in such mean estate,  
where ox and ass are feeding?  
Good Christian, fear; for sinners here  
the silent Word is pleading.  
Nails, spear, shall pierce him through;  
the cross be borne for me, for you:  
hail, hail the Word made flesh,  
the babe, the son of Mary.
3. So bring him incense, gold, and myrrh;  
come, peasant, king, to own him;  
the King of kings salvation brings,  
let loving hearts enthrone him.  
Raise, raise the song on high,  
the virgin sings her lullaby:  
joy, joy for Christ is born,  
the babe, the son of Mary.

**#203: Hark! The Herald Angels Sing**

1. Comfort, comfort ye my people,  
speak ye peace, thus saith our God;  
comfort those who sit in darkness,  
mourning 'neath their sorrow's load.  
Speak ye to Jerusalem  
of the peace that waits for them;  
tell her that her sins I cover,  
and her warfare now is over.
2. Yea, her sins our God will pardon,  
blotting out each dark misdeed;  
all that well deserved his anger  
he no more will see or heed.  
She hath suffered many a day  
now her griefs have passed away;  
God will change her pining sadness  
into ever-springing gladness.
3. For the herald's voice is crying  
in the desert far and near,  
bidding all men to repentance,  
since the kingdom now is here.  
O that warning cry obey!  
Now prepare for God a way;  
let the valleys rise to meet him,  
and the hills bow down to greet him.
4. Make ye straight what long was crooked,  
make the rougher places plain;  
let your hearts be true and humble,  
as befits his holy reign.  
For the glory of the Lord  
now o'er earth is shed abroad;  
and all flesh shall see the token,  
that his word is never broken.