

December 7, 2025

It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

John S. Dwight, Adolphe Adam, David Shipps © 2006 Praise Charts

Verse 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, good will to men” from heaven’s all gracious King.
The world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angels sing.

Verse 4

For lo, the days are hastening on by prophets seen of old.
When with the ever circling years shall come the time foretold.
When peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors fling.
And the whole world give back the song which now the angels sing.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Charles Wesley, Felix Mendelssohn, Joel Mott and Dan Galbraith © 2005 Praise Charts

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 newborn King!”

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

Hail the heaven 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 man 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!”

O Come, All You Unfaithful

Bob Jauflin & Lisa Clow © 2020 Sovereign Grace Praise

O come, all you unfaithful. Come, weak and unstable.
Come, know you are not alone.
O come, barren and waiting ones, weary of praying,
Come see what your God has done.

Ch: Christ is born, Christ is born, Christ is born for you.

O come, bitter and broken, come with fears unspoken.
Come, taste of His perfect love.
O come, guilty and hiding ones. There is no need to run.
See what your God has done. (*ch*)

He’s the Lamb who was given, slain for our pardon.
His promise is peace for those who believe.
He’s the Lamb who was given, slain for our pardon.
His promise is peace for those who believe.

So come, though you have nothing. Come, He is the offering.
Come, see what your God has done. (*ch, ch*)

Welcome To Our World

Chris Rice, Dan Galbraith © 1995 Clumsy Fly Music, World Music Group Inc.

Tears are falling, hearts are breaking.
How we need to hear from God.
You’ve been promised, we’ve been waiting, welcome, Holy Child.
Welcome, Holy Child.

Hope that You don’t mind our manger.
How I wish we would have known.
But long awaited Holy Stranger, make Yourself at home.
Please make Yourself at home.

Bring Your peace into our violence.
Bid our hungry souls be filled.
Word now breaking heaven’s silence, welcome to our world.
Welcome to our world.

Fragile finger sent to heal us.
Tender brow prepared for thorn.
Tiny heart whose blood will save us, unto us is born.
Unto us is born.

So wrap our injured flesh around You.
Breathe our air and walk our sod.
Rob our sin and make us holy, perfect Son of God.
Perfect Son of God, welcome to our world.