

# CHRIST AROSE

Low in the grave He lay, Jesus my Savior!  
Waiting the coming day, Jesus my Lord!

Up from the grave He arose, with a mighty triumph o'er His foes;  
He arose a Victor from the dark domain, and He lives forever with  
His saints to reign; He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!

Vainly they watch His bed, Jesus, my Savior!  
Vainly they seal the dead, Jesus my Lord!

Up from the grave He arose, with a mighty triumph o'er His foes;  
He arose a Victor from the dark domain, and He lives forever with  
His saints to reign; He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!

Death cannot keep his prey, Jesus my Savior!  
He tore the bars away, Jesus my Lord!

Up from the grave He arose, with a mighty triumph o'er His foes;  
He arose a Victor from the dark domain, and He lives forever with  
His saints to reign; He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!

# CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY

Christ, the Lord, is risen today, Alleluia!  
Sons of men and angels say, Alleluia!  
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Alleluia!  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply, Alleluia!

Lives again our glorious King, Alleluia!  
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!  
Dying once, He all doth save, Alleluia!  
Where thy victory, O grave? Alleluia!

Love's redeeming work is done, Alleluia!  
Fought the fight, the battle won, Alleluia!  
Death in vain forbids Him rise, Alleluia!  
Christ has opened Paradise, Alleluia!

# COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME

Come, ye thankful people, come, raise the song of harvest home;  
All is safely gathered in ere the winter storms begin.  
God, our Maker, doth provide for our wants to be supplied;  
Come to God's own temple, come, raise the song of harvest home.

All the world is God's own field, fruit unto His praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown, unto joy or sorrow grown.  
First the blade and then the ear, then the full corn shall appear;  
Lord of harvest, grant that we wholesome grain and pure may be.

Even so, Lord, quickly come to Thy final harvest home;  
Gather Thou Thy people in, free from sorrow, free from sin;  
There, forever purified, in Thy presence to abide;  
Come, with all Thine angels, come, raise the glorious harvest home.

# COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

When upon life's billows you are tempest tossed,  
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,  
Count your many blessings, name them one by one,  
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.

Count your blessings, name them one by one;  
Count your blessings, see what God hath done;  
Count your blessings, name them one by one;  
Count your many blessings, see what God hath done.

Are you ever burdened with a load of care?  
Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear?  
Count your many blessings, every doubt will fly,  
And you will be singing as the days go by.

Count your blessings, name them one by one;  
Count your blessings, see what God hath done;  
Count your blessings, name them one by one;  
Count your many blessings, see what God hath done.

So, amid the conflict, whether great or small,  
Do not be discouraged, God is over all;  
Count your many blessings, angels will attend,  
Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Count your blessings, name them one by one;  
Count your blessings, see what God hath done;  
Count your blessings, name them one by one;  
Count your many blessings, see what God hath done.

# CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS

Crown Him with many crowns, the Lamb upon His throne;  
Hark! How the heavenly anthem drowns all music but its own!  
Awake, my soul, and sing of Him who died for thee,  
And hail Him as thy matchless King through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of Love! Behold His hands and side;  
Rich wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified.  
No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bends his wond'ring eye at mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of Life! Who triumphed o'er the grave,  
Who rose victorious to the strife for those He came to save.  
His glories now we sing, who died and rose on high,  
Who died eternal life to bring and lives that death may die.

# HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

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 heav'n adored;  
Christ, the everlasting Lord!  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail th'incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as man with men to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel.  
Hark! The herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn King!"

# IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR

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.

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.

# JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing,  
And heaven and nature sing,  
And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.

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.



# O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!  
Come and behold Him, born the King of angels!

O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning,  
Jesus, to Thee be all glory given;  
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing!

O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

# O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars go by.  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight.

How silently, how silently the wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts the blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming, but in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still the dear Christ enters in.

# SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT

Silent night, holy night,  
All is calm, all is bright  
Round yon virgin mother and Child.  
Holy Infant so tender and mild,  
Sleep in heavenly peace,  
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,  
Shepherds quake at the sight.  
Glories stream from heaven afar,  
Heavenly hosts sing alleluia;  
Christ the Savior is born!  
Christ the Savior is born!

# THE FIRST NOEL

The first Noel, the angel did say,  
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;  
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,  
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,  
Born is the King of Israel.

Then let us all with one accord  
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,  
That hath made heaven and earth of naught,  
And with His blood mankind has bought.

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel  
Born is the King of Israel.

# THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,  
The emblem of suffering and shame;  
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best  
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, till my trophies at last I lay down;  
I will cling to the old rugged cross, and exchange it some day for a crown.

O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,  
Has a wondrous attraction for me;  
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above  
To bear it to dark Calvary.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, till my trophies at last I lay down;  
I will cling to the old rugged cross, and exchange it some day for a crown.

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,  
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;  
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,  
Where His glory forever I'll share.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, till my trophies at last I lay down;  
I will cling to the old rugged cross, and exchange it some day for a crown.

# WE GATHER TOGETHER

We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing;  
He chastens and hastens His will to make known.  
The wicked oppressing now cease from distressing,  
Sing praises to His Name; He forgets not His own.

Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining,  
Ordaining, maintaining His kingdom divine;  
So from the beginning the fight we were winning;  
Thou, Lord, wast at our side, all glory be Thine!

We all do extol Thee, Thou Leader triumphant,  
And pray that Thou still our Defender will be.  
Let Thy congregation escape tribulation;  
Thy Name be ever praised! O Lord, make us free!

# WHEN I SURVEY THE WANDROUS CROSS

When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God!  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.