

Angels, From the Realms of Glory

James Montgomery, 1771-1854

REGENT SQUARE 8.7.8.7.8
Henry T. Smart, 1813-18

1 An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
 2 Shep - herds, in the fields a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your flocks by night,
 3 Sag - es, leave your con - tem - pla - tions, Bright - er vi - sions beam a - far;
 4 Saints be - fore the al - tar bend - ing, Watch - ing long in hope and fear,

Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth
 God with man is now re - sid - ing, Yon - der shines the in - fant light.
 Seek the great De - sire of na - tions, Ye have seen his na - tal star:
 Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing, In his tem - ple shall ap - pear:

REFRAIN

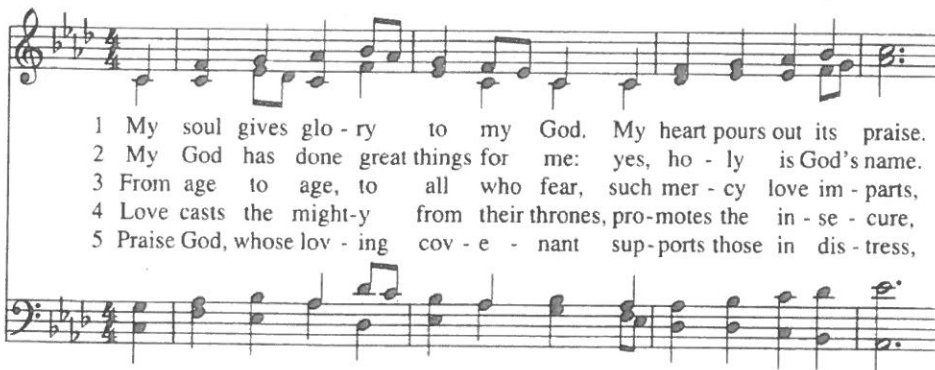
Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King. A - men

My Soul Gives Glory to My God

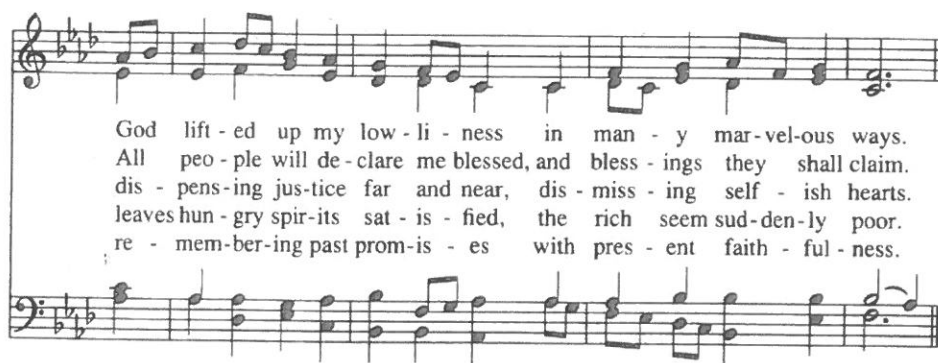
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Miriam Therese Winter, 1987

Luke 1:46b-55; 1 Sam. 2:1-10



1 My soul gives glo - ry to my God. My heart pours out its praise.
2 My God has done great things for me: yes, ho - ly is God's name.
3 From age to age, to all who fear, such mer - cy love im - parts,
4 Love casts the might-y from their thrones, pro-motes the in - se - cure,
5 Praise God, whose lov - ing cov - e - nant sup-ports those in dis - tress,



God lift - ed up my low - li - ness in man - y mar-vel-ous ways.
All peo - ple will de - clare me blessed, and bless - ings they shall claim.
dis - pens-ing jus-tice far and near, dis - miss - ing self - ish hearts.
leaves hun - gry spir-its sat - is - fied, the rich seem sud-den-ly poor.
re - mem-ber-ing past prom-is - es with pres - ent faith - ful - ness.

This New Testament canticle, with its mosaic of liberation motifs that proclaim the justice of God, is known as the "Magnificat," the opening word of its Latin translation.

Tune: MORNING SONG C.M.
Melody from Kentucky Harmony, 1816
Harm. C. Winfred Douglas, 1940

O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893

ST. LOUIS 8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.
Lewis H. Redner, 1831-1908

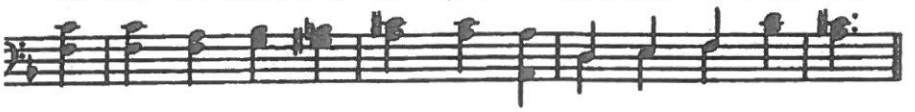
1 O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
 2 For Christ is born of Mar - y, And gath - ered all a - bove,
 3 How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is given!
 4 O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;



A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - dering love.
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of his heaven.
 Cast out our sin and en - ter in; Be born in us to - day.



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!
 No ear may hear his com - ing, But in this world of sin,
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;



The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 Where meek souls will re - ceive him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el! A - men.

