

6 O come, O Day-spring, come and cheer
our spir-its by your ad-vent here;
Love stir with-in the womb of night,
and death's own shad-ows put to flight.
(Refrain)

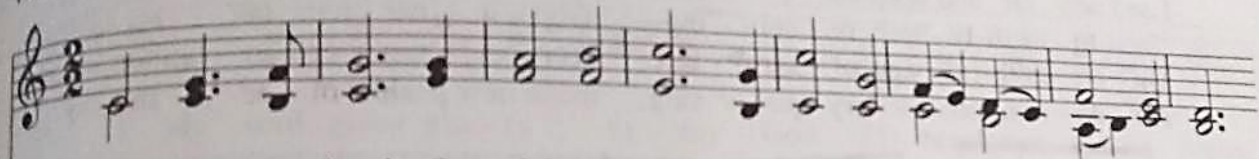
7 O come, De-sire of Na-tions, bind
all peo-ples in one heart and mind;
Make en-vy, strife, and quar-rels cease;
fill the whole world with heav-en's peace.
(Refrain)

Lift Up Your Heads, O Mighty Gates

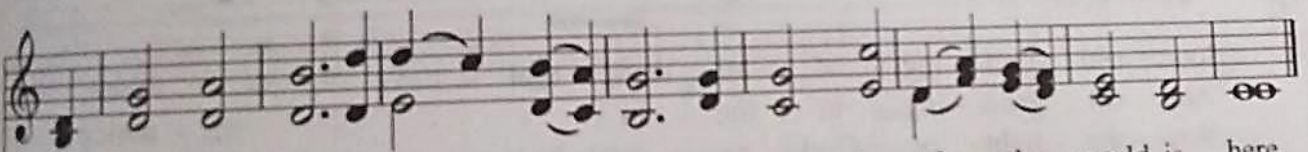
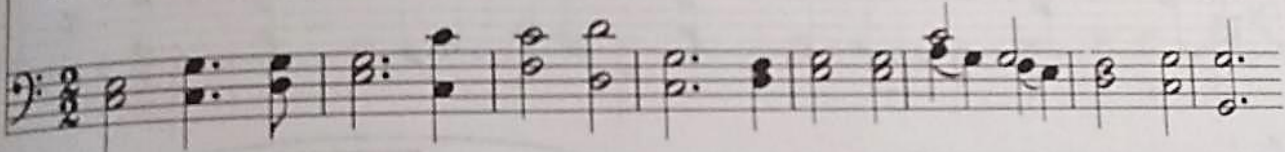
Georg Weissel, 1641
Transl. Catherine Winkworth, 1865; alt.

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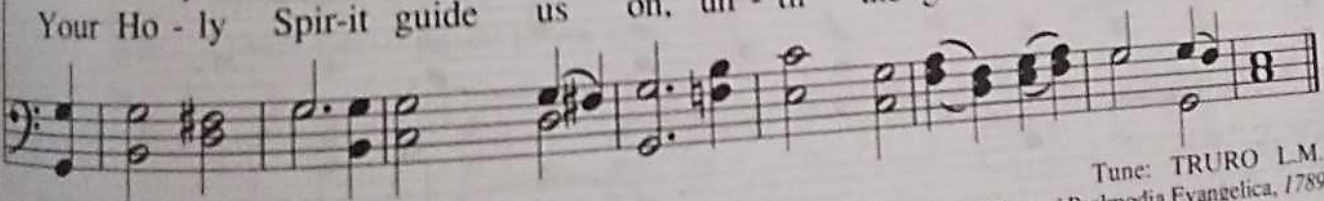
Ps. 24:7-10



1 Lift up your heads, O might-y gates; be-hold the glo - rious Rul - er waits!
2 Fling wide the por - tals of your heart; make it a tem - ple, set a - part
3 Re - deem - er, come! I o - pen wide my heart to you; here, Christ, a - bide!
4 So come, my Sov - ereign; en - ter in! Let new and no - bler life be - gin;



The Sov - ereign One is draw - ing near; the Sav - ior of the world is here.
From earth - ly use for heaven's em - ploy, a - domed with prayer and love and joy.
Let me your in - ner pres - ence feel; your grace and love in me re - veal.
Your Ho - ly Spir - it guide us on, un - til the glo - rious crown be won.



Tune: TRURO L.M.

Thomas Williams' Psalmodia Evangelica, 1789

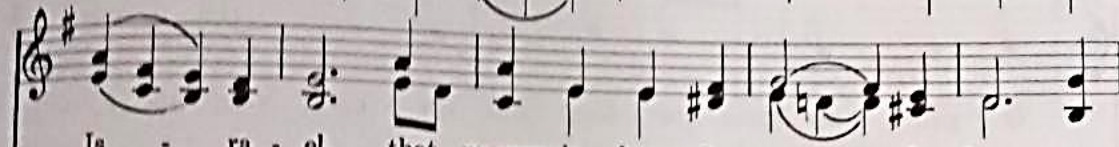
Georg Weissel, a Lutheran pastor, served a church in
Königsberg, East Prussia. He wrote some twenty hymns,
most of them for the great festivals of the church year.
This hymn was written for Advent.

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel 133

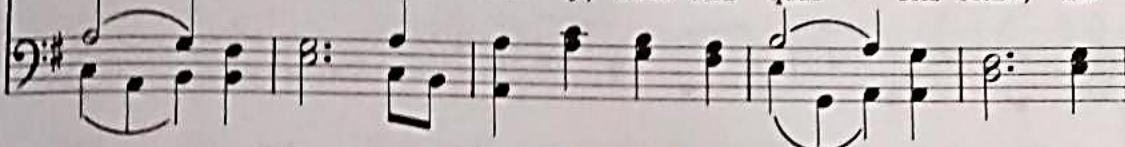
The virgin will be with child and will give birth to a son, and will call him Emmanuel. Is. 7:14



1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, and ran - som cap - tive
2. O come, thou Rod of Jes - se, free thine own from Sa - tan's
3. O come, thou Day-spring, come and cheer our spir - its by thine
4. O come, thou Key of Da - vid, come, and o - pen wide our
5. O come, De - sire of na - tions, bind all peo - ples in one



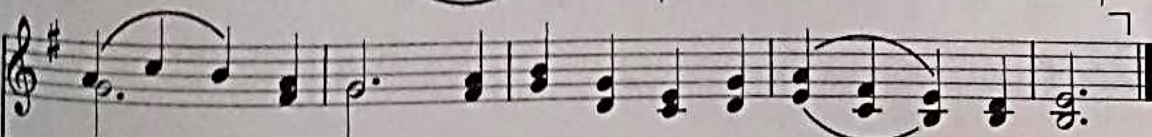
Is - ra - el, that mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here un -
 tyr - an - ny; from depths of hell thy peo - ple save and
 ad - vent here; and drive a - way the shades of night, and
 heaven - ly home; make safe the way that leads on high, and
 heart and mind; bid en - vy, strife and quar - rels cease; fill



Refrain



til the Son of God ap - pear.
 give them vic - tory o'er the grave.
 pierce the clouds and bring us light! Re - joice! re - joice! Em -
 close the path to mis - er - y.
 all the world with heav - en's peace.



man - u - el shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!



Wake, My Soul

Friedrich R. L. von Canitz (1654-1699)
 Transl. Madeleine Forell Marshall, 1993

Day
 James Qui

1 Wake, my soul, with all things liv - ing, thanks be giv - ing to the
 2 All your hope - ful plans con - fess - ing, ask for bless - ing on that
 3 Cry for help, when griefs as - sail you, good friends fail you, life is
 4 Af - ter one last night of weep - ing, one last sleep - ing, you shall

Source of life and day. Sun - light comes and gone con -
 good which you would do; But if you should need cor -
 hope - less, death ap - pears. One whose child knew deep af -
 wake to pure de - light. You at last shall know per -

fu - sion, night's il - lu - sion, like the star - light, fades a - way.
 rec - tion, ask di - rec - tion, pray for pur - pose, clear and new.
 flic - tion, cru - ci - fix - ion, ev - er waits to dry your tears.
 fec - tion, pure af - fec - tion, bathed in God's own morn - ing light.

Baron Friedrich R. L. von Canitz was famous in his lifetime as a successful diplomat—educated, refined, and gracious to all people. He allowed none of his hymns or poetry to be published during his lifetime.

Tune: HAYDN 8.4.7.8.4.7.
 Franz Joseph Haydn, 1791

Isa. 6:1-3; 1 Tim. 6:13-15

Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

From the Liturgy of St. James, 4th century
 Transl. Gerard Moultrie, 1864, alt

1 Let all mor - tal flesh keep si - lence, and with fear and
 2 Mon - arch great, yet born of Mar - y, as of old on
 3 Rank on rank the host of heav - en spreads its van - guard
 4 At Christ's feet the six - winged ser - aphs, cher - u - bim with

trem - bling stand; Pon - der noth - ing earth - ly - mind - ed,
 earth Christ stood, Lord of all, in hu - man ves - ture—
 on the way, As the Light of light de - scend - ing
 sleep - less eye, Veil their fac - es to the Pres - ence,

for with bless - ing in the hand, Christ our God to
 in the bod - y and the blood— Christ will give to
 from the realms of end - less day, That the powers of
 as with cease - less voice they cry, Al - le - lu - ia,

This Greek hymn comes from the Liturgy of St. James of Jerusalem. It has been paraphrased by Gerard Moultrie, a priest of the Church of England. The French folk melody first appeared with these words in The English Hymnal (1906).

Tune: PICARDY 8.7.8.7.8.7.
 French carol melody, 17th century
 Harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

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Bread of

Reginald Heber, 18

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Author of a num
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 year, 17

4 En un pe-se-bre
 Je-sús a-pa-re-ció,
 pe-ro en el mun-do
 es-tá pre-sen-te hoy.
 Vi-ve en-tre la gen-te,
 con e-llas es-tá;
 y vuel-ve de nue-vo
 a dar-nos li-ber-tad.

4 In low-ly sta-ble
 the Prom-ised One ap-peared,
 yet feel that pres-ence
 through-out the earth to-day,
 For Christ lives in all Chris-tians
 and is with us now;
 a-gain, on ar-riv-ing
 Christ brings us lib-er-ty.

Come, O Long-Expected Jesus

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Charles Wesley, 1744; alt.

1 Come, O long - ex - spect-ed Je - sus, born to set all peo-ple free;
 2 Is - rael's strength and con - so - la - tion, hope to all the earth im - part;
 3 Born all peo - ple to de - liv - er, born a child, you came to reign!
 4 By your own e - ter - nal Spir - it, come to claim us as your own;

From our fears and sins re - lease us; grant us your true lib - er - ty.
 Dear de - sire of ev - ery na - tion, en - ter ev - ery long - ing heart.
 Born to rule on earth for - ev - er, come, be known to us a - gain.
 By your all - suf - fi - cient mer - it, let us share your cross and crown.

Charles Wesley, the brother of John, was one of the students known as "Methodists" at Oxford University. He wrote hymns for every occasion. This is from his small collection Hymns for the Nativity.

Tune: STUTT GART 8.7.8.7.
 Melody attrib. to Christian F. Witt (1660-1716)
 from Psalmodia Sacra, Gotha, 1715
 Alternate tune: IN BABILONE