

# 244 Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus

*The Lord has sent Me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim freedom for the captives. Isaiah 61:1*

F F<sup>4</sup> F F<sup>4</sup> F C<sup>7</sup>/<sub>G</sub> C<sup>7</sup>/<sub>E</sub> F C C<sup>4</sup> C F A C<sup>7</sup>/<sub>G</sub> F F A G<sup>m</sup>/<sub>B<sup>b</sup></sub> F C<sup>7</sup> F

1. Come, Thou long - ex - spect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free.  
2. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a Child and yet a King,

F F<sup>4</sup> F F<sup>4</sup> F C<sup>7</sup>/<sub>G</sub> C<sup>7</sup>/<sub>E</sub> F C C<sup>4</sup> C F A C<sup>7</sup>/<sub>G</sub> F F A G<sup>m</sup>/<sub>B<sup>b</sup></sub> F C<sup>7</sup> F

From our fears and sins re - lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee.  
Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now Thy gra - cious king - dom bring.

F C<sup>7</sup>/<sub>E</sub> F C<sup>7</sup>/<sub>E</sub> C<sup>7</sup>/<sub>G</sub> C<sup>7</sup>/<sub>E</sub> C F C F C<sup>7</sup>/<sub>G</sub> F A C<sup>7</sup>/<sub>E</sub> F C

Is - rael's Strength and Con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art;  
By Thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone;

F F F C<sup>7</sup>/<sub>G</sub> C<sup>7</sup>/<sub>E</sub> C<sup>7</sup>/<sub>G</sub> F F C C<sup>7</sup> C F A F B<sup>b</sup> F A B<sup>b</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F

Dear De - sire of ev - ery na - tion, Joy of ev - ery long - ing heart.  
By Thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it, Raise us to Thy glo - rious throne.

TEXT: Charles Wesley

MUSIC: Rowland H. Prichard; arranged by Robert Harkness

HYFRYDOL

8.7.8.7.D.

# O Come, O Come, Emmanuel 245

The virgin will give birth to a Son, and will call Him Immanuel. Isaiah 7:14

Em D Am C Am G B D G D Bm G C G

1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el And ran - som cap - tive  
 2. O come, Thou Day - spring, come and cheer Our spir - its by Thine  
 3. O come, Thou Wis - dom from on high And or - der all things,  
 4. O come, De - sire of na - tions, bind All peo - ples in one

1 2 3 4

Am F#° Em Bm Em Am C Am Em D F# Em Bm C D

Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here,  
 ad - vent here; Dis - perse the gloom - y clouds of night,  
 far and nigh; To us the path of knowl - edge show  
 heart and mind. Bid en - vy, strife, and quar - rels cease;

5 6 7 8 9

Em D Bm G G Am C Am G D G Refrain D Em Bm

Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.  
 And death's dark shad - ows put to flight.  
 And cause us in her ways to go. Re - jice! Re - jice!  
 Fill the whole world with heav - en's peace.

10 11 12 13 14

G Am C Am G B D Em D F# G G C G Am F#° Em Bm Em

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

15 16 17 18 19

TEXT: Latin Hymn, *Psalterium Canticum Catholicarum*, 1710;  
 translated by John M. Neale, stanzas 1,2, altered;  
 Henry S. Coffin, stanzas 3,4 altered  
 MUSIC: Adapted from Plainsong by Thomas Helmore, altered

VENI EMMANUEL  
 L. M. with Refrain

## Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Mighty Gates 93

1 Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates; be - hold the  
 2 Fling wide the por - tals of your heart; make it a  
 3 Re - deem - er, come! I o - pen wide my heart to

King of glo - ry waits; the King of kings is  
 tem - ple, set a - part from earth - ly use for  
 thee; here, Lord, a - bide. Let me thy in - ner

draw - ing near; the Sav - ior of the world is here.  
 heaven's em - ploy, a - dorned with prayer and love and joy.  
 pres - ence feel; thy grace and love in me re - veal.

Beginning as a paraphrase of Psalm 24:7–10, this text then applies the door imagery to the singer's heart, and concludes with the individual's welcome of the approaching Savior. It is set to a very effective anonymous 18th-century English tune that has served many texts.

# It Came upon the Midnight Clear 251

*An angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them. Luke 2:9*

B $\flat$  D $\flat$  C $\flat$  C $\flat$ <sup>6</sup> B $\flat$  F<sup>9</sup> A B $\flat$  E $\flat$  E $\flat$  C<sup>7</sup> C<sup>9</sup> F

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,  
 2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come With peace - ful wings un - furled,  
 3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,  
 4. For lo, the days are has - t'ning on, By proph - ets seen of old,

N.C. B $\flat$  D $\flat$  C $\flat$  C $\flat$ <sup>6</sup> B $\flat$  F<sup>9</sup> A B $\flat$  B $\flat$  D E $\flat$  C $\flat$  F<sup>7</sup> B $\flat$

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:  
 And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;  
 Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,  
 When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Shall come the time fore - told,

N.C. D D C G $\flat$  B $\flat$  D G $\flat$  G $\flat$  B $\flat$  F C C<sup>7</sup> F

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all - gra - cious King!"  
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,  
 Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing:  
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dors fling,

F<sup>7</sup> B $\flat$  D $\flat$  C $\flat$  C $\flat$ <sup>6</sup> B $\flat$  F<sup>9</sup> A B $\flat$  B $\flat$  D E $\flat$  C $\flat$  F<sup>7</sup> B $\flat$

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.  
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.  
 O rest be - side the wea - ry road And hear the an - gels sing.  
 And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.