

SILENT 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.

Silent night, holy night!
Son of God love's pure
light.
Radiant beams from Thy
holy face
With the dawn of
redeeming grace,
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth.
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth.

PRAY THE USA'S COVENANT WITH GOD

Father,

You are holy. We thank You that the USA is dedicated to You in covenant to all generations. LORD, You are the God of the USA and Americans are Your people. We seek You and obey the Holy Bible with all our hearts and all our souls. Jesus is our King, so our nation makes Christian disciples and we turn away from everything against Jesus Christ. To do Your will, the USA agrees with You that marriage is one man and one woman only, the Bible is to be read in schools with Christian prayer, and abortion is to be banned again. We work and pray for covenant Christian leaders to immediately replace those disobeying You. We thank You for the Cross and by Jesus' blood we receive forgiveness for the USA's sins. In Jesus' name. Amen.

O HOLY NIGHT

O Holy Night! The stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth.
Long lay the world in sin and error pining.
Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and
glorious morn.
Fall on your knees! Oh, hear the
angel voices!
O night divine, the night when Christ
was born;
O night, O Holy Night, O night divine!
O night, O Holy Night, O night divine!

Truly He taught us to love one another,
His law is love and His gospel is peace.
Chains He shall break, for the slave is
our brother.
And in His name all oppression
shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus
raise we,
With all our hearts we praise His
holy name.
Christ is the Lord! Then ever, ever
praise we,
His power and glory ever more proclaim!
His power and glory ever more proclaim!



JESUS IS THE REASON FOR THE SEASON

CELEBRATE JESUS CHRIST

THE CHRISTMAS STORY FROM THE HOLY BIBLE (LUKE 2:1-14)

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.) And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

¶
And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:) To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

¶
And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

¶
And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

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.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found,
Far as the curse is found,
Far as, far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love,
And wonders of His love,
And wonders, wonders of His love.

O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

O Come, All Ye Faithful Lyrics
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.

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of
heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest;

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 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.

HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new born King,
peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations rise,
join the triumph of the skies;
with th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new born 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 th' incarnate Deity,
pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new born King!"

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays his glory by,
born that we no more may die,
born to raise us from the earth,
born to give us second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new born King!"

