

Worship Lyrics for Sunday, December 6, 2020

Agnus Dei:

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Al-leluia, Al-leluia,
For our Lord God Almighty reigns
Al-leluia, Al-leluia
For our Lord God Almighty reigns

Alleluia-Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
Are You Lord God, Almighty
Worthy is the Lamb
Worthy is the Lamb

You are Holy, Holy!
Are You Lord God Almighty
Worthy is the Lamb
Worthy is the Lamb
Amen

Al-leluia, Al-leluia,
For our Lord God Almighty reigns
Al-leluia, Al-leluia
For our Lord God Almighty reigns

Alleluia-Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
Are You Lord God, Almighty
Worthy is the Lamb
Worthy is the Lamb

You are Holy, Holy!
Are You Lord God Almighty
Worthy is the Lamb

Worthy is the Lamb
Amen, A-men, A-men!

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel:

O come, O come, Emmanuel
And ransom captive Israel
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear

[Refrain] Rejoice! Rejoice!
Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel

O come Desire of nations bind
All peoples in one heart and mind
Bid envy strife and quarrels cease
Fill the whole world with heaven's peace

[Refrain] Rejoice! Rejoice!
Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel

What Child is This?

What Child is this who, laid to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet, with anthems sweet,
While shepherd's watch are keeping?

(Refrain) **This, this is Christ the KING,
whom shepherds guard and angels sing.
Haste, haste to bring Him laud, the Babe the Son of Mary.**

(Refrain) **This, this is Christ the KING,
whom shepherds guard and angels sing.
Haste, haste to bring Him laud, the Babe the Son of Mary.**

Infant holy, Infant lowly

Text - Polish carol-paraphrase by Edith E. M. Reed Music-traditional Polish melody

1 Infant holy, Infant lowly
for his bed a cattle stall;

Oxen lowing, little knowing
Christ the babe is Lord of all.

Swift are winging angels singing,
noels ringing, tidings bringing:
Christ the babe is LORD of ALL.
Christ the babe is LORD of ALL.

2 Flocks were sleeping, shepherds keeping
vigil 'til the morning new

Saw the glory, heard the story,
tidings of a gospel true.

Thus rejoicing, free from sorrow,
praises voicing, greet the morrow:
Christ the Babe was born for you.
Christ the Babe was born for you.