

Song Sheet December 6

Psalm 63

Acts 9

O Little Town Of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight

For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth

Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessed Child
Where misery cries out to Thee
Son of the mother mild
Where charity stands watching
And faith holds wide the door
The dark night wakes the glory breaks
And Christmas comes once more

O holy Child of Bethlehem
Descend to us we pray
Cast out our sin and enter in
Be born in us today
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell
O come to us abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel

Light Of The World

The world waits for a miracle
The heart longs for a little bit of hope
O come, O come Emmanuel
A child prays for peace on earth
And she's calling out from a sea of hurt

O come, O come Emmanuel
And can you hear the angels singing

Glory to the Light of the world
Glory the Light of the world is here

The drought breaks with the tears of a mother
A baby's cry is the sound of love
Come down, Come down Emmanuel
He is the song for the suffering
He is Messiah the Prince of peace has come
He has come Emmanuel oh

Glory to the light of the world
Glory to the light of the world
Glory to the light of the world
Glory to the light of the world

For all who wait for all who hunger
For all who've prayed for all who wonder
Behold your King behold Messiah
Emmanuel, Emmanuel

Glory to the light of the world
Glory to the light of the world
Glory to the light of the world
Behold your King behold Messiah
Emmanuel, Emmanuel

The world waits for a miracle
The heart longs for a little bit of hope
O come, O come Emmanuel

His Mercy Is More

Praise the Lord, His mercy is more
Stronger than darkness new every morn
Our sins they are many His mercy is more

What love could remember
No wrongs we have done
Omniscient all knowing He counts not their sum
Thrown into a sea without bottom or shore
Our sins they are many His mercy is more

What patience would wait as we constantly roam
What Father so tender is calling us home
He welcomes the weakest the vilest the poor
Our sins they are many His mercy is more

Praise the Lord, His mercy is more
Stronger than darkness new every morn
Our sins they are many His mercy is more