

## With Joy I Heard My Friends Exclaim

PSALM 122

1 With joy I heard my friends ex-claim: "Come, let us in God's  
 2 How beau - ti - ful does Zi - on stand, a cit - y built com -  
 3 They come to learn the will of God, to pay their vows, God's

tem - ple meet." With - in your gates, O Zi - on blest, shall ev - er  
 pact and fair; the peo - ple of the Lord u - nite with joy and  
 grace to own, for there is judg - ment's roy - al seat, Mes - si - ah's

stand our will - ing feet.  
 praise to wor - ship there. Come, let us go to the house of the Lord.  
 sure and last - ing throne.

Zi - on, sing; sing out your peace and joy.

4 For Zion's peace let prayers be made;  
 may all that love you prosper well!  
 Within your walls let peace abide,  
 and gladness with your children dwell.  
*Refrain*

5 For love of friends and kindred dear,  
 my heart's desire is Zion's peace,  
 and for the house of God, the Lord,  
 my loving care shall never cease.  
*Refrain*

For other settings of Ps. 122 see 508, 514

Words: *Psalter*, 1912, alt.; ref. Hal H. Hopson © 2008 Birnamwood Publications, a division of MorningStar Music Publishers, Inc.

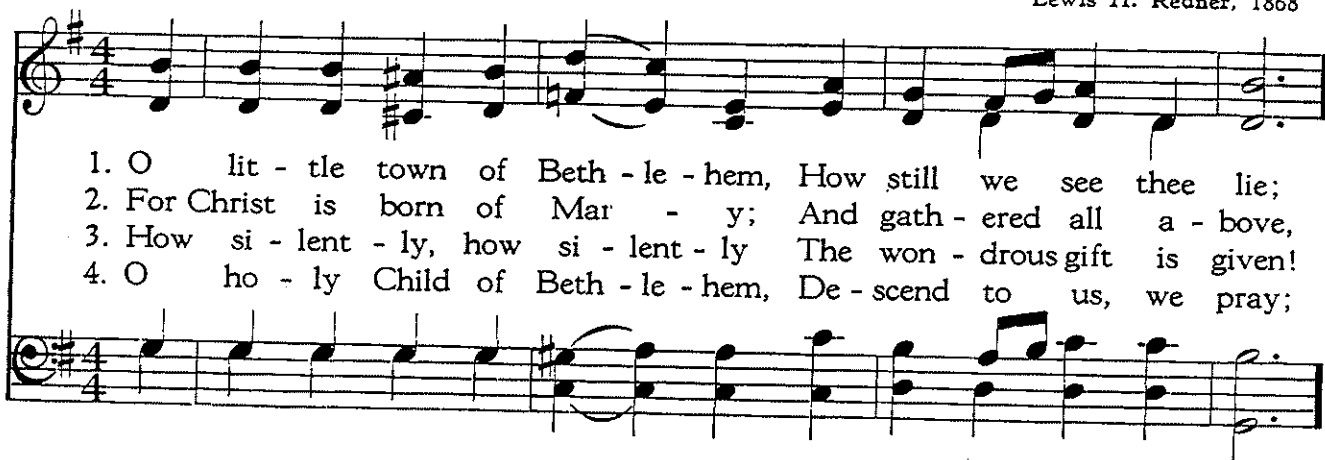
Music (SUSSEX CAROL 8.8.8.8 refrain 10.9): English carol; arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958), P.D.

# O Little Town of Bethlehem

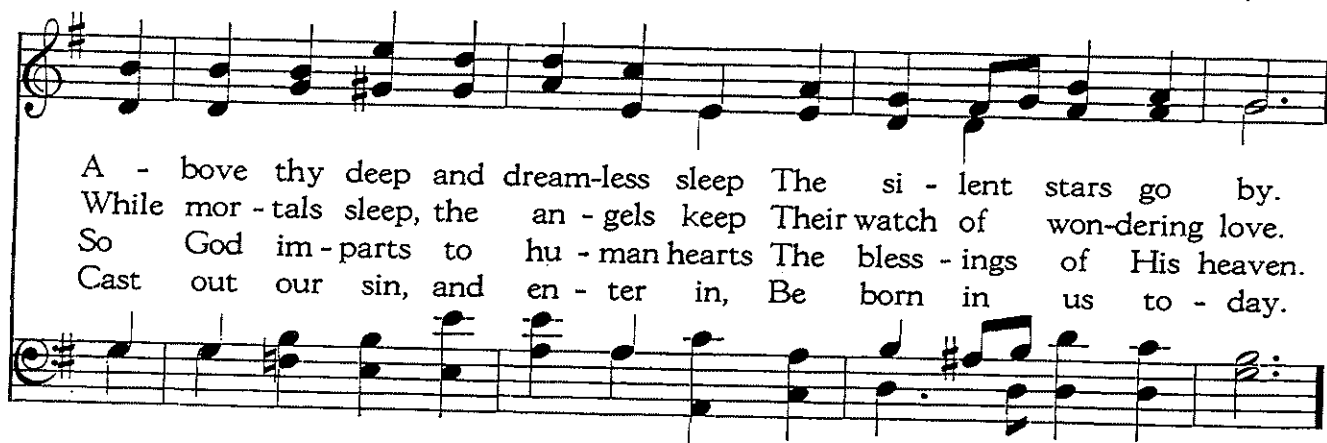
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Phillips Brooks, 1868

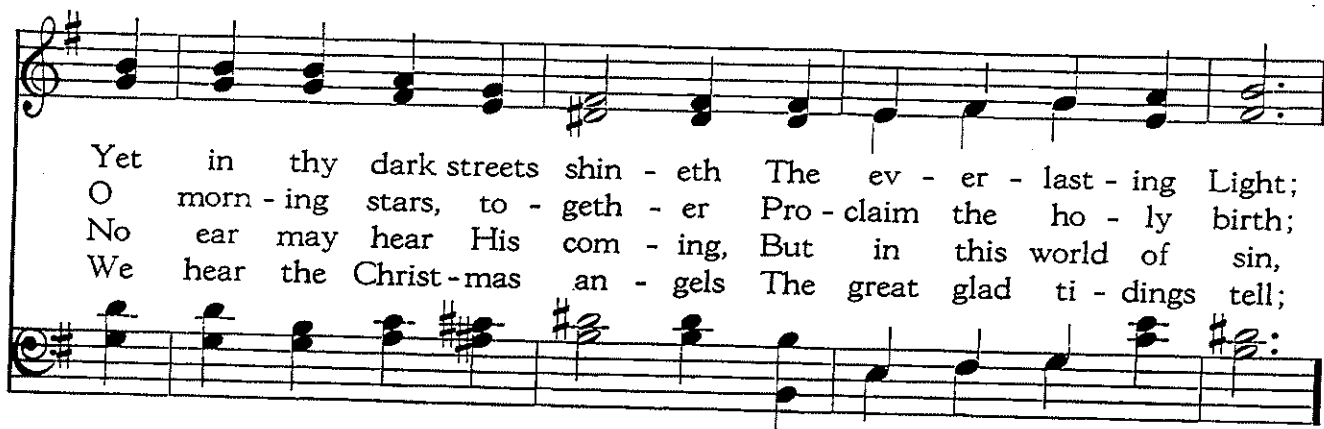
ST. LOUIS: 8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.  
Lewis H. Redner, 1868



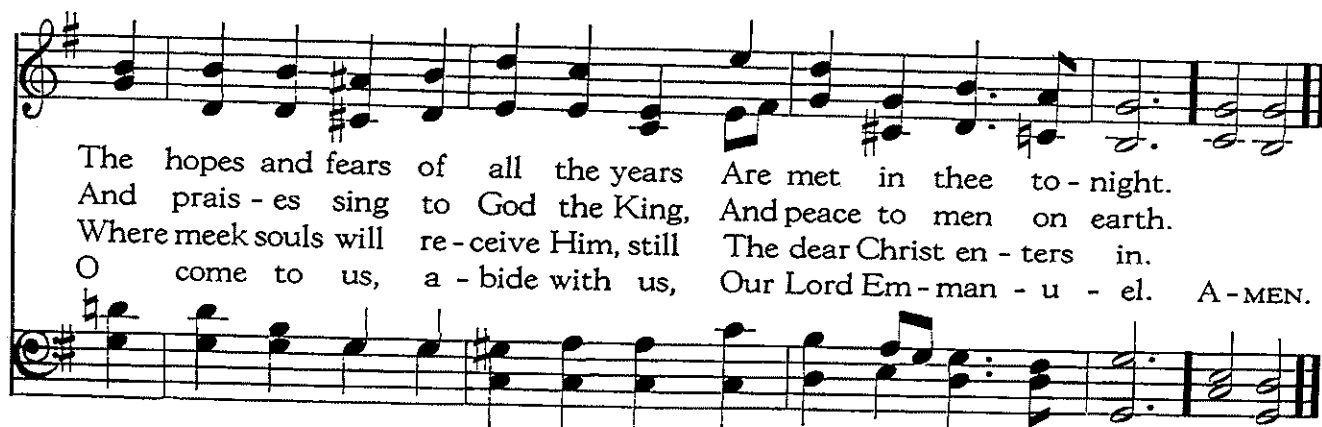
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie;  
2. For Christ is born of Mar - y; And gath - ered all a - bove,  
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is given!  
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray;



A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by.  
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - dering love.  
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heaven.  
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;  
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth;  
No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,  
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;



The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.  
And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.  
Where meek souls will re - ceive Him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.  
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el. A - MEN.

# Angels We Have Heard on High

Anon.  
Alt. by Earl Marlatt, 1937

GLORIA: 7. 7. 7. 7. with Refrain  
French carol melody, Arr. by Edward Shippen Barnes, 1937

1. An - gels we have heard on high, Sing - ing sweet - ly through the night,  
 2. Shep - herds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why these songs of hap - py cheer?  
 3. Come to Beth - le - hem and see Him whose birth the an - gels sing;  
 4. See Him in a man - ger laid Whom the an - gels praise a - bove;

And the moun - tains in re - ply Ech - o - ing their brave de - light.  
 What great bright - ness did you see? What glad ti - dings did you hear?  
 Come, a - dore on bend - ed knee Christ, the Lord, the new - born King.  
 Mar - y, Jos - eph, lend your aid, While we raise our hearts in love.

REF.

Glo - - - - - ri - a

in ex - cel - sis De - o, Glo - - - - -

ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o. A - MEN.

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