

80 Of the Father's Heart Begotten

1. Of the Father's heart begotten,
e're the world from chaos rose,
He is Alpha from that fountain,
all that is and hath been flows.
He is Omega: of all things
things yet to come the mystic Close;
evermore and evermore.
2. By His Word was all created;
he commands and lo! 'tis done;
earth and sky and boundless ocean,
universe of Three in One,
all that sees the moon's soft radiance,
all that breathes beneath the sea.
Evermore and evermore.
3. He assumed this mortal body,
frail and feeble, doomed to die,
that the race from dust created,
might not perish utterly,
which the dreadful Law has sentenced
in the depths of hell to lie
Evermore and evermore.

139 **Good King Wenceslas**

1. Good King Wenceslas looked out
on the feast of Stephen,
when the snow lay round about,
deep and crisp and even;
brightly shone the moon that night,
though the frost was cruel,
when a poor man came in sight,
gath'ring winter fuel.
2. "Hither, page, and stand by me,
if you know it telling,
yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
underneath the mountain,
right against the forest fence,
by Saint Agnes' fountain."
3. "Bring me drink and bring me meat,
bring me pine logs hither,
you and I will see him eat,
when we bear them thither."
Page and monarch, forth they went,
forth they went together,
through the cold wind's wild lament
and the bitter weather.

4. “Sire, the light is darker now,
and the wind blows stronger,
fills my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer.”
“Mark my footsteps, my good page,
tread now in them boldly,
you shall find the winter’s rage
freeze thyself less coldly.”
4. In his master’s steps he trod,
where the snow lay dented;
heat was in the very sod
which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christians all be sure,
wealth or rank possessing,
you who now will bless the poor
shall yourselves find blessing.

90 O Come, All Ye Faithful

1. 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!

Refrain

*O come, let us adore Him.
O come, let us adore Him.
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!*

5. Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above!
Glory to God, all glory in the highest!

Refrain

6. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
born this happy morning,
Jesus to Thee be all glory giv'n;
Word of the Father,
now in flesh appearing!

Refrain