

164 – Now Are the Days Fulfilled

1. Now are the days fulfilled,
God's Son is manifested,
Now His great majesty
In human flesh is vested.
Behold the mighty God,
By whom all wrath is stilled,
The woman's promised Seed—
Now are the days fulfilled.

2. Now are the days fulfilled,
Lo, Jacob's Star is shining;
The gloomy night has fled
Wherein the world lay pining.
Now, Israel, look on Him
Who long thy heart hath thrilled;
Hear Zion's watchmen cry:
Now are the days fulfilled.

3. Now are the days fulfilled,
The child of God rejoices;
No bondage of the Law,
No curses that it voices,
Can fill our hearts with fear;
On Christ our hope we build.
Behold the Prince of Peace—
Now are the days fulfilled.

163 – O Rejoice, Ye Christians, Loudly

1. O rejoice, ye Christians, loudly,
For our joy hath now begun;
Wondrous things our God hath done.
Tell abroad His goodness proudly,
Who our race hath honored thus,
That He deigns to dwell with us.

Refrain:

Joy, O joy, beyond all gladness,
Christ hath done away with sadness!
Hence, all sorrow and repining,
For the Sun of Grace is shining!

2. See, my soul, thy Savior chooses
Weakness here and poverty;
In such love He comes to thee.
Nor the manger bed refuses,
All He suffers for thy good
To redeem thee by His blood.

(Refrain)

3. Lord, how shall I thank Thee rightly?
I acknowledge that by Thee
I am saved eternally.
Let me not forget it lightly
But to Thee at all times cleave,
And my heart true peace receive.

(Refrain)

4. Jesus, guard and guide Thy members;
Fill Thy brethren with Thy grace;
Hear their prayers in ev'ry place.
Brighten now faith's glowing embers;
Grant all Christians, far and near,
Holy peace, and godly cheer!

(Refrain)

149 – In Thee Is Gladness

1. In Thee is gladness
Amid all sadness,
Jesus, Sunshine of my heart
By Thee are given
The gifts of heaven;
Thou the true Redeemer art.
Our souls Thou wakest;
Our bonds Thou breakest.
Who trusts Thee surely
Has built securely
And stands forever: Alleluia!
Our hearts are pining,
To see Thy shining,
Dying or living,
To Thee are cleaving;
Naught us can sever: Alleluia!

2. If He is ours,
We fear no powers,
Not of earth or sin or death.
He sees and blesses
In worst distresses;
He can change them with a breath.
Wherefore the story
Tell of His glory
With hearts and voices;
All heav'n rejoices
In Him forever: Alleluia!
We shout for gladness,
Triumph o'er sadness,
Love Him and praise Him
And still shall raise Him
Glad hymns forever: Alleluia!

145 – What Child is This?

1. What Child is this, who, laid to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet
While shepherds watch are keeping?
This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

2. Why lies He in such mean estate
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear; for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading.
Nails, spear shall pierce Him through,
The cross be borne for me, for you;
Hail, hail the Word made flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

3. So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh;
Come, peasant, king, to own Him.
The King of kings salvation brings;
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise the song on high,
The Virgin sings her lullaby;
Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!