

1 O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant;
 2 God of God, Light of Light,
 3 Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion;
 4 Yea, Lord we greet thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing,
 1 *Ad - é - ste, fi - dé - les, laé - ti, tri - um - phán - tes;*
 2 *De - um de De - o, Lu - men de Lú - mi - ne,*
 3 *Can - tet nunc i - o cho - rus an - ge - ló - rum.*
 4 *Er - go qui na - tus di - e ho - di - ér - na,*

O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem.
 Lo! he ab - hors not the Vir - gin's womb:
 Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heav'n a - bove!
 Je - sus, to thee be all glo - ry giv'n;
Ve - ní - te, ve - ní - te in Béth - le - hem.
Ge - stant pu - él - lae ví - sce - ra,
Can - tet nunc au - lae cae - lé - sti - um.
Je - su, ti - bi sit gló - ri - a.

Come and be - hold him, born the King of an - gels;
 Ve - ry to God, be - got - ten, not cre - a - ted;
 Glo - ry to God, glo - ry in the high - est;
 Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap - pear - ing;
Na - tum vi - dé - te Re - gem an - ge - ló - rum.
De - um ve - rum, Gé - ni - tum, non fa - ctum.
Gló - ri - a, gló - ria in ex - cél - sis De - o.
Pa - tris ae - tér - ni Ver - bum ca - ro fac - tum.

O come, let us a - dore him, O come, let us a - dore him,
Ve - ní - te, a - do - ré - mus, Ve - ní - te, a - do - ré - mus,

O come, let us a - dore him, Christ the Lord.
 Ve - ní - te, a - do - ré - mus Dó - mi - num.

ADESTE FIDELES, ATTR. TO JOHN F. WADE, 1711–1786
 TR. BY FREDERICK OAKELEY, 1802–1880, ALT.

177 O Come and Mourn With Me Awhile

88 88

ST. CROSS

JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876

1 O come and mourn with me a - while; See, Ma - ry calls us to her side;
 2 Have we no tears to shed for him, While sol - diers scoff and foes de - ride?
 3 How fast his hands and feet are nailed; His bless - ed tongue with thirst is tied;
 O come and let us mourn with her: Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.
 Ah! look how pa - tient - ly he hangs: Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.
 His fail - ing eyes are blind with blood: Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4 His Mother cannot reach his face;
 She stands in helplessness beside;
 Her heart is martyred with her Son's:
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.</p> <p>5 Sev'n times he spoke, sev'n words of love;
 And all three hours his silence cried
 For mercy on the souls of men:
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.</p> <p>8 O Love of God! O sin of man!
 In this dread act your strength is tried;
 And victory remains with love:
 For he, our Love, is crucified.</p> | <p>6 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
 Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
 His Pilate and his Judas were:
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.</p> <p>7 A broken heart, a fount of tears;
 Ask, and they will not be denied;
 A broken heart love's cradle is:
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.</p> |
|--|---|

JESUS CRUCIFIED; FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814–1863