

Awake! awake, and greet the new morn,
for angels herald its dawning,
sing out your joy, for now He is born,
Behold! the Child of our longing.
Come as a Baby weak and poor,
to bring all hearts together,
He opens wide the heav'nly door
and lives now inside us for ever.

To us, to all in sorrow and fear,
Emmanuel comes a-singing,
His humble song is quiet and near,
yet fills the earth with its ringing;
music to heal the broken soul
and hymns of loving kindness,
the thunder of His anthems roll
to shatter all hatred and blindness.

In darkest night His coming shall be,
when all the earth is despairing,
as morning light so quiet and free,
so warm and gentle and caring.
Then shall the mute break forth in song,
the lame shall leap in wonder,
the weak be raised above the strong,
and weapons be broken asunder.

Rejoice, rejoice, take heart in the night,
though dark the winter and cheerless,
the rising sun shall crown you with light,
be strong and loving and fearless;
love be our song and love our prayer,
and love, our endless story,
may God fill every day we share,
and bring us at last into glory.