Sem. Rec. 6. Concert — 1942
Chorus – Organ, Cellos
Violins, Pianos.
Very nice

DAS ALTE JAHR VERGANGEN IST

Das alte Jahr vergangen ist:
Wir danken dir, Herr Jesu Christ,
Dass du und in so gross Gefahr
Bewahrt hast Lange Zeit und Jahr.

Und bitten dich, ewigen Sohn
Des Vaters in dem Höchsten Thron,
Du wollst dein arme Christenheit
Bewahren ferner allezeit.

Entzeuch uns nicht dein heilsam Wort,
Welchs ist der Seelen höchster Hort:
Vors Papsts Lehr und Abgötterei
Behüt uns, Herr, und steh uns bei

Wir danken und wir loben dich
Mit allen Englen ewiglich,
O Jesu! unsern Glauben mehr,
Zu deines Namens Lob und Ehr.

With this new year we raise new songs
To praise the Lord with hearts and tongues,
For His support in troubles past,
Wherewith our life was overcast.

To thee, Lord Christ, we humbly press,
To send us from the throne of grace
Thy constant aid this instant year,
To serve thee with a filial fear.

Thy truth let never hence depart,
Which is the comfort of our heart;
False doctrine, and idolatry,
Remove from Christianity.

Then shall Thy praise anew begin,
Without alloy of self and sin;
Increase, O Lord, our faith and love,
Till Thou revealest Thy face above.

O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

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.

Sing, choirs of angels, Sing in exultation--
Sing, all ye citizens of Heav'n above;
"Glory to God in the highest."
(Refrain)

Yea Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory giv'n,
Word of the Father, Now in flesh appearing
(Refrain)

GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN

God rest you merry, gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay,
Remember, Christ our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day,
To save us all from Satan's power when we were gone astray,
(Refrain:)
O Tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O Tidings of comfort and joy.

In Bethlehem in Jewry, this blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger, upon this blessed morn,
The w ich his mother Mary, did nothing take in scorn.
(Refrain)