

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;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

God of God,
light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not
the Virgin's womb;
very God,
begotten, not created;
O come, let us adore Him..

Sing, choirs of angels,
sing in exultation,
sing all ye citizens
of heaven above,
'Glory to God
in the highest':
O come, let us adore Him...

John Wade c. 1711-86

Tr. Frederick Oakley 1802-80

GILCOMSTON CHURCH

CAROL SERVICE 2020

Praise: Hark! The herald angels sing

Prayer

Praise: God rest you merry, gentlemen

Reading: John 1:1-14

Praise: O little town of Bethlehem

Reading: Luke 2:1-7

Praise: In the bleak midwinter
Infant holy

Reading: Luke 2:8-14

Praise: Lord, You were rich beyond all splendour

Prayer

Praise: Still the night! Holy the night!

Reading: Luke 2:15-20

Message: B-line To Bethlehem

Praise: O come all ye faithful

Benediction



Hark! The herald angels sing,

'Glory to the new-born King,
peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!'

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
join the triumph of the skies,
with the angelic host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'

*Hark! The herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King.'*

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
late in time behold Him come,
offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
hail, the Incarnate Deity,
pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!

*Hark! The herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King.'*

Hail, the heaven-born
Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
born that man no more may die,
born to raise the sons of earth,
born to give them second birth:
*Hark! The herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King.'*

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

God rest you merry, gentlemen

let nothing you dismay.
Remember Christ our Saviour
was born on Christmas Day
to save poor souls
from Satan's power
when we were gone astray,
and it's tidings of comfort and joy.

Women

From God that is our Father,
the blessed Angels came
unto some certain shepherds
with tidings of the same;
that there was born in Bethlehem,
the Son of God by name.
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

Men

Go, fear not, said God's Angels,
let nothing you affright,
for there is born in Bethlehem,
of a pure Virgin bright,
one able to advance you,
and throw down Satan quite.
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

All

The shepherds at those tidings,
rejoiced much in mind,
and left their flocks a-feeding
in tempest storms of wind,
and strait they came to Bethlehem,
the Son of God to find.
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

**Lord, You were rich
beyond all splendour,**

yet, for love's sake,
became so poor;
leaving Your throne
in glad surrender,
sapphire paved courts
for stable floor:

Lord, You were rich
beyond all splendour,
yet, for love's sake,
became so poor.

You are our God
beyond all praising,
yet, for love's sake,
became a man
stooping so low,
but sinners raising
heavenwards,
by Your
eternal plan:
You are our God
beyond all praising,
yet for love's sake,
became a man.

Lord, You are love
beyond all telling,
Saviour and King, we worship You;
Emmanuel, within us dwelling,
make us and keep us
pure and true:
Lord You are love
beyond all telling,
Saviour and King, we worship You.

F. Houghton 1894-1972

Still the night! Holy the night!

Sleeps the world; hid from sight,
Mary and Joseph in stable bare
watch o'er the child
beloved and fair,
sleeping in heavenly rest;
sleeping in heavenly rest.

Still the night! Holy the night!
Shepherds first saw the light,
heard resounding clear and long,
far and near, the angel-song,
'Christ the Redeemer is here!
Christ the Redeemer is here!'

Still the night! Holy the night!
Son of God, O how bright
love is smiling from Thy face!
Strikes for us now
the hour of grace,
Saviour, since Thou art born!
Saviour, since Thou art born!

Joseph Mohr, 1792-1848

In the bleak mid-winter,

frosty wind made moan,
earth stood hard as iron,
water like a stone;
snow had fallen, snow on snow,
snow on snow,
in the bleak mid-winter,
long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold Him,
nor earth sustain;
heaven and earth shall flee away
when He comes to reign:
in the bleak mid-winter
a stable-place sufficed
the Lord God Almighty,
Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels
may have gathered there,
cherubim and seraphim
thronged the air;
but His mother only,
in her maiden bliss,
worshipped the Beloved
with a kiss.

What can I give Him,
poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd,
I would bring a lamb;
if I were a wise man,
I would do my part;
yet what I can I give Him –
give my heart.

Christina Georgina Rossetti, 1830-94

Infant holy,

infant lowly,
for His bed a cattle stall;
oxen lowing,
little knowing
Christ the babe is Lord of all.
Swift are winging
angels singing,
nowells ringing,
tidings bringing,
Christ the babe is Lord of all,
Christ the babe is Lord of all.

Flocks were sleeping,
shepherds keeping
vigil till the morning new
saw the glory,
heard the story,
tidings of a gospel true.
Thus rejoicing,
free from sorrow,
praises voicing,
greet the morrow,
Christ the babe was born for you!
Christ the babe was born for you!

Polish carol tr. Edith MG Reed, 1885-1933

Women

Now when they came
to Bethlehem,
where our sweet Saviour lay,
they found Him in a manger,
where oxen feed on hay,
the blessed Virgin kneeling down,
unto the Lord did pray.
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

Men

With sudden joy and gladness,
the shepherds were beguil'd,
to see the Babe of Israel,
before His mother mild,
on them with joy and cheerfulness,
rejoice each mother's child.
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

All

Now to the Lord sing praises,
all you within this place,
like we true loving brethren,
each other to embrace,
for the merry time of Christmas,
is drawing on a-pace.
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

Traditional

O little town of Bethlehem,

how still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep
and dreamless sleep
the silent stars go by:
yet in thy dark streets shineth
the everlasting Light;
the hopes and fears of all the years
are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary;
and, gathered all above,
while mortals sleep,
the angels keep
their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
proclaim the holy birth,
and praises sing to God the King,
and peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
the wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
the blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
but in this world of sin,
where meek souls will
receive Him, still
the dear Christ enters in.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
descend to us, we pray;
cast out our sin, and enter in;
be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
the great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
our Lord Immanuel.

Philips Brooks, 1835-93