

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

GILCOMSTON CHURCH CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICE 2020

Praise: See in yonder manger low

Prayer

Reading: Isaiah 9:2-7

Praise: Child in a manger born

Video: Not Just A Baby

Praise: Away in a manger

Reading: Luke 2:8-15

Praise: Still the night! Holy the night!

Reading: Matthew 2:1-6

Message: Waiting For The King

Prayer

Praise: Hark! The herald angels sing

Benediction

See in yonder manger low,
born for us on earth below.
See! The tender Lamb appears
promised from eternal years.
Hail, thou ever-blessed morn!
Hail, redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem!'

Lo! Within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies,
He who, throned in height sublime,
sits amid the cherubim:
Hail, thou ever-blessed morn!...

Say, ye holy shepherds say,
what your joyful news today;
wherefore have ye left your sheep
on that lonely mountain steep.
Hail, thou ever-blessed morn!...

'As we watched at dead of night,
lo! We saw a wondrous light:
angels, singing peace on earth,
told us of the Saviour's birth.'
Hail, thou ever-blessed morn!...

Sacred Infant, all Divine,
what a tender love was thine,
thus to come from highest bliss
down to such a world as this!
Hail, thou ever-blessed morn!...

Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
by Thy face so meek and mild,
teach us to resemble Thee
in Thy sweet humility.
Hail, thou ever-blessed morn!...

Edward Caswall, 1814-78

Child in a manger born
lies in a cattle stall
safely He's sleeping,
Mary is keeping
close beside her baby so small.

Angels watch over Him
softly their praises sing
voices ascending,
joy never ending
glory be to Jesus the King,
and God in the heavens above
looks down with a heart full of love.

Leaving their flocks behind,
shepherds have come to find
Jesus the Saviour,
Lord of the Ages,
here within the stable tonight
and God in the heavens above
looks down with a heart full of love.

Wise men from far and wide
kneel at the baby's side,
gazing in wonder,
praising the Son who
came to earth to lay down His life
and God in the heavens above
looks down with a heart full of love.

Child in a manger born,
I want to know You more,
know You are near me,
love You more dearly,
Jesus, my Lord.

Mark and Helen Johnston

Away in a manger,
no crib for a bed,
the little Lord Jesus
lay down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky
look down where He lay,
the little Lord Jesus
asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing,
the baby awakes,
but little Lord Jesus
no crying He makes.
I love you Lord Jesus,
look down from the sky
and stay by my side until
morning is nigh.

Be near me Lord Jesus,
I ask You to stay
close by me forever
and love me I pray.
Bless all the dear children
in Your tender care
and fit us for Heaven,
to live with You there.

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