

All

The first Nowell the angel did say
was to certain poor shepherds
in fields as they lay:
in fields where they lay
a-keeping their sheep
on a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
born is the King of Israel.

Women

They looked up and saw a star,
shining in the east, beyond them far;
and to the earth it gave great light,
and so it continued both day and night.
Nowell, Nowell...

Men

And by the light of that same star,
three wise men came from country far;
to seek for a King was their intent,
and to follow the star wherever it went.
Nowell, Nowell...

Women

This star drew nigh to the north-west,
o'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
and there it did both stop and stay
right over the place where Jesus lay.
Nowell, Nowell...

Men

Then entered in those wise men three,
full reverently upon their knee,
and offered there in His presence
their gold and myrrh and frankincense.
Nowell, Nowell...

All

Then let us all with one accord
sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
that hath made heaven and earth of nought,
and with His blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, Nowell...

Traditional

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 MORNING SERVICE 2020

Praise: O come all ye faithful

Prayer

Praise: Christians awake, salute the happy morn

Message

Praise: Angels from the realms of glory

Reading

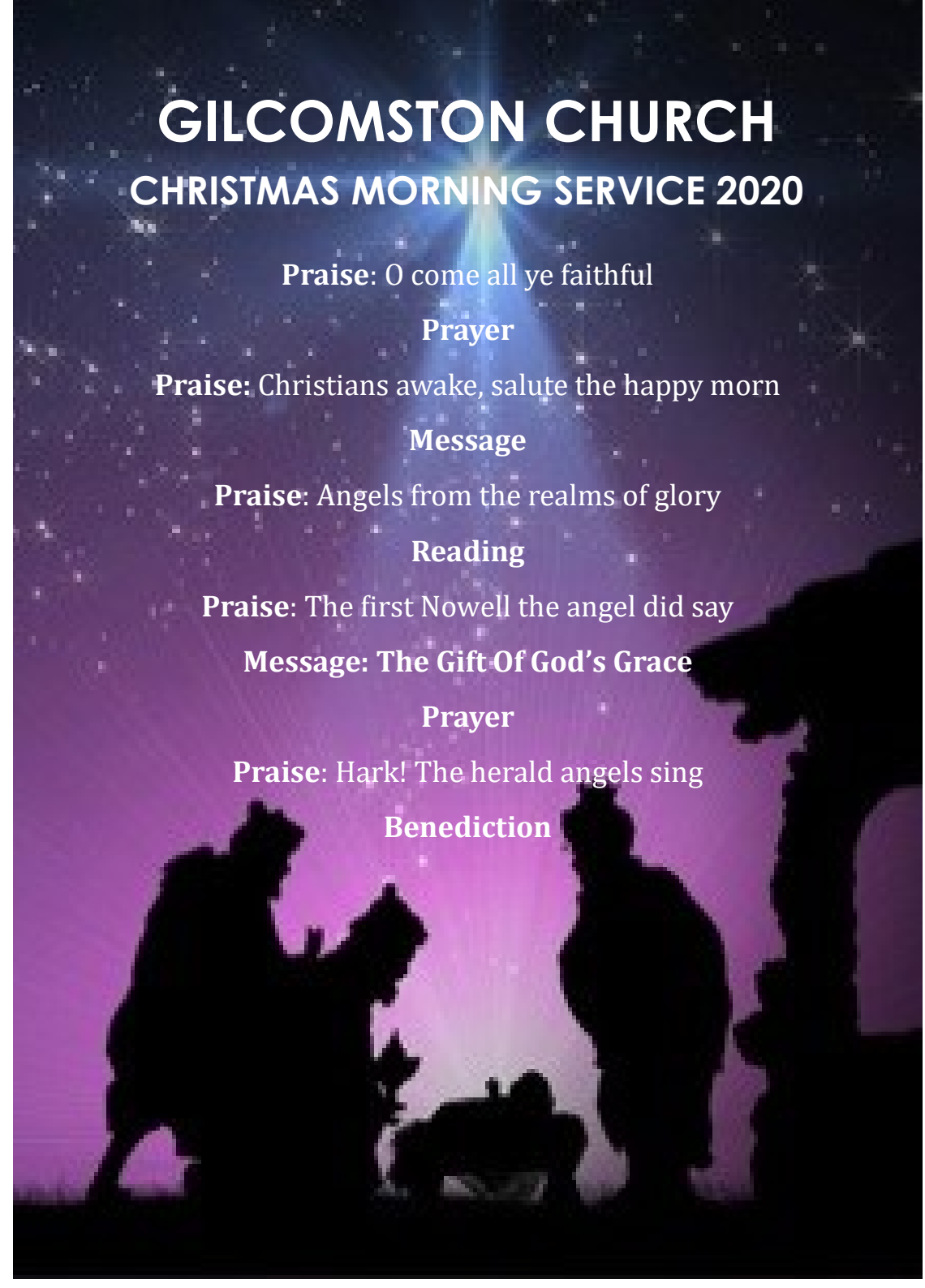
Praise: The first Nowell the angel did say

Message: The Gift Of God's Grace

Prayer

Praise: Hark! The herald angels sing

Benediction



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...

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given:
Word of the Father,
now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him...

John Wade c. 1711-86

Tr. Frederick Oakley 1802-80

**Christians awake, salute the
happy morn,**
whereon the Saviour
of the world was born;
rise to adore the mystery of love,
which hosts of angels
chanted from above;
with them the joyful tidings
first begun
of God Incarnate
and the Virgin's Son:

Then to the watchful shepherds
it was told,
who heard the angelic herald's
voice, 'Behold
I bring good tidings
of a Saviour's birth
to you and
all the nations upon earth;
this day hath God fulfilled His
promised word,
this day is born a Saviour,
Christ the Lord.'

He spake; and straightaway
the heav'nly choir,
in hymns of joy unknown before,
conspire.
The praises of
redeeming love they sang,
and heaven's whole orb
with hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory
was their anthem still,
peace upon earth,
and mutual goodwill.

To Bethlehem straight
the enlightened shepherds ran,
to see the wonder
God had wrought for man,
and found, with Joseph
and the blessed Maid,
her Son, the Saviour,
in a manger laid;
amazed, the wondrous story
they proclaim,
the first apostles of
His infant fame.

John Byrom, 1691-1763

Angels from the realms of glory,
wing your flight o'er all the earth;
ye who sang creation's story,
now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship
Christ, the new born King:
come and worship,
worship Christ the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
yonder shines the infant light;
Come and worship...

Sages, leave your contemplations
brighter visions beam afar;
seek the great Desire of nations;
ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship...

Saints, before the altar bending,
watching long in hope and fear,
suddenly, the Lord, descending,
in His temple shall appear;
Come and worship...

Sinners, brought to true repent-
ance,
bound by sin to endless pains,
justice now revokes the sentence,
mercy calls you – break your
chains;
Come and worship...

James Montgomery, 1777-1854