

Who is He, in yonder stall,
at whose feet the shepherds fall?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

Who is He, in deep distress,
fasting in the wilderness?
Tis the Lord! ...

Who is He that stands and weeps
at the grave where Lazarus sleeps?
Tis the Lord! ...

Who is He, in Calvary's throes,
asks for blessings on His foes?
Tis the Lord! ...

Who is He that from the grave
comes to heal and help and save?
Tis the Lord! ...

Who is He that from His throne
rules the world of light alone?
Tis the Lord! ...

Benjamin Russell Hanby, 1833-67

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL

Praise: O come all ye faithful

Prayer

Praise: Child in the manger

Reading: Luke 1:67-79

Praise: Thou didst leave Thy throne

Message: The Greatest Gift

Prayer

Praise: Who is He in yonder stall

Benediction

GILCOMSTON CHURCH

MORNING SERVICE, 27 DECEMBER 2020

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

Child in the manger,
infant of Mary;
outcast and stranger,
Lord of all!
Child who inherits
all our transgressions,
all our demerits
on Him fall.

Once the most holy
child of salvation
gently and lowly
lived below;
now, as our glorious
mighty Redeemer,
see Him victorious
o'er each foe.

Prophets foretold Him,
infant of wonder;
angels behold Him
on His throne;
worthy our Saviour
of all their praises;
happy for ever
are His own.

Mary Macdonald, 1817-c. 1890

Tr. Lachlan Macbean, 1853-1931

Thou didst leave Thy throne
and Thy kingly crown
when Thou camest to earth for me,
but in Bethlehem's home
was there found no room
for Thy holy nativity;
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
there is room in my heart for Thee.

Heaven's arches rang
when the angels sang,
proclaiming Thy royal degree;
but of lowly birth
cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
and in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
there is room in my heart for Thee.

The foxes found rest,
and the bird its nest,
in the shade of the forest tree;
but Thy couch was the sod,
O Thou Son of God,
in the deserts of Galilee:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
there is room in my heart for Thee.

Thou camest, O Lord,
with the living word
that should set Thy people free;
but, with mocking scorn,
and with crown of thorn,
they bore Thee to Calvary:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
Thy Cross is my only plea.

When heaven's arches ring,
and her choirs shall sing,
at Thy coming to victory,
let Thy voice call me home,
saying, 'Yet there is room,
there is room at My side for thee!'
And my heart shall rejoice,
Lord Jesus,
when Thou comest
and callest for me.

Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott, 1836-97