

○ little town of Bethlehem

○ 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.

○ morning stars together,
proclaim the holy birth,
and praises sing to God the King,
and peace to all the earth.
For Christ is born of Mary,
and gathered all above,
while mortals sleep, the angels keep
their watch of wond'ring love.

How silently, how silently,
the wondrous gift is giv'n!
So God imparts to human hearts
the blessings of his heav'n.
No ear may hear his coming,
but in this world of sin,
where meek souls will receive him still,
the dear Christ enters in.

○ 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;
○ come to us, abide with us,
our Lord Emmanuel!

While shepherds watched their flocks by night

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
all seated on the ground,
the angel of the Lord came down,
and glory shone around.

‘Fear not’, said he (for mighty dread
had seized their troubled mind);
‘Glad tidings of great joy I bring
to you and all mankind.

‘To you in David’s town this day
is born of David’s line
a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
and this shall be the sign:

‘The heavenly babe you there shall find
to human view displayed,
all meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
and in a manger laid.’

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
appeared a shining throng
of angels praising God, who thus
addressed their joyful song:

‘All glory be to God on high,
and to the earth be peace;
good will henceforth from heaven to men
begin and never cease.’

Hark, the herald-angels sing

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 th'angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

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

Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail, th'incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with us to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hark, the herald-angels sing ...

Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings;
Mild he lays his glory by,
born that we no more may die,
born to raise us from the earth,
born to give us second birth.

Hark, the herald-angels sing

Silent Night

Silent night, holy night.
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon virgin mother and child;
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night.
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing alleluia:
Christ, the Saviour is born,
Christ, the Saviour is born.

Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light,
Radiant beams from thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace:
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth

It came upon a midnight clear

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, goodwill to all,
From heav'ns all gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing;
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
the world has suffered long;
beneath the angels strain have rolled
two thousand years of wrong;
and warring humankind hears not
the love-song which they bring;
O hush the noise and of mortal strife,
and hear the angels sing!

Continued on next page

And ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! For glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
It's ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Acclamation

God sent his angels from glory to bring to shepherds
the good news of Jesus' birth.

Yes! We thank you Lord.

You have heard his story, the story of God's own Son.

Yes! We thank you Lord.

May you live with hope based on the birth of the Son of God.

Yes! We thank you Lord.

May he fill you with joy to bring this good news to others today.

Yes! We thank you Lord.

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;
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 heaven above:
“Glory to God
in the highest:”
O come, let us adore him, ...

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
born on Christmas morning;
Jesu, to thee be glory given:
word of the Father,
now in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore him,

