

Carol Service

Sunday 14th December

Welcome Tom Wright

Solo:

1. Once in Royal David's city
stood a lowly cattle-shed,
where a mother laid her baby
in a manger for his bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

3. And our eyes at last shall see him,
through his own redeeming love;
for that child, so dear and gentle
is our Lord in heaven above;
and he leads his children on
to the place where he is gone.

All:

2. He came down to Earth from Heaven
who is God and Lord of all,
and his shelter was a stable,
and his cradle was a stall:
with the poor and mean and lowly
lived on Earth our Saviour holy.

4. Not in that poor lowly stable,
with the oxen standing by,
we shall see him; but in Heaven,
set at God's right hand on high;
when like stars his children crowned
all in white shall wait around.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895)

Reading **Isaiah 9:2, 6-7**
Letitia Pang

1. O come, O come, Emmanuel
and ransom captive Israel
who mourns in lonely exile here
until the Son of God draws near:
Rejoice, rejoice!
Emmanuel shall come to you, O Israel.

2. O come, true Branch of Jesse, free
your own from Satan's tyranny;
from depths of hell your people save
to rise victorious from the grave:
Rejoice, rejoice!
Emmanuel shall come to you, O Israel.

3. O come, bright Morning Star, and
cheer our spirits by your advent here;
disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
and death's dark shadows put to flight:
Rejoice, rejoice!
Emmanuel shall come to you, O Israel.

4. O come, strong Key of David, come
and open wide our heavenly home;
make safe the way that leads on high,
and close the path to misery:
Rejoice, rejoice!
Emmanuel shall come to you, O Israel.

From the Latin (13th C) John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

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Reading **Micah 5:2-5a**
Andrew Crabtree

Solo **Cantique de Noël**
Poppy Bertie

1. Midnight is here - the earth lies
hushed and silent, as God descends
from the heavens above. Long had the
world been crushed by sin and violence,
but now the Lord comes to save out of
love. The light of hope shines forth on
every nation, and Satan's reign lies
crushed beneath his heel. Lift up your
heads! The gates of heaven are opened!
Salvation has come and Love divine
pours down from heaven.
Oh Love divine. Oh Love, oh Love
divine!

2. Faith is the light that leads us to
the manger, as with the magi we
worship the King.
Pride is the sin that makes the Lord
a stranger; turn and repent! Let the
dear Saviour in. This little child laid

sleeping with the oxen, His glory
veiled, is heaven's King of kings. Fall
to your knees and cast your crowns
before him! Salvation has come and
Christ divine redeems the earth. Oh
Christ divine, Oh Christ, Oh Christ
divine!

3. Mankind is freed! The chains of
sin are broken - the way to peace
with our Maker is here. Jesus fulfils
what prophets long have spoken,
his death for us has released us
from fear. We once were slaves but
now we stand forgiven, for Christ
has paid the price that sets us free.
Turn to the lord with joy and
jubilation! Salvation has come and
Love divine is ours to claim. Oh
Love divine! Oh Love, Oh Love
divine!

English translation: Shan Howes

Original words: Placide Cappeau de Roquemaure
(1808 – 1877)

Music: Adolphe Carles Adam (1803-56)

1. 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!

2. 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...

3. 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...

J. F. Wade (1711 – 1786)

Reading **Luke 1:26-38**
Ruth Taylor

1. Joy to the World, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
let every heart prepare Him room,
and Heaven and nature sing,
and Heaven and nature sing,
and Heaven, and Heaven,
and nature sing.

3. He rules the world with truth and grace,
and makes the nations prove
the glories of His righteousness,
and wonders of His love,
and wonders of His love,
and wonders, wonders, of His love.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

2. Joy to the World, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
while fields and floods,
rocks, hills and plains
repeat the sounding joy,
repeat the sounding joy,
repeat, repeat, the sounding joy.

Reading **Luke 2:1-7**
Conor Magowan

2 In those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be registered. 2 This was the first registration when Quirinius was governor of Syria. 3 And all went to be registered, each to his own town. 4 And Joseph also went up from Galilee, from the town of Nazareth, to Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and lineage of David, 5 to be registered with Mary, his betrothed, who was with child. 6 And while they were there, the time came for her to give birth. 7 And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in swaddling cloths and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn.

Talk

Chris Fishlock

1. God controls the might of Rome
2. God chooses the humility of the manger

1. 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.'

2. 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.'

3. 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 (1707-1788)

Close

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