

Online Carol Service 13th December 4pm

O come, all ye faithful STF 212

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, (3x)
Christ the Lord.***

True God of true God, light of light eternal
Lo, he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Son of the Father, begotten, not created:
O come ...

See how the shepherds, summoned to his cradle,
leaving their flocks, draw nigh to graze,
we too will thither, bend our joyful footsteps
O come ...

Lo, star-led chieftains, Magi, Christ adoring
offer him incense, gold, and myrrh;
we to the Christ-child, bring our hearts' oblations
O come ...

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above
Glory to God, in the highest:
O come ...

Like a candle flame STF 176

Like a candle flame
Flickering small in our darkness
Uncreated light
Shines through infant eyes

***God is with us, alleluia (Men)
God is with us, alleluia (Women)
Come to save us, alleluia (Men)
Come to save us (Women)
Alleluia! (All)***

Stars and angels sing
Yet the earth sleeps in shadows
Can this tiny spark
Set a world on fire?

Yet his light shall shine
From our lives, Spirit blazing
As we touch the flame
Of his holy fire

Once in Royal David's city STF 214

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.

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 needy, poor, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy

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.

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;
there his children gather round
bright like stars, with glory crowned.

Silent Night STF 217

Silent night, holy 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

Silent night, holy night
Shepherds first saw the light
Heard resounding clear and long
far and near, the angel-song;
'Christ the Redeemer is here!'

Silent night, holy night!
Son of God, O how bright
love is smiling from your face!
Strikes for us now the hour of grace.
Jesus, Lord at your birth.

O Little town of Bethlehem STF 213

O 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

O 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 wondering love.

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

O 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
Oh, come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Immanuel!

While shepherds watched STF 221

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 humankind."

"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 swaddling bands
And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song.

"All glory be to God on high
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to earth
begin and never cease."

Hark! The herald-angels sing STF 202

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 men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.

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.

