



Carol Service - 20th December 2020

Advent Liturgy

*Light a candle in a darkened place,
In its flame see hope on every face,
Christ our Saviour will be born,
Heralding a brand new dawn, so let it burn.*

*Mary found true favour with the Lord,
Yet she trembled at his strange reward,
Knew this was the special One,
Hope for many through God's Son, so let it burn.*

Carol: Once In Royal David's City

*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.*

In The Bleak Midwinter

*In the bleak midwinter frosty wind made moan,
earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;
snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
in the bleak midwinter, long ago.*

*Heaven cannot hold him, nor the earth sustain;
heav'n and earth shall flee away when he comes to reign.
In the bleak midwinter a stable-place sufficed
God, the Lord Almighty, Jesus Christ.*

*Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
cherubim and seraphim throngèd the air -
but his mother only, in her maiden bliss,
worshipped the Belovèd with a kiss.*

*What can I give him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd I would bring a lamb;
if I were a wise man I would do my part;
yet what I can I give him - give my heart.*

It Came Upon The 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, good will to men, from heaven's 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 heavenly 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 blessèd angels sing.*

*Yet with the woes of sin and strife the world has suffered long;
beneath the angel strain have rolled two thousand years of wrong;
and man, at war with man, hears not the love-song which they bring.
O hush the noise, ye men of strife, and hear the angels sing!*

*For lo, the days are hastening on, to prophets shown of old,
when with the ever-circling years shall come the time foretold,
when the new heaven and earth shall own, the Prince of Peace their
King,
and all the world repeat the song which now the angels sing.*

O Little Town Of Bethlehem

*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;
O come to us, abide with us, our Lord Immanuel!*

Born In The Night

*Born in the night, Mary's Child, a long way from your home;
coming in need, Mary's Child, born in a borrowed room.*

*Clear shining light, Mary's Child, your face lights up our way;
light of the world, Mary's Child, dawn on our darkened day.*

*Truth of our life, Mary's Child, you tell us God is good;
prove it is true, Mary's Child, go to your cross of wood.*

*Hope of the world, Mary's Child, you're coming soon to reign;
King of the earth, Mary's Child, walk in our streets again.*

Silent Night

*Silent night, holy night: sleeps the world; hid from sight,
Mary and Joseph in stable bare watch o'er the child belovèd and fair
sleeping in heavenly rest, 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!' '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. Jesus, Lord at your birth.*



Salford Methodist Circuit

While Shepherds Watched

*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 world be peace;
goodwill henceforth from heaven to earth 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 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:
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.*

See Him Lying On A Bed Of Straw.

*See him lying on a bed of straw; draughty stable with an open door,
Mary cradling the babe she bore; the Prince of Glory is his name:
O now carry me to Bethlehem to see the Lord of love again;
just as poor as was the stable then,
the Prince of Glory when he came.*

*Star of silver, sweep across the skies, show where Jesus in the manger
lies; shepherds, swiftly from your stupor rise to see the Saviour of the
world:*

O now carry me...

*Angels, sing again the song you sang, sing the story of God's gracious
plan;
sing that Bethl'em's little baby can be the Saviour of us all:
O now carry me...*

*Mine are riches from your poverty, from your innocence, eternity;
mine, forgiveness by your death for me; child of sorrow for my joy:
O now carry me...*

In The Bleak Midwinter - Christina Georgina Rossetti

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Born In The Night - Geoffrey Ainger

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