

## Hymns and Songs - 25th December, 2022

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 ever-lasting 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."

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 men may no more 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!"

### **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 His 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, who thus  
addressed their joyful song:

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

### **See him lying on a bed of straw**

A 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 appear to men;  
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 to Bethlehem,  
To see the Lord appear to men;  
Just as poor as was the stable then,  
The Prince of glory when he came.*

Angels, sing again the song you sang,  
Bring God's glory to the heart of man;  
Sing that Bethlehem's little baby can  
Be salvation to the soul.

*O now carry me to Bethlehem,  
To see the Lord appear to men;  
Just as poor as was the stable then,  
The Prince of glory when he came.*

Mine are riches, from Thy poverty,  
From Thine innocence, eternity;  
Mine, forgiveness by Thy death for me,  
Child of sorrow for my joy.

*O now carry me to Bethlehem,  
To see the Lord appear to men;  
Just as poor as was the stable then,  
The Prince of glory when he came.*

Michael Perry ©

**Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,**  
the little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head;  
the stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay;  
the little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,  
but little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes:  
I love you, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky  
and stay by my side until morning is nigh.

*Come and join the celebration,  
it's a very special day;  
come and share our jubilation,  
there's a new King born today!*

Be near me, Lord Jesus: I ask You to stay  
close by me for ever and love me, I pray;  
bless all the dear children in Your tender care,  
and fit us for heaven to live with You there.

Valerie Collison (c) 1972

**Infant holy, infant lowly,**

For His bed a cattle stall;  
Oxen lowing, little knowing,  
Christ the babe is Lord of all.  
Swift are winging angels singing,  
Nowells ringing, tidings bringing:  
Christ the babe is Lord of all;  
Christ the babe is Lord of all.

Flocks were sleeping, shepherds keeping  
Vigil till the morning new;  
Saw the glory, heard the story,  
Tidings of a gospel true.  
Thus rejoicing, free from sorrow,  
Praises voicing, greet the morrow:  
Christ the babe was born for you!  
Christ the babe was born for you!

***Come and join the celebration,***

*it's a very special day;  
come and share our jubilation,  
there's a new King born today!*

See the shepherds  
hurry down to Bethlehem;  
gaze in wonder  
at the Son of God who lay before them.

*Come and join the celebration,  
it's a very special day;  
come and share our jubilation,  
there's a new King born today!*

Wise men journey,  
led to worship by a star,  
kneel in homage,  
bringing precious gifts from lands afar, so

*Come and join the celebration,  
it's a very special day;  
come and share our jubilation,  
there's a new King born today!*

"God is with us,"  
'round the world the message bring;  
He is with us,  
"Welcome!" all the bells on earth are pealing.