

Nativity Service 2022 Screen Words

Slide 1

Welcome to our Nativity Service

Slides

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 men on 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.

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 Emmanuel.

Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim the Messiah's birth:

*Come and worship
Christ, the new-born King:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.*

Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with us is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant Light:

*Come and worship
Christ, the new-born King:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.*

Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of Nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:

*Come and worship
Christ, the new-born King:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.*

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:

*Come and worship
Christ, the new-born King:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.*

Though an infant now we view him,
He shall fill his Father's throne,
Gather all the nations to him;
Every knee shall then bow down:

*Come and worship
Christ, the new-born King:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, 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 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 on the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.’

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 Thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with Thee there.

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 the virgin's womb:

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th'incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new born King.

Hail the heav'n 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.