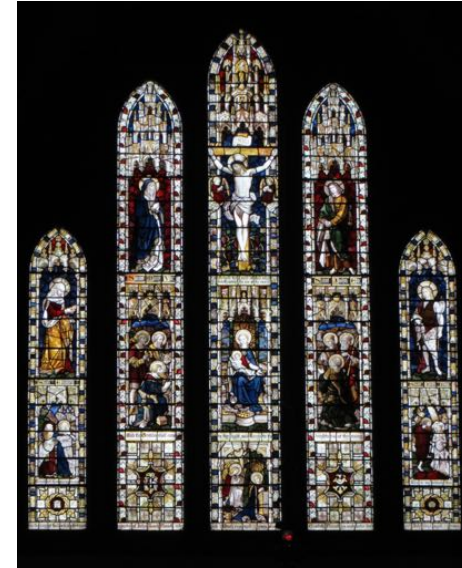


Welcome to St John's



A Festival of Carols

The joy of
Christ's Coming



Welcome

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 poor and mean and
lowly,
lived on earth our Saviour
holy.

And through all his wondrous
childhood
he would honour and obey,

love and watch the lowly
maiden,
in whose gentle arms he lay.

Christian children all must be
mild, obedient, good as he.

For he is our childhood's
pattern,
day by day like us he grew;

he was little, weak and
helpless,
tears and smiles like us he
knew;

and he feeleth for our
sadness,
and he shareth in our
gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see
him
through his own redeeming
love,

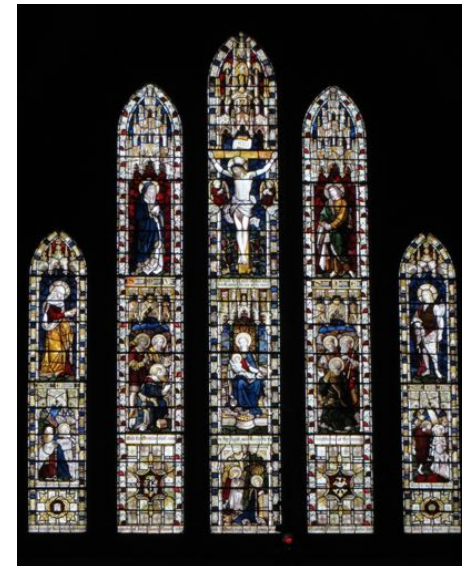
for that child so dear and
gentle
is our Lord in heaven above;

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 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) alt.



The Lord's Prayer

**Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom
come thy will be done, on earth as
it is in heaven.**

**Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we
forgive them that trespass against
us and lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.**

**For thine is the kingdom, the
power, and the glory for ever and
ever. Amen.**

Carol

O come, all ye faithful

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.*

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,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord.*

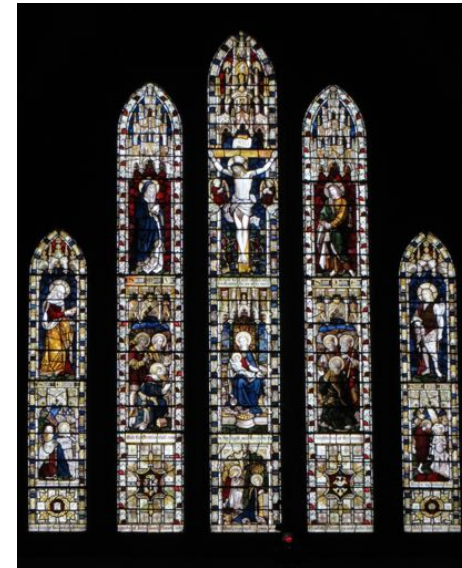
Sing, choirs of angels,
sing in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heaven
above;
glory to God in the highest:

*O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord.*

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
born this happy morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory given;
word of the Father,
now in flesh appearing:

*O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord.*

Attributed to John Francis Wade (1711-1786)
trans. Frederick Oakeley (1802-1880)



The First Lesson

Micah 5: 2-4

Hymn

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 wond'ring love;

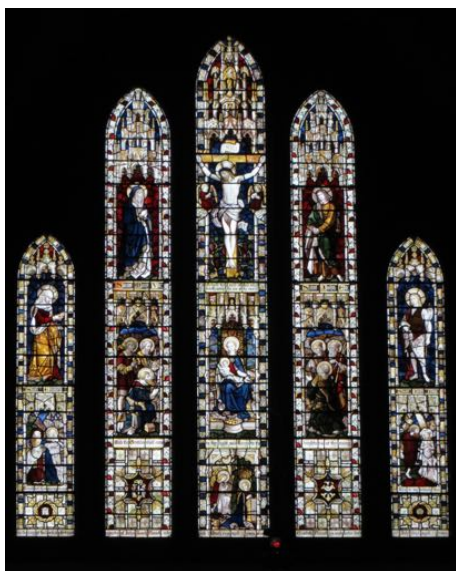
How silently, how silently,
the wondrous gift is giv'n!
So God imparts to human
hearts
the blessings of his heav'n.

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.

Phillips Brooks (1835-1893) alt.



The Second Lesson

Isaiah 9: 2, 6-7

Carol

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, goodwill
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 lonely
plains

they bend on heavenly wing,

and ever o'er its Babel
sounds

the blessed angels sing.

Yet, with the woes of sin and
strife,

the world has suffered long;

beneath the angels' strain
have rolled
two thousand years of
wrong;

and man, at war with man,
hears not
the love-song which they
bring:

oh, hush the noise, ye men of
strife,
and hear the angels sing.

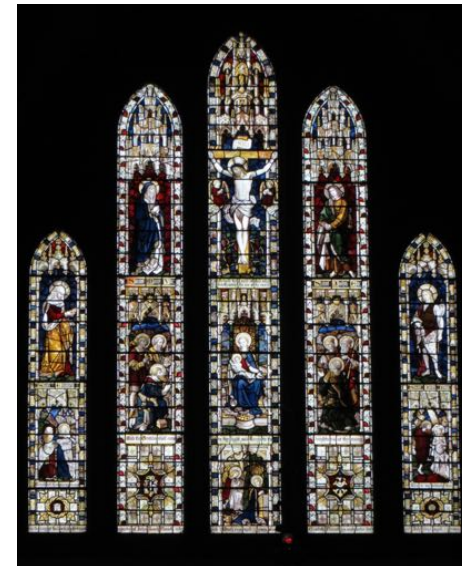
For lo! the days are hastening
on,
by prophet bards foretold,

when, with the ever circling
years,
comes round the age of gold;

when peace shall over all the
earth
its ancient splendours fling,

and the whole world send
back the song
which now the angels sing!

Edmund Hamilton Sears (1810-1876) alt.



The Third Lesson

Luke 2: 1-7

Carol

Silent Night

Silent night, holy night.
All is calm, all is bright,
round the virgin mother and
child;

holy infant, so tender and
mild,
sleep in heavenly peace,
sleep in heavenly peace.

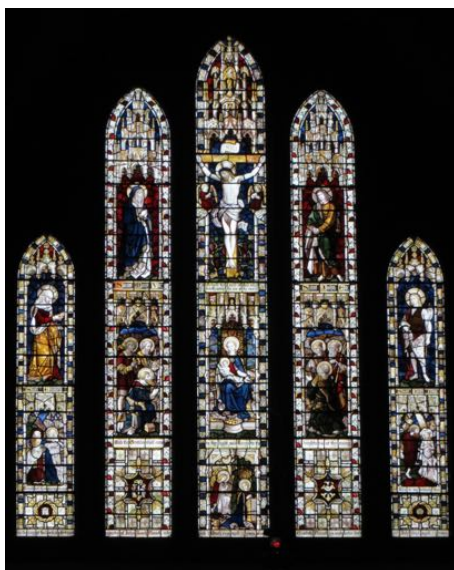
Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quail at the sight,
glories stream from heaven
afar,

heavenly hosts sing alleluia:
Christ, the Saviour is born,
Christ, the Saviour is born.

Silent night, holy night.
Son of God, love's pure light,
radiant beams from thy holy
face,

with the dawn of redeeming
grace:
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

Joseph Mohr (1792-1848)
trans. John Freeman Young (1820-1885)



The Fourth Lesson

Luke 2: 8-16

Carol

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 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.'

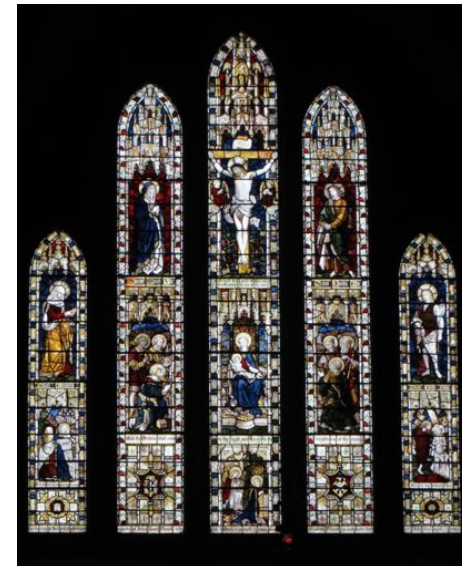
Thus spake the seraph, and
forthwith
appeared a shining throng

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 all
begin and never cease.’

Nahum Tate (1652-1715)



The Fifth Lesson

John 1: 1-14

Carol

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 th'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, th'incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with us to
dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

*Hark, the herald-angels sing
glory to the new-born King.*

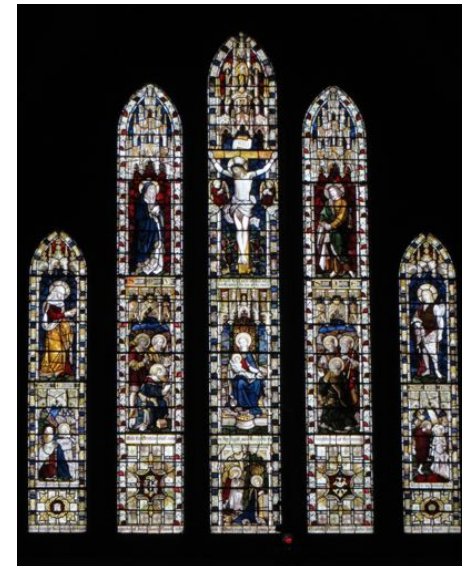
Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of
Peace!

Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
ris'n with healing in his wings;

mild he lays his glory by,
born that we 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), George
Whitefield (1714-1770), Martin Madan
(1726-1790) and others, alt.



The Blessing

