

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn 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 newborn 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 one of us to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel!

Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn king."

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings, risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by, born that we no more may die,
born to raise each child of earth, born to give us second birth.

Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn king."



Programme

All: Good Christians All, Rejoice CP 153 v.1-3 **p. 3**

Poem: Against our Better Judgement Ann Weems

All: Away in a Manger CP 126 **p. 3**

Poem: Star-Giving Ann Weems

All: In the Bleak Midwinter CP 122 **p. 4**

Poem: December 24, 1971 Joseph Brodsky
Translation: Alan Myers

All: Shepherds in the Field CP 135 v.1-4 **p. 5**

Poem: The Child is Born Again Ann Weems

All: What Child Is This CP 137 **p. 6**

Poem: Star of the Nativity Boris Pasternak
Translation: Eugene M. Kayden

All: O Come, All Ye Faithful CP 118 v.1-4 **p. 6**

Poem: Presepio Joseph Brodsky
Translation: Richard Wilbur

All: Silent Night CP 119 **p. 7**

All: Hark! The Herald Angels Sing CP 138 **p. 8**

WHAT CHILD IS THIS?

**What child is this, who, laid to rest, on Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
while shepherds watch are keeping?**

**This, this is Christ the king,
whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
haste, haste to bring him laud,
the babe, the son of Mary.**

**Why lies he in such mean estate where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear: for sinners here
the silent Word is pleading.**

**So bring him incense, gold, and myrrh;
come, peasant, king, to own him.
The King of kings salvation brings;
let loving hearts enthrone him.**

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

**O come, al 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:**

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

**See how the shepherds, summoned to his cradle,
leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;
we too will thither bend our joyful footsteps;**

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.

Our God, heaven cannot hold him, nor earth sustain;
heaven and earth shall flee away when he comes to reign.
In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed
the Lord God almighty, Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there;
cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
but his mother only in her maiden bliss,
worshipped the beloved 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.

