

Processional Hymn #123 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.*

*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;
when, like stars, his children crowned
all in white shall wait round.*

Gradual Hymn #117 *Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming*

*Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming
from tender stem hath sprung,
of Jesse's lineage coming
as seers of old have sung.
It came, a blossom bright
amid the cold of winter,
when half-gone was the night.*

*Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
The Rose I have in mind:
with Mary we behold it,
the virgin mother kind.
To show God's love aright
she bore to us a Saviour,
when half-gone was the night.*

*O Flower, whose fragrance tender
with sweetness fills the air,
dispel with glorious splendour
the darkness everywhere;
true man, yet very God,
from sin and death now save us,
and share our every load.*

Offertory Hymn #140 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, to all good will
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 we amid our wars hear not
the words of peace they bring;
O listen now, and still your strife
to hear the angels sing.*

*And you, beneath life's crushing load,
whose forms are bending low,
who toil along the climbing way
with painful steps and slow;
look now, for glad and golden hours
come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road
and hear the angels sing.*

*For lo, the days are hastening on,
by prophets seen 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 the whole world send back the song
which now the angels sing.*

Communion Hymn #125 Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

*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 tomorrow:
Christ the babe was born for you,
Christ the babe was born for you!*

Recessional Hymn #143
Angels, from the Realms of Glory

*Angels from the realms of glory,
wing your flight o'er all the earth;
you who sang creation's story,
now proclaim Messiah's birth:
come and worship, come and worship,
worship Christ, the newborn king.*

*Shepherds, in the field abiding,
watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with us is now residing;
yonder shines the infant light:
come and worship, come and worship,
worship Christ, the newborn king.*

*Sages, leave your contemplations;
brighter visions beam afar;
seek the great desire of nations;
you have seen his natal star:
come and worship, come and worship,
worship Christ, the newborn king.*

*Saints before the altar bending,
watching long in hope and fear,
suddenly the Lord, descending,
in his temple shall appear:
come and worship, come and worship,
worship Christ, the newborn king.*

*Though an infant now we view him,
he shall fill the eternal throne,
gather all the nations to him;
every knee shall then bow down:
come and worship, come and worship,
worship Christ, the newborn king.*