

# All Saints Community Carol Service, 24<sup>th</sup> December, 5.00pm, 2020

## Welcome and prayer

### First reading: Isaiah 9:2, 6-7

#### Carol: 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 the dark street shineth  
The everlasting Light  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight

For Christ is born of Mary  
And gathered all above  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth  
And praises sing to God, the King  
And peace to men on earth

How silently, how silently  
The wondrous Gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven  
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  
Oh, come to us, abide with us  
Our Lord Immanuel!

Phillips Brooks, 1877

### Second reading: Luke 1:26-28

#### Carol: O Come, o come Immanuel

1 O come, O come, Immanuel,  
and ransom captive Israel  
that mourns in lonely exile here  
until the Son of God appear.

Chorus:

Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel  
shall come to you, O Israel.

2 O come, O Wisdom from on high,  
who ordered all things mightily;  
to us the path of knowledge show  
and teach us in its ways to go. Chorus

3 O come, O come, great Lord of might,  
who to your tribes on Sinai's height  
in ancient times did give the law  
in cloud and majesty and awe. Chorus

4 O come, O Branch of Jesse's stem,  
unto your own and rescue them!  
From depths of hell your people save,  
and give them victory o'er the grave.  
Chorus

5 O come, O Key of David, come  
and open wide our heavenly home.  
Make safe for us the heavenward road  
and bar the way to death's abode.  
Chorus

Words: J.M. Neale (1851)

### Third reading: Matthew 1:18-24

#### 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 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 see Him; but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high;  
When like stars His children crowned  
All in white shall wait around.

C.F. Alexander (1818-1895)

### Fourth reading: Luke 2:1-7

#### Carol: Silent Night

Silent night, holy night  
All is calm, all is bright  
'Round yon virgin Mother and Child  
Holy infant so tender and mild

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Sleep in heavenly peace  
Sleep in heavenly peace

Silent night, holy night!  
Shepherds quake at the sight!  
Glories stream from heaven afar;  
Heavenly hosts sing Al-le-lu-ia!  
Christ the Saviour is born!  
Christ the Saviour is born!

Silent night, holy night  
Son of God, oh, 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, 1818

### Fifth reading: Luke 2:8-14

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

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.  
Risen with healing in His wings,  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Hail, the Son of Righteousness!  
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King!

George Whitfield (1739)

### Sixth reading: Luke 2:15-20

### Carol: While shepherds watched their flocks by night

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 spoke 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 to the earth be peace;  
goodwill henceforth from high from  
highest heaven  
Begin and never cease!'

Nahum Tate (1652-1715)

### Seventh reading: Matthew 2:10-12

### Carol: We three kings of orient are

We three kings of Orient are  
Bearing gifts we traverse afar  
Field and fountain, moor and mountain  
Following yonder star

Oh, star of wonder, star of night  
Star with royal beauty bright  
Westward leading, still proceeding  
Guide us to thy perfect light

Born a king on Bethlehem's plain  
Gold I bring to crown Him again  
King forever, ceasing never  
Over us all to reign

Oh, star of wonder.....

Frankincense to offer have I;  
incense owns a Deity nigh;

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prayer and praising, voices raising,  
worshiping God on high.

Oh, star of wonder....

Myrrh is mine, it's bitter perfume  
Breaths a life of gathering gloom  
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding dying  
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb

Oh, star of wonder.....

Glorious now behold him arise;  
King and God and sacrifice:  
Alleluia, Alleluia,  
sounds through the earth and skies.

John H. Hopkins, United Methodist  
Hymnal, 1989

Final words and the Lord's prayer,  
together

**Our Father in heaven,**  
**Hallowed be your name.**  
**Your Kingdom come.**  
**Your will be done, on earth as it is in**  
**heaven.**  
**Give us today our daily bread.**  
**And forgive us our sins**  
**As we forgive those who sin against us.**  
**Lead us not into temptation**  
**But deliver us from evil.**  
**For yours 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, (Repeat x 3)  
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, (Repeat x 3)  
Christ the Lord.

See how the shepherds,  
Summoned to his cradle,  
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with  
lowly fear;  
We too will thither bend our joyful  
footsteps:  
O come let us adore him, (Repeat x 3)  
Christ the Lord.

Lo! Star-led chieftains,  
Magi, Christ adoring,  
offer him incense, gold and myrrh;  
we to the Christ child  
bring our hearts' oblations:  
O come let us adore him, (Repeat x 3)  
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, (Repeat x 3)  
Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,  
born for our salvation;  
Jesus, to thee be glory given!  
Word of the Father  
now in flesh appearing.  
O come let us adore him, (Repeat x 3)  
Christ the Lord.

Words: John Francis Wade, translator:  
Frederick Oakeley (1841)

**Blessing**