

The people walking
in darkness have
seen a great light;
they lived in a land
of deep darkness
but a light has
dawned on them.

Isaiah 9:2

Lighting up our Streets
Sunday 20th December, 6pm



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...

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 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 wondering love.

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;
O come to us, abide with us,
our Lord Emmanuel.

***While shepherds watch 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 to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to
men;
Begin and never cease".

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 the 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, the 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 Heaven-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 we no more may die,
Born to raise us from the earth,
Born to give us second birth.
*Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the new born King.*