

## Entrance Hymn: Angels We Have Heard on High

Angels we have heard on high Sweetly singing o'er the plains And the mountains in reply Echoing their joyous strains

Gloria in excelsis Deo, Gloria in excelsis Deo

Shepherds why this jubilee Why your joyous strains prolong Say what may the tidings be Which inspire your heav'nly song

Come to Bethlehem and see him whose birth the angels sing come adore on bended knee Christ the Lord the newborn king

See him in a manger laid Whom the choirs of angels praise Mary, Joseph lend your aid While our hearts in love we raise

Text: French traditional carol, trans James Chadwick 1813-1882, alt. Tune: GLORIA (LES ANGES DANS NOS CAMPAGNES) 77.77 with refrain; French traditional, alt.

# **Psalm Antiphon** *Ps* 83:2-3. 5-6. 9-10. *R.* v.5

(R.) How happy they who dwell in your house, O Lord.

#### **Gospel Acclamation**

Alleluia, alleluia! May the peace of Christ rule in your hearts, and the fullness of his message live within you. Alleluia!

### Hymn: 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 worship and angels sing Haste, haste to bring him praise, the Babe, the son of Mary

Why lies he in such mean estate, where ox and ass are feeding? Come have no fear, God's Son is here, his love all loves exceeding: Nails, spear, shall pierce him through, the cross be borne for me, for you: hail, hail, the Saviour comes, the Babe, the son of Mary.

So bring him incense, gold and myrrh, all tongues and peoples own him, the King of kings salvation brings, let ev'ry heart enthrone him: Raise, raise your song on high while Mary sings a lullaby, joy, joy, for Christ is born, the Babe, the son of Mary

Text: William Chatterton Dix, 1837-1898 Tune: GREENSLEEVES 87.87.68.67; Trad English melody

## **Communion Hymn: Silent Night**

Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright, Round yon virgin mother and child; holy infant, so tender and mild: 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 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 the birth, Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

Words: Joseph Mohr 1792-1848, tr John F Young 1820-85 alt. Music: SILENT NIGHT, Franz Xaver Gruber, 1787-1863.

#### Communion Hymn: 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 day by day like us he grew; He was little, weak, and helpless, tears and smiles like us he knew and he feels for for all our sadness, and he shares in all 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 see him, but in heaven Set as God's right hand on high, Where like stars his children crowned All in white shall wait around.

Mrs C F Alexander (1818-95) | Music: Irby H J Gauntlett (1805-76)

#### **Recessional Hymn:** 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 the angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem: 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 man 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.

Words: Charles Wesley 1707-88 alt. Music: MENDELSSOHN, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy 1809-47, adapt WH Cummings 1831-1915

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