

## Words for Worship Sunday 31 December 2023

To join on the phone, Dial 01224 434030 Type in 5528# Say your name and press #

### **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:

Sing, choirs of angels  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above;  
Glory to God  
In the highest:

Yea Lord, we greet thee,  
Born this happy morning;  
Jesus, to thee be glory given:  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing

**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 these joyous strains prolong?  
What the gladsome tidings be  
which inspire your heavenly song?

Come to Bethlehem and see  
Him whose birth the angels sing;  
come, adore on bended knee  
Christ the Lord, the new-born King.

### **In the bleak mid winter**

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 only his mother  
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 play my part;  
Yet what I can I give him  
Give my heart.

**Once in royal David's city**

Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
Where a mother laid her Baby  
In a manger for a 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 he is our childhood's pattern;  
Day by day, like us He grew;  
He was little, weak and helpless,  
Tears and smiles like us He knew;  
And He feeleth for our sadness,  
And He shareth in 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 at God's right hand on high;  
When like stars His children crowned  
All in white shall wait around

**As with gladness men of old**

Did the guiding star behold  
As with joy they hailed its light  
Leading onward, beaming bright;  
So, most gracious Lord, may we  
Evermore be led by thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,  
Saviour to thy lowly bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Thee, whom heaven and earth adore;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek thy mercy seat.

As their precious gifts they laid  
At thy manger roughly made  
So may we with holy joy  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring  
Christ to thee our heavenly king.

Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright  
Need they no created light;  
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,  
Thou its sun which goes not down;  
There for ever may we sing  
Alleluias to our King.