

Opening Hymn: CP 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 gather round.

CP 132 Of Eternal Love Begotten

Of eternal love begotten,
ere the worlds began to be,
he is Alpha and Omega,
he the source, the ending he,
of the things that are and have been,
and that future years shall see,
evermore and evermore.

At his Word the worlds were framed.
He commanded, it was done:
heaven and earth and depths of ocean,
in their threefold order one;
all that grows beneath the shining,
of the moon and burning sun,
evermore and evermore.

O that birth for ever blessed,
when the virgin, full of grace,
by the Holy Ghost conceiving,
bare the Saviour of our race,
and the babe, the world's redeemer,
first revealed his sacred face,
evermore and evermore.

This is he whom seers in old time
chanted of with one accord,
whom the voices of the prophets
promised in their faithful word;
now he shines, the long-expected;
let creation praise its Lord,
evermore and evermore.

O ye heights of heaven, adore him;
angel hosts, his praises sing;
all dominions, bow before him,
and extol our God and king;
let no tongue on earth be silent,
every voice in concert ring,
evermore and evermore.

Christ, to thee, with God the Father,
and, O Holy Ghost, to thee,
hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,
and unwearied praises be,
honour, glory, and dominion
and eternal victory,
evermore and evermore.

Carol: CP 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 spent 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 spent was the night.

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

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.

Refrain:

O 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 for ever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign. *[Refrain]*

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh,
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship him, God most high. *[Refrain]*

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb. *[Refrain]*

Glorious now behold him arise,
King, and God, and Sacrifice,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Earth to the heavens replies. *[Refrain]*

Offertory Carol: CP 159 Brightest and Best

Brightest and best of the stars of the morning,
dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:
gem of the East, the horizon adorning,
guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion
odours of Edom and offerings divine,
gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
richer by far is the heart's adoration,
dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the stars of the morning,
dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
gem of the East, the horizon adorning,
guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Hymn during Communion:
CP 385 Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
bring, and adore him: the Lord is his name!

Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
high on his heart he will bear it for thee,
comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness
of the poor wealth thou canst reckon as thine;
truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
these are the offerings to lay on his shrine.

These though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
he will accept for the name that is dear;
mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
bring, and adore him; the Lord is his name!

**Closing Hymn:
CP 160 As with Gladness Men of Old**

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 to 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 the mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
at that cradle rude and bare;
so may we with joyful song,
raising voices pure and strong,
all our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our heavenly king.

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 forever may we sing
alleluias to our king.