

**Merry Christmas
from all at**

**Worle Baptist
Church**



**For God loved the world so much that He
gave His only Son, so that everyone who
believes in Him may not die but have
eternal life.**

John 3:16

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,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
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,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!*

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 to us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER,
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 His mother only,
In her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the Belovèd
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 do 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 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 meek 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 his children gather round,
Bright like stars with glory
crowned.

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,

Glory streams 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
Radiance beams from Thy holy
face
With the dawn of redeeming
grace
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth

**SEE HIM LYING ON A BED OF
STRAW,**

A draughty stable with an open
door;

Mary cradling the babe she bore;
The Prince of Glory is His name.

*O now carry me to Bethlehem,
To see the Lord appear to men;
Just as poor as was the stable
then,
The Prince of Glory when he
came.*

Star of silver, sweep across the
skies,

Show where Jesus in the manger
lies;
Shepherds, swiftly from your
stupor rise
To see the Saviour of the world.

*O now carry me to Bethlehem,
To see the Lord appear to men;
Just as poor as was the stable
then,
The Prince of Glory when he
came.*

Angels, sing again the song
you sang,

Bring God's glory to the heart of
man;

Sing that Bethlehem's little baby
can

Be salvation to the soul.

*O now carry me to Bethlehem,
To see the Lord appear to men;
Just as poor as was the stable
then,*

*The Prince of Glory when he
came.*

Mine are riches, from Thy
poverty,

From Thine innocence, eternity;
Mine, forgiveness by Thy death for
me,
Child of sorrow for my joy.

*O now carry me to Bethlehem,
To see the Lord appear to men;
Just as poor as was the stable
then,
The Prince of Glory when he
came.*

JOY TO THE WORLD The Lord has
come

Let earth receive her King!

Let every heart prepare Him
room

And heaven and nature sing (x2)

And heaven, and heaven and
nature sing

Joy to the world! The Saviour
reigns

Let men their songs employ

While fields and floods

Rocks, hills and plains!

Repeat the sounding joy (x2)

Repeat, repeat the sounding joy

**He rules the world with truth
and grace**

And makes the nations prove

The glories of His righteousness

The wonders of His love (x2)

**The wonders, the wonders of
His love**

WE THREE KINGS of Orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and
mountain

Following yonder star

*Chorus: 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

Chorus

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

Chorus (x2)

**HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS
SING,**

"Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

"Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King."

Christ, by highest heav'n 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 men to
dwell,
Jesus our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King."
"Glory to the newborn King."

Hail the heav'n born Prince of
Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris'n 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 newborn King!"