

**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**

**ANGELS, FROM THE REALMS OF  
GLORY,**

Wing your flight o'er all the earth,  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;

*Come and worship  
Christ, the new-born King.  
Come and worship  
Worship Christ, the new-born  
King.*

Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by  
night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant-light:

Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great desire of nations,  
Ye have seen His natal star:

*Come and worship  
Christ, the new-born King.  
Come and worship  
Worship Christ, the new-born  
King.*

Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord descending  
In His temple shall appear:

**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:

**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.

**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!

**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.

**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

**DING DONG MERRILY ON HIGH,**  
In heav'n the bells are ringing:  
Ding dong! Verily the sky  
Is riv'n with angels singing  
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!

Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,  
Let steeple bells be swungen,  
And "i-o, i-o, i-o!"

By priest and people sungen  
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!  
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime  
Your matin chime, ye ringers,  
May you beautifully rhyme  
Your eve'time song, ye singers  
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!  
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!

**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.

**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!"