

**Livingstone Parish Church**  
**Sunday 24<sup>th</sup> December 2017**  
**Rev. Dave Sutherland**

**Introit MP 612**

**Spirit of the living God,**

fall afresh on me;  
Spirit of the living God,  
fall afresh on me;  
fill me anew, fill me anew;  
Spirit of the Lord,  
fall afresh on me.

Paul Armstrong  
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**Hymn 1 MP 589**

**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...*

Angels, sing the song that you  
began,  
bring God's glory to the heart of  
man;

sing that Bethl'em's little baby can  
be salvation to the soul.

*O now carry...*

Mine are riches, from Your poverty,  
from Your innocence, eternity;  
mine forgiveness by Your death for  
me,  
child of sorrow for my joy.  
*O now carry...*

Michael Perry (1942-1996)  
© Mrs B Perry/Jubilate Hymns

**Hymn 2 MP 445**

**Lord, the light of Your love is shining,**

in the midst of the darkness, shining:  
Jesus, Light of the world, shine upon  
us;  
Set us free by the truth You now  
bring us -  
shine on me, shine on me.  
*Shine, Jesus, shine,  
fill this land with the Father's glory;  
blaze, Spirit, blaze,  
set our hearts on fire.  
Flow, river, flow,  
flood the nations with grace and  
mercy;  
send forth Your word, Lord,  
and let there be light!*

Lord, I come to Your awesome  
presence,  
from the shadows into Your  
radiance;  
by Your blood I may enter Your  
brightness:  
search me, try me, consume all my

darkness-  
shine on me, shine on me.  
*Shine, Jesus, shine...*

As we gaze on Your kingly  
brightness  
so our faces display Your likeness,  
ever changing from glory to glory:  
mirrored here, may our lives tell  
Your story-  
shine on me, shine on me.  
*Shine, Jesus, shine...*

Graham Kendrick  
© 1987 Make Way Music

### **Hymn 3            MP 503**

**O little town of Bethlehem,**  
how still we see you lie!  
Above your deep and dreamless  
sleep  
the silent stars go by:  
yet in your dark streets shining  
is everlasting light;  
the hopes and fears of all the years  
are met in you tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary;  
and, gathered all above,  
while mortals sleep, the angels keep  
their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars, together  
proclaim the holy birth,  
and praises sing to God the King,  
and peace to men on earth.

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 in us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
the great glad tidings tell;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
our Lord Immanuel.

Phillips Brooks (1835-1893)

### **Hymn 4            MP 597**

**Silent night, holy night!**  
Sleeps the world; hid from sight,  
Mary and Joseph in stable bare  
watch o'er the Child beloved and  
fair  
sleeping in heavenly rest,  
sleeping in heavenly rest.

Silent night, holy night!  
Shepherds first saw the light,  
heard resounding clear and long,  
far and near the angel-song:  
'Christ the Redeemer is here,  
Christ the Redeemer is here.'

Silent night, holy night!  
Son of God, O how bright  
love is smiling from Your face!  
Strikes for us now the hour of grace,  
Saviour, since You are born,  
Saviour, since You are born.

Joseph Mohr (1792-1848)  
tr. Stopford Augustus Brooke (1832-1916)

## Hymn 5

MP 1045

### **From the squalor of a borrowed stable,**

by the Spirit and a virgin's faith,  
to the anguish and the shame of  
scandal

came the Saviour of the human  
race.

But the skies were filled with the  
praise of heaven,  
shepherds listen as the angels tell  
of the gift of God come down to  
man  
at the dawning of Immanuel!

King of heaven now the friend of  
sinners,  
humble servant in the Father's  
hands,

filled with power and the Holy  
Spirit,  
filled with mercy for the broken  
man.

Yes, He walked my road and He felt  
my pain,  
joys and sorrows that I know so  
well;  
yet his righteous steps give me hope  
again -  
I will follow my Immanuel!

Through the kisses of a friend's  
betrayal

He was lifted on a cruel cross;  
He was punished for a world's  
transgressions,

He was suffering to save the lost.  
He fights for breath, He fights for

me,  
loosing sinners from the claims of  
hell,  
and with a shout our souls are free -  
death defeated by Immanuel.

Now He's standing in the place of  
honour,  
crowned with glory on the highest  
throne,  
interceding for his own beloved  
till His Father calls to bring them  
home.

Then the skies will part as the  
trumpet sounds  
hope of heaven or the fear of hell;  
but the Bride will run to her Lover's  
arms,  
giving glory to Immanuel!

Stuart Townend

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Fourth Sunday in Advent

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**Angels from the realms of glory,**

wing your flight through all the  
earth;

heralds of 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 by your flocks at night,  
God with man is now residing:  
see, there shines the infant light!

*Come and worship...*

Wise men, leave your  
contemplations!

brighter visions shine afar;  
seek in Him the hope of nations,  
you have seen His rising star:

*Come and worship...*

Though an infant now we view Him,  
He will share his Father's throne,  
gather all the nations to Him;  
every knee shall then bow down:

*Come and worship...*

All creation, join in praising  
God the Father, Spirit, Son,  
evermore your voices raising  
to the eternal Three in One:

*Come and worship...*

James Montgomery (1771-1854)

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**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...*

Sing, choirs of angels,

sing in exultation,

sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,

'Glory to God

in the highest':

*O come...*

Latin, 18<sup>th</sup> century, possibly by  
John Francis Wade (c. 1711-1786)  
and others

**Merry  
Christmas**