## Livingstone Parish Church Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> December 2021 Rev. Dave Sutherland

# Hymn 1 MP 211

#### Hark! the herald-angels sing,

'Glory to the new born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.'
Joyful, all you nations rise,
join the triumph of the skies;
with the angelic host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem!'
Hark! the herald-angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King!'

Christ by highest heaven 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 man to dwell,

Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hark! the herald-angels sing,

'Glory to the new-born King!'

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace! Hail, the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to all He brings, risen 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 new-born King!'

Charles Wesley (1707-1788) and others

# Hymn 2 MP 539

#### 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 through all His wondrous childhood He would honour and obey, love, and watch the lowly maiden, in whose gentle arms He lay: Christian children all must be, mild, obedient, good as He.

For 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; where like stars, His children crowned, all in white shall wait around.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895)

# Hymn 3 CH4 306

## 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,
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...

Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this happy morning; Jesus, to thee be glory given: Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing: O come...

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

## Hymn 4 MP 51

## Be thou my vision, O Lord of my

heart

naught be all else to me, save that Thou art —

Thou my best thought, by day or by night, waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my wisdom, and Thou my true

Word:

I ever with Thee, and Thou with me, Lord; Thou my great Father: and I Thy true son; Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one. Be thou my battle-shield, sword for the fight,

be Thou my dignity, Thou my delight. Thou my soul's shelter, Thou my high tower.

raise Thou me heavenward, O Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise, Thou mine inheritance, now and always: Thou, and Thou only, first in my heart, High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art.

High King of Heaven, my victory won, may I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!

Heart of my own heart, whatever befall, still be my vision, O ruler of all.

From *The Poem Book of the God* selected and edited by Eleanor Henrietta Hull (1860-1935)

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#### Exeunt

(Sing Twice)

# May the peace of the Lord Christ go with you,

wherever He may send you.

May He guide you through the wilderness, protect you through the storm.

May He bring you home rejoicing at the wonders He has shown you.

May He bring you home rejoicing once again into our doors.

Celtic Daily Prayer

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