

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 17th December 2023
Rev. John Carrick
3rd Sunday of Advent
Nativity Sunday

Hymn 1 MP 764

**While shepherds watched their flocks
by night,**

all seated on the ground,
the angel of the Lord came down
and glory shone around.

'Fear not,' said he – for mighty dread
had seized their troubled minds –
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
to you and all mankind:

'To you in David's town this day
is born of David's line,
the Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.
And this shall be the sign:

'The heavenly babe you there shall find
to human view displayed,
all meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
and in a manger laid.'

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
appeared a shining throng
of angels praising God, who thus
addressed their joyful song:

'All glory be to God on high,
and to the earth be peace;
goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
begin and never cease!'

Nahum Tate (1652-1715)

Hymn 2 ANG 859

Little donkey, little donkey,
on the dusty road,
got to keep on plodding onwards
with your precious load.
Been a long time, little donkey,
through the winter's night;
don't give up now, little donkey,
Bethlehem's in sight.

*Ring out those bells tonight,
Bethlehem, Bethlehem,
follow that star tonight,
Bethlehem, Bethlehem.*

*Little donkey, little donkey,
had a heavy day,
little donkey, carry Mary safely on her
way.*

Little donkey, little donkey,
on the dusty road,
there are wise men, waiting for a
sign to bring them here.
Do not falter, little donkey,
there's a star ahead;
it will guide you, little donkey,
to a cattle shed.

*Ring out those bells tonight,
little donkey, carry Mary safely on her
way.*

Eric Boswell (1921-2009).
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Hymn 3 CH3 195

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet
head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down
where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus! look down from
the sky,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me Lord Jesus; I ask thee to stay
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in thy tender
care,
And fit us for heaven to live with thee
there.

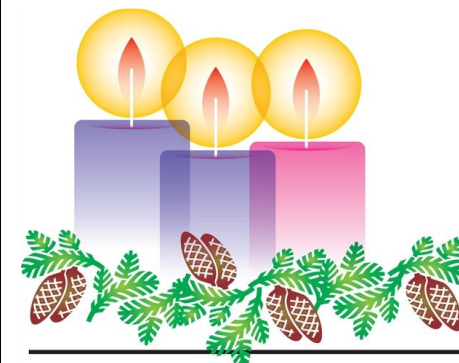
Anonymous

Hymn 4 JP 396

**It was on a starry night when the
hills were bright,**
earth lay sleeping, sleeping calm and still;
then in a cattle shed, in a manger bed
for a Boy was born, King of all the world.
*And all the angels sang for Him,
the bells of heaven rang for Him;
for a Boy was born, King of all the world.
And all the angels sang for Him,
the bells of heaven rang for Him;
for a Boy was born, King of all the world.*

Soon the shepherds came that way, where
the Baby lay,
and were kneeling, kneeling by His side.
And their hearts believed again, for the
peace of men
for a Boy was born, King of all the world.
*And all the angels sang for him,
the bells of heaven rang for him;
for a boy was born, King of all the world.
And all the angels sang for him,
the bells of heaven rang for him;
for a boy was born, King of all the world.*

Joy Webb (b. 1932)
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THIRD SUNDAY OF *Advent*

Song 5

Twinkle, twinkle star so bright,

Twinkle, twinkle in the night.
Up above the world so high,
Wise men saw you in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle star so bright,
Twinkle, twinkle in the night.

Twinkle, twinkle star of love,
shine on us from up above.
Let's have fun at Christmas time,
and be gentle, good and kind.
Twinkle, twinkle star of love,
shine on us from up above.

Song 6

Three wise men, three wise men,

followed the star, followed the star.
It led all the way to Bethlehem,
then stopped and stayed right over them,
our lives would never be the same again,
those three wise men.

Three wise men, three wise men,
knew what it meant, knew what it meant.
It meant that the Saviour was coming to stay,
the star they followed was showing the way,
to the very spot where the baby lay,
those three wise men.

Stevenston Livingstone
Church of Scotland



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Song 7

Crackers and turkeys and puddings and cream,

Toys in the windows that I've never seen.
This is the Christmas that everyone sees,
But Christmas means more to me.
*It's somebody's birthday I won't forget,
As I open the things that I get.
I'll remember the inn and the stable so bare,
And Jesus who once lay there.*

Everyone's out shopping late every night,
For candles and presents and Christmas tree lights
This is the Christmas that everyone sees,
But Christmas means more to me.
It's somebody's birthday...

Christmas morning, the start of the day,
There's presents to open and new games to play.
This is the Christmas that everyone sees,
But Christmas means more to me.
It's somebody's birthday...

It's somebody's birthday...
It's somebody's birthday...

Ian White
© 1987 Little Misty Music/
Kingsway Music

Hymn 8 MP 959

What kind of greatness can this be,

that chose to be made small,
exchanging untold majesty
for a world so pitiful?
That God should come as one of us
I'll never understand –
the more I hear the story told,
the more amazed I am.
*Oh, what else can I do
but kneel and worship You,
and come just as I am,
my whole life an offering.*

The One in whom we live and move
in swaddling clothes lies bound.
The voice that cried 'Let there be light!',
asleep without a sound.
The One who strode among the stars,
and called each one by name,
lies helpless in a mother's arms
and must learn to walk again.
Oh, what else can I do...

What greater love could He have shown
to shamed humanity?
Yet human pride hates to believe
in such deep humility.
But nations now may see His grace
and know that He is near,
when His meek heart, His words, His works
are incarnate in us here.
Oh, what else can I do...

Graham Kendrick
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Hymn 9 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)
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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)