

**Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 31st December 2023**

Rev. John Carrick

Hymn 1 MP 393

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!

let earth receive her King;
let every heart prepare Him room
and heaven and nature sing,
and heaven and nature sing,
and heaven, and heaven and nature sing!

Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
let all their songs employ
while fields and floods
rocks, hills and plains
repeat the sounding joy,
repeat the sounding joy,
repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

He rules the earth with truth and grace,
and makes the nations prove
the glories of His righteousness,
the wonders of His love,
the wonders of His love,
the wonders, the wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Hymn 2

We've gotta keep this secret,

we gotta do this right
If we don't screw up we could save his life
Then this could be the night,
When children rule the world
This could be the night, the night,
when children rule the world.

Doves and kings
and shepherds and wisemen
came together, followed the star.
They all gathered down in a manger,
they came from so very far.

Midnight is clear! Our Saviour is here!
He's gonna guide each boy and girl

No hunger or thirst, the last will be first
The night that children rule the world.
When children rule the world, tonight,
when children rule the world.

All our greatest wishes are granted,
let us sing, let innocence reign.
All our prayers are finally answered,
blessed and free of all pain.

Towers of fire, rise ever higher
Magical flags will be unfurled.
To Jesus our God, the young are the strong
The night that children rule the world.
*When children rule the world, tonight,
when children rule the world.*

Towers of fire, rise ever higher
Magical flags will be unfurled.
To Jesus our God, the young are the strong
The night that children rule the world.
*When children rule the world, tonight,
when children rule the world.*

Andrew Lloyd Webber / Jim Steinman
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Hymn 3 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 mean and lowly
lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all His wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
love, and watch the lowly mother,
in whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all should be,
kind, 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 feels for all our sadness,
and He shares in all 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;
there His children gather round,
bright like stars, with glory crowned.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895)

Hymn 4 CH4 313

See, in yonder manger low,
born for us on earth below,
see, the Lamb of God appears,
promised from eternal years.
*Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn!
Hail, redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!*

Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies,
He who, throned in height sublime,
sits amid the cherubim.
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn...

Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
what your joyful news today;
wherefore have ye left your sheep
on the lonely mountain steep?
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn!

As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light:
angels singing, 'Peace on earth!'
told us of the Saviour's birth.
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn!

Sacred infant, all divine,
what a tender love was Thine,
thus to come from highest bliss
down to such a world as this!
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn!

Teach, O teach us, holy child,
by Thy face so meek and mild,
teach us to resemble Thee
in Thy sweet humility.
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn!

Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

Hymn 5 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, 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 for our salvation;

Jesus, to thee be glory given:

Word of the Father,

now in flesh appearing:

O come...

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

Stevenston Livingstone
Church of Scotland



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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)

**Merry
Christmas**