



Groomsport Presbyterian Church

Sunday 16th December 2018

# CAROLS BY CANDLELIGHT 2018

## ANNOUNCEMENTS, OFFERING AND DEDICATION

### CALL TO WORSHIP

Introit                    Away in a manger (W J Kirkpatrick arr. Malcolm Archer)  
Soloist: Catherine Dalzell

Hymn                     O come, all ye faithful (Adeste fideles)

Lesson                    Genesis 1: 1-5, 26-31

### PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

Lesson                    Isaiah 9: 2, 6-7

Hymn                     The race that long in darkness pined (Creditor)

Choir                     Christ, be our Light (Bernadette Farrell)

Lesson                    Luke 1: 26-33

Choir                     A great and mighty wonder (Henrietta Moran)

Lesson                    Luke 2: 1-7

Choir                     Jesus, my Jesus (J. Kirk)

Hymn                     Once in royal David's city (Irby)

Choir                     Adore Him, Emmanuel (Cindy Berry)

Lesson                    Luke 2: 8-14

Choir                     A cradle song for Christmas (David Catherwood)

Hymn                     It came upon the midnight clear (Noel)

Lesson                    Luke 2: 15-20

Choir	Can this be the child (Don Besig)
Hymn	While humble shepherds (Winchester Old)
Lesson	Matthew 2: 1-14
Choir	Christ is born within a stable (Russian traditional melody arr. Norman Warren)
Hymn	As with gladness (Dix)
Lesson	Luke 2: 25-34
Choir	Glorious Light (K&K Getty, Ian Hannah)
Lesson	John 1: 1-14

#### CONCLUDING PRAYER

Hymn	Hark! The herald angels sing (Mendelssohn)
------	--

#### BENEDICTION

Readers:  
Rosalind MacNeice  
Ryan Pearce

**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;

Sing, choirs of angels,

Sing in exultation,

Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,

'Glory to God

In the highest.'

**The race that long in darkness pined**

Have seen a glorious light;

The people dwell in day, who dwelt

In death's surrounding night.

To us a Child of hope is born;

To us a Son is given;

Him shall the tribes of earth obey,

Him all the hosts of heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,

For evermore adored,

The Wonderful, the Counsellor,

The great and mighty Lord.

His power increasing still shall spread,

His reign no end shall know;

Justice shall guard his throne above,

And peace abound below.

**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 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, like stars, his children crowned  
All in white shall wait around.

**It came upon the midnight clear,**  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold; -  
'Peace on the earth, good will to men,  
From heaven's all-gracious King!'  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come  
With peaceful wings unfurled;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world;  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long;  
Beneath the angel strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong;  
And man, at war with man, hears not  
The love song which they bring;  
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing.

For, lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the Age of Gold,  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendours fling,  
And the whole world give back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

### **While humble shepherds watched their flocks**

In Bethlehem's plains by night,  
An angel sent from heaven appeared,  
And filled the plains with light.

'Fear not,' he said, for sudden dread  
Had seized their troubled mind;  
'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; and thus  
Addressed their joyful song:

'All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good will is shown by heaven to men  
And never more shall cease.'

**As with gladness men of old**

Did the guiding star behold,  
As with joy they hailed its light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright,  
So, most gracious Lord, may we  
Evermore be led to thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,  
Saviour, to thy lowly bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Thee, whom heaven and earth adore,  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare  
At thy cradle rude and bare,  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright  
Need they no created light;  
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,  
Thou its sun which goes not down;  
There for ever may we sing  
Alleluias to our King.

**Hark! the herald angels sing,**

'Glory to the new-born King,  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled!'  
Joyful, all ye 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 Immanuel!

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: