

Christmas Season Service – Frodsham 2020

Welcome and Bidding prayer – Elaine

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 Maiden,
in whose gentle arms he lay:
Christian children all must be
mild, obedient, good as he.

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.

Reading: Isaiah 9: 2, 6&7 – David Leslie

O little town of Bethlehem,
how still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
the silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
the everlasting light;
the hopes and fears of all the years
are met in thee tonight.

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

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

Luke 1. 36 -38 – Kath Williamson

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter,
Long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold him
Nor earth sustain;
heaven and earth shall flee away
When he comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty
Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Thronged the air –
But only his mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the beloved
With a kiss.

What can I give him
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man
I would do my part;
Yet what I can I give him –
Give my heart.

Mary – Elaine Graham

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.

Joseph – Andrew Rudd

Silent night, holy night,
all is calm, all is bright
round yon virgin mother and child;
holy infant, so tender and mild,
sleep in heavenly peace...

Silent night, holy night,
shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar;
heavenly hosts sing Alleluia:
Christ the Saviour is born...

Silent night, holy night,
son of God, love's pure light,
radiant beams from thy holy face
with the dawn of redeeming grace:
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth...

Shepherd – Russ Naylor

**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 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
a 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 world be peace;
good will henceforth
from heaven to earth
begin and never cease.'

Reflection – Rev Elaine

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!
Your sweetest 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 world with truth and grace,
and makes the nations prove
the glories of his righteousness,
and wonders of his love,
and wonders of his love,
and wonders, wonders, of his love.

Prayers – Wendy Rudd

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;
Refrain

Sing, choirs of angels,
sing in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!
Glory to God
in the highest:

Refrain

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

Refrain

*Poem: Christmas by John Betjeman –
David Copley*

John's Gospel 1: 1-14 – Phil Attack

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 the 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!"*

Closing Prayer & Blessing – Elaine

Where are you going, Shepherds?
Where are you going, Shepherds?
Where are you going, Shepherds?
We're going to see the King!

*They say there's a king in a cowshed
Come to birth on a straw bed
No royal cushions for his head
Come to set us free!*

Where are you going, angels?...

Where are you going, Wise Men?...

Where are you going, children?...

Sung by: Redeemer School Sydney
Words/Music: Andrew Rudd