

A Service for Epiphany

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,
to that lowly manger-bed,
there to bend the knee before
him whom heaven and earth adore;
so may we with willing feet
ever seek thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
at that manger 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 Jesu, 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.

Carol of the Star - Words & Music: Andrew Rudd

As the night closes in
there's a star at my window
that still waits and beckons
at break of the day;
and this star shining bright
seems to call me to follow,
to leave on a journey
and I must obey.

*So I'll pack up my bags
and leave the house tidy,
and brave the winter skies:
for I know there's a child
at the end of my travels,
and I'll follow the star
to the place where he lies.*

There are people who say
that it's only a feeling;
the birth of a baby
can't alter a thing.
But the world that I know
is in need of some healing
so I'll follow the star
and I'll search for my King.

What child is this, who, laid to rest
on Mary's lap is sleeping?
whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
while shepherds watch are keeping?
This, this is Christ the King,
whom shepherds worship and angels sing:
haste, haste to bring him praise
the babe, the son of Mary.

Why lies he in such mean estate,
where ox and ass are feeding?
Come have no fear, God's son is here,
his love all loves exceeding.

Nails, spear, shall pierce him through,
the cross be borne for me, for you:
hail, hail the Saviour comes,
the babe, the son of Mary.

So bring him incense, gold and myrrh,
all tongues and peoples own him,
the King of kings salvation brings,
et every heart enthrone him:
Raise, raise your song on high
while Mary sings her lullaby.
Joy, joy, for Christ is born
the babe, the son of Mary.

We three Kings

We three kings of Orient are;
bearing gifts we traverse afar
field and fountain, moor and mountain,
following yonder star:

*O star of wonder, star of night,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.*

Born a king on Bethlehem plain,
gold I bring, to crown him again-
King for ever, ceasing never, over us all to reign:

Frankincense to offer have I;
incense owns a deity nigh:
prayer and praising, all men raising,
worship him, God most high:

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
breathes a life of gathering gloom;
sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
sealed in the stone-cold tomb:

Glorious now, behold him arise,
King and God, and sacrifice!
heaven sings alleluia,
alleluia the earth replies: