

## Hymns for the carol service (December 19<sup>th</sup>, 2021)

**Greenstead Evangelical Free Church**

**Welcome to our service today!**

Links to our website, Facebook and Instagram accounts can be found below.

①

1. **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.
2. 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.
3. 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.
4. 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.

*(Cecil Frances Alexander)*

②

1. **O little town of Bethlehem,**  
how still we see thee lie!  
Above your deep and dreamless sleep  
the silent stars go by:  
yet in your dark street shineth  
the everlasting Light;  
the hopes and fears of all the years  
are met in you tonight.
2. 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.
3. O holy Child of Bethlehem,  
descend to us, we pray;  
cast out our sin, and enter in;  
be born in us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
the great glad tidings tell;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Immanuel.

*(Phillips Brooks)*

③

1. **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.
2. 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 cradle 'til morning is nigh.
3. Be near me. Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay  
Close by me forever and love me, I pray.  
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender  
care  
And fit us for heaven to live with Thee there.

*(John Thomas McFarland, Martin Luther &  
William James Kirkpatrick)*



[www.gefc.org.uk](http://www.gefc.org.uk)



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1. **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!  
sleep in heavenly peace!
2. Silent night! holy night!  
shepherds quake at the sight.  
Glories stream from heaven afar,  
heavenly hosts sing hallelujah;  
Christ the Saviour is born!  
Christ the Saviour is born!
3. 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.  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

*(Joseph Mohr; translator unknown)*

5

1. **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!*
2. God of God,  
Light of Light,  
lo, He abhors not the virgin's womb;  
very God,  
begotten, not created:
3. Sing, choirs of angels,  
sing in exultation,  
sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;  
'Glory to God,  
glory in the highest!'

*(Latin, 17th cent.; tr. by Frederick Oakeley)*

6

1. **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.*
2. 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 men to dwell,  
Jesus, our Immanuel.
3. 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.

*(Charles Wesley)*