



The Quarry Gospel Church

Sunday 20th December

OPEN THE EYES OF MY HEART, LORD

Open the eyes of my heart,
I want to see You, I want to see You.
Open the eyes of my heart,, Lord,
Open the eyes of my heart,
I want to see You, I want to see You.

To see You high and lifted up,
Shining in the light of Your glory.
Pour out Your power and love
As we cry Holy, Holy, Holy.

(repeat from beginning)

**Holy, Holy, Holy,
Holy, Holy, Holy,
Holy, Holy, Holy,
I want to see You.**

(repeat Holy, Holy, etc.)

ALL HAIL KING JESUS

All hail Emmanuel;
King of kings, Lord of lords,
Bright Morning Star!
Every day You give me breath
I'll sing Your praises,
And I'll reign with You
Throughout eternity.

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, goodwill to men
from heaven's all-gracious king!'
The world in solemn stillness lay
to hear the angels sing.

With sorrow brought by sin and strife
the world has suffered long
and, since the angels sang, have passed
two thousand years of wrong:
for man, at war with man, hears not
the love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, you men of strife,
to hear the angels sing!

And those whose journey now is hard,
whose hope is burning low,
who tread the rocky path of life
with painful steps and slow:
O listen to the news of love
which makes the heavens ring!
O rest beside the weary road
and hear the angels sing!

And still the days are hastening on
by prophets seen of old
towards the fulness of the time
when comes the age foretold:
then earth and heaven renewed shall see
the prince of peace, their king;
and all the world repeat the song
which now the angels sing.

*(Words for this service
continue on the next page)*

DING-DONG! MERRILY ON HIGH

in heaven the bells are ringing.
Ding-dong! Verily the sky
is riven with angels singing:

Gloria, hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria, hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so, here below, below,
let steeple bells be swungen;
and *i-o, i-o, i-o,*
by priest and people sungen!

Gloria, hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria, hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime
your matin chime, you ringers;
may you beautifully rhyme
your evetime song, you singers:

Gloria, hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria, hosanna in excelsis!

IMMANUEL, O IMMANUEL,

Bowed in awe, I worship at Your feet,
And sing Immanuel, God is with us,
Sharing my humanness, my shame,
Feeling my weaknesses, my pain,
Taking the punishment, the blame,
Immanuel.

And now my words cannot explain,
All that my heart cannot contain,
How great are the glories of Your name,
Immanuel.

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 Emmanuel!

Hark! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King!"

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Son 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!"