

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!"



A warm welcome The Quarry Gospel Church this Christmas Eve

Please join in with the carols in black print as we sing them.
Please remain seated to listen to the other songs (titled in red)
which are songs that have been recorded by members of the church.

AWAY IN A MANGER

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.

True God of true God,
Light of Light eternal,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Son of the Father,
Begotten, not created:
O come, let us adore Him...(etc.)

Sing, choirs of angels,
sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!
'Glory to God
In the highest':
O come, let us adore Him...(etc.)

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
born that happy morning
Jesus, to Thee be glory given
Word of the Father
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him...(etc.)

**TO THINK THAT GOD
HAS CHOSEN ME**

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.



The Quarry Gospel Church

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Tomorrow at 10.30am
you are welcome to join us
for a short Family Service of Celebration
"Happy Christmas!" from TQGC



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 Emmanuel!

THE GREATEST GIFT

GOD REST YE, MERRY GENTLEMEN,

Let nothing you dismay;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour
Was born upon this day;
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.

**O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.**

From God our Heavenly Father
A blessed Angel came;
And unto certain Shepherds
Brought tidings of the same:
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by Name.

O tidings ...(*etc.*)

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm and wind:
And went to Bethlehem straightway
This blessed babe to find.

O tidings ...(*etc.*)

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But when to Bethlehem they came,
Where at this Infant lay;
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary, kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray.

O tidings ...(*etc.*)

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All other doth deface.

O tidings ...(*etc.*)

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 meek and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day, like us, He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles, like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

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:
There His children gather round
Bright like stars, with glory crowned.

WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE,

Bearing gifts we travel afar,
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder Star.

**O, star of wonder, star of might,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to your perfect light.**

Born a babe on Bethlehem's plain;
Gold we bring to crown Him again;
King forever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.

O, star of wonder...(*etc.*)

Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship Him, God on High.

O, star of wonder...(*etc.*)

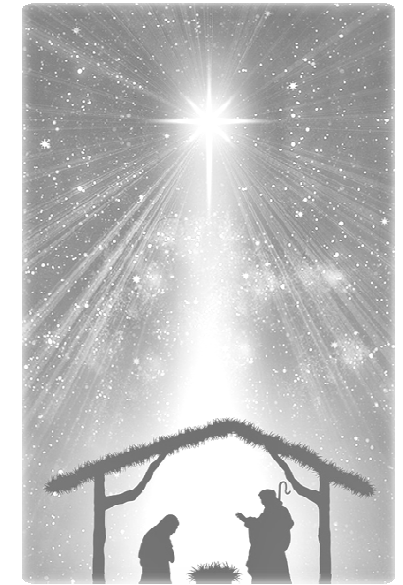
Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

O, star of wonder...(*etc.*)

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and sacrifice,
Heaven sings, "Alleluia!"
"Alleluia!", the Earth replies.

O, star of wonder...(*etc.*)

THE CHRISTMAS SONG by Don Francisco



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

Silent night, holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight.
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ the Saviour is born!
Christ the Saviour is born

Silent night, holy night!
Son of God love's pure light.
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth