



Christmas Eve Carols

The Quarry Gospel Church

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.

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

*To help Him with His plan;
It seems almost impossible,
Too hard to understand.
But I must not be too afraid,
The angel said to me;
For God is in control of all
And looking after 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.

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!

AT THE CENTRE OF THE AGES,
the Lord talks with a girl,
and by the words He speaks,
He gives a Saviour to the world.
The time grows to its fullness
and Mary's Son is born—
The promise's fulfilment
lies asleep now in her arms.

He didn't come to terrify,
to judge or condescend;
to call us all His servants,
but to lift us as His friends;
to save us all from Satan's power,
to reign at His right hand;
when, once for all eternity,
God became a man.

Today the God of majesty
has given to the earth
A gift of such magnificence,
we could never plumb its worth;
and the rudeness of the setting
just ignites the jewel's fire:
A pearl beyond the greatest price,
the joy of man's desire.

Today the God of majesty....(etc.)

He didn't come to terrify....(etc.)

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.)*

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 mean and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

For He is our child-hood'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.

THE WISE MEN LOOKED ABOVE,

*They looked into the starlit sky one night.
They saw the shining star,
The star that they had hoped for shone so bright.
It told them of the King
Whose birth had been foretold
By the prophets long ago,
That those who saw His star rise in the sky
Might know that He was here—
The Saviour of the world..*

*And so led by the star,
They followed all the way to Bethlehem.
And when they found the child,
They bowed the knee before and worshipped Him.*

*They offered up their gifts,
Gold, frankincense and myrrh
Which spoke of His coming days,
Of sacrifice and of His coming Kingdom.
How great this child would be—
The Saviour of the world.*

*And wise men seek Him still,
They look into the promise of His word.
And so they follow Him,
They come to worship Him and to adore
The One who came to die,
To give Himself for us,
suffer death upon a cross;
He died that we might live with Him in Glory.
Born in Bethlehem—
The Saviour of the world.
Born in Bethlehem—
The Saviour of the world.*

CHRISTMAS ISN'T CHRISTMAS,

*'Til it happens in your heart;
Somewhere deep inside you
Is where Christmas really starts.
So give your heart to Jesus,
You'll discover when you do,
That it's Christmas, really Christmas, for you.*

*Jesus brings warmth like a winter's fire,
A light like a candle's glow;
He's waiting now to come inside
As He did so long ago.*

*Jesus brings gifts of truth and life
And makes them bloom and grow;
So welcome Him with a song of joy,
And when you do you'll know, that*

*Christmas isn't Christmas
'Til it happens in your heart;
Somewhere deep inside you
Is where Christmas really starts.
So give your heart to Jesus,
You'll discover when you do,
That it's Christmas, really Christmas, for you,
Christmas, really Christmas,
Christmas, really Christmas, for you.*

(Words for this service continue on the next page)

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!"

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