

Church of Scotland - Viewpark Parish Church

Thursday 24th December 2020

Christmas Eve Service

online at: www.viewparkparishchurch.org.uk

Carols before Service

Hymn 172: O little town of Bethlehem

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 Immanuel.

Hymn 193: Once in royal David's city

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.

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;
When like stars his
children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Hymn 178: In the bleak midwinter

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter, Long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot
hold Him,
Nor earth sustain
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd,
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man,
I would do my part
Yet what I can I give Him Give my heart.

Christmas Eve Service

Welcome & Intimations

Hymn 169: Hark the herald angels sing

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 Immanuel! *Hark! the . . .*

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. *Hark! the . . .*

Prayer

Reading: Luke 2:1-20

Hymn: Emmanuel (Holy Ground) – Hannah Cooper

What hope we hold this starlit night
a King is born in Bethlehem
Our journey long, we seek the light
that leads to the hallowed manger ground

What fear we felt in the silent age
four hundred years can he be found
But broken by a baby's cry
rejoice in the hallowed manger ground

*Emmanuel, Emmanuel
God incarnate here to dwell
Emmanuel, Emmanuel
Praise His name Emmanuel*

The son of God, here, born to bleed
a crown of thorns would pierce His brow
And we beheld this offering
Praise God for the hallowed manger ground

Emmanuel, Emmanuel . . .

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Talk

Hymn 176: Still the night - Hannah

Still the night, holy the night!
Sleeps the world; hid from sight,
Mary and Joseph in stable bare
Watch o'er the Child
beloved and fair,
Sleeping in heavenly rest.

Still the night, holy the night!
Shepherds first saw the light,
Heard resounding
clear and long,
Far and near, the angel-song,
'Christ the Redeemer is here!'

Still the night, holy the night!
Son of God, O how bright
Love is smiling from Thy face !
Strikes for us now
the hour of grace
Saviour, since Thou art born !

Prayer

Hymn: O Holy night – Hannah & Alistair Tweedie

O holy night, the stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of our dear Saviour's birth;
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
'Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn;

Fall on your knees, Oh hear the angel voices!
O night divine! O night when Christ was born.
O night, O holy night, O night, O night divine.

Led by the light of Faith serenely beaming;
With glowing hearts by his cradle we stand:
So, led by a light of a star sweetly gleaming,
Here come the wise men from Orient land,
The King of Kings lay thus in lowly manger,
In all our trials born to be our friend;

He knows our need, To our weakness is no stranger!
Behold your King! Before Him lowly bend!
Behold your Kin-g! before Him lowly bend!

Truly He taught us to love one another;
His law is Love and His gospel is Peace;
Chains shall he break, for the slave is our brother,
And in his name all oppression shall cease,
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful Chorus raising;
Let all within us praise his Holy name!

Christ is the Lord, O praise His name forever!
His pow-wer and glo-ry, ever-more proclaim!
His pow-wer and glo-ry, ever-more proclaim!

Prayer

Hymn 191: O come all ye faithful

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

God of God,

Light of Light,
Lo' he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created; *O come . . .*

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
'Glory to God.
In the highest: *O come . . .*

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
now in flesh appearing. *O come . . .*

Benediction