

Hymn Sheet for Christmas Eve Communion December 2025

Led by Rev Lesley Moseley

Welcome and Notices

Hymn MP 589

See Him lying on a bed of straw:
a draughty stable with an open door;
Mary cradling the babe she bore
the Prince of glory is His name.
*O now carry me to Bethlehem
to see the Lord of love again
just as poor as was the stable then,
the Prince of glory when He came.*

Star of silver, sweep across the skies,
show where Jesus in the manger lies;
shepherds, swiftly from your stupor rise
to see the Saviour of the world!

O now ..

Angels, sing the song that you began,
bring God's glory and redeeming plan;
sing that Bethl'em's little baby can
be salvation to the soul.

O now ..

Mine are riches, from Your poverty,
from Your innocence, eternity;
mine forgiveness by Your death for me,
child of sorrow for my joy.

O now ..

Prayer and Lord's Prayer

Hymn MP47

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 in the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,
but little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes:
I love You, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky
and stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask You to stay
close by me for ever and love me, I pray;
bless all the dear children in Your tender care,
and fit us for heaven to live with You there.

Christmas Eve Communion

Reading – Matthew 1 v 18 - 25

Hymn MP597

Silent night, holy night!
Sleeps the world; hid from sight,
Mary and Joseph in stable bare
watched o'er the child beloved and fair
 sleeping in heavenly rest,
 sleeping in heavenly rest.

Silent night, holy night!
Shepherds first saw the light,
heard resounding clear and long,
 far and near, the angel-song:
 'Christ the Redeemer is here,
 Christ the Redeemer is here.'

Silent night, holy night!
Son of God, O how bright
 love is smiling from Your face!
Strikes for us now the hour of grace,
 Saviour, since You are born,
 Saviour, since You are born.

Reading Luke 2 v 8 - 20

Hymn MP337

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.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
 cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
 but His mother only, in her maiden bliss,
 worshipped the Beloved with a kiss.

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.

Sermon

Hymn MP342

Infant holy, infant lowly,
for His bed a cattle stall;
oxen lowing, little knowing
Christ the babe is Lord of all.
Swift are winging, angels singing,
nowells ringing, tidings bringing:
Christ the babe is Lord of all;
Christ the babe is Lord of all!

Flocks were sleeping, shepherds keeping
vigil till the morning new,
saw the glory, heard the story
tidings of a gospel true.
Thus rejoicing, free from sorrow,
praises voicing, greet the morrow:
Christ the babe was born for you;
Christ the babe was born for you;

Prayers of concern

Hymn MP 211

Hark! the herald-angels sing
'Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.'
Joyful, all you 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 us to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
'Glory to the new-born King!'

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 we 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!'

Benediction