

CRIB SERVICE 2023

1st Carol (521 verses 1, 2 & 4)

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 needy, poor, 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 heav'n above;
and he leads his children on
to the place where he is gone.

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2nd Carol (508 v1 & 4)

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 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.

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3rd Carol (745 v1, 2, 5 & 6)

While shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
all seated on the ground,
the angel of the Lord came down,
and glory shone around.

"Fear not", said he, (for mighty dread
had seized their troubled mind)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
to you and all mankind".

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
appeared a shining throng
of angels praising God, who thus
addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
and on the earth be peace,
goodwill henceforth from heaven to all
begin and never cease".

4th Carol (724 v1 & 5)

We three kings of Orient are;
bearing gifts we traverse afar;
field and fountain, moor and mountain,
following yonder star.

*O Star of wonder, star of night,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.*

Glorious now behold him arise,
King and God and sacrifice;
alleluia, alleluia,
earth to heav'n replies.

*O Star of wonder, star of night,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.*

5th Carol (776 trad. all verses)

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 on the hay.

The cattle are lowing,
the baby awakes,
but little Lord Jesus
no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus!
Look down from the sky,
and stay by my side
until morning is nigh.

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

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your name,
your kingdom come, your will be done,
on earth as in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins as we forgive those
who sin against us.
Lead us not into temptation but deliver
us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power and the glory
are yours now and for ever.
Amen

6th Carol (589 all verses)

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 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.*

Angels, sing again the song you sang,
sing the glory of God's gracious plan;
sing that Bethlehem's little baby can
be the Saviour of us all.

*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.*

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 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.*

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