

Christmas Morning Communion Service

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 the virgin’s womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as us 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 us from the earth,
Born to give us second birth:
Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King”.

Infant holy, infant lowly,

for his bed a cattle stall;
oxen lowing, little knowing
Christ the babe is Lord of all.
Swiftly 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!

See in yonder manger low

Born for us on earth below
See the tender Lamb appears
Promised from eternal years

*Hail thou ever-blessed morn!
Hail, redemptions happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
“Christ is born in Bethlehem”!*

Lo within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies,
He who throned in height sublime
Sits amid the cherubim.

Sacred infant all Divine,
What a tender love was thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!

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:

Sing, choirs of angels
Sing in exultation,
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest:

Yea Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory given:
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing