

## Words for Worship Sunday 14 December 2025

### Heavenly Father,

Whose favour rests on all your chosen people;  
as Mary and Joseph waited  
for the birth of your Son,  
so we wait for his coming in glory.  
Give us grace through the birth pangs of this  
present age  
that we, like them, might rejoice in your salvation;  
through Jesus Christ our Lord  
who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit  
One God, now and forever.

### Tell out, my soul,

The greatness of the Lord!  
Unnumbered blessings  
Give my spirit voice;  
Tender to me  
The promise of His word:  
In God my Saviour  
Shall my heart rejoice.

Tell out, my soul,  
The greatness of his name!  
Make known his might,  
The deeds his arm has done;  
His mercy sure,  
From age to age the same;  
His Holy Name - the Lord  
The Mighty One.

Tell out, my soul,  
The greatness of his might!  
Powers and dominions  
Lay their glory by;  
Proud hearts and stubborn wills  
Are put to flight;  
The hungry fed  
The humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul,  
The glories of his word!  
Firm is his promise,  
And his mercy sure:  
Tell out, my soul,  
The greatness of the Lord  
To children's children  
And for evermore!

### See in yonder manger low

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

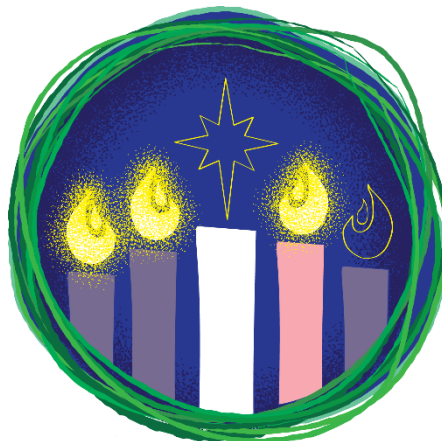
*Hail the ever-blessed morn!  
Hail, redemptions happy dawn!  
Sing through all Jerusalem,  
"Christ was born in Bethlehem"!*

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!

Teach, O teach us Holy Child  
By thy face so meek and mild,  
Teach us to resemble thee  
In thy sweet humility.

*O come let us adore him,  
O come let us adore him,  
O come let us adore him,  
Christ the Lord!*



**Once in royal David's city**

Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
Where a mother laid her Baby  
In a manger for a 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.

**As Joseph slept a fitful sleep**

All troubled by his heart and head,  
He dreamt an angel stood before him  
And these the words the angel said:

“O Joseph, Son of good King David  
Your love for Mary need not die  
for what now gives you such heart sorrow  
Will bring to all the gift of life.

For God the mighty and the graceful  
Has chosen her to bear a child;  
Conceived by Spirit, born of flesh  
And given to you to hold a while.

This son that you will give your name to  
Must also bear the saviour's name  
For God has promised to his people  
A saviour who will ever reign”.

The day you gave us Lord is nearing  
When we his coming celebrate  
And till he comes again we live in  
The light of his birth, life and death.

**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 all 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.