

## Family Crib Service



Live streamed @ 3pm on Christmas Eve  
Thursday 24 December 2020

Silent night, holy night  
All is calm, all is bright  
'Round yon virgin Mother and Child  
Holy infant so tender and mild  
Sleep in heavenly peace  
Sleep in heavenly peace

Silent night, holy night!  
Shepherds quake at the sight!  
Glories stream from heaven afar;  
Heavenly hosts sing Al-le-lu-ia!  
Christ the Saviour is born!  
Christ the Saviour is born!

Silent night, holy night  
Son of God, oh, love's pure light  
Radiant beams from Thy holy face  
With the dawn of redeeming grace  
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth  
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth

The angel Gabriel from heaven came,  
his wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame;  
"All hail," said he, "thou lowly maiden Mary,  
most highly favoured lady," Gloria!

"For know a blessed Mother thou shalt be,  
all generations laud and honour thee,  
thy Son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold,  
most highly favoured lady," Gloria!

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head,  
"To me be as it pleaseth God," she said,  
"my soul shall laud and magnify his holy Name."  
Most highly favoured lady, Gloria!

Of her, Emmanuel, the Christ, was born  
in Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn,  
and Christian folk throughout the world  
will ever say,  
"Most highly favoured lady," Gloria!

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.

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 Emmanuel!

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 poor Baby wakes  
But little Lord Jesus  
No crying He makes  
I love Thee, Lord Jesus  
Look down from the sky  
And stay by my side,  
'Til morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus,  
I ask Thee to stay  
Close by me forever  
And love me I pray  
Bless all the dear children  
In Thy tender care  
And fit us for heaven  
To live with Thee there

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.

“To you, in David’s town, this day  
Is born of David’s line  
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign.

“The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels praising God on high,  
Who thus addressed their song:

“All glory be to God on high,  
And to the Earth be peace;  
Good will henceforth from Heaven to men  
Begin and never cease!”

**A very happy and holy Christmas  
to you and all your loved ones**