

# Christmas Day Service

10.30am Church | Sunday, 25<sup>th</sup> December 2022 | The First Sunday of Christmas

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**Welcome:** Pete Scamman ( Associate Vicar)

## **Carol:** Joy to the World

Joy to the world! the Lord is come;  
let earth receive her King.  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
and heaven and nature sing,  
and heaven and nature sing,  
and heaven, and heaven and nature  
sing!

Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;  
let men their songs employ.  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and  
plains  
repeat the sounding joy,  
repeat the sounding joy,  
repeat, repeat the sounding joy!

No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make His blessings flow  
far as the curse is found,  
far as the curse is found,  
far as, far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,  
and makes the nations prove  
the glories of His righteousness,  
and wonders of His love,  
and wonders of His love,  
and wonders, wonders of His love.

George Frederic Handel, Isaac Watts

We confess that amid all the joys and festivities of this season we have sometimes forgotten what Christmas really means, and have left the Lord Jesus out of our thinking and living:

**Father, forgive us.**

Help us to remember that you loved the world so much that you gave your only Son, who was born to be our Saviour:

**Lord, help us.**

We confess that we have allowed this most important event in history to become dulled by familiarity:

**Father, forgive us.**

**Fill our hearts with the love that cares, that understands and gives; show us how we can best serve those in need; for the sake of him who was born in a stable, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen**

## **Carol: God rest you merry, gentleman**

God rest you merry, gentlemen,  
let nothing you dismay,  
for Jesus Christ our Saviour  
was born upon this day,  
to save us all from Satan's power  
when we had gone astray:

**O tidings of comfort and joy,  
comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy.**

From God our heav'nly Father  
a blessed angel came,  
and unto certain shepherds  
brought tidings of the same,  
how that in Bethlehem was born  
the Son of God by name:

The shepherds at those tidings  
rejoiced much in mind,  
and left their flocks a-feeding

in tempest, storm and wind,  
and went to Bethlehem straightway  
this blessed babe to find:

But when to Bethlehem they came,  
whereat this infant lay,  
they found him in a manger,  
where oxen feed on hay;  
His mother Mary kneeling,  
unto the Lord did pray:

Now to the Lord sing praises,  
all you within this place,  
and with true love and brotherhood  
each other now embrace;  
this holy tide of Christmas  
all others doth efface:

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## **Drama**

### **Solo: Who would have dreamed**

On a starlit hillside, shepherds watched  
their sheep;  
slowly, David's city drifted off to sleep;  
but to this little town of no great renown  
the Lord had a promise to keep.

Prophets had foretold it, a mighty King  
would come;  
long awaited Ruler, God's Anointed One;  
but the Sovereign of all looked helpless  
and small  
as God gave the world His own Son.

**And who would have dreamed or ever  
foreseen  
that we could hold God in our hands?**

**The Giver of Life is born in the night,  
revealing God's glorious plan  
to save the world.**

Wondrous gift of heaven: the Father  
sends the Son,  
planned from time eternal, moved by  
holy love;  
He will carry our curse and death He'll  
reverse  
so we can be daughters and sons.

Bob Kauflin and Jason Hansen © Sovereign Grace Praise

### **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**

### **Carol: We three kings**

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

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

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,  
gold I bring to crown Him again,  
King forever, ceasing never,  
over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I;  
incense owns a Deity nigh;  
prayer and praising, voices raising,  
worshiping God on high.

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume  
breathes a life of gathering gloom;  
sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,  
sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Glorious now behold him arise;  
King and God and sacrifice:  
Alleluia, Alleluia,  
sounds through the earth and skies.

John Henry Hopkins

### **Creed based on Phil 2:5-11**

**I believe in Jesus Christ, who, being in very nature God, did not consider equality with God something to be grasped, but made himself nothing, taking the very nature of a servant, being made in human likeness. And being found in appearance as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient to death - even death on a cross! Therefore God exalted him to the highest place and gave him the name that is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, in heaven and on earth and under the earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.**

**Reading: Matthew 2:1-12 (p.966)  
Sue Beeley**

**Christmas Message: Jonny Dyer (Vicar)**

## **Carol: Hark! The herald angels sing**

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 th' angelic host proclaim,  
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'  
Hark! the herald angels sing:  
'Glory to the new-born King!'

Christ, by highest heav'n adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
late in time behold Him come,  
offspring of a virgin's womb:  
veiled in flesh the Godhead see,  
hail th' incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as man with man to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel.  
Hark! the herald angels sing:  
'Glory to the new-born King.'

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Sun of righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
ris'n with healing in His wings;  
mild He lays His glory by,  
born that man 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.'

Charles Wesley, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

## **Closing prayer**