

## Prayers

*Amanda Pink, Team Chaplain*

### **Hark, the herald angels sing**

"Glory to the newborn 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 newborn 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 the incarnate Deity  
Pleased as man

    with man to dwell  
Jesus, our Emmanuel  
Hark! The herald angels sing  
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Hail the heav'n-born

    Prince of Peace!

Hail the Son 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 newborn King!"

## Blessing



We wish you all a  
very happy  
Christmas and  
much joy in 2023!

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# Carol Service 2022



**Tuesday 20th December**

**4pm**

**Eaglestone Courtyard**

**Welcome & opening reading:**

The prophets promise the Saviour  
*(Isaiah 7.14; Micah 5.2, 4: Isaiah 9.6), read by Sarah Crane, Head of Chaplaincy*

**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 poor and meek  
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.

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.  
Then like stars his children  
crowned,  
all in white, shall wait around.



**Reading: Jesus is born**

*(Luke 2:1-7), read by Yvonne Christley, Chief Nurse*

**O little Town of Bethlehem**

How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by  
Yet in the dark street shineth  
The everlasting Light  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight

For Christ is born of Mary  
And gathered all above  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth  
And praises sing to God, the King  
And peace to men on earth

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  
Oh, come to us, abide with us  
Our Lord Immanuel!

**Reading:** The Shepherds and Angels  
*(Luke 2:8-20), read by Ali Facey, Team Chaplain*

**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:

**Poem: And did it happen?**

And did it happen

That in a stable long ago,  
A weary couple,  
Who no-one should know,  
Should choose a manger,  
In spite of danger,  
To hold and hallow the Lord  
below?

And did it happen  
That in the stillness of the night,  
The woman laboured  
To let God see the light,  
And bathed and dressed him,  
Breastfed and blessed him,  
The Word incarnate whose time  
was right?

And did it happen  
That news of this first reached  
the poor,  
Compelled by angels  
To tiptoe to the door  
And see no trappings,  
Just linen wrappings,  
A baby for certain and God for  
sure?

And did it happen  
That all of this was meant to be,  
That God from distance  
Should choose to be set free  
And show uniqueness  
Transformed in weakness,  
That I might touch him and he  
touch me?

*By John Bell, read by Karen Jones, Medical Secretary—  
Orthopaedics*

**Stille Nacht!**

Sung by the choir of King's  
College Cambridge