

INSPIRING ANGELS

CAROL SINGING

Bring joy to Ipswich this Christmas

Once in Royal David's City

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 mean and lowly
lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all his wondrous childhood
he would honour and obey,
love and watch the gentle mother
in whose tender arms he lay:
Christian children all should be
kind, obedient, good as he.

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;
there his children gather round
bright like stars, with glory crowned.

Silent Night

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 Alleluia
Christ the Saviour is born
Christ the Saviour is born

Silent night, holy night
Son of God, 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

The angel Gabriel from heaven
came,
With wings as drifted snow, his eyes
as flame.
"All hail," said he, "O lowly maiden
Mary,
Most highly favoured lady." Gloria!

"How blest among all women you
shall be,
Whom ev'ry age will praise
continually.
Your Son shall be Emmanuel, by
seers foretold,
"Most highly favoured lady." Gloria!

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed
her head.
"To me be as it pleases God," she
said.
"My soul shall laud and magnify
God's 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

COME AND SING

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While Shepherds Watch Their Flocks

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
all seated on the ground,
an 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 simply wrapped in swaddling clothes
and in a manger laid."

Thus spoke the angel. Suddenly
appeared a shining throng
of angels praising God, who thus
addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
and to the earth be peace;
to those on whom his favour rests
goodwill shall never cease

O Little Town of Bethlehem

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 men on earth!
For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep,
Their watch of wond'ring 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 Emmanuel

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 the angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King"

Christ, by highest heaven 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 with us in flesh to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
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 the sons of earth,
born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King"

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