



Welcome to St Mary's Carols by the Crib

Tuesday 22 December 2024, 11pm

Long ago prophets knew

1. Long ago, prophets knew
Christ would come, born a Jew,
come to make all things new,
bear his people's burden,
freely love and pardon.
Ring, bells, ring, ring, ring!
Sing, choirs, sing, sing, sing!
When he comes,
when he comes.
who will make him welcome?

2. God in time, God in man,
this is God's timeless plan:
he will come, as a man,
born himself of woman,
God divinely human. *Refrain*

TiS 283

3. Mary, hail! Though afraid,
she believed, she obeyed.
In her womb God is laid:
till the time expected,
nurtured and protected. *Refrain*

4. Journey ends: where afar
Bethlem shines, like a star,
stable door stands ajar.
Unborn Son of Mary,
Saviour, do not tarry.
Ring, bells, ring, ring, ring!
Sing, choirs, sing, sing, sing!
Jesus comes,
Jesus comes:
we will make him welcome.

O little town of Bethlehem

TiS 316

1. O little town of Bethlehem,
how still we see you lie!
Above your deep and dreamless
sleep
the silent stars go by:
yet, in your dark streets shining
the everlasting light,
the hopes and fears of all the
years
are met in you tonight.
2. 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 all on earth.
3. 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.
4. 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
their great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
our Lord Immanuel.

Phillips Brooks 1835–93 alt.
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On Christmas night

TiS 300

1. On Christmas night all Christians
sing
to hear the news the angels bring;
on Christmas night all Christians
sing
to hear the news the angels bring:
news of great joy, news of great
mirth,
news of our merciful King's birth.
2. Then why should we on earth be
sad,
since our Redeemer made us glad?
Then why should we on earth be
sad,
since our Redeemer made us glad,
when from our sin he set us free,
all for to gain our liberty?

3. When sin departs before his grace,
then life and health come in its
place;
when sin departs before his grace,
then life and health come in its
place;
heaven and earth with joy may
sing,
all for to see the new-born King.

4. And so from darkness we have
light,
which made the angels sing this
night;
and so from darkness we have
light,
which made the angels sing this
night:
'Glory to God and peace descend
now and for evermore. Amen.'

Traditional English carol
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Once in royal David's city

TiS 312

1. 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.

2. 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, despised and
lowly
lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3. And through all his wondrous
childhood,
day by day like us he grew;
he was little, weak, and helpless,

tears and smiles like us he knew;
and he feels for all our sadness,
and he shares in all our gladness.

4. 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.

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

Cecil Frances Alexander 1818–95 alt..
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Infant Holy

TiS 292

1. Infant holy,
infant lowly,
for his bed a cattle stall;
oxen lowing,
little knowing
Christ the babe is Lord of all;
swift are winging
angels singing,
nowells ringing,
tidings bringing,
Christ the babe is Lord of all,
Christ the babe is Lord of all.

2. Flocks were sleeping,
shepherds keeping
vigil till the morning new
saw the glory,
heard the story,
tidings of a gospel true;
thus rejoicing,
free from sorrow,
praises voicing,
greet the morrow,
Christ the babe was born for you,
Christ the babe was born for you.

Polish carol (?13th cent.) tr. Edith Gellibrand Reed 1885–1933.
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Ding dong merrily on high

1. Ding dong merrily on high,
In heav'n the bells are ringing:
Ding dong! Verily the sky
Is riv'n with angel Singing.
Gloria! Gloria!
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

2. E'en so here below, below,
Let steeple bells be swungen

And "I – o, I – o, I – o!"
By priest and people sungen.
Response

3. Pray you, dutifully prime
Your matin chime, ye ringers;
May you beautifully rime
Your evetime song, ye singers.
Response

arr. David Willcocks

