

Large Print Hymns

24 December - 13 January



Anglican

Parish of Woy Woy



December 24: Eucharist of Christmas Night ("Midnight Mass")

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

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.

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.

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.

303 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 you 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 new-born 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 in human 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 need die,
born to raise us from the earth,
born to give us second birth.

*Hark the herald angels sing
glory to the new-born King.*

Charles Wesley
1707-88 and others

299 While shepherds watched

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, who thus
addressed their joyful song:

'All glory be to God on high,
and to the earth be peace;
good-will henceforth from heaven to earth
begin and never cease.'

Nahum Tate
1652-1715 alt.

311 Silent night

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright,
round the virgin, mother 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!
wondrous star, lend your light
with the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our King
Christ our Saviour is born,
Christ our Saviour is born.

Joseph Mohr 1792-1848
tr. John Freeman Young 1820-85 alt.

304 O come all ye faithful

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.*

True God of true God,
Light of light eternal,
lo, he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Son of the father, begotten not created;

See how the shepherds,
summoned to his cradle,
leaving their flocks, draw nigh with holy fear;
we too will thither bend our joyful footsteps:

Sing, choirs of angels,
sing in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;
glory to God, glory in the highest;

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
born this happy morning,
Jesus to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing;

Possibly by John Francis Wade c.1711-1786
tr. Frederick Oakeley 1802-80,
William Thomas Brooke 1848-1917 (vv.3-5) and others

December 25: The Birth of our Lord

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joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
come and behold him,
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318 Away in a manger

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 baby awakes,
but little Lord Jesus no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,
and stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask thee to stay
close by me for ever and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
and fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.

vv. 1-2, Anon. ?1885

v.3, Anon. ?1892

Arrangement © L. F. Bartlett

301 The first nowell

The first Nowell the angel did say

was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
in fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
on a cold winter's night that was so deep.

*Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.*

When they looked up and saw a star
shining in the east beyond them far,
and to the earth it gave great light,
and so it continued both day and night.

And by the light of that same star,
three wise men came from country far;
to seek a King was their intent,
and to follow the star wherever it went.

This star drew nigh to the northwest,
over Bethlehem it took its rest,
and there it did both stop and stay,
right over the place where Jesus lay.

Then entered in those wise men three,
and reverently upon their knee,
they offered there in his presence,
their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Now let us all with one accord
sing praises to our heavenly Lord;
who has made heaven and earth from nought,
and with his blood salvation brought.

Anon., English c.17th cent.

299 While Shepherds watched

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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
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;
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'The heavenly babe you there shall find
to human view displayed,
all meanly wrapped in swadling clothes,
and in a manger laid.'

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and to the earth be peace;
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Nahum Tate
1652-1715 alt.

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join the triumph of the skies;
with the angelic host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'

*Hark the herald angels sing
glory to the new-born 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 in human flesh to dwell,
Jesus our Emmanuel.

Hark the herald angels sing

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 need die,
born to raise us from the earth
born to give us second birth.

Hark the herald angels sing

Charles Wesley
1707-88 and others

December 30: 1st Sunday after Christmas

293 Unto us a boy is born

1. Unto us a boy is born!
King of all creation,
came he to a world forlorn,
the Lord of every nation.

2. Cradled in a stall was he
with sleepy cows and asses;
but the very beasts could see
that he us all surpasses.

3. Herod then with fear was filled:
'A prince,' he said, 'in Jewry!'
All the little boys he killed
at Bethlem in his fury.

4. Now may Mary's son, who came
so long ago to love us,
lead us all with hearts aflame
unto the joys above us.

5. Omega and Alpha he!
Let the organ thunder,
while the choir with peals of glee
now rends the air asunder.

- 6.

Anon., Latin 15th cent.
tr. Percy Dearmer 1867-1936 alt.
Words from the Oxford Book of Carols
by permission Oxford University Press

319 Child in the manger

Child in the manger, infant of Mary;
outcast and stranger, Lord of all!
Child who inherits all our transgressions,
all our demerits on him fall.

Once the most holy child of salvation
gentle and lowly lived below;
now, as our glorious mighty Redeemer,
see him victorious over each foe.

Prophets foretold him, infant of wonder;
angels behold him on his throne;
worthy our Saviour of all their praises;
happy for ever are his own.

Mary Macdonald 1789-1872
tr. Lachlan Macbean 1853-1931 alt.
Arrangement © L. F. Bartlett

MP1346 One more step along the world

One more step along the world I go,
One more step along the world I go;
From the old things to the new,
Keep me travelling along with You.

*And it's from the old I travel to the new;
Keep me travelling along with you.*

Round the corners of the world I turn,
More and more about the world I learn;
All the new things that I see
You'll be looking at along with me.

Chorus

As I travel through the bad and good,
Keep me travelling the way I should;
Where I see no way to go.
You'll be telling me the way, I know.

Chorus

Give me courage when the world is rough,
Keep me loving though the world is tough;
Leap and sing in all I do,
Keep me travelling along with You.

Chorus

You are older than the world can be,
You are younger than the life in me;
Ever old and ever new,
Keep me travelling along with You.

Chorus

Sydney Carter

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741 O Lord hear my pray'r

O Lord hear my pray'r,
O Lord hear my pray'r:
when I call answer me.
O Lord hear my pray'r,
O Lord hear my pray'r.
Come and listen to me.

From the Taizé Community (1991)
Psalm 102: 1,2
Words and music by permissio

687 God gives us a future

God gives us a future, daring us to go
into dreams and dangers on a path unknown.
We will face tomorrow in the Spirit's power,
we will let God change us, for new life starts now.

We must leave behind us sins of yesterday,
for God's new beginning is a better way.
Fear and doubt and habit must not hold us back:
God gives hope, and insight, and the strength we lack.

Holy Spirit, teach us how to read the signs,
how to meet the challenge of our troubled times.
Love us into action, stir us into prayer,
till we choose God's life, and find our future there.

Elizabeth J. Smith
1956-
Words © E. J. Smith
Music from 30 Twentieth Century Hymn Tunes
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Descant © Matthias

January 6: The Epiphany of Our Lord

275 Hail to the Lord's anointed

Hail to the Lord's anointed,
great David's greater Son;
hail, in the time appointed,
his reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
to let the captive free,
and take away transgression,
and rule in equity.

He comes with help and mercy
to those who suffer wrong,
to raise the poor and needy,
and bid the weak be strong,
to give them songs for sighing,
their darkness turn to light,
whose souls condemned and dying
were precious in his sight.

He shall come down like showers
upon the fruitful earth,
and love, joy, hope, like flowers,
spring in his path to birth;
before him on the mountains
shall peace the herald go,
and righteousness in fountains
from hill to valley flow.

Kings shall fall down before him,
and gold and incense bring;
all nations shall adore him,
his praise all people sing;
to him shall prayer unceasing
and daily vows ascend;
his kingdom still increasing,
a kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
he on his throne shall rest,
from age to age more glorious,
all blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
his covenant remove;
his name shall stand for ever,
that name to us is love.

James Montgomery
1771-1854 alt.

MP589 Calypso Carol

See Him lying on a bed of straw;
A draughty stable with an open door;
Mary cradling the babe she bore -
The Prince of Glory is his name.

*O now carry me to Bethlehem
to see the Lord appear to men -
Just as poor as was the stable then,
the Prince of glory when He came.*

Star of silver, sweep across the skies,
Show where Jesus in the manger lies;
Shepherds, swiftly from your stupor rise
To see the Saviour of the world!

Chorus

Angels, sing the song that you began,
Bring God's glory to the heart of man;
Sing that Bethl'em's little baby can
Be salvation to the soul.

Chorus

Mine are riches, from Your poverty,
From Your innocence, eternity;
Mine forgiveness by Your death for me,
Child of sorrow for my joy.

Chorus

Michael Perry (1942-96)

© Mrs B Perry/The Jubilate Group

454 Worship the Lord

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
bring, and adore him: the Lord is his name.

Low at his feet lay your burden of carefulness,
high on his heart he will bear it for you,
comfort your sorrows, and answer your prayerfulness,
guiding your steps in the way best for you.

Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness
of the poor wealth you would reckon to own:
truth in its beauty and love in its tenderness,
these are the offerings to bring to his throne.

These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
he will accept for the name that is dear,
mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
bring, and adore him: the Lord is his name.

609 May the mind of Christ

May the mind of Christ my Saviour
live in me from day to day,
by his love and power controlling
all I do and say.

May the word of God dwell richly
in my heart from hour to hour
so that all may see I triumph
only through his power.

May the peace of God my Father
rule my life in everything,
that I may be calm to comfort
sick and sorrowing.

May the love of Jesus fill me
as the waters fill the sea;
him exalting, self denying,
this is victory.

May I run the race before me
strong and brave to face the foe,
looking only unto Jesus
As I onward go.

Katie Barclay Wilkinson
1859-1928 alt.
Music © D. R. Gould

314 As with gladness men of old

As with gladness men of old
did the guiding star behold,
as with joy they hailed its light,
leading onward, beaming bright:
so, most gracious Lord, may we
evermore your glory see.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to your lowly bed,
there to bend the knee before
one whom heaven and earth adore:
so may we with willing feet
ever seek your mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
at your cradle rough and bare:
so may we with holy joy,
pure, and free from sin's alloy,
all our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to you, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
keep us in the narrow way;
and, when earthly things are past,
bring our ransomed souls at last
where they need no star to guide,
where no clouds your glory hide;

in the heavenly country bright
need they no created light:
you its light, its joy, its crown,
you its sun which goes not down.
There for ever may we sing
hallelujahs to our King.

William Chatterton Dix
1837-

January 13: The Baptism of our Lord

459 In Christ there is no east or west

In Christ there is no east or west,
in him no south or north,
but one great fellowship of love
throughout the whole wide earth.

In Christ shall true hearts everywhere
their high communion find,
his service is the golden cord
close-binding humankind.

Join hands, then, people of the faith,
whate'er your race may be;
who serves my Father as his child
is surely kin to me.

In Christ now meet both east and west,
in him meet south and north,
all Christlike souls are one in him
throughout the whole wide earth.

William Arthur Dunkerley
(‘John Oxenham’) 1852-1941 alt.

203 Fairest Lord Jesus

Fairest Lord Jesus,
Lord of all creation,
Son of God, and Mary's son:
you will I cherish,
you will I honour,
you are my soul's delight and crown.

Fair are the meadows,
fairer still the woodlands
robed in the greenness and bloom of spring:
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
he makes the saddest heart to sing.

Fair are the flowers,
fairer still the children
in all the freshness of youth arrayed;
yet is their beauty
fading and fleeting;
Lord Jesus, yours will never fade.

Fair is the moonlight,
fairer still the sunshine,
fair is the shimmering starry sky:
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines clearer
than all the heavenly host on high.

Jesus, all beauty,
heavenly and earthly,
in you is wondrously found to be;
none can be nearer,
fairer or dearer
than you, my Saviour, are to me.

MP697 Thou didst leave Thy throne

Thou didst leave Thy throne
And Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home
Was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Heaven's arches rang
When the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth
Cam'st Thou Lord, on earth,
And in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

The foxes found rest.
And the birds their nest,
In the shade of the cedar-tree;
But Thy couch was thyme sod,
O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee;
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Thou camest, O Lord,
With the living word
That should set Thy people free;
But, with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
O Come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
Thy cross is my only plea.

When heaven's arches ring,
And her choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home,
Saying, 'Yet there is room,
There is room at my side for thee!'
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott (1836-97)

730 Jesus remember me

Jesus, remember me
when you come into your kingdom.
Jesus, remember me
when you come into your kingdom.

Luke 23:42

(Taizé setting)

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207 Jesus shall reign

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
does its successive journeys run;
his kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For him shall endless prayer be made,
and praises throng to crown his head;
his name like sweet perfume shall rise
with every morning sacrifice;

people and realms of every tongue
dwell on his love with sweetest song;
and infant voices shall proclaim
their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns:
the prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
the weary find eternal rest;
and all who suffer want are blessed.

Where he displays his healing power
death and the curse are known no more;
in him the tribes of Adam boast
more blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise and bring
the highest honours to our King,
angels descend with songs again,
and earth repeat the long amen.

Isaac Watts
1674-1748 alt.

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