

Markinch Parish Church

Christmas Eve 2013

Family Service

“Three Wise Men and A Wiser Woman”

Led by members of Markinch Parish Church



Please remain seated while singing the hymns

Call to Worship

**Welcome to our carol service
“Three Wise Men and A Wiser Woman.”**

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:

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
born for our salvation;
Jesus, to thee be glory given:
Word of the Father
Now in flesh appearing:

Your Offerings Will Now Be Received.

Luke tells of the birth of Jesus

It was on a starry night when the hills were bright,
earth lay sleeping, sleeping calm and still;
then in a cattle shed, in a manger bed,
a boy was born, King of all the world.

*And all the angels sang for him, the bells of heaven rang for him;
for a boy was born, King of all the world.*

*And all the angels sang for him, the bells of heaven rang for him;
for a boy was born, King of all the world.*

Soon the shepherds came that way, where the baby lay,
and were kneeling, kneeling by his side,
to celebrate his birth bringing peace on earth;
a boy was born, King of all the world.

The story continued ...

The Virgin Mary had a baby boy

The Virgin Mary had a baby boy
The Virgin Mary had a baby boy
And they say that His name is Jesus.

*He came from the glory
He came from the glorious kingdom
He came from the glory
He came from the glorious kingdom
Oh yes, believer!
Oh yes, believer!
He came from the glory
He came from the glorious kingdom.*

The angels sang when the baby was born
The angels sang when the baby was born
The angels sang when the baby was born
And proclaimed Him the Saviour, Jesus.

He came from the glory ...

The wise men saw where the baby was born
The wise men saw where the baby was born
The wise men saw where the baby was born
And they said that His name was Jesus.

He came from the glory ...

The story continued ...

O little town of Bethlehem

How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by
Yet in your dark streets is shining
The everlasting Light
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God, the King
And peace to all on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering 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 to-day
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell
O come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel!

The story continued ...

Still the night, holy the night!

Sleeps the world; hid from sight,
Mary and Joseph in stable bare
Watch o'er the Child beloved and fair,
Sleeping in heavenly rest,
Sleeping in heavenly rest.

Still the night, holy the night!

Shepherds first saw the light,
heard resounding clear and long,
far and near the angel-song,
Christ the Redeemer is here!
Christ the Redeemer is here!

Still the night, holy the night!

Son of God, O how bright
Love is smiling from thy face!
Strikes for us now the hour of grace,
Saviour, since thou art born!
Saviour, since thou art born!



The story continued ...

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 you to stay
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray;
Bless all the dear children in your tender care,
And fit us for Heaven to live with you there.

The story continued ...

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
gently and lowly
lived below;
now, as our glorious
mighty Redeemer,
see him victorious
o'er 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.

The story continued ...

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

The story continued ...

Prayers

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 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 as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!

*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 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'.*

The Christmas Blessing

The Glory of Christmas in Markinch Parish Church

Christmas Watchnight Service 11.30pm - Christmas Morning 10.00am

The flowers in Church over Christmas were gifted by Isobel Eadie in memory of her parents Christina and Ernest Eadie, on the occasion of her birthday.