

Christmas at St Michael's, Stoke Gifford



Sunday 9 December Children's Nativity
10.30am - St Michael's Centre

Saturday 15 December Comedians and Carols
7.30pm - St Michael's Centre
Tickets £10/£8 from stmichaelsbristol.org/smcevents

Sunday 16 December Carol Services
4pm & 6.30pm— St Michael's Church

Sunday 23 December
9am Holy Communion - St Michael's Church
10.30am Family Celebration - St Michael's Centre
6.30pm Evening Celebration - St Michael's Centre

Christmas Eve

3pm Crib Service - St Michael's Centre
11.15pm Midnight Communion - St Michael's Church

Christmas Day

10am Family Communion - St Michael's Centre

New Year's Eve

8pm Big New Year's Party - St Michael's Centre

stmichaelsbristol.org

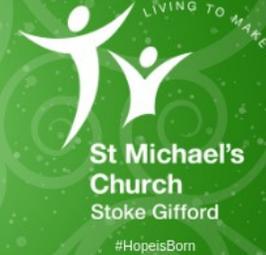
#HopelsBorn



A collection will be taken for
Caring at Christmas and Bristol Churches Winter Night Shelter
Registered Charities 1151645 & 298528



Carols on the Green



Saturday 8 December 2018

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 lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For he is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day, like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness

Away in a manger no crib for His 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 'til morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus,
I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever
And love me I pray
Bless all the dear children
in Thy tender care
And take us to heaven to live with Thee
there

O come all ye faithful
joyful and triumphant
Oh come ye O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him
Born the King of angels;
O come let us adore him (x3)
Christ the Lord.

God of God light of light
Lo he abhors not the virgin's womb;
Very God begotten not created:
O come let us adore him (x3)
Christ the Lord.

Sing choirs of angels sing in exultation
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God in the highest:
O come let us adore him (x3)
Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord we greet Thee,
Born that happy morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory given,
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing
O come let us adore him (x3)
Christ the Lord.

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

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 to us today
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell
O come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel

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, loves pure light;
Radiant beams Thy holy face
With the dawn of saving grace
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth

In the bleak midwinter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him
Nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty,
Jesus Christ.

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb
If I were a wiseman
I would do my part
Yet what can I give Him
Give my heart

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 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 Emmanuel
Hark! The herald angels sing
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Hail the heaven-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!"