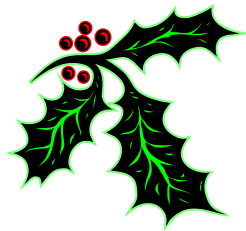


Tynwald Carol Service

St Georges Church

Thursday, 15th December 2011 at 1.05 pm



Tynwald Carol Service
Thursday, 13th December 2012 at 1.10pm
Trinity Church, Douglas

Welcome

The Reverend Dee Dee Haines

Carol

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 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 like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

Bidding prayer

The Reverend Bill Martin, Chaplain of the House of Keys

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come; thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power, and the glory
for ever and ever. Amen.

Carol

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even:
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

Gentlemen

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

Ladies

"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

Gentlemen

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."

All

Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together:
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

Ladies

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer."

Gentlemen

"Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

All

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted.
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

First reading

*God announces in the Garden of Eden that the seed of woman shall
bruise the serpent's head*
Genesis 3: 8-15

Choir

Adam lay ybounden
Peter Warlock

Second reading

The prophet Micah foretells the glory of little Bethlehem
Micah 5: 2-4

Carol

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.

Choir only

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.

All

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.

Third reading

St Matthew tells of the birth of Jesus
Matthew 1: 18-23

Choir

Sing soft and low
Words by "Cushag"; music by Miss M. L. Wood

Carol

Joy to the world! the Lord has come;
Let earth receive her King.
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let us our songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.

Fourth reading

St John unfolds the great mystery of the Incarnation
John 1: 1-14

Carol

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:

Prayers

The Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man

Carol

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 heav'n 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 heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun 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!

Blessing

The Reverend Dee Dee Haines

The Royal Anthem

The National Anthem

*The collection will be taken during the final carol – ‘Hark the Herald Angels Sing’ –
and will be donated to our hosts, Trinity Church.*

We are grateful to the brass quintet Sheean Prash and the organist Mr Mike Porter.

Please stay for refreshments afterwards.