

OPENING HYMN.

Cradled all lowly,
Behold the Saviour child,
A Being holy,
In dwelling rude and wild !

Ne'er yet was regal state
Of monarch proud and great,
Who grasp'd a nation's fate,
So glorious as the manger bed
of Bethlehem.

No longer sorrow
As without hope, oh Earth !
A brighter morrow
Dawn'd with that infant's birth !

Our sins were great and sore,
But these the Saviour bore,
And God was wroth no more,
His own Son was the child
that lay in Bethlehem !

Babe, weak and wailing,
In lowly village stall,
Thy glory veiling,
Thou cam'st to die for all !

The sacrifice is done,
The world's atonement won,
Till time its course hath run,
O Jesu Saviour ! Morning Star
of Bethlehem !

VENITE - - - *By Humphreys*
PSALMS—xix., xlv., lxxxv. - *Dr. Greene ; Tours*
TE DEUM - - - *J. L. Hopkins*
JUBILATE - - - *Tours*

ANTHEM.

Music by J. Goss.

"Behold ! I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—Luke ii., 10, 11.

HYMN 1.

1.

HARK ! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King ;
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth and man forgiven."
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.