

Benefice All Age
Sunday 28th December 2025

687 – Unto Us a boy is born!

Unto us a boy is born!
King of all creation;
came he to a world forlorn,
the Lord of ev'ry nation,
the Lord of ev'ry nation.

Cradled in a stall was he,
watched by cows and asses;
but the very beasts could see
that he the world surpasses,
that he the world surpasses.

Then the fearful Herod cried,
'Pow'r is mine in Jewry!'
So the blameless children died
the victims of his fury,
the victims of his fury.

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

Omega and Alpha he!
Let the organ thunder,
while the choir with peals of glee
shall rend the air asunder,
shall rend the air asunder.

15th century trans. Percy Dearmer (1867-1936) alt.

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 of love again
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.

O now carry me to Bethlehem,
to see the Lord of love again
just as poor as was the stable then
the Prince of Glory when he came

Angels sing again the song you sang,
sing the glory of the God's gracious plan;
Sing that Beth'lems little baby can
be the Saviour of us all.

O now carry me to Bethlehem,
to see the Lord of love again
just as poor as was the stable then
the Prince of Glory when he came.

Michael Perry Song no 626892

318 – In the bleak mid-winter

(Vs 1, 2 and 5)

In the bleak mid-winter
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, heav'n cannot hold him
nor earth sustain;
heav'n 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 wise man
I would do my part,
yet what I can I give him:
give my heart.

Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830-1894)

Joy to the world

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

Joy to the earth! The Saviour reigns:
Let us our songs employ
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy
Repeat the sounding joy
Repeat, repeat the sound joy.

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

Handel. Neumann Music 4882408