



Welcome to worship

Sunday 14 December 2025, 10am

Nativity

Welcome

The lighting of the third Advent candle

Prayer for our young people as they leave to rehearse the Nativity

Hymn (MP 493)

¹O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.

*Rejoice, rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.*

²O come, O come, thou Lord of might
Who to thy tribes on Sinai's height
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

³O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save
And give them victory o'er the grave.

⁴O come, thou Dayspring, come and cheer

Our spirits by thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

⁵O come, thou Key of David, come
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

(Tr. John Mason Neale, altd.)

Carol (from carol sheet, 10)

¹In 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 midwinter,
Long ago.

²Our God, heaven cannot hold him,
Nor earth sustain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When he comes to reign.
In the bleak midwinter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty,
Jesus Christ.

Confession

Lord our God,
in our sin we have avoided your call.
Our love for you is like a morning cloud,
like the dew that goes away early.
Have mercy on us;
deliver us from judgement;
bind up our wounds and revive us;
in Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

³Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Thronged the air.
But his mother only,
In her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the Belovèd
With a kiss.

⁴What 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.

Absolution

Collect – 3rd Sunday of Advent

Reading: Matthew 11:2-11

When John, who was in prison, heard about the deeds of the Messiah, he sent his disciples to ask him, “Are you the one who is to come, or should we expect someone else?”

Jesus replied, “Go back and report to John what you hear and see: The blind receive sight, the lame walk, those who have leprosy are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and the good news is proclaimed to the poor. Blessed is anyone who does not stumble on account of me.”

As John’s disciples were leaving, Jesus began to speak to the crowd about John: “What did you go out into the wilderness to see? A reed swayed by the wind? If not, what did you go out to see? A man dressed in fine clothes? No, those who wear fine clothes are in kings’ palaces. Then what did you go out to see? A prophet? Yes, I tell you, and more than a prophet. This is the one about whom it is written:

“‘I will send my messenger ahead of you,
who will prepare your way before you.’

Truly I tell you, among those born of women there has not risen anyone greater than John the Baptist; yet whoever is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he.

This is the word of the Lord. **Thanks be to God.**

Carol (15)

¹O 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.

²O 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.

³How 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.

⁴O 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 Immanuel!

Our Nativity play

Talk

Carol (19)

¹See 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.*

²Star 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!

³Angels, sing again the song you sang,
Sing the glory of God's gracious plan;
Sing that Bethlehem's little baby can, be the saviour of us all.

⁴Mine are riches, from your poverty,
From your innocence, eternity;
Mine, forgiveness by your death for me,
Child of sorry for my joy.

Thanksgiving for our offering

Affirmation of faith

Christ died for our sins
in accordance with the Scriptures;
he was buried;
he was raised to life on the third day
in accordance with the Scriptures;
afterwards he appeared to his followers,
and to all the apostles:
this we have received,
and this we believe. Amen.

Prayers

Lord's prayer

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name,
your kingdom come, your will be done,
on earth as in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins, as we forgive those who sin against us.
Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power,
and the glory are yours
now and for ever. Amen.

Notices and family news

Carol (9)

¹Hark! 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!

²Christ, 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.'

³Hail 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 we 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.'

Blessing

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