

MOSELEY HALL GRAMMAR SCHOOL  
CHEADLE



A CHRISTMAS SERVICE  
of CAROLS and LESSONS  
at St. Mary's Parish Church  
CHEADLE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16th, at 2-15 p.m.  
MONDAY, DECEMBER 19th at 7 p.m.  
1955

## ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

Solo

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.

All

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.

## PRAYERS

Rev. GORDON HARMAN, M.A.

## CAROL. MID-WINTER.

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, 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.

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.

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.

Angels and Archangels  
 May have gathered there,  
 Cherubim and Seraphim  
 Thronged the air:  
 But only His mother  
 In her maiden bliss  
 Worshipped the Belovèd  
 With a kiss.

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.

## CAROL — PAST THREE O'CLOCK.

Past three o'clock,  
 And a cold frosty morning:  
 Past three o'clock;  
 Good morrow masters all!  
 Born is a Baby,  
 Gentle as may be,  
 Son of th' eternal  
 Father supernal.

Seraph quire singeth,  
 Angel bell ringeth:  
 Hark how they rime it,  
 Time it, and chime it.  
 Past three o'clock, etc.

Cheese from the dairy  
 Bring they for Mary,  
 And, not for money,  
 Butter and honey.  
 Past three o'clock, etc.

Light out of star-land  
 Leadeth from far land  
 Princes, to meet Him,  
 Worship and greet Him.  
 Past three o'clock, etc.

## SECOND LESSON—Isaiah ix. vv. 2-7

READ BY A GIRL SCHOLAR

## FRENCH CAROL

## O DIEU, QUEL ASTRE NOUVEAU

O Dieu! quel astre nouveau,  
 Qu'il est beau!  
 Ah! je n'ai vu de ma vie  
 Rien de si prodigieux  
 Dans les cieux;  
 Ma vue en est éblouie!

Aussitôt ces trois grands rois  
 Que je vois  
 Suivant la belle comète,  
 S'en vont chercher un enfant  
 Triomphant,  
 Rois des Juifs et grand prophète.

A peine les rois s'ortis  
 Et partis,  
 Ils voient à nouveau paraître  
 La belle étoile qui luit  
 Et conduit  
 A Jésus notre bon maître

## CAROL — THE HOLLY AND THE IVY.

The holly and the ivy,  
 When they are both full grown,  
 Of all the trees that are in the wood,  
 The holly bears the crown:

Chorus —

The rising of the sun,  
 And the running of the deer,  
 The playing of the merry organ,  
 Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears the blossom,  
 As white as the lily flower,  
 And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
 To be our sweet Saviour.  
 The rising of the sun, etc.

The holly bears a berry,  
 As red as any blood,  
 And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
 For to do us sinners good:  
 The rising of the sun, etc.

The holly bears a prickle,  
 As sharp as any thorn,  
 And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
 On Christmas day in the morn:  
 The rising of the sun, etc.

The holly bears a bark,  
 As bitter as any gall,  
 And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
 For to redeem us all.  
 The rising of the sun, etc.

The holly and the ivy,  
 When they are both full grown,  
 Of all the trees that are in the wood,  
 The holly bears the crown:  
 The rising of the sun, etc.

## CAROL — GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN

God rest you merry, Gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour,  
Was born upon this day,  
To save us all from Satan's power  
When we were gone astray:

Chorus —

O tidings of comfort and joy,  
comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

In Bethlehem in Jewry  
This blessed babe was born,  
And laid within a manger,  
Upon this blessed morn;  
The which His Mother Mary  
Nothing did take in scorn:  
O tidings, etc.

## SPANISH CAROL — LAS POSADAS

¿Quién les da posada  
a estos peregrinos  
que vienen cansados  
de andar los caminos ?

Por más que digáis  
que venís rendidos  
no damos posada  
a desconocidos.

Venimos rendidos  
desde Nazaret  
yo soy carpintero  
de nombre José

Posada os damos  
con mucha alegría  
entra, José justo  
entra con María.

## FOURTH LESSON — Isaiah lii, vv. 6-10.

## READ BY THE HEAD BOY

## CAROL — THE FIRST NOWELL.

## CONGREGATION AND CHOIR

The first Nowell the Angels did say,  
Was to certain poor shepherds  
in fields as they lay;  
In fields where they lay keeping  
their sheep,  
On a cold winter's night that was  
so deep.  
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,  
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a Star  
Shining in the East, beyond  
them far,  
And to the earth it gave great light,  
And so it continued both day  
and night.  
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,  
Born is the King of Israel.

From God our heavenly Father  
A blessed angel came,  
And unto certain shepherds  
Brought tidings of the same,  
How that in Bethlehem was born  
The Son of God by name:  
O tidings, etc.

Now to the Lord sing praises,  
All you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood  
Each other now embrace;  
This holy tide of Christmas  
All others doth deface:  
O tidings, etc.

And by the light of that same Star,  
Three Wise men came from  
country far;  
To seek for a king was their intent,  
And to follow the Star wherever  
it went.  
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,  
Born is the King of Israel.

This Star drew nigh to the  
north-west,  
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,  
And there it doth stop and stay,  
Right over the place where  
Jesus lay.  
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,  
Born is the King of Israel.

Then entered in those Wise men three  
Full reverently upon their knee,  
And offered there, in His Presence,  
Their gold, and myrrh, and  
frankincense.  
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,  
Born is the King of Israel.

Then let us all with one accord,  
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,  
That hath made Heaven and earth  
of naught,  
And with His blood mankind  
hath bought.  
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,  
Born is the King of Israel.

## CAROL — A LITTLE CHILD.

A little child on the earth has  
been born;  
He came to the earth for the sake  
of us all.

He came to earth, but no home  
did He find;  
He came to earth, and its cross  
did he bear.  
He came to earth for the sake  
of us all,  
And wishes us all a Happy New Year.

## FIFTH LESSON — St. Luke ii, vv. 1-7.

## READ BY SENIOR MASTER

## CAROL —

## O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

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 to-night.

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.

For Christ is born of Mary;  
And, gather'd 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;

O holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas Angels  
The great glad tidings tell:  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel.

## NATIVITY

When the herds were watching  
In the midnight chill,  
Came a spotless lambkin  
From the heavenly hill.

When 'twas bitter winter,  
Homeless and forlorn  
In a star-lit stable  
Christ the babe was born.

Snow was on the mountains  
And the wind was cold,  
When from God's own garden  
Dropped a rose of gold.

Welcome, heavenly lambkin;  
Welcome, golden rose;  
Alleluia, baby  
In the swaddling clothes!

## CAROL — ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY

Angels from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sang creations story  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ the new-born  
King.

Shepherds in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing;  
Yonder shines the infant Light:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ the new-born  
King.

Though an infant now we view Him,  
He shall fill His Father's throne,  
Gather all the nations to Him;  
Every knee shall then bow down.  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ the new-born  
King.

## GERMAN CAROL — Es ist ein' Ros' entsprungen

I.  
Es ist ein' Ros' entsprungen  
aus einer Wurzel zart,  
wie uns Die Alten sangen  
von Jesse kam die Art,  
und hat ein Blümlein bracht  
mitten im kalten Winter wohl zu  
der halben Nacht.

III.  
Lob, Ehr sei Gott dem Vater,  
dem Sohn und heiligen Geist.  
Maria, Gottes Mutter,  
dein Hülff an uns beweis  
und bitt dein liebes Kind,  
dass er uns wohl behüten,  
verzeihen unser Sünd.

## SEVENTH LESSON — St. Luke ii, vv. 8-14

READ BY A PARENT

## CAROL — JESU, GOOD ABOVE ALL OTHER

Jesu, good above all other,  
Gentle Child of gentle mother,  
In a stable born our Brother,  
Give us grace to persevere.

Jesu, cradled in a manger,  
For us facing every danger,  
Living as a homeless stranger,  
Make we thee our King most dear.

## CONGREGATION AND CHOIR

Sages leave your contemplations;  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of Nations;  
Ye have seen His natal star:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ the new-born  
King.

Saints before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In His temple shall appear:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ the new-born  
King.

II.  
Ein Stern mit hellem Scheine  
drei König führt geschwind  
aus Morgenland mit Eile  
zum neugebornen Kind,  
brachten ihm reichen Gold  
und schenken ihm mit Freuden,  
Myrrh, Weihrauch, köstlich Gold.

III.  
Lob, Ehr sei Gott dem Vater,  
dem Sohn und heiligen Geist.  
Maria, Gottes Mutter,  
dein Hülff an uns beweis  
und bitt dein liebes Kind,  
dass er uns wohl behüten,  
verzeihen unser Sünd.

Jesu, for thy people dying,  
Risen Master, death defying,  
Lord in heaven, thy grace supplying,  
Keep us to thy presence near.

Lord, in all our doings guide us;  
Pride and hate shall ne'er divide us;  
We'll go on with thee beside us  
And with joy we'll persevere!

## FRENCH CAROL — LE SEIGNEUR AUJOURD'HUI

Le Seigneur aujourd'hui a vaincu  
les enfers;  
On ne vit plus dans l'esclavage!  
Si Jésus a rompu nos fers,  
Si Jésus a rompu nos fers,  
Le démon n'a pas moins de rage,  
Le démon n'a pas moins de rage.

Sauvez-nous donc, Noël, sauvez-nous  
cette fois;  
Ah! sauvez-nous, Dieu seul suprême,  
Oui, sauvez-nous, grand Roi des Rois,  
Oui, sauvez-nous, grand Roi des Rois,  
Mettez ainsi fin à nos peines,  
Mettez ainsi fin à nos peines.

Ah! quel plaisir, bergers, quel  
bonheur ici-bas!  
Vivons, bergers, sous cet empire;  
Chantons, chantons jusqu'au trépas,  
Chantons, chantons jusqu'au trépas,  
Noël et tout ce qu'il inspire,  
Noël et tout ce qu'il inspire.

## EIGHTH LESSON — St. Luke ii, vv. 15-20

READ BY A GOVERNOR

## CAROL — GOOD KING WENCESLAS

## CONGREGATION AND CHOIR

(Cong.)

(Cong.)

*Chorus*

Good King Wenceslas look'd 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,  
Gath'ring winter fuel.

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

*Page*

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

*King*

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

*King*

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

*Page*

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

(Cong.)

*Chorus*

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.

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

## ROCKING CAROL.

Little Jesus, sweetly sleep, do not stir;  
 We will lend a coat of fur,  
 We will rock you, rock you, rock you,  
 We will rock you, rock you, rock you,  
 See the fur to keep you warm.  
 Snugly round your tiny form,

Mary's little baby sleep,  
 Sleep in comfort, slumber deep;  
 We will rock you, rock you, rock you,  
 We will rock you, rock you, rock you,  
 We will serve you all we can,  
 Darling, darling little man.

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 NINTH LESSON — St. John i, vv. 1-11

 READ BY THE HEAD MASTER
 

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## HYMN-CAROL — O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

## CONGREGATION AND CHOIR

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  
 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  
 Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels,  
 Sing in exultation  
 Sing, all ye citizens of Heav'n above,  
 Glory to God in the highest,  
 O come let us adore Him  
 Christ the Lord.

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 COLLECT FOR CHRISTMAS DAY
 

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## RECESSIONAL HYMN

## CONGREGATION AND CHOIR

Hark! 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 th' Angelic host proclaim,  
 "Christ is Born in Bethlehem".  
 Hark! the herald angels sing,  
 Glory to the new-born 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 Immanuel.  
 Hark! the herald angels sing,  
 Glory to the new-born King.

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Hail, 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 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 new-born King.