**Voices United**

**Hymn #50**

**He is Born**

**He is born, little Child divine;
play on the reeds while the lutes are strumming.
He is born, little Child divine;
join the song to announce the day.**

Through long ages of the past,

 prophets have fortold his coming;

through long ages of the past,

 now the time has come at last! **R**

O how lovely, O how pure

 is this perfect child of heaven;

O how lovely, O how pure,

 gracious gift to humankind! **R**

Lowly lodged in a stable poor,

 laid on straw for his infant cradle.

Lowly lodged in a stable poor,

 God come down to our mortal aid. **R**

Jesus, Lord of all the world,

 coming as a child among us,

Jesus, Lord of all the world,

 grant to us your heavenly peace. **R**

**Creed #918**

**A NEW CREED**

We are not alone,

 we live in God’s world.

We believe in God:

 who has created and is creating,

 who has come in Jesus,

 the Word made flesh,

 to reconcile and make new,

 who works in us and others

 by the Spirit.

We trust in God.

We are called to be the Church:

 to celebrate God’s presence,

 to live with respect in Creation,

 to love and serve others,

 to seek justice and resist evil,

 to proclaim Jesus, crucified and risen,

 our judge and our hope.

In life, in death, in life beyond death,

 God is with us.

We are not alone.

 Thanks be to God.

**Voices United**

 **Hymn #69**

**Away in a Manger**

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
the little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
the little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
but little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love you, Lord Jesus; look down from the sky,
and stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask you to stay
close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in your tender care,
and fit us for heaven, to live with you there.

**Voices United**

**Hymn #58**

**Infant Holy, Infant Lowly**

Infant holy, infant lowly, for his bed a cattle stall;
oxen lowing, little knowing Christ the babe is Lord of all.
Swift are winging angels singing,
noels ringing, tidings bringing:

Christ the babe is born for all.
Christ the babe is born for all!

Flocks were sleeping; shepherds keeping vigil till

 the morning new
saw the glory, heard the story, tidings of a gospel true.
Thus rejoicing, free from sorrow,
praises voicing greet the morrow:
 Christ the babe was born for you.
      Christ the babe was born for you!

**Voices United**

**Hymn #74**

**What Child is This**

What child is this, who laid to rest,
on Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet
while shepherds watch are keeping?

**This, this is Christ the King,
whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
haste, haste to bring him laud,
the Babe, the Son of Mary!**

Why lies he in such mean estate
where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear; for sinners here
the silent Word is pleading. **R**

So bring him incense, gold, and myrrh;
come, one and all, to own him.
The King of Kings salvation brings;
let loving hearts enthrone him. **R**