

# **Welcome** to Penicuik: St Mungo's Parish Church online



**CAROLS FOR CHRISTMAS**  
**Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> December 2021**  
This act of worship has been prepared to allow us to spend some time with God, knowing that others are sharing in it.

We thank all the team involved in creating and distributing this service, and praise God for his unchanging character and unfailing love.

This order of service is for you to use as you are able: some of you may wish simply to read it, whether silently or aloud. Others may wish to listen, and even join in with the singing: just click on the links. Full service video <https://youtu.be/LYlwdy6vBuk>

If you want to join in the whole service, follow the link which you'll find on our website: [www.stmungos.freeuk.com](http://www.stmungos.freeuk.com) And if you would like to listen to just the sermon and a prayer, dial **01968 700121**. There will be about 20 seconds' silence, after which the recording should start.

## **INTROIT: What kind of throne...?**

Watch video <https://youtu.be/zLSji0SgLvC>

What kind of throne is a manger of hay,  
no majesty shown there, no dignity claimed,  
for one who deserves to be  
crowned and enthroned on our praise?  
What kind of king is so modestly born,  
when glory unmeasured is humble and small?  
This is the hope of the world and the true light of all.

*So I'll bow down to worship the humblest of kings  
and I'll bring him the best that I have;  
I'll say that I love him, and that I am his,  
and I'll give him the throne of my heart,  
I'll give him the throne of my heart.*

What kind of Saviour makes weakness his strength,  
in frailty depending on those he would save,  
and veiling the power  
that always belonged to his name?

What kind of child causes heaven to sing,  
with angels proclaiming the hope that he brings?  
This is the glory of God, this is Jesus, the King.

*Words © Joel Payne / Resound Worship, adm. Jubilate Hymns Ltd; vocals by Gemma White*

**WELCOME** to our joint Carols for Christmas. Let's worship God

**HYMN: Once in royal David's city**

Watch video <https://youtu.be/Ls-7sW0QZzc>

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.

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, the scorned, and lowly,  
lived on earth our Saviour holy.

For he is our lifelong pattern;  
day by day, like us he grew;  
he was tempted, scorned, rejected,  
tears and smiles like us he knew;  
thus he feels for all our sadness  
and he shares in all our gladness.

He was given to pay our ransom.  
by his blood we are set free.  
Suffered he for our transgressions,  
Lamb of God upon the tree.  
Then he rose up from the grave,  
risen king with power to save.

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 round,  
we shall see him, but in heaven,  
where his saints his throne surround:  
Christ revealed to faithful eye,  
set at God's right hand on high.

*Words: Frances Alexander (1818-95); v. 4: Jamie Brown © 2013 Worthily Magnify Music  
Orchestration: Joshua Spacht © 2013 Spachtula Music.*

## PRAYER

Lord Jesus Christ,  
we remember today how you entered your world  
and the world didn't know you;  
how you came to your own people,  
and they wouldn't receive you.

We remember that you came to set people free  
and to offer a new relationship with God—  
breaking down the barriers which keep us apart,  
bearing the price of our disobedience,  
opening the way to life.

Yet we remember, too,  
that though some listened for a moment,  
few followed you to the end.

We know that, in ourselves, we're no better,  
each of us guilty, day after day,  
of sometimes spurning your guidance,  
forgetting your goodness  
and abandoning your way.

Yet, despite all this—  
the world's hostility and our own faithlessness—  
still you reach out to us in love,  
never giving up, refusing to write us off.

We thank you that you are always ready to offer a fresh start,  
a new beginning,  
to anyone willing to receive it.

Lord have mercy on us,  
and teach us to receive you with gladness.  
In your name we ask it. **Amen.**

*Adapted from a prayer by Nick Fawcett.*

## **HYMN: See him lying on a bed of straw**

Watch video <https://youtu.be/l-b5BuDVtrE>

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 God's gracious plan;  
Sing that Beth'lem's little baby can  
be the saviour of us all.

*O now carry me...*

Mine are riches, from your poverty,  
from your innocence, eternity;  
mine, forgiveness by your death for me,  
child of sorrow for my joy.

*O now carry me...*

*Michael Perry (1942-96) © Mrs B Perry/Jubilate Hymns; Video: Sutton Coldfield Baptist Church*

## **READING**

**Reader: Gordon MacDonald**

### **ISAIAH 53:1-6 (New English Translation)**

Who would have believed what we just heard?  
When was the Lord's power revealed through him?  
He sprouted up like a twig before God,  
like a root out of parched soil;  
he had no stately form or majesty that might catch our attention,  
no special appearance that we should want to follow him.  
He was despised and rejected by people,  
one who experienced pain and was acquainted with illness;  
people hid their faces from him;  
he was despised, and we considered him insignificant.  
But he lifted up our illnesses, he carried our pain;  
even though we thought he was being punished,  
attacked by God, and afflicted for something he had done.  
He was wounded because of our rebellious deeds,  
crushed because of our sins;  
he endured punishment that made us well;  
because of his wounds we have been healed.  
All of us had wandered off like sheep;  
each of us had strayed off on his own path,

but the Lord caused the sin of all of us to attack him.

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### **MEDITATIVE HYMN: Who would ever have believed it? (Tune: Ae Fond Kiss)**

Watch video <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=INWayXUCcVU&t=2011s>

Who would ever have believed it? Who could ever have conceived it?

Who dared trace God's hand behind it when a servant came among us?

We despised him; we disowned him, though he clearly hurt and suffered:  
we, believing he was worthless, never turned our eyes towards him.

We, like sheep despite our wisdom, all had wandered from God's purpose;  
and our due in pain and anger God let fall on one among us.

Who would ever have believed it? Who could ever have conceived it?

Who dared trace God's hand behind it when a servant came among us?

*Graham Maule (1958-2019) ©1988 WGRG, Iona Community; Video: Church of St Bartholomew, Ottawa*

### **READING**

**Reader: Gordon MacDonald**

#### **MARK 6:1-6 (International Standard Version)**

Jesus left that place and went back to his hometown, and his disciples followed him.

When the Sabbath came, he began to teach in the synagogue, and many who heard him were utterly amazed. "Where did this man get all these things?" they asked.

"What is this wisdom that has been given to him? What great miracles are being done by his hands! This is the builder, the son of Mary, and the brother of James, Joseph, Judas, and Simon, isn't it? His sisters are here with us, aren't they?" And they were offended by him.

Jesus had been telling them, "A prophet is without honour only in his hometown, among his relatives, and in his own home." He couldn't perform a miracle there except to lay his hands on a few sick people and heal them. He was amazed at their unbelief. Then he went around to the villages and continued teaching.

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### **SHORT ADDRESS**

#### **HYMN: What kind of greatness can this be...?**

Watch video <https://youtu.be/-K1WfUR07xc?list=PLu8mfQRMKrc4axpNAg2bZzy6JIGiZowrg>

What kind of greatness can this be  
that chose to be made small?

Exchanging untold majesty  
for a world so pitiful.

That God should come as one of us,  
I'll never understand.

The more I hear the story told,  
the more amazed I am.

*O what else can I do  
but kneel and worship you  
and come just as I am,  
my whole life an offering?*

The One in whom we live and move  
in swaddling cloths lies bound.  
The voice that cried, 'Let there be light',  
asleep without a sound.  
The One who strode among the stars  
and called each one by name,  
lies helpless in a mother's arms  
and must learn to walk again.

*O what else can I do  
but kneel and worship you  
and come just as I am,  
my whole life an offering?*

What greater love could he have shown  
to shamed humanity,  
yet human pride hates to believe  
in such deep humility.  
But nations now may see his grace  
and know that he is near,  
when his meek heart, his words, his works  
are incarnate in us here.

*O what else can I do...?*

Graham Kendrick © 1994 Make Way Music [www.grahamkendrick.co.uk](http://www.grahamkendrick.co.uk)

## **PRAYERS FOR OTHERS AND OURSELVES**

Lord God,  
today you call us to listen to your voice,  
to be still and know that you are God with us.

Leader: Hark! The herald angels sing:

**All: Glory to the newborn King.**

We hear your promise of 'peace on earth'  
but we know that the nations have not yet embraced your peace.  
We pray for Afghanistan and all other places  
where there is war, anger and broken lives. Have mercy, Lord.

Leader: Hark! The herald angels sing:

**All: Glory to the newborn King.**

We hear about the 'incarnate Deity',  
that you were pleased to dwell with us in flesh and blood.  
May we know you as Emmanuel, God with us,  
and may we share your presence with those around us.

Leader: Hark! The herald angels sing:

**All: Glory to the newborn King.**

We hear that Jesus was 'born that we no more may die.'  
Be with those who are grieving....  
Help us to embrace your promise  
of second birth and resurrection,  
and live it out even here on earth.

Leader: Hark! The herald angels sing:

**All: Glory to the newborn King.**

We make all prayers in the name of Jesus, our everlasting Lord,  
and join in the prayer he taught his followers to pray:

**Our Father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy name;  
thy kingdom come;  
thy will be done;  
on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.  
And lead us not into temptation;  
but deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom,  
the power and the glory, for ever.  
Amen.**

*Adapted from a prayer by Sam Hargreaves, engageworship*

**HYMN: Hark! the herald angels sing**

Watch video <https://youtu.be/oQEQ0MSrFJs>

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 the angelic hosts proclaim,  
'Christ is born in Bethlehem'.  
*Hark! the herald angels sing,  
'Glory to the newborn King'.*

Christ, 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 Emmanuel!

*Hark! the herald angels sing,  
'Glory to the newborn King'.*

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 newborn King'.*

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788); Alt: George Whitfield; Music: Felix Mendelssohn,  
Sung on BBC Songs of Praise at the Albert Hall*

### **THE BLESSING**

May the blessing of God,  
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,  
be among you and remain with you. **Amen**

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**Next week: Sunday 2<sup>nd</sup> January 2022**

**11am in St Mungo's**

**Jesus presented in the Temple (Luke 2: 22-40)**