



CHRIST CHURCH WOODBURY  
AND  
ST SWITHUN'S CHURCH  
WELCOME YOU TO

# *Carols on the Green*

FEATURING THE  
OTTERY ST. MARY SILVER BAND

REFRESHMENTS AT  
SAM'S STORE





WELCOME

CAROL

Once in Royal David's City  
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

READING

Isaiah 9: 2, 6&7

CAROL

O Little Town Of Bethlehem

READING

Luke 2:1-7

CAROL

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night

READING

Luke 2:8-16

CAROL

We Three Kings

READING

Matthew 2:1-11

CAROL

O Come, All ye Faithful

Seasonal Thought

CAROL

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Blessing





WELCOME

# ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY


Cecil Francis Alexander (1818-1895)/ Music by HJ Gauntlett

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, and meek, 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.

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.





# IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

Edmund Hamilton Sears (1810-1876) © Jubilate Hymns

It came upon the midnight clear,  
that glorious song of old,  
from angels bending near  
the earth  
to touch their harps of gold:  
“Peace on the earth, goodwill to  
men  
from heaven’s all-gracious  
King.”

The world in solemn stillness lay,  
to hear the angels sing.

With sorrow brought by sin and  
strife  
the world has suffered long,  
and since the angels sang, have  
passed  
two thousand years of wrong;  
for man at war with man hears  
not  
the love-song which they bring:  
O hush the noise, you men of  
strife,  
and hear the angels sing!

And those whose journey now is  
hard,  
whose hope is burning low,  
who tread the rocky path of life  
with painful steps and slow:  
O listen to the news of love  
which makes the heavens ring!  
O rest beside the weary road  
and hear the angels sing!

And still the days are hastening  
on –  
by prophet seen of old –  
towards the fulness of the time  
when comes the age foretold:  
then earth and heaven renewed  
shall see  
the Prince of Peace, their king;  
and all the world repeat the  
song  
which now the angels sing.

## READING


Isaiah 9:2;6&7





# O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Phillips Brooks (1835-1893)



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 tonight.


For Christ is born of Mary;  
and, gathered all above,  
while mortals sleep,  
the angels keep  
their watch of wond'ring love.  
O morning stars, together proclaim the holy birth,  
and praises sing to God the King,  
and peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,  
the wondrous gift is giv'n!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
the blessings of His heav'n.  
No ear may hear His coming,  
but in this world of sin,  
where meek souls will receive Him still,  
the dear Christ enters in.

O 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 Emmanuel!

READING

Luke 2:1-7





# WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT

Nahum Tate (1652-1715)

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
all seated on the ground,  
an angel of the Lord came down,  
and glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he,  
for mighty dread  
had seized their troubled mind  
"glad tidings of great joy  
I bring to you and all mankind."


"To you, in David's town, this day  
is born of David's line  
a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
and this shall be the sign:"

The heavenly babe you there  
shall find  
to human view displayed,  
all simply wrapped in swaddling clothes  
and in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph and forthwith  
appeared a shining throng  
of angels praising God on high  
who thus addressed their song:

"All glory be to God on high,  
and to the earth be peace;  
goodwill henceforth from heaven to earth  
begin and never cease!"


READING  
Luke 2:8-16





# WE THREE KINGS

John H Hopkins Jr (1820 - 1891)



We three kings of Orient are;  
bearing gifts we traverse afar,  
field and fountain, moor and mountain,  
following yonder star.

O star of wonder, star of light,  
star with royal beauty bright,  
westward leading, still proceeding,  
guide us to thy perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,  
gold I bring to crown him again,  
King forever, ceasing never,  
over us all to reign.

O star of wonder...

Frankincense to offer have I;  
incense owns a Deity nigh;  
prayer and praising, voices raising,  
worshiping God on high.

O star of wonder...

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume  
breathes a life of gathering gloom;  
sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,  
sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

O star of wonder...

Glorious now behold him arise;  
King and God and sacrifice:  
Alleluia, Alleluia,  
sounds through the earth and skies.

O star of wonder...





READING  
Matthew 2:1-11

**O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL**

From the Latin (18th century) trad. Frederick Oakley (1802-1880)

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;  
O come, let us adore Him;  
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...

Sing, choirs of angels;  
sing in exultation;  
sing, all ye citizens  
of heav'n above!  
Glory to God,  
Glory in the highest!

O come, let us adore Him...

SEASONAL THOUGHT








# HARK! THE HAROLD ANGELS SING

Charles Wesley (1708-1788) and others



Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn 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 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 the Virgin's womb:  
veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
hail th'incarnate Deity,  
pleased as man with man to  
dwell,  
Jesus, our Immanuel.

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 we no more may die, born to  
raise us from the earth, born to  
give us second birth.

Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn King"

BLESSING



MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR



*Carols on the Green*

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