

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!

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest:
O come let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
O come let us adore him, Christ the Lord!
Attr John Francis Wade (1711-86)

Announcements – Pam Thorn, St. John’s Church

Blessing – Pam Thorn, St. John’s Church

***Christmas wishes, thanks and acknowledgements -
Jacqui Rabbett, Waterbeach Community Association***



**Carols on the Green 2011
Christmas Eve at 6.30pm**

***Welcome and Introductions
Jacqui Rabbett, Waterbeach Community Association***

The First Nowell

The first Noel the angel 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.

*Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
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.

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.

This star drew near to the northwest,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Then entered in those wise men three,
Fell reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in his presence
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

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.

Anon

Prayer – Wendy Brown, Salvation Army

Scripture – ‘The Arrival’

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 tonight.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God, the King,
And peace to men on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

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.

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 Immanuel.

Phillips Brooks (1835-93)

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 thee, Lord Jesus
Look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle
'Til morning is nigh

Be near me, Lord Jesus
I ask thee to stay
Close by me for ever
And love me, I pray
Bless all the dear children
In thy tender care,
And fit us for Heaven
To live with thee there

Attr Martin Luther



Scripture – ‘The Shepherds’

While shepherds watched

While shepherds watched their flocks by
night

All seated on the ground,
The 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 meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin and never cease!

Nahum Tate (1652-1715)

Scripture – ‘The Three Wise Men’



We Three Kings

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 night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.*

Born a King on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring to crown him again,
King for ever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh.
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship him, God most high.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in a stone-cold tomb.

Glorious now behold him arise,
King and God and sacrifice,
Alleluia, alleluia,
Earth to the heav'ns replies.

J.H. Hopkins

**Prayer – Kevin Brown,
Salvation Army**

**Please generously support this year's collection for
Waterbeach Clubs and Groups**