Welcome to our Outdoor Community Carols





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Introduction & Welcome

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 mean and lowly lived on earth our Saviour holy.

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.

Cecil Francis Alexander (181-1895) alt.

Henry John Gauntlett (1805-1876)

Little Donkey, little donkey

On the dusty road
Got to keep on plodding onwards
With your precious load

Been a long time, little donkey
Through the winter's night
Don't give up now, little donkey
Bethlehem's in sight
Ring out those bells tonight Bethlehem, Bethlehem
Follow that star tonight Bethlehem, Bethlehem

Little donkey, little donkey Had a heavy day Little donkey, carry Mary Safely on her way

Little donkey, little donkey
Journey's end is near
There are wise men waiting for a
Sign to bring them here.

Do not falter, little donkey
There's a star ahead
It will guide you, little donkey
To a cattle shed.

Ring out those bells tonight Bethlehem, Bethlehem
Follow that star tonight Bethlehem, Bethlehem
Little donkey, little donkey
Had a heavy day
Little donkey, carry Mary, safely on her way
Little donkey, carry Mary, safely on her way

Eric Boswell

Second Reading

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 wondering 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 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 to us today

We hear the Christmas angels

The great glad tidings tell

O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel

Third Reading

Away in a Manger

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

The cattle are lowing the poor baby awakes, but little Lord Jesus no crying he makes I love thee Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky, And stay by my side until morning is nigh

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask thee to stay close by me forever, Bless all the dear children to live with thee there.

and love me, I pray. in thy tender care, and fit us for heaven,

Fourth Reading



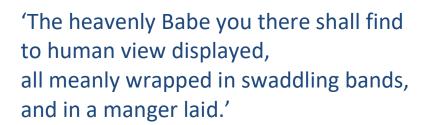
William James Kilpatrick (1838-1921)

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 minds), '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:



Thus spake the Serpah, and forthwith appeared a shining throng of angels praising God, who 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) From Este's Psalter (1592)

Fifth Reading

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.

O star of wonder, star of night...

Frankincense to offer have I; incense owns a Deity nigh: prayer and praising, gladly raising, worship Him, God most high.

O star of wonder, star of night...

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, star of night...

Glorious now, behold Him arise, King and God and sacrifice. Alleluia, alleluia earth to heav'n replies.

O star of wonder, star of night...

John Henry Hopkins (1820-1891)

Silent night, holy night

All is calm, all is bright
'Round yon virgin Mother and Child
Holy infant so tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace
Sleep in heavenly peace

Silent night, holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar;
Heav'nly hosts sing Al-le-lu-ia!
Christ the Saviour is born!
Christ the Saviour is born!

Silent night, holy night
Son of God, love's pure light,
Radient beams from thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace:
Jesus, Lord at thy birth,
Jesus, Lord at thy birth,

Joseph Mohr (1792-1885) Trans. John Freeman Young (1820-1885) Franz Grüber (1787-1863) arr. Colin Head

Blessing

May the joy of the angels, the eagerness of the shepherds, the perseverance of the wise men, the obedience of Joseph and Mary, and the peace of the Christ-child be yours this Christmas...

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 heaven above; glory to God, in the highest,

O come, let us adore Him...

Original Latin attributed to John Francis Wade (1711-1786)

Trans. Frederick Oakley (1802-1880)

You are warmly invited to join us in Jarrow & Simonside for

Advent & Christmas



Parish Advent Carol Service at St. Paul's

Sunday 4th December 6.30 pm

Outdoor Carol Service at St. Peter's

Sunday 11th December 7.00 pm

Christingle at St. John's the Baptist's

Sunday 18th December 4.00 pm

Crib Services at St. Peter's and at St. Simon's

Christmas Eve 24th December 4.00 pm

Christmas Eucharist at St. Peter's and St. John's

Christmas Eve 24th December 8.00 pm

Midnight Mass at St. Paul's

Christmas Eve 24th December 11.30 pm

Christmas Day Service at St. Peter's

25th December 10.00 am





For more information call 0191 4891925 or visit https://parishofjarrowandsimonside.info/



