

Community Carols



20th December 2024

4.00 p.m.

Windlesham Field of Remembrance

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...

It came upon a midnight clear,
that glorious song of old,
from angels bending near the earth
to touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to all,
from heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay,
to hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
with peaceful wings unfurled,
and still their heavenly music floats
o'er all the weary world;
above its sad and lowly plains,
they bend on hovering wing,
and ever o'er its Babel sounds
the blessed angels sing.

Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,
the world has suffered long,
Beneath the angel's strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong,
And man at war with man, hears not
the love-song which they bring.
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
and hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
by prophet bards foretold,
when with the ever-circling years
comes round the age of gold
when peace shall over all the earth
its ancient splendours fling,
and the whole world send back the song
which now the angels sing!

The holly and the ivy

when they are both full grown,
of all the trees that are in the wood
the holly bears the crown.

*The rising of the sun
and the running of the deer,
the playing of the merry organ,
sweet singing in the choir.*

The holly bears a blossom,
white as the lily flower,
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
to be our sweet Saviour.

The rising of the sun...

The holly bears a berry,
as red as any blood,
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
to do poor sinners good.

*The rising of the sun
and the running of the deer,
the playing of the merry organ,
sweet singing in the choir.*

The holly bears a prickle,
as sharp as any thorn,
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
on Christmas day in the morn.

The rising of the sun...

The holly bears a bark,
as bitter as any gall,
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
for to redeem us all.

The rising of the sun...

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 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.

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 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.

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.

Twinkle, Twinkle little star

How I wonder what you are.
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky
Twinkle, twinkle little star
How I wonder what you are.

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 side until morning is nigh

Be near me Lord Jesus I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever and love me I pray
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care
And fit us for heaven to live with Thee there

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, Alleluia!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

Silent night, holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light.
Radiant beams from thy Holy face,
with the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

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 swaddling bands
And in a manger laid

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

All glory be to God on high
And on the earth be peace
Goodwill hence forth
From heaven to men
Begin and never cease

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'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, all are 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
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading still proceeding
Guide us to Thy perfect light*

Glorious now behold Him arise
King and God and sacrifice
Heaven sings 'Alleluia!'
'Alleluia!' the Earth replies

O star of wonder...

In the bleak midwinter

frosty wind made moan,
earth stood hard as iron,
water like a stone:
snow had fallen,
snow on snow, snow on snow,
in the bleak midwinter, long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold him,
nor earth sustain;
heaven and earth shall flee away
when he comes to reign:
in the bleak midwinter
a stable place sufficed
the Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels
may have gathered there,
cherubim and seraphim thronged the air,
but his mother only,
in her maiden bliss,
worshipped the Beloved with a kiss.

What can I give him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd,
I would bring a lamb,
if I were a wise man
I would do my part,
yet what I can I give him, give my heart.

Joy to the world, the Lord has come!

Let earth receive her King!
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,
and heav'n and nature sing,
and heav'n and nature sing,
and heaven, and heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let us our songs employ,
while fields and floods,
rocks, hills, and plains
repeat the sounding joy,
repeat the sounding joy,
repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
and makes the nations prove
the glories of His righteousness
and wonders of His love,
and wonders of His love,
and wonders, wonders of His love.

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 host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'

*Hark! the herald angels sing:
'Glory to the new-born 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 new-born 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 men 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 new-born King.'*

Thank you for joining us this evening.

**We wish you all a very blessed and peace filled
Christmas and a Happy New Year.**



ST JOHN THE BAPTIST
the church in Windlesham

Loving God.

About People.

For You.