

Family Carols Virtual Celebration



**St. Peter &
The Good Shepherd
Bearsted - Harrietsham
Christmas 2020**

The Warm Up: Bransle L'Officiale Ding Dong Merrily on High An instrumental introduction



GREETING read by Jennie

We Will Rock You (not the Queen one!)

Little Jesus, sweetly sleep, do not stir,
We will lend a coat of fur
We will rock you, rock you, rock you.
We will rock you, rock you, rock you.
See the fur to keep you warm,
Snugly round your tiny form.

Mary's little baby, sleep, sweetly sleep,
Sleep in comfort, slumber deep.
We will rock you, rock you, rock you,
We will rock you, rock you, rock you,
We will serve you all we can,
Darling, darling little man.

Silent Night

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 (x2)

Silent night, holy night
Shepherds quake at the sight
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia
Christ the Saviour is born (x2)

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 (x2)

POEM: Little Donkey read by Anne

*The children will lead us in the singing
of "Away in a Manger" by singing the
first verse.*

Away in a manger (1st verse children only)

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.

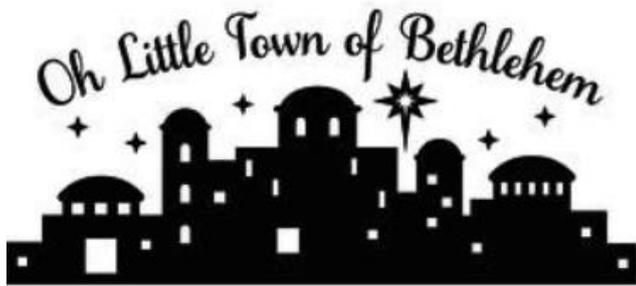
Be near me Lord Jesus, I ask thee to stay
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children, in thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.



It was on a Starry Night,
when the hills were bright
Earth lay sleeping, sleeping calm and still.
Then in a cattle shed, in a manger bed
A boy was born, king of all the world.

Chorus: And all the angels sang for him,
The bells of heaven rang for him
For a boy was born, king of all the world. (repeat)





**POEM: Thomas's First Christingle read
by Callum**

O Little Town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep, the silent
starts 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 starts 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, yet 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 their great glad
tidings tell:
Oh come to us abide with us, our Lord
Emmanuel

**Jesus Christ is waiting – Trad. French Carol
tune Noël Nouvelet**

Jesus Christ is waiting, waiting in the streets:
No-one is his neighbour, all alone he eats.
Listen, Lord Jesus, I am lonely too.
Make me, friend or stranger, fit to wait on you.

Jesus Christ is raging, raging in the streets,
Where injustice spirals and real hope retreats.
Listen, Lord Jesus, I am angry too.
In your Kingdom's causes, let me rage with you.

Jesus Christ is healing, healing in the streets:
Curing those who suffer, touching those he greets.
Listen, Lord Jesus, I have pity too.
Let my care be active, healing just like you.

Jesus Christ is dancing, dancing in the streets:
Where each sign of hatred, he, with love, defeats
Listen, Lord Jesus, I would triumph too.
On suspicion's graveyard, let me dance with you.

Jesus Christ is calling, calling in the streets:

In the Bleak Midwinter

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.

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.



Poem: The Heart in Waiting read by Pia



Calypso Carol

See him a-lying on a bed of straw,
a draughty stable with an open door;
Mary cradling the baby she bore;
the Prince of Glory is his name.

*O now carry me to Bethlehem
to see the Lord appear to man:
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!

Angels, sing again the song you sang,
bring God's glory to the heart of man;
sing that Bethlehem's little baby can
be salvation to the soul.

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



Cowboy Carol

There'll be a new world beginning from tonight (x2)
when I climb up to my saddle,
gonna take him to my heart!
There'll be a new world beginning from tonight!

Right across the prairie, clear across the valley,
straight across the heart of every man,
there'll be a right new brand of livin'
that'll sweep like lightnin' fire
and take away the hate from every land.

Yoi! Yippee! We're gonna ride the trail!
Yoi! Yippee! We're gonna ride today!
When I climb up to my saddle,
gonna take him to my heart,
there'll be a new world beginning from tonight,
from tonight!

Blessing by Fr. Geoff

The Virgin Mary had a baby boy (x3)
and they say that his name was Jesus.

*He come from the glory, he come from the
glorious kingdom (x2).*

Oh yes, believer (x2)!

*He come from the glory,
he come from the glorious kingdom.*

The angels sang when the baby was born (x3)
and they say that his name was Jesus.

He come from the glory, ...

The shepherds ran
to see the baby born (x3)
and they say
that his name was Jesus.

He come from the glory,

The wise men wondered where the baby was
born (x3)
and they say that his name
was Jesus....

