



Old Ben Carol Service

St Bride's Church, Fleet Street, London EC4Y 8AU

**The St Bride's
Choir**

**Director of Music:
Matthew Morley**

**Organist:
Benjamin Giddens**

Carol **ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY**

Solo 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.

Choir only 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.

All For he is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us he grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew;
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

All Not in that poor lonely stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him: but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high,
Where like stars his children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.



Welcome and Opening Prayer

The Rector

Introduction

Neil Jagger

Choir **Coventry carol – Kenneth Leighton**

Reading **Luke 2: 1-14**
Read by James Irving

Carol

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,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds first saw the sight:
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ our saviour is born,
Christ our saviour is born.

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

Reading

'Twas a Computer Christmas author unknown
Read by Tracy O'Sullivan

Choir

The three Kings – Peter Cornelius

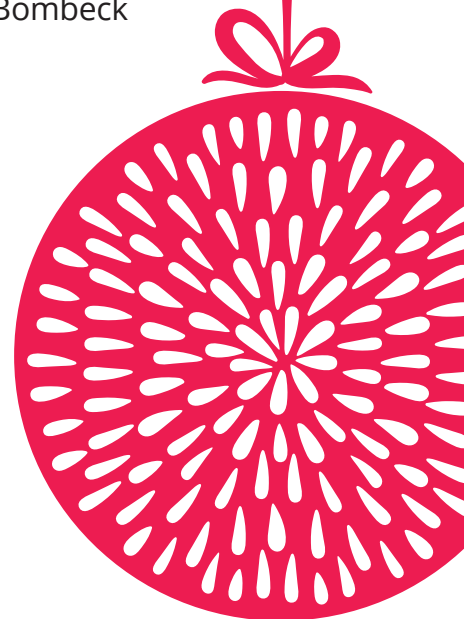
Reading

If I had my life to live over by Erma Bombeck
Read by Jon Bunting

Carol

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even:
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.



Lower voices: 'Hither page and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?'

Upper voices: 'Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain.'

Lower voices: 'Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither.'

All: Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

Upper voices: 'Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer.'

Lower voices: 'Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.'

All: In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

Reading **To Mrs K___, On Her Sending Me an English Christmas Plum-Cake at Paris** by Helen Maria Williams
Read by Mylene Sylvestre



Choir **Wassail song – Ralph Vaughan Williams**

Reading **Extract from How The Grinch Stole Christmas**
by Dr Seuss
Read by John Howard

Carol **O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL**

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,
O come, let us adore him,
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,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord!

Reading **Dear Santa... (A poem for all in need)** by Rosie
Read by Laura Grice & Sinead Flood

Choir **Benedicamus domino – Peter Warlock**

Prayers **The Rector**



Choir **Walking in the air – Howard Blake arr. Andrew Gant**

Blessing **The Rector**

Carol **HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING**

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 th'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 th'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 heav'n born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man 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.





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