

Blessing the Village Christmas Tree

With thanks to the Langton Green Village Society for our Village Tree.

We gather around the tree. Please join in all Carols and words in **Bold**

Rev'd Lynn welcomes everyone

*We sing: **Away in a Manger***

Away in a manger,
No crib for His 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 poor Baby wakes
But little Lord Jesus
No crying He makes

I love Thee, Lord Jesus
Look down from the sky
And stay by my side,
'Til 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 take us to heaven
To live with Thee there

Rev'd Lynn: Let us ask God to send his blessing upon us and upon this sign of the joy of Jesus' birth.

That we may always reflect the joy of Jesus Christ who enlightens our hearts, let us pray to the Lord.

Lord, give light to our hearts.

Rev'd Lynn: That this tree of lights may remind us of the light of love which Jesus brings, let us pray to the Lord.

Lord, give light to our hearts.

Rev'd Lynn: That the joy of Christmas may always be in our homes, let us pray to the Lord.

Lord, give light to our hearts.

Rev'd Lynn: That the peace of Christ may dwell in our hearts and in the world, let us pray to the Lord.

Lord, give light to our hearts.

LIGHTS ARE SWITCHED ON



PRAYER OF BLESSING

Lord our God, we praise you for the light of creation: the sun, the moon, and the stars of the night.

We praise you for Jesus Christ, your Son: he is Emmanuel, God-with-us, the Prince of Peace, who fills us with the wonder of your love.

Lord God, let your blessing come upon us as we illuminate this tree.

May the light and cheer it gives be a sign of the joy that fills our hearts.
May all who delight in this tree come to the knowledge and joy of your love.

We ask this through Christ our Lord.

Amen.



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 wond'ring 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.

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;

Refrain:

*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;
Son of the Father, begotten not created;

Refrain:

*O come let us adore him, O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him, Christ the Lord.*

See how the shepherds, Summoned to his cradle
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh to gaze
We too will thither Bend our joyful footsteps

Refrain:

*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;

Refrain:

*O come let us adore him, O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him, Christ the Lord.*

HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark the herald angels sing
“Glory to the newborn 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 newborn King!”

Christ by highest heav’n 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 newborn King!”

Hail the heav’n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Son 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 newborn King!”

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas look'd 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.

“Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?”
“Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain”.

“Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pinelogs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither”.
Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together:
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

“Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer.”
“Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly”.

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.

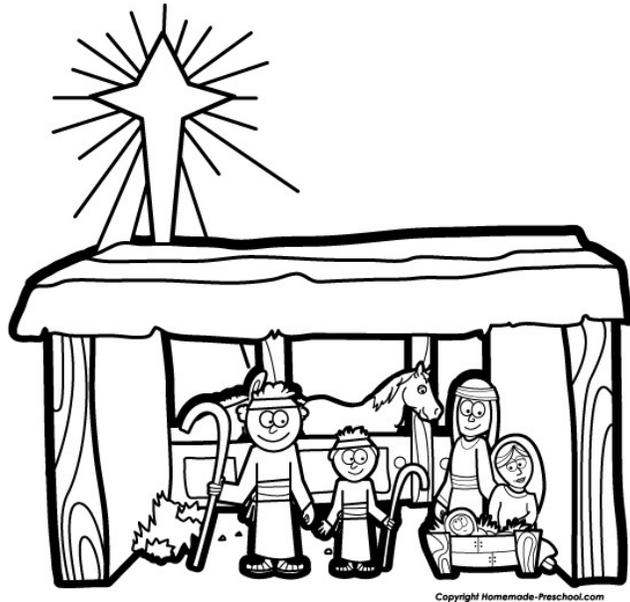
GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN

God rest ye merry, gentlemen
Let nothing you dismay
Remember, Christ, our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray
O tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy

In Bethlehem, in Israel
This blessed Babe was born
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessed morn
The which His Mother Mary
Did nothing take in scorn
O tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy

From God our Heavenly Father
A blessed Angel came
And unto certain Shepherds
Brought tidings of the same
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by Name

O tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
O tidings of comfort and joy



CONCLUDING BLESSING

May the God of glory fill your hearts with peace and joy, now and for ever. And may blessing of God, Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit remain with you this day and always.

Amen.