## Start time Welcome from

All stand to sing  
Jingle Bells

Jingle bells, jingle bells   
Jingle all the way,  
Oh what fun it is to ride   
In a one-horse open sleigh,  
Jingle bells, jingle bells   
Jingle all the way,  
Oh what fun it is to ride   
In a one-horse open sleigh.

Dashing through the snow   
In a one-horse open sleigh   
Through the fields we go   
Laughing all the way.  
Bells on bob-tail ring   
Making spirits bright  
What fun it is to ride and sing   
A sleighing song tonight.

Jingle bells, jing-jingle bells  
Jingle all the way,  
Oh what fun it is to ride  
In a one-horse open sleigh,  
Jingle bells, jingle bells   
Jingle all the way,  
Oh what fun it is to ride  
In a one-horse open sleigh.

## First Reading

All stand to sing  
The Holly and the Ivy

The holly and the ivy,   
When they are both full grown,   
Of all trees that are in the wood,  
The holly bears the crown

O, 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 berry,   
As red as any blood,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,   
To do poor sinners good

O, 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 bark,   
As bitter as the gall,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,   
For to redeem us all

O, the rising of the sun,   
And the running of the deer  
The playing of the merry organ,   
Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly and the ivy,   
­When they are both full grown,   
Of all trees that are in the wood,  
The holly bears the crown

O, the rising of the sun,  
And the running of the deer

The playing of the merry organ,  
Sweet singing in the choir.

## First Reading

All stand to sing   
Once in Royal David City

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 meek and lowly,

Lived on earth our Savior holy.

And through all

His wondrous childhood,

He would honor and obey,

Love and watch the lowly mother,

In whose gentle arms He lay.

Christian children all should 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 be around.

All stand to sing  
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 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 man no more may die,

born to raise the sons of earth,

born to give us second birth.

Hark! the herald angels sing,

“Glory to the new born King!”

We would be very grateful   
if you could return the candles  
before leaving the church.