Carols in the Square

Welcome to Carols in the Square, brought to you by Christchurch BID, funded by local Christchurch businesses.

Please join the festivities and sing your hearts out, accompanying the wonderful Christchurch Baptist Church band.

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

Chorus
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

Sing choirs of angels
Sing in exultation
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above
Glory to God
In the highest

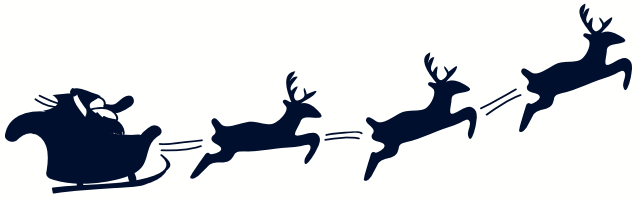


Away In A Manger

Away in a manger no crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head
The stars in the 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 cradle '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 fit us for heaven to live with Thee there



While Shepherds Watched

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

Once In Royal David's 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 Saviour holy

Jesus 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 feels for all our sadness
And He shares in all our gladness

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 has gone

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 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



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 th'angelic hosts 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 the Virgin's womb
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see
Hail th'incarnate Deity
Pleased as man with men 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 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 newborn King



We Three Kings

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

Frankincense to offer have I
Incense owns a Deity nigh
Prayer and praising all men raising
Worship Him God on high

Myrrh is mine its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom
Sorrowing sighing bleeding dying
Sealed in the stone cold tomb

Glorious now behold Him arise
King and God and sacrifice
Alleluia alleluia
Peals through the earth and skies



Joy To The World

Joy to the world the Lord is 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 heav'n and heav'n and nature sing

Joy to the earth the Saviour reigns
Let men their 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



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

Our God heav'n cannot hold Him
Nor earth sustain
Heav'n 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 can I give Him
Give my heart



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 upon the 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



Good King Wenceslas

All:
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.

Men:
"Hither, page, and stand by me, if you know it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?"

Ladies:
"Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes' fountain."

Men:
"Bring me food and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither,
You and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither."

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

Ladies:
"Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger,
Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no longer."

Men:
"Mark my footsteps, my good page, tread now in them boldly,
You shall find the winter's rage freeze your 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, while God's gifts possessing,
You who now will bless the poor shall yourselves find blessing.

12 Days Of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
A partridge in a pear tree.

Two turtle doves...
Three French hens...
Four calling birds...
Five gold rings...
Six geese a-laying...
Seven swans a-swimming...
Eight maids a-milking...
Nine ladies dancing...
Ten lords a-leaping...
Eleven pipers piping...

On the twelfth day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Twelve drummers drumming,
Eleven pipers piping,
Ten lords a-leaping,
Nine ladies dancing,
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four calling birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves,
And a partridge in a pear tree!



We Wish You A Merry Christmas

We wish you a Merry Christmas,
We wish you a Merry Christmas,
We wish you a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year!
Good tidings we bring to you and your kin,
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Huge thanks to the Christchurch Baptist Church Band for leading us in the merriment, to the Christchurch BID Team and Volunteers that the event cannot run without alongside Saxon Square for permitting us to use the space.

Wishing you all a very merry Christmas and Happy New Year!



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