



THE CATHEDRAL AND METROPOLITICAL CHURCH OF CHRIST, CANTERBURY



A Children's Crib Service

Welcome to Canterbury Cathedral for this Crib Service

Cover Image: Detail from The Nativity (Christopher Whall), South West Transept

Some of this material is copyright: © Archbishops' Council, 2000, 2006
Hymns and songs reproduced under CCLI number: 1031280
Produced by the Music & Liturgy Department:
precentor@canterbury-cathedral.org – 01227 865281
www.canterbury-cathedral.org

ORDER OF SERVICE

Welcome

The Dean

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.

2 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.

Words: Phillips Brooks (1835-93)

3 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.

4 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.

Tune: FOREST GREEN

The Reading

Luke 2.1, 3-7

St Luke tells of the birth of Jesus

In those days a decree went out from Emperor Augustus that all the world should be registered. All went to their own towns to be registered. Joseph also went from the town of Nazareth in Galilee to Judea, to the city of David called Bethlehem, because he was descended from the house and family of David. He went to be registered with Mary, to whom he was engaged and who was expecting a child. While they were there, the time came for her to deliver her child. And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in bands of cloth, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn.

Thanks be to God.

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 bedside till morning is nigh.

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

Words: Anon.

Music: W J Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

The Address & Crib Blessing

The Dean, with Henry & Alfie

Let us pray that God our Father will bless this crib,
and that all who worship his Son, born of the Virgin Mary,
may come to share his life in glory.

God our Father, at this time your Son Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary for us and our salvation. Bless this crib, which we have prepared to celebrate his holy birth; may all who see it be strengthened in faith and receive the fullness of life he came to bring, who lives and reigns forever and ever. **Amen.**

Carol **The Candlelight Carol**

How do you capture the wind on the water?
How do you count all the stars in the sky?
How do you measure the love of a mother
Or how can you write down a baby's first cry?

Candlelight, angel light, firelight and star-glow
Shine on his cradle till breaking of dawn
Silent night, holy night, all is calm and all is bright
Angels are singing; the Christ child is born.

Shepherds and wise men will kneel and adore him
Seraphim round him their vigil will keep
Nations proclaim him their Lord and their Saviour
But Mary will hold him and sing him to sleep.

Find him at Bethlehem laid in a manger
Christ our Redeemer asleep in the hay
Godhead incarnate and hope of salvation
A child with his mother that first Christmas Day.

Words and Music: John Rutter (b. 1945)

The Prayers *ending with*

**Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation:
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, the power,
and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.**

Carol **King Jesus hath a garden**

King Jesus hath a garden, full of divers flowers,
Where I go culling posies gay, all times and hours.

*There naught is heard but Paradise bird,
Harp, dulcimer, lute,
With cymbal, trump and tymbal,
And the tender, soothing flute.*

The Lily, white in blossom there, is Chastity:
The Violet, with sweet perfume, Humanity.

The bonny Damask-rose is known as Patience:
The blithe and thrifty Marygold, Obedience.

The Crown Imperial bloometh too in yonder place,
'Tis Charity, of stock divine, the flower of grace.

Yet, 'mid the brave, the bravest prize of all may claim
The Star of Bethlem-Jesus-bless'd be his Name!

Ah! Jesu Lord, my heal and weal, my bliss complete,
Make thou my heart thy garden-plot, fair, trim and neat.

Words: Tr. G.R.Woodward (1848-1934) Music: Trad arr. Charles Wood (1866-1926)

A Christmas Greeting The Archbishop

Carol **The holly and the ivy**

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

*Oh, 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 blossom, as white as lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to be our sweet saviour.

The holly bears a berry, as red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to do poor sinners good.

The holly bears a prickle, as sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ on Christmas Day in the morn.

The holly bears a bark, as bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ for to redeem us all.

The Blessing

May the joy of the angels,
the eagerness of the shepherds,
the perseverance of the wise men,
the obedience of Joseph and Mary,
and the peace of the Christ child
be yours this Christmas;
and the blessing of God almighty,
the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,
be among you and remain with you always.

Amen.

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.

2 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 th'incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

3 Hail the heav'n-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 them second birth.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-88) and others

Tune: MENDELSSOHN