The SURPRISE

An evening of Christmas Carols and Mulled Wine Wednesday 10th December | From 7pm





Once in Royal David's City (1/2)

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 mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all His wondrous childhood He would honour and obey, Love and watch the lowly maiden, In whose gentle arms He lay: Christian children all must be Mild, obedient, good as He.

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.

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.

Once in Royal David's City (2/2)

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; Where like stars His children crowned All in white shall wait around

The Holly and the Ivy (1/2)

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.

REFRAIN:

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 the lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.

(Refrain)

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

(Refrain)

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

(Refrain)

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

The Holly and the Ivy (2/2)

(Refrain)

6. 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.

(Refrain)

Oh, 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

For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth
And praises sing to God the King
And Peace to men on earth

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven
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 to us today
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell
O come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel
O come to us, abide with us
Our I ord Emmanuel

Good King Wenceslas (1/2)

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.

'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 pine logs 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.'

Good King Wenceslas (2/2)

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.

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 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.

We Three Kings

We three kings of Orient are; bearing gifts we traverse afar, field and fountain, moor and mountain, following yonder star.

Refrain:

O star of wonder, star of light, 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.

[Refrain]

Frankincense to offer have I; incense owns a Deity nigh; prayer and praising, voices raising, worshiping God on high.
[Refrain]

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume breathes a life of gathering gloom; sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, sealed in the stone-cold tomb. [Refrain]

Glorious now behold him arise; King and God and sacrifice: Alleluia, Alleluia, sounds through the earth and skies. [Refrain]

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
Heavenly 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 dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth

Hark The Herald

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 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!"

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!

Oh, bring us some figgy pudding Oh, bring us some figgy pudding Oh, bring us some figgy pudding And bring it right here!

We won't go until we get some We won't go until we get some We won't go until we get some So bring it right here!

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



Thank you for coming.

A very Happy Christmas from the Surprise team & Christchurch Residents!

