

*In a distant country, wise men saw a new star. They followed it to find the new born king to whom it led.*



We three kings of Orient are;  
Bearing gifts we traverse afar.  
Field and fountain,  
Moor and mountain,  
Following yonder star:

Oh star of wonder  
Star of night,  
Star with royal beauty bright.  
Westward leading,  
Still proceeding,  
Guide us to your perfect light.

*Now, on this Christmas Eve, we too come to find the Christ Child, the new-born king. As we sing our final carol, come forward to bring your gifts of stars to place around the manger.*

**1** 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.

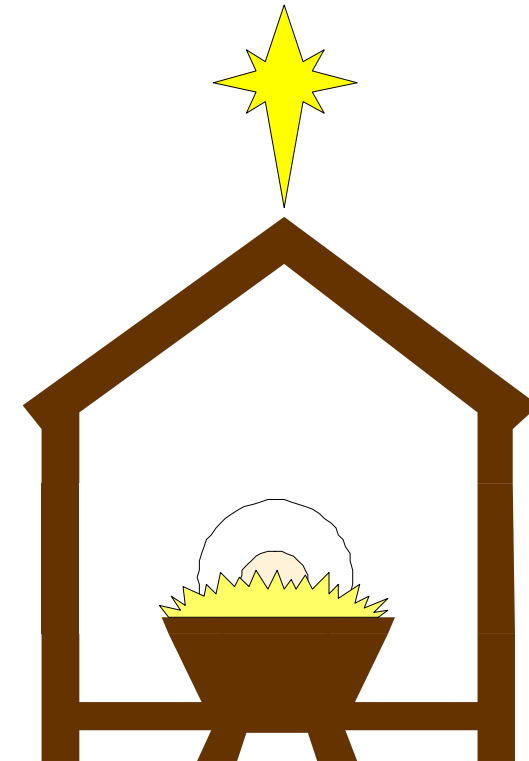
**3** Silent night, holy night,  
Son of God, love's pure light.  
Radiant beams your holy face,  
With the dawn of saving grace.  
Jesus, Lord, at your birth!  
Jesus, Lord, at your birth!

**2** Silent night, holy night,  
Shepherds quail at the sight.  
Glory streams from heaven afar,  
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia  
Christ the Saviour is born!  
Christ the Saviour is born.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ You are welcome to join us at ★  
★ our other Christmas Services ★  
★ **Midnight Mass 11.30pm** ★  
★ **Christmas Day 10.00** ★  
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## Crib Service



## Christmas Eve



Welcome to our Crib Service. On this Christmas Eve, we take a few minutes away from the rush and bustle of preparations for tomorrow to remember the first Christmas when Christ was born.

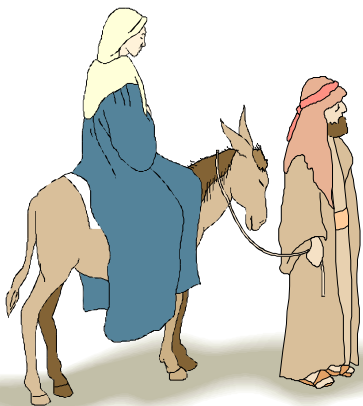


Our story starts in the little town of Bethlehem.

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.

How silently, how silently  
the wondrous gift is given.  
So God imparts to human hearts  
the blessing 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.

Bethlehem was busy and crowded because of the census. No room could be rented, not even for a tired family about to have a baby.



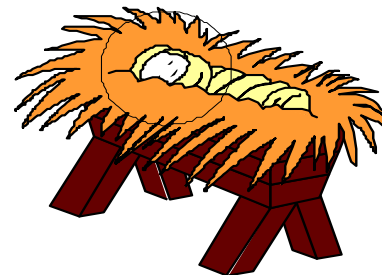
Once in royal David's city  
Stood a lowly cattle shed  
Where a mother laid a baby  
In a manger for his bed.  
Mary was his mother mild,  
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from  
heaven  
Who is God and Lord of all.  
And his helter was a stable  
And his cradle was a stall.  
With the poor, and mean, and  
lowly  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

In the still of the night, in the stable in Bethlehem, a baby is born.

Away in a manger,  
No crib for a bed,  
The little Lord Jesus  
Lay down his sweet head.  
The stars in the bright sky  
Look 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 side  
Until 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.

On the hills outside Bethlehem, some shepherds were looking after their sheep. They weren't expecting visitors—especially not angels!

1 While shepherds watched their  
flocks by night  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came  
down and glory shone around.

4 The heavenly babe you there  
shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in  
swaddling bands  
And in a manger laid.'

2 'Fear not', said he, for mighty  
dread  
Had seized their troubled minds.  
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.

3 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.

