



Canine Carolling

21ST DECEMBER 2023

HOLKHAM

WELCOME from Reverend Brenda Stewart

READING: The Dog by Ogden Nash, read by Reverend Brenda Stewart

CAROL: The First Nowell

1. The first nowell, the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in
fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping
their sheep
On a cold winter's night that was
so deep.
Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

3. And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from
country far;
to seek for a king was their intent,
and to follow the star wherever it
went.
Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

5. Then entered in those wise men
three,
full reverently upon their knee
and offered there, in his presence,
their gold and myrrh and
frankincense
Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

2. They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the east beyond them
far;
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and
night.
Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

4. This star drew nigh to the north-
west:
o'er Bethlehem it took its rest;
and there it did both stop and stay,
right over the place where Jesus lay.
Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell,
Born is the King of Israel

6. Then let us all with one accord
sing praises to our heavenly Lord
who hath made heaven and earth
of nought,
and with his blood mankind hath
bought,
Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell,
Born is the King of Israel

**READING: A Dog's Christmas Poem by Author Unknown,
read by Ryan Mills**

CAROL: O Little Town of Bethlehem

1. 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 to night

3. 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.

5. O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray!
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

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 wondering love.

4. Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessed Child,
Where misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the Mother mild;
Where Charity stands watching
And Faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

READING: Luke: 2:1-7, read by the Countess of Leicester

CAROL: Silent Night

1. Silent night, holy night
All is calm, and 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 from Thy holy face
With dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth

2. 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

POEM: The Little Sheepdog by UA Fanthorpe, read by Andrew Bloomfield

CAROL: Hark the Herald

1. 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
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 the 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 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 them second birth
Hark! The herald angels sing
“Glory to the new-born king.”

SONG: Santa Paws is Coming to Town

1. You’d better not bark
You’d better not bite,
You’d better not scratch
the sofa tonight,
Santa Paws is coming to town...

2. You’d better not growl,
You’d better just purr,
You’d better not howl
Or shed lotsa fur,
Santa Paws is coming to town...

3. He sees you in the kitchen,
He sees your every try
At secretively snitchin’
The very last piece of pie...

4. You’d better just know
The greeting he sends,
He’s saying ‘Ho Ho’
To all his best friends,
Santa Paws is coming to town!

BLESSING

There is a bucket collection for St. Withburga’s Church.
Thank you to Martin Holford for playing the keyboard.