

**Visit of Santa Claus with Carol Singers to Mendlesham & Mendlesham Green:
12th December 2021**

Thanks to all the volunteers in the village who have made this possible!

Everyone is welcome to join in

(We suggest you park your car in or near the Community Centre car park if you want to travel to Mendlesham Green, but please be considerate to residents)

**Collecting for St Martin's Housing Trust, Norwich, caring for the
homeless and vulnerable.**

Charity No: 802013



Soup, coffee and mince pies served at St Mary's Church

approx. 7.30pm after Mendlesham & approx. 8.00pm after Mendlesham Green

No charge, but donations welcome. All Profits to St Martin's, Norwich

Old Station Rd - car park by playing field

1.0 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 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.

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 in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
the great glad tidings tell,
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Front Street - near Old Orchard

2. AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD

As with gladness men of old
did the guiding star behold,
as with joy they hailed its light,
leading onward, beaming bright,
so, most gracious Lord, may we
evermore be led by thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
there to bend the knee before
Him, whom heav'n and earth adore,
so may we with willing feet
ever seek thy mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
at Thy cradle, rude and bare,
so may we with holy joy,
pure and free from sin's alloy,
all our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heav'nly King.

Holy Jesus, ev'ry day
keep us in the narrow way;
and, when earthly things are past,
bring our ransomed souls at last
where they need no star to guide,
where no clouds thy glory hide.

In the heav'nly country bright
need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down.
There forever may we sing
alleluias to our King!

Mayfield Way - at first bend

3. THE FIRST NOWELL

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

They lookèd 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Ducksen Road - nr wooden bungalows

4. AWAY IN A MANGER

Away in a Manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus Lay 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 side until 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.

Junction Ducksen Road / Horsefair Close

5. 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 heav’nly 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 to the earth be peace.
Goodwill henceforth from heav’n to men,
begin and never cease.”

Old Market Street – by village sign

6. 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.

[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,
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
to do poor 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
for to redeem us all. [Refrain]

Old Market Street – by King's Head

7. HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING

"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 the angelic host proclaim:
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
*"Hark!" the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!"*

Christ, by highest heaven 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!"*

Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Son 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!"*

Church Road – Ropers Farm Yard

8. 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

*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.

O come let us adore Him....

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

O come let us adore Him....

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to The be glory giv'n;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:

*O come let us adore Him, O come let
us adore Him, O come let us adore
Him, Christ the Lord!*

Junction Glebe Way/Freelands

9. 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 the dawn of redeeming grace.
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth!
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth!

Glebe Way – far end cul-de-sac

10. IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From Heav'n's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on hov'ring wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring;
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hast'ning on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Junction Middy Close/The Sidings

11. GOOD KING WENCESLAS

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,
gathering 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 St Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
bring me pine logs hither.
Thou and I shall 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."

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.

Middy Close – far end

12. DING DONG MERRILY ON HIGH

Ding dong merrily on high,
in heav'n the bells are ringing.
Ding dong! verily the sky,
is riv'n with angels singing.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,
let steeple bells be swungen,
And "I-o, i-o, i-o!"
by priest and people sungen.
Gloria...

Pray you, dutifully prime
your matin chime, ye ringers.
May you beautifully rime
your evetime song, ye singers.
Gloria...

Mendlesham Green by old telephone box

13. 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 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.

Not in that poor lonely stable,
with the oxen standing by.
We shall see Him, but in Heaven,
set at God's right hand on high.
When like stars His children crowned
all in white shall wait around.

Mendlesham Green – entrance: The Green 14 WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE

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

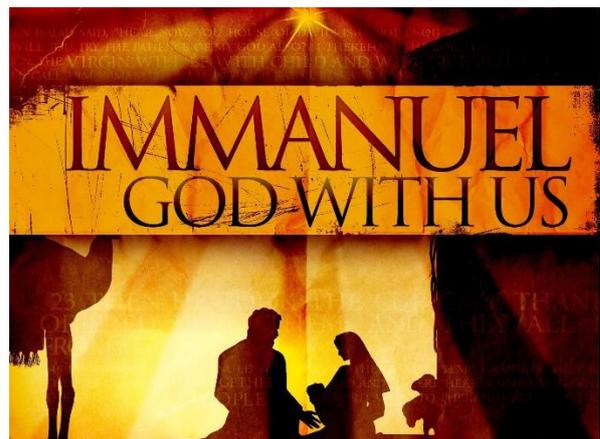
Refrain: *O star of wonder, star of light,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.*

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,
worshipping 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:
Heaven sings, 'Alleluia!'
'Alleluia!' the earth replies. [Refrain]



The logo for St Mary's Mendlesham features a large, stylized letter 'M' on the left. The top of the 'M' is crowned with a small, dark red crown icon. To the right of the 'M', the words 'ST MARY'S' are stacked above 'MENDLESHAM'. All text is rendered in a dark red, serif font.

ST MARY'S
MENDLESHAM