

O Come All Ye Faithful

1. 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:

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

2. God of God
Light of Light
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God, begotten not created
Chorus

3. Sing choirs of angels
sing in exultation
sing all ye citizens of heaven above
Glory to God, in the Highest
Chorus

**Closing Prayer and thanks, Tom Keating,
Director of Spiritual Care, St. Gemma's Hospice**

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*We would like to wish each and  
every one of you a Christmas that is:  
full of happy memories;  
filled with love for those present and those no longer with us;  
inspired by hope for a peaceful caring future.*

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We would like to thank the following for their kindness and support:

The **Yorkshire Evening Post** for their continued and generous support of the Hospices.

The Light for once again hosting this special event, for their generous support and providing tonight's refreshments and decorating the tree

Yorkshire Community Brass & Wesley Singers for providing the music.

Leeds City Council for providing the Christmas tree.

Fastsigns, for all their help with the roll of honour.

**Our warmest wishes to you all,
for supporting the work of your two Hospices.**



LIGHT UP A LIFE

AT
THE LIGHT

WEDNESDAY 7TH DECEMBER 2011

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST

SUPPORTING

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Sue Ryder
Wheatfields Hospice



‘Welcome’ by Paul Napier
Editor, Yorkshire Evening Post

Oh 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 street 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 all the earth! For Christ is born of Mary; and, gathered
all above, while mortals sleep, the angels keep their watch of wondering love.
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.
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, Immanuel.

‘Christ Mass Star’ read by Kerry Jackson
Chief Executive, St. Gemma’s Hospice

While shepherds watched their flocks by night

1. While shepherd watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
2. ‘Fear not’ said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);
‘Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.’
3. Thus spake the seraph and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
4. ‘All glory be to God on high
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.’

‘Light Me a Candle’, read by Julie Chambers
Staff member, Sue Ryder - Wheatfield’s Hospice

Silent Night

1. Silent night, holy night. All is calm, all is bright
Round yon Virgin Mother & child; holy infant so tender and mild:
Sleep in heavenly peace, sleep in heavenly peace.
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.
3. 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 your birth. Jesus, Lord at your birth.

‘Somewhere’, read by David Colley,
Staff Member, Sue Ryder - Wheatfield’s Hospice

Hark The Herald Angels Sing

1. 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 the angelic host proclaim: "Christ is born in Bethlehem"
Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn 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 newborn King!"
3. 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!"

‘The Candle’ read by Mary Curl,
Chaplain, St. Gemma’s Hospice