



A LITTLE CHILD WILL LEAD THEM

**If you have a short
joke to share before
the service, please
make your way to the
microphone at the front**

C₂ | O₂ | M₃ | E,
C₂ | H₂ | R₁ | I₁ | S, | T₂ | A₁ | N₁ | S,
J₆ | O₂ | I₁ | N₁ | T₂ | O₂
S₁ | I₁ | N₁ | G₂

Alleluia Amen

Loud praise to Christ our King

Alleluia Amen

Let all with heart and voice
Before God's throne rejoice
Praise is God's gracious choice

Alleluia Amen

Come lift your hearts on high

Alleluia Amen

Let praises fill the sky

Alleluia Amen

Christ is our guide and friend
On him we can depend
God's love will never end

Alleluia Amen

Come with your hopes and fears

Alleluia Amen

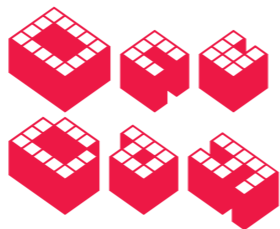
Come laughing, come in tears

Alleluia Amen

God's love is bursting through
New life is overdue
Come and be born anew

Alleluia Amen (x3)

WORDS Christian Bateman
TUNE Madrid



One day, one day,

Perhaps it will be Sunday

(...Saturday, Friday, Thursday etc)

One day we will live in peace

And a little child will lead us.

The cantor sings the verses,
then we all sing the chorus twice
– the second time with kazoos

WORDS & MUSIC Andrew Graystone

Stand up, Stand up for Jesus

You servants of the cross,
Tell out the precious gospel
That love endures through loss.
While conflict rages round you
And evil presses near,
Cling to the cross of Jesus
That love may cast out fear.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus
No more blaspheme his name,
For hatred, war and violence
Have decked his cross with shame.
Face Jesus in repentance
For blood the church has shed,
And pray he may empower us
To give not stones, but bread.

Stand up, beloved in Jesus
You feeble, weak and spurned,
See! What the world counts manhood
The cross has overturned.
You that are men, now serve him
But with a different sword,
Kneel at his side with Mary
And learn that love is Lord.

Stand up, beloved in Jesus
You hungry and oppressed,
Who now can doubt your status
When God has called you blessed?
Lift high your hearts, you women
Your call comes from above,
And God's free grace ordains you
To walk his way of love.

So stand as one for Jesus
Our prophet, priest and king,
Who longs to fold his children
Beneath his gentle wing.
And know, the one we worship
Died stretched on Calvary's tree,
Bruised, beaten, still he loves us
This is our victory.

TUNE Webb
WORDS Debbie Peatman
Used with permission

COME, ALL YOU VAGABONDS, COME ALL YOU 'DONT BELONGS'

Winners and losers, come, people like me.
Come all you travellers tired from the journey,
Come wait a while, stay a while, Welcomed you'll be.
Come all you questioners looking for answers,
And searching for reasons and sense in it all;
Come all you fallen, and come all you broken,
Find strength for your body and food for your soul.

Come to the feast, there is room at the table.

Come let us meet in this place.

With the King of all kindness who welcomes us in,

With the wonder of love, and the power of grace.

The wonder of the love, and the power of grace.

Come those who worry 'bout houses and money,
And all those who don't have a care in the world;
From every station and orientation,
The helpless, the hopeless, the young and the old.

Come to the feast...

Come all believers and dreamers and schemers,
And come all you restless just searching for home;
Movers and shakers and givers and takers,
The happy, the sad and the lost and alone.
Come self-sufficient with wearied ambition,
And come those who feel at the end of
the road.

Fiery debaters and religion haters,
Accusers, abusers, the hurt and ignored

Come to the feast...

WORDS & MUSIC Stuart Townend, Mark Edwards &
Phil Baggaley © 2011 Thankyou Music



Our Father who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
on earth as it is in heaven
Give us this day our daily bread
And forgive us our trespasses
As we forgive those
who trespass against us
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil
For thine is the Kingdom,
the power and the glory
For ever and ever, Amen.

WORDS Jesus
Used with permission

You don't play a kazoo by blowing. Put the bigger
end in your mouth and hum, or else sing doooo,
or brrrrrr.

All our kazoos have been bred in conditions
where they can roam freely and build their own
nests. They are easy to care for, so please take
yours home with you and look after it.
Greenbelt's kazoos are not suitable for children
under 3 or adults who suffer from
excessive dignity.

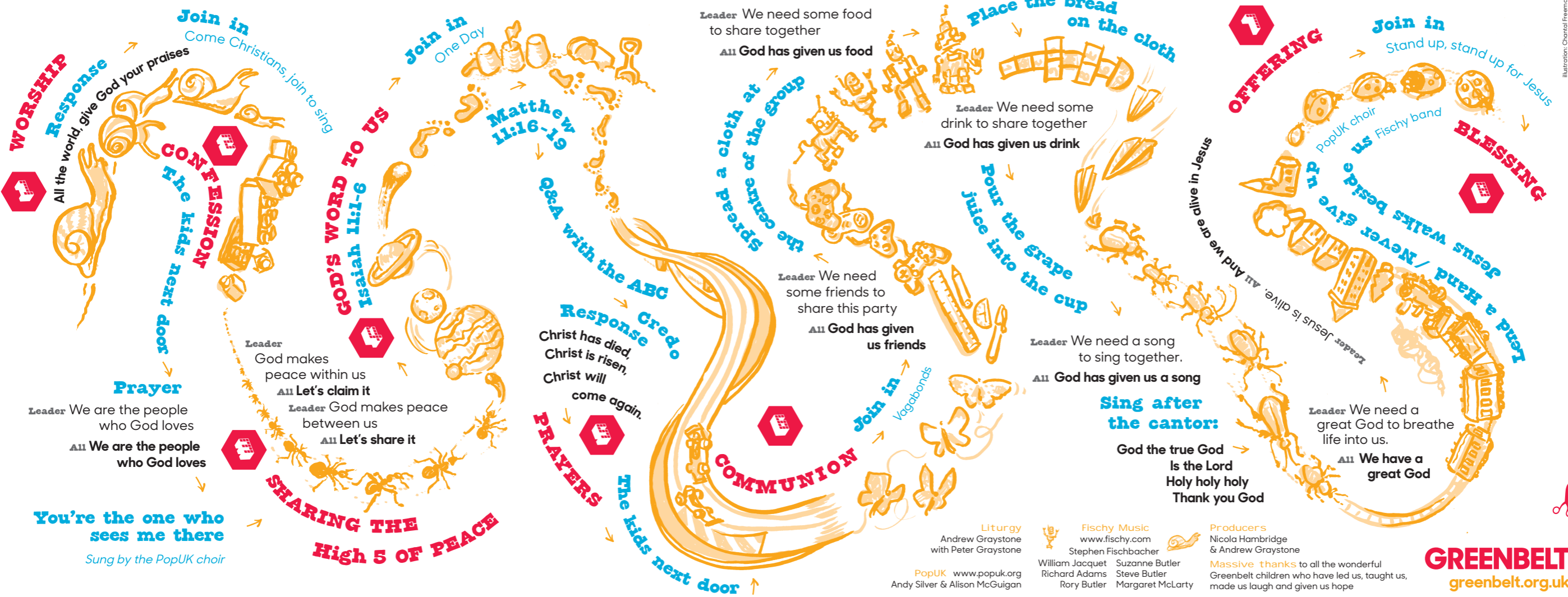


Illustration: Chantal Freeman

Gift Aid declaration Please treat the enclosed gift of £ as a Gift Aid donation. I confirm I have paid or will pay an amount of Income Tax and/or Capital Gains Tax for the current tax year (6 April to 5 April) that is at least equal to the amount of tax that all the charities and Community Amateur Sports Clubs (CASCs) that I donate to will reclaim on my gifts for the current tax year. I understand that other taxes such as VAT and Council Tax do not qualify. I understand the charity will reclaim 25p of tax on every £1 that I have given.

Title First name or initial(s) Surname

Address

Postcode

Date / / Signature

Liturgy
Andrew Graystone
with Peter Graystone

Fischy Music
www.fischy.com
Stephen Fischbacher
William Jacquet
Richard Adams
Rory Butler

Producers
Nicola Hambridge
& Andrew Graystone

Massive thanks to all the wonderful Greenbelt children who have led us, taught us, made us laugh and given us hope

GREENBELT
greenbelt.org.uk