

CHRISTINGLE MAKES YOU TINGLE

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Christingle is a funny word
Is it Christmas gone a bit odd?
Or does it make you tingle?
Christingle is a funny word

Christingle is a funny thing
Is it animal, vegetable, mineral?
If you saw it in the wild
Wherever that might be
Would you know one, if you saw one?
Christingle is a funny thing

Christingle is these bits and bobs
Christingle is an orange orange
Christingle is a ribbon red
Christingle is a light lit
Christingle is four sticky sticks of sticky stuff
Christingle is these bits and bobs

Christingle is an orange orange
That swells right up from tiny seed
Until it fits just right in your hands
So full of sweetness of life
And round as the world
And good as God made it
Christingle is an orange orange

Christingle is a ribbon red
The colour of stop, look, listen
Of danger, watch out, oh no
Of blood
Which comes with babies
And goes with dying
Of opened arms
On cross of wood
And voice saying
“Love you this much”
Right down to last breath, last drop
Christingle is a ribbon red

Christingle is a light lit
Ah now I see
All was dark
But this is hope
That warms my heart
And shows the way
Christingle is a light lit

Christingle is four sticky sticks of sticky stuff
Sticks and stones might break my bones
But sweeties are best of all
One for winter, one for spring
One for summer, then autumn bring
That's full of the goodness
Of mince pies and Easter eggs
Sunny picnics and granny's stew
Enough to share
So don't be mean
Christingle is four sticky sticks of sticky stuff

Christingle is Christmas gone a bit odd
It's not the story we know
Of a baby in a shed
Trying to sleep right through
A donkey and a cow
Who don't have the x-factor
A choir of angels
Getting heavy with trumpets
Smelly shepherds
All hot and bothered
Beardy weirdies
With gold and frankincense and myrrh
Urgh! Not here!
There's more to that story, you hear
Christingle is Christmas gone a bit odd

Christingle makes you tingle
That Jesus is not just for Christmas
But for everyone and everywhere
In this world round and good
As an orange orange

Christingle makes you tingle
That Jesus is not just for Christmas
But his love has no limit
Going round all
Round you and round me
And right over the sea
As a ribbon red

Christingle makes you tingle
That Jesus is not just for Christmas
But his light shines
Wherever there's darkness
Fear becomes hope
Hate becomes love
Blindness, sight
The lost find their way
As a light lit

Christingle makes you tingle
That Jesus is not just for Christmas
But sharing loaves and fishes
Bread and wine
Burger and chips
Celebrating fruit of the earth
Enough if we share
Enough if we care
Enough if we reduce
Reuse, recycle
In every season
He is there
To share
As four sticky sticks of sticky stuff

Christingle makes you tingle
That Jesus is not just for Christmas
His story more than nativity plays
As an orange orange for our world
As a ribbon red for his blood
As a light lit for his light
As four sticky sticks of sticky stuff for all
that's good
Christingle makes you tingle