

Sunday after Christmas Carol Sing
December 27, 2020

WELCOME to you all and thank you for joining us today!

THANK YOU to Worship Leaders Pastor Rita Augsburg, Milt Scott, Rick Strine, Carla Scott, Molly Berry, and Jeremy Hahn for their care and work on this Christmas Carol Sing.

GOD IS PRAISED IN HOPE – Pastor Rita

(From: *Crossings Meditations for Worship* by Susan Palo Cherwien, p. 17)

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 th' 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 the favoured one.
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see; Hail, th'incarnate Deity:
Pleased, as man, with men 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 son of earth, born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King!"

GOD IS PRAISED IN JOY – Rick Strine

(From: *Crossings Meditations for Worship* by Susan Palo Cherwien, p. 19)

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

Angels we have heard on high
Sweetly singing o'er the plains
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their joyous strains
Gloria, in excelsis Deo
Gloria, in excelsis Deo

Angels we have heard on high
Sweetly, sweetly through the night
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their brief delight
Gloria, in excelsis Deo
Gloria, in excelsis Deo

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be
Which inspire your heavenly song?
Gloria, in excelsis Deo
Gloria, in excelsis Deo

Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing,
Come, adore on bended knee,
Christ the Lord, the newborn King.
Gloria, in excelsis Deo
Gloria, in excelsis Deo

LIGHT – Pastor Rita

(From: *Crossings Meditations for Worship* by Susan Palo Cherwien, p. 29)

AWAY IN A MANGER

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.
The stars in the sky looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep in 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 cradle 'til 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 take us to heaven, to live with Thee there.

MARY – Molly Berry

(From: *Crossings Meditations for Worship* by Susan Palo Cherwien, p. 96)

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 Savior is born!
Christ the Savior is born

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

BLUE – Milt Scott

(From: *Crossings Meditations for Worship* by Susan Palo Cherwien, p. 119)

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.

Sing, alleluia,
All ye choirs of angels;
O sing, all ye blissful ones of heav'n above.
Glory to God
In the highest glory!

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

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

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

BIRTH – Carla Scott

(From: *Crossings Meditations for Worship* by Susan Palo Cherwien, p. 125)

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world! the Lord is come
Let earth receive her King
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room
And heaven and nature sing
And heaven and nature sing
And heaven and nature sing

Joy to the world! the Savior reigns
Let all their songs employ
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy
Repeat the sounding joy
Repeat the sounding joy

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found,
Far as the curse is found,
Far as, far as, the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love
And wonders of His love
And wonder wonders of His love

THE RETURN OF LIGHT – Pastor Rita

(From: *Crossings Meditations for Worship* by Susan Palo Cherwien, p. 143)

WHAT CHILD IS THIS?

What child is this, who, laid to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch, are keeping?
This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,
The babe, the son of Mary.

Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and donkeys are feeding?
Good Christians, fear, for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading.
Nails, spears shall pierce him through,
the cross he bore for me, for you.
Hail, hail the Word made flesh,
the Babe, the Son of Mary.

So, bring him incense, gold, and myrrh,
Come, peasant, king, to own him.
The King of kings salvation brings,
Let loving hearts enthrone him.
Raise, raise a song on high,
The virgin sings her lullaby
Joy, joy for Christ is born,
The babe, the Son of Mary.

GOD IN MUSIC – Milt Scott

(From: *Crossings Meditations for Worship* by Susan Palo Cherwien, p. 203)

GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Go tell it on the mountain,
Over the hills and ev'rywhere.
Go tell it on the mountain,
That Jesus Christ is born!

The shepherds kept their watching,
O'er silent flocks by night,
When lo! through-out the heavens,
There shone a holy light.

Go tell it on the mountain,
Over the hills and ev'rywhere.
Go tell it on the mountain,
That Jesus Christ is born!

The shepherds feared and trembled,
When high above the earth,
Rang out an angel chorus,
To hail our Saviour's birth.

Go tell it on the mountain,
Over the hills and ev'rywhere.
Go tell it on the mountain,
That Jesus Christ is born!

Down in a lowly manger,
The humble Christ was born,
And God sent us salvation,
That blessed Christmas morn.

Go tell it on the mountain,
Over the hills and ev'rywhere.
Go tell it on the mountain,
That Jesus Christ is born!

Ending – Pastor Rita Almighty God bless you now and forever. Amen.