

Carols and Keyboards

Christmas with the Ainsworth Choir

Organ Voluntary

Meditation on "Of the Father's Love Begotten"

Daniel McIntosh

Arr. Paul Fey

Welcome

Rev. Varnell

The Dream Isaiah Saw

Glenn L. Rudolph

Lions and oxen will sleep in the hay,
Leopards will join with the lambs as they play,
Wolves will be pastured with cows in the glade,
Blood will darken the Earth that God made.

Little child whose bed is straw,
Take new lodgings in my heart.
Bring the dream Isaiah saw:
Life redeemed from fang and claw.

Peace will pervade more than forest and field:
God will transfigure the violence concealed
Deep in the heart and in systems of gain,
Ripe for the judgment the Lord will ordain.

Little child whose bed is straw,
Take new lodgings in my heart.
Bring the dream Isaiah saw:
Justice purifying law.

Nature reordered to match God's intent,
Nations obeying the call to repent,
All of creation completely restored,
Filled with the knowledge and love of the Lord.

Little child whose bed is straw,
Take new lodgings in my heart.
Bring the dream Isaiah saw:
Knowledge, wisdom, worship awe.

- Thomas Troeger

The Word Was God

Rosephanye Powell

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.
The same was in the beginning with God.

All things were made by Him that have been made, nothing was made that He has not made.

- John 1:1-3

O Come, Emmanuel

Elaine Hagenberg

O come, O come Emmanuel, and ransom captive Israel
That mourns in lonely exile here, until the Son of God appear.

O come, thou Dayspring, come and cheer our spirits by thine Advent here,
And drive away the shades of night, And pierce the clouds and bring us light!
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel shall come to you, O Israel!

O come, desire of nations, bind all people in one heart and mind;
Bid envy, strife, and quarrels cease, and fill the world with heaven's peace.
O rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel shall come to you, O Israel!

- Latin, tr. John Neale (st. 1-2); Henry S. Coffin (st. 3)

E'en So, Lord Jesus, Quickly Come

Paul Manz

Peace be to you and grace from him
Who freed us from our sins,
Who loved us all and shed his blood
That we might saved be.
Sing holy, holy to our Lord,
The Lord, Almighty God,
Who was and is and is to come;
Sing holy, holy, Lord!

Rejoice in heaven, all ye that dwell therein,
Rejoice on earth, ye saints below,
For Christ is coming, is coming soon,
For Christ is coming soon!
E'en so, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
And night shall be no more;
They need no light nor lamp nor sun,
For Christ will be their All!

- Revelation 22, Adapted by Ruth Manz

Balulalow (Lullaby)

Terre Johnson

Sierra Sanders, Soloist

O my deir hert, young Jesus sweet,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee in my hert
And never mair from thee depart.
Balulalow.

But I sall praise thee evermoir
With sangis sweet unto thy gloir;
The knees of my heart sall I bow,
And sing that richt Balulalow!
Balulalow.

- James and Robert Wedderburn (1548)

The First Noel

Arr. Dan Forrest

The first Noel, the angels did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds
in fields where they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked 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.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

The let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of naught,
And with his blood mankind hath bought.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

- Traditional English Carol

Offertory

Improvisation on "Away in a Manger"

Daniel McIntosh

Arr. Daniel McIntosh

Tomorrow Shall Be My Dancing Day

Arr. Howard Helvey

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day:
I would my true love did so chance
To see the legend of my play,
To call my true love to my dance:
Sing, O my love, O my love, my love, my love;
This have I done for my true love.

Then was I born of a virgin pure,
Of her I took fleshly substance;
Thus was I knit to man's nature,
To call my true love to my dance:

Sing, O my love, O my love, my love, my love;
This have I done for my true love.

In a manger laid and wrapped I was,
So very poor, this was my chance,
Betwixt an ox and a silly poor ass,
To call my true love to my dance:
Sing, O my love, O my love, my love, my love;
This have I done for my true love.

- Traditional English Carol

Beautiful Savior

Silesian Carol, Arr. F. Melius Christiansen

Katie Trotter, Soloist

Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands
Robed in the flowers of blooming spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
He makes our sorrowing spirits sing.

Beautiful Savior! Lord of the nations!
Son of God and Son of Man!
Glory and honor, praise, adoration,
Now and forevermore be thine.

- Tr. Joseph A. Seiss

With the Shepherds I Will Sing

Terre Johnson

With the shepherds I will sing,
Songs of wonder, songs of joy
To a newborn baby boy.
As I care for all my lambs
I will praise the great "I AM."

With the angels I will sing,
Songs of glory fill the skies
While the baby gently sighs.
Sharing peace, goodwill for all
I will join the angels' song.

With the wise men I will sing,
Songs of prophecies foretold,
Worth our incense, myrrh and gold;
As I follow yonder star
I will share their song of awe.

With the village I will sing,
Stars and angels showed the way
To the manger filled with hay.
Though the inn was cold and dark,
I will offer him my heart.

Ding Dong! Merrily on High

Traditional English Carol

Ding dong! Merrily on high in heav'n the bells are ringing;
Ding dong! Verily the sky is riv'n with angel singing.
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below let steeple bells be swungen;
And io, io, io! By priest and people sungen.
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime your matin chime, ye ringers;
May you beautifully rime your evetime song, ye singers.
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!

- George Ratcliffe Woodward (1924)

O Holy Night

Adolph Adam, Arr. Shawn Kirchner

O holy night! The stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of our dear Savior's birth.
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
'Til He appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.
Fall on your knees! O, hear the angels' voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was born;
O night divine, O night, O night divine.

Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,
With glowing hearts by the cradle we stand.
So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,
Here come the wise men from Orient land.
The King of Kings lay thus in lowly manger;

In all our trials born to be our friend.
He knows our need, to our weakness no stranger,
Behold your King! Before the lowly bend!
Behold your King, Behold your King.

Truly He taught us to love one another;
His law is love and his gospel is peace.
Chains shall he break and all bonds burst
asunder,
For in his name all oppression shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,
Let all within us praise His holy name.
Christ is the Lord! O praise His Name forever,
His power and glory evermore proclaim.
His power and glory evermore proclaim.

- Placide Cappeau, tr. John S. Dwight

Closing Remarks

Rev. Varnell

*Congregational Carol

O Come, All Ye Faithful

Arr. David Willcocks

Please join to sing this familiar carol:

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, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;
Glory to God in the highest:
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 all 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!

*Benediction

Rev. Varnell

Closing Voluntary

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Arr. J. Wayne Kerr

Daniel McIntosh

The Ainsworth Choir

Terre Johnson, Director of Music

Daniel McIntosh, Organist and Pianist

Lisa Shepard, Pianist

Katie Trotter, Violinist

Soprano

Lida Hill
Susie Hill
Camilla Packroff
Lisa Shepard
Katie Trotter
Lynneth Whitten

Alto

Susan Dann
Barbara Henley
Miriam Langley
Jan Morales-Hill
Karin Payne
Sierra Sanders
Beth Tripp

Tenor

Chris Abbott
Luke Baker
Chace Crowell
Lyman Hinson
Adam Schulte

Bass

Greg Elliott
Bill Hill
Chuck Huber
Sam Lamback
William Little
Luis Morales-Hill
Thomas Nation
David Patton

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