



The Worship of God

December 13, 2020

THE THIRD SUNDAY OF ADVENT

Eleven O'Clock

COME, CHRISTMAS . . .

PREPARATION AND PRAISE

HARP PRELUDE: Watching the Wheat

John Thomas

WORDS OF WELCOME AND CONCERNS OF THE CHURCH

LIGHTING OF THE ADVENT WREATH

Teresa and Dan Herring

CHORAL INTROIT

VENI EMMANUEL

O come, thou Dayspring, come and cheer our spirits by thine advent here;
disperse the gloomy clouds of night, and death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.

THE INVOCATION AND LORD'S PRAYER

MEDITATION

THE OLD TESTAMENT LESSON: Zephaniah 3:14-18

ORGAN MEDITATION: To Shepherds as They Watched by Night

Nicolas Lebegue

PROCLAMATION

THE GOSPEL LESSON: Luke 1:46-56

HOMILY: "Come, Joy . . ."

Dr. Wright

THE PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING AND INTERCESSION

A CEREMONY OF CAROLS

by Benjamin Britten

Processional

Hodie Christus natus est:

Today Christ is born:

Hodie Salvator apparuit:

Today the Saviour has appeared:

Hodie in terra canunt angeli:

Today angels sing on earth:

Laetantur archangeli:

Archangels rejoice:

Hodie exsultant justi dicentes:

Today the righteous exult, saying:

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Glory to God in the highest.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia!

Wolcum Yole!

Anonymous, 14th Century

Wolcum, Wolcum, Wolcum be thou hevenè king,	<i>Wolcum/Welcome; hevenè/heavenly</i>
Wolcum Yole! Wolcum, born in one morning,	<i>Yole/Yule (the midwinter festival)</i>
Wolcum for whom we sall sing!	<i>sall/shall</i>
Wolcum be ye, Stevene and Jon,	
Wolcum, Innocentes every one,	
Wolcum, Thomas marter one,	<i>marter/martyr</i>
Wolcum be ye, good Newe Yere,	
Wolcum, Twelfth Day both in fere,	<i>fere/fear</i>
Wolcum, seintes lefe and dere,	<i>seintes lefe and dere/saints left and dear</i>
Wolcum Yole, Wolcum Yole, Wolcum!	
Candelmesse, Quene of bliss,	<i>Candelmesse/Candlemas</i>
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.	
Wolcum, Wolcum, Wolcum be ye that are here,	
Wolcum Yole, Wolcum alle and make good cheer,	
Wolcum alle another yere, Wolcum Yole, Wolcum!	

There is no Rose

Anonymous, 14th Century

There is no rose of such vertu	<i>vertu/virtue</i>
as is the rose that bare Jesu. Alleluia, alleluia.	
For in this rose containèd	
was heaven and earth in litel space,	<i>litel/little</i>
Res miranda, res miranda.	<i>res miranda/miraculous thing</i>
By that rose we may well see	
there be one God in persons three,	
Pares forma, pares forma,	<i>pares forma/in the parent's image</i>
The aungels sungen the shepherds to:	<i>the aungels sungen/the angels sang</i>
Gloria in excelsis, Gloria in excelsis Deo.	<i>Glory to God in the highest.</i>
Gaudeamus, gaudeamus.	<i>gaudeamus/we rejoice</i>
Leave we all this werldly mirth,	
and follow we this joyful birth.	<i>werldly/worldly</i>
Transeamus, transeamus, transeamus.	<i>transeamus/we follow</i>
Alleluia, res miranda, pares forma, gaudeamus,	<i>Alleluia, miraculous thing,</i>
Transeamus, transeamus, transeamus.	<i>In the parents' image, we rejoice, we follow.</i>

That Yongë Childe and Bulalow

Anonymous, 14th Century/James, John & Robert Wedderburn, 16th Century

That yongë child when it gan weep	<i>yongë/young; gan weep/began to weep</i>
with song she lulled him asleep:	
That was so sweet a melody it passèd alle minstrelsy.	<i>passèd/surpassed</i>
The nightingalë sang also:	
Her song is hoarse . . . and nought thereto:	
Whoso attendeth to her song	<i>whoso/whoever</i>
and leaveth the first . . . then doth he wrong.	
O my deare hert, young Jesu sweet,	<i>hert/heart; sweet/sweet</i>
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,	<i>creddil/cradle; spreit/spirit</i>
And I sall rock thee to my hert,	<i>sall/shall</i>
And never mair from thee depart.	<i>mair/more</i>
But I sall praise thee evermoir	<i>evermoir/evermore</i>
With sanges sweit unto thy gloir;	<i>sanges/songs; sweit/sweet; gloir/glory</i>
The knees of my hert sall I bow,	
And sing that richt Balulalow.	<i>richt/right; Bulalalow/Lullaby</i>

As Dew in Aprille

I sing of a maiden that is makèles:	<i>I sing of a maiden that is matchless:</i>
King of all kings to her son she ches.	<i>King of all kings for her son she chose.</i>
He came also stille there his moder was	<i>He came as silently where his mother was</i>
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the grass.	<i>As dew in April that falls on the grass.</i>
He came also stille to his moder's bour	<i>He came as silently to his mother's bower</i>
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the flour.	<i>As dew in April that falls on the flower.</i>
He came also stille there his moder lay	<i>He came as silently where his mother lay</i>
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the spray.	<i>As dew in April that falls on the spray.</i>
Moder and maiden was never none but she:	<i>Mother and maiden was never none but she:</i>
Well may such a lady Goddes moder be.	<i>Well may such a lady God's mother be.</i>

This Little Babe

Robert Southwell, d. 1595

This little Babe so few days old, is come to rifle Satan's fold;	<i>rifle/plunder; fold/enclosure</i>
All hell doth at his presence quake, though he himself for cold do shake;	<i>for cold/with cold</i>
For in this weak unarmed wise the gates of hell he will surprise.	<i>wise/way, manner</i>
With tears he fights and wins the field, His naked breast stands for a shield;	
His battering shot are babish cries, His arrows looks of weeping eyes,	
His martial ensigns Cold and Need, and feeble Flesh his warrior's steed.	
His camp is pitched in a stall, His bulwark but a broken wall;	
The crib his trench, haystalks his stakes; of shepherds he his muster makes;	<i>muster/troops</i>
And thus, as sure his foe to wound, the angels' trumpets alarum sound.	<i>trumpets alarm</i>
My soul, with Christ join thou in fight; stick to the tents that he hath pight.	<i>pight/set</i>
Within his crib is surest ward; this little Babe will be thy guard.	<i>ward/protection</i>
If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy, then flit not from this heavenly Boy.	<i>flit/move away</i>

Interlude

In Freezing Winter Night

Robert Southwell, d. 1595

Behold, a silly tender babe, in freezing winter night,	<i>silly/humble</i>
In homely manger trembling lies. Alas, a piteous sight!	
The inns are full; no man will yield this little pilgrim bed.	
But forced he is with silly beasts in crib to shroud his head.	
This stable is a Prince's court, this crib his chair of State;	
The beasts are parcel of his pomp, the wooden dish his plate.	<i>parcel/part, portion</i>
The persons in that poor attire his royal liveries wear;	
The Prince himself is come from heaven; this pomp is prized there.	
With joy approach, O Christian wight, do homage to thy King,	<i>wight/creature</i>
And highly praise his humble pomp, wich he from Heaven doth bring.	<i>wich/which</i>

Elizabeth Waser and Payton Parker, soloists

Spring Carol

William Cornish, d. 1523

Pleasure it is to hear iwis, the Birdes sing,	<i>iwis/certainly</i>
The deer in the dale, the sheep in the vale, the corn springing.	
God's purveyance for sustenance, It is for man, it is for man.	
Then we always to give him praise, And thank him than.	

Sarah Summers and Payton Parker, soloists

Deo Gracias
Anonymous, 15th Century

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!	<i>Thanks be to God!</i>
Adam lay ibounden, bounden in a bond;	<i>Adam was bound in sin for four thousand</i>
Four thousand winter thought he not to long.	<i>winters, which he thought not too long.</i>
Deo gracias! Deo gracias!	<i>Thanks be to God!</i>
And all was for an appil, an appil that he tok,	<i>And it was all for an apple that he took,</i>
As clerkes finden written in their book.	<i>as clerics find written in their book.</i>
Deo gracias! Deo gracias!	<i>Thanks be to God!</i>
Ne had the appil take ben, the appil take ben,	<i>Had the apple not been taken, then our Lady</i>
Ne hadde never our lady a ben hevене quene.	<i>would not have been heavenly queen.</i>
Blessed be the time that appil take was.	<i>Blessed be the time that the apple was taken.</i>
Therefore we moun singen.	<i>Therefore we must sing:</i>
Deo gracias! Deo gracias! Deo gracias! Deo gracias!	<i>Thanks be to God!</i>

Recessional

Hodie Christus natus est:	<i>Today Christ is born:</i>
Hodie Salvator apparuit:	<i>the Savior has appeared:</i>
Hodie in terra canunt angeli:	<i>Today angels sing on earth:</i>
Laetantur archangeli:	<i>Archangels rejoice:</i>
Hodie exsultant justi dicentes:	<i>Today the righteous exult, saying:</i>
Gloria in excelsis Deo.	<i>Glory to God in the highest.</i>
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!	<i>Alleluia!</i>

AN AFFIRMATION OF FAITH

We believe that when angry words inflict bruised feelings,
When broken promises result in broken hearts,
And when pride blocks reconciliation,
Love comes home at Christmas.

We believe that when poor choices yield unpleasant results,
When failure and defeat shadow our every move,
And when the future appears bleak and unkind,
Hope comes home at Christmas.

We believe that when sorrow absorbs all of the happiness from life,
When living is a chore with no pleasant reward,
And when laughter is a gift we have all but forgotten,
Joy comes home at Christmas.

We believe that when discord becomes the melody of our days,
When anxiety stalks us, stealing our sleep at night,
And when war is the pattern of all human interaction,
Peace comes home at Christmas.

We believe that when we no longer know who we are,
When we do not feel at home in familiar places,
And when our spirits cry out to God for help,
Christ comes home at Christmas. Thanks be to God! Amen!

POSTLUDE: Postlude on *Wachet Auf*

Miles Martin

THE MINISTRY OF WORSHIP

Jody C. Wright <i>Senior Minister</i>	Elizabeth Edwards <i>Associate Minister</i>	Amy Shortt <i>Minister of Music</i>		
Diana Kirkpatrick <i>Organist</i>		Vonda Darr <i>Harpist</i>		
Sarah Summers <i>Soprano</i>	Payton Parker <i>Soprano II</i>	Elizabeth Waser <i>Soprano II</i>	Erin Dugai <i>Alto</i>	Alanna Perrin <i>Alto</i>