

Carols “at” Cross Street Chapel

13 December 2020 4pm

Service Led by Rev'd Cody Coyne
Music by Aaron Breeze
and Catherine Coyne



Prelude "Aria" from the "Goldberg Variations" J. S. Bach
performed by Aaron Breeze

Call to Worship Ellen Johnson-Fay

Chalice Lighting Anon

Covenant

We gather here in sacred fellowship,
To witness the fullness of our lives and all life
To hold and be held, tell stories and listen,
To be renewed and renew the world.

We speak with care and patience,
We act with gentleness and compassion,
We forgive each other and ourselves.

In faith that we build beloved community,
We renew our covenant today

Prayer Ann Fields

Hymn I Heard the Bells Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
James William Elliott

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
“Goodwill to all, and peace on earth!”

I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song,
“Goodwill to all, and peace on earth!”

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime:
“Goodwill to all, and peace on earth!”

And in despair I bowed my head:
“There is no peace on earth,” I said.
“For hate is strong
And mocks the song:
Goodwill to all, and peace on earth!”

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, and doth not sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail –
Goodwill to all, and Peace on earth!"

Readings

I Waited All Month Long
There Must Be a Christmas
Read by Catherine Coyne

Gayle Lehman-Becker
Vivian T. Pomeroy

Hymn

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Edmund Hamilton Sears
Arthur Seymour Sullivan

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
come swiftly on the wing.
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo!, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Readings Matthew 1:18-2:23
A Gift's True Value

Albert Q Perry

Hymn In the Bleak Mid-winter

Christina Rossetti
Gustav Holst

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Long ago.

In the ancient story
Of the infant's birth
Angels in their glory
Promised peace on earth;
But only his mother,
With a mother's bliss,
Worshipped the beloved
With a kiss.

Christ was homeless stranger,
So the gospels say,
Cradled in a manger
And a bed of hay:
In the bleak mid-winter
Stable-place sufficed
Mary and her baby
Jesus Christ.

Once more child and mother
Weave their magic spell,
Touching hearts with wonder
Words can never tell:
In the bleak mid-winter,
In this world of pain,
Where our hearts are open.
Christ is born again.

Readings Luke 2:1-20
It was a tiny babe that lay there

Hope Hilton

Hymn The First Nowell

Music, trad. arr. Stainer

The first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay, keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep:
Refrain
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
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:

Refrain

*Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.*

And by the light of that same star,
Three Wise Men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star whersoever it went:

Refrain

*Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.*

This star drew nigh to the north-west;
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest;
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay:

Refrain

*Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.*

Then entered in those Wise Men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in his presence,
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense:

Refrain

*Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.*

Interlude	from "Winter" <i>Performed by</i> Catherine Coyne	Antonio Vivaldi
Reading	The Carols We Sing <i>Read by</i> Paul Evans	Edward A Frost
Hymn	Silent Night	Joseph Mohr Franz Gruber

Silent night! Holy night!
All things sleep, shepherds keep
Watch on Bethlehem's silent hill,
And unseen, while all is still,
Angels watch above,
Angels watch above.

Bright the star shines afar,
Guiding travellers on their way;
Who their gold and incense bring,
Offerings to the promised King,
Child of David's line,
Child of David's line.

Light around! Joyous sound!
Angel voices wake the air:
Glory be to God in heaven,
Peace on earth to you is given:

Lo! the Christ is born!
Lo! the Christ is born!

Homily Noel-stalgia Cody Coyne

Prayer Cody Coyne

Hymn O Come, all ye Faithful Trad. tr. Frederick Oakeley
John Francis Wades

O come, all ye Faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem:
Come and behold him
Born this happy morning:
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
Christ, the Lord.

See how the shepherds,
Summoned to his cradle,
Leaving their flocks draw nigh with lowly fear;
We too will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps:
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
Christ, the Lord.

Lo, star-led chieftains,
Wise men, Christ adoring,
Offer him incense, gold and myrrh;
We to the Christ-child
Bring our hearts' oblations:
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 heaven 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.

Thanks

Benediction

Postlude The Fellowship of the Church

John Andrew Storey
Clement William Poole

Performed by Aaron Breeze