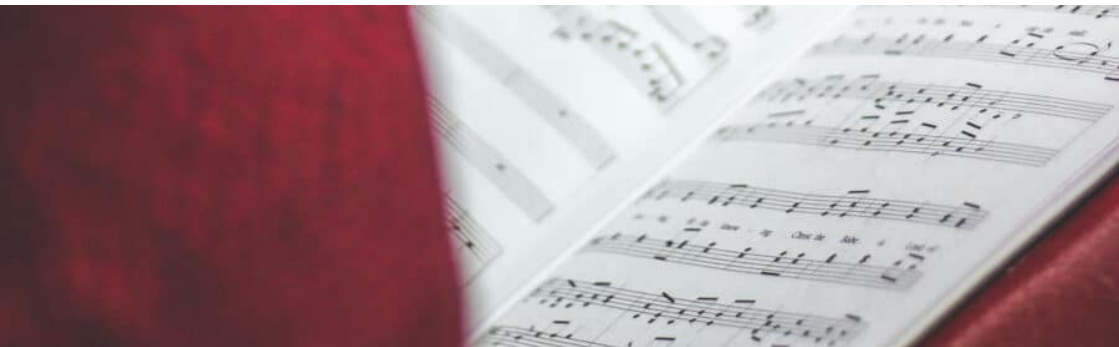




Where all find a welcome and are nurtured in their journey with Christ.

# The Festival of Lessons and Carols

Sunday 19 December 2021 at 6.00 pm



# Join us after the service for refreshments

You are warmly invited to join us after the service for refreshments in our Community Centre.

You must always follow our current COVID safety rules whilst in the building, including wearing a face covering if required.

## Support our work

St Mary's is a charity which receives no funding from the government and is entirely dependent on donations and fees to keep operating.

If you'd like to donate to support our work you can give contactlessly as you leave the building by tapping your contactless card device against our card reader. You can also leave cash in the offering plate by the door.

You can also donate online, quickly and easily, using either a bank card or directly from your bank account.

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If you'd like to give in some other way, find out more about planned giving, or read about how we use donations then please see our donations page.

*Our worship begins at the sound of the bell, please stand as the choir and the sacred ministers enter.*

**(Choir)**

Once in royal David's city  
Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
Where a mother laid her baby  
In a manger for his bed:  
Mary was that mother mild,  
Jesus Christ her little child.

**(Choir)**

He came down to earth from heaven  
Who is God and Lord of all,  
And his shelter was a stable,  
And his cradle was a stall;  
With the poor, and mean, and lowly  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

**(All)**

**And our eyes at last shall see him,  
Through his own redeeming love,  
For that child so dear and gentle  
Is our Lord in heaven above;  
And he leads his children on  
To the place where he is gone.**

**(All)**

**Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see him; but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high;  
When like stars his children crowned  
All in white shall wait around.**

*Words: C. F. Alexander (1818-1895)*

*Music: H. J. Gauntlett (1805-1876)*

*Verses 1-3 harmonised by A. H. Mann (1850-1929)*

*Verse 4 arranged by D. V. Willcocks (1919-2015)*

*Please remain standing.*

## **Bidding Prayer**

Beloved in Christ, be it this Christmas-tide our care and delight to hear again the message of the angels, and in heart and mind to go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, and the Babe lying in a manger.

Therefore, let us read and mark in Holy Scripture the tale of the loving purposes of God from the first days of our disobedience unto the glorious redemption brought us by this Holy Child.

But first, let us pray for the needs of the whole world; for peace on earth and goodwill among all his people; for unity and brotherhood within the Church he came to build, and especially in this city and diocese.

And because this of all things would rejoice his heart, let us remember, in his name, the poor and helpless, the cold, the hungry and the oppressed; the sick and them that mourn, the lonely and the unloved; the aged and the little children; all those who know not the Lord Jesus, or who love him not, or who by sin have grieved his heart of love.

Lastly, let us remember before God all those who rejoice with us, but upon another shore, and in a greater light, that multitude which no man can number, whose hope was in the Word made flesh, and with whom in the Lord Jesus we are for ever one.

These prayers and praises let us humbly offer up to the throne of heaven, in the words which Christ himself hath taught us:

**Our Father who art in heaven,  
Hallowed be thy name;  
Thy kingdom come;  
Thy will be done,  
On earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
As we forgive those who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation;  
But deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom,  
The power, and the glory,  
For ever and ever  
Amen.**

*Please sit.*

***(Choir)***

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.

Our God, heav'n cannot hold him  
Nor earth sustain;  
Heav'n and earth shall flee away  
When he comes to reign:  
In the bleak mid-winter  
A stable-place sufficed  
The Lord God Almighty  
Jesus Christ.

Enough for him, whom cherubim  
Worship night and day,  
A breastful of milk  
And a mangerful of hay;  
Enough for him, whom angels  
Fall down before,  
The ox and ass and camel  
Which adore.

What can I give him,  
Poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd  
I would bring a lamb,  
If I were a Wise Man  
I would do my part,  
Yet what I can I give him,  
Give my heart.

*Words: C. G. Rossetti (1830-1894)*

*Music: H. E. Darke (1888-1976)*

## **Lesson: Genesis 3.8-14**

### **The Fall**

*Read by Heather Woodhead*

*Chorister at St Mary's Church, Whitkirk*



**(Choir)**

On Christmas night all Christians sing  
To hear the news the angels bring,  
News of great joy, news of great mirth,  
News of our merciful King's birth.

Then why should men on earth be so sad,  
Since our Redeemer made us glad,  
When from our sin he set us free,  
All for to gain our liberty?

When sin departs before his grace,  
Then life and health come in its place;  
Angels and men with joy may sing,  
All for to see the new-born King.

All out of darkness we have light,  
Which made the angels sing this night;  
'Glory to God and peace to men,  
Now and for evermore. Amen'.

*Words & Music: English traditional carol  
arranged by D. V. Willcocks (1919-2015)*

*Please stand.*

**(All)**

**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.**

**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!**

**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.**

*Words: E. H. Sears (1810-1876)*

*Music: English traditional melody*

*adapted by A. S. Sullivan (1842-1900)*

*Please sit.*

## **Lesson: Isaiah 9.2,6,7**

### **The prophecy of the Messiah's birth**

*Read by Victoria Peat*

*School Teacher, Alder Tree Primary School*

***(Choir)***

Ring Christmas bells, merrily ring,  
Tell all the world, Jesus is King.  
Loudly proclaim with one accord  
The happy tale, welcome the Lord.  
Ring Christmas bells, sound far and near,  
The birthday of Jesus is here.  
Herald the news to old and young,  
Tell it to all, in ev'ry tongue.

Ring Christmas bells, tell loud and long,  
Your message sweet, peal and prolong.  
Come all ye people, join in the singing,  
Repeat the story told by the ringing.  
Ring Christmas bells, throughout the earth,  
The glad news of Jesus' birth.  
Loudly proclaim, with one accord,  
The happy tale, welcome the Lord.

Ring Christmas bells, merrily ring,  
Tell all the world, Jesus is King.  
Loudly proclaim with one accord  
The happy tale, welcome the Lord.  
Ring Christmas bells, sound far and near,  
The birthday of Jesus is here.  
Herald the news to old and young,  
Tell it to all, in ev'ry tongue.

Ring Christmas bells, tell loud and long,  
Your message sweet, peal and prolong.  
Come all ye people, join in the singing,  
Repeat the story told by the ringing.  
Ring Christmas bells, throughout the earth,  
Tell the glad news of Jesus' birth.  
Loudly proclaim, with one accord,  
The happy tale, welcome the Lord.  
Ring Christmas bells, merrily ring.  
Tell all the world: Jesus is King!

*Words & Music: M. D. Leontovych (1877-1921)*

*Please stand.*

**(All)**

**O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.**

**How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is giv'n!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of his heav'n.  
No ear may hear his coming;  
But in this world of sin  
Where meek souls will receive him, still  
The dear Christ enters in.**

**O Holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell:  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel.**

*Words: P. Brooks (1835-1893)*

*Music: English traditional melody*

*Verses 1 & 2 arranged by R. Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)*

*Verse 3 arranged by T. Armstrong (1898-1994)*

*Please sit.*

## **Lesson: Luke 1.26-38**

### **The Annunciation to Mary**

*Read by Richard Burgon*

*Member of Parliament for Leeds East*

**(Choir)**

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day:  
I would my true love did so chance  
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.*

Then afterwards baptised I was;  
The Holy Ghost on me did glance,  
My Father's voice heard from above,  
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.*



*Please stand.*

**(All)**

**The angel Gabriel from heaven came,  
His wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame:  
'All hail,' said he, 'thou lowly maiden Mary,  
Most highly favoured lady.' Gloria!**

**(All)**

**'For known a blessed Mother thou shalt be;  
All generations laud and honour thee:  
Thy son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold.  
Most highly favoured lady.' Gloria!**

**(Upper Voices)**

**Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head;  
'To me be as it pleaseth God!' she said.  
'My soul shall laud and magnify his holy name.'  
Most highly favoured lady. Gloria!**

**(All)**

**Of her Emmanuel, the Christ, was born,  
In Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn;  
And Christian folk throughout the world will ever say:  
Most highly favoured lady. Gloria!**

Words: S. Baring-Gould (1834-1924)  
Music: Basque traditional melody  
arranged by E. Pettman (1866-1943)

Please sit.

## Lesson: Luke 2.1-7

### The birth of Jesus

Read by Andy Thomson  
Chair of Whitkirk Arts Guild

#### **(Choir)**

*In dulci júbilo*, Let us our homage shew;  
Our heart's joy reclineth *In praesepio*,  
And like a bright star shineth *Matris in gremio*.  
*Alpha es et O, Alpha es et O!*

*O Jesu parvule!* My heart is sore for thee!  
Hear me, I beseech thee, *O Puer optime!*  
My prayer let it reach thee, *O Princeps gloriae!*  
*Trahe me post te, Trahe me post te!*

*O Patris caritas, O Nati lenitas!*  
Deeply were we stained *Per nostra crimina*;  
But thou hast for us gainèd *Coelorum gaudia*,  
O that we were there, O that we were there!

*Ubi sunt gaudia*, If that they be not there?  
There are angels singing *Nova cantica*,  
There the bells are ringing *In Regis curia*:  
O that we were there, O that we were there!

*Words: English text translated from German  
by R. L. Pearsall (1795-1856)  
Music: 14<sup>th</sup> century German carol  
arranged by R. Chilcott (b. 1955)*

*Please stand.*

**(All)**

**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 first saw the sight:  
Glories stream from heaven afar,  
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia:  
Christ the Saviour is born,  
Christ the Saviour is born!**

**Silent night, holy night,  
Son of God, love's pure light;  
Radiance beams from thy holy face,  
With the dawn of redeeming grace.  
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,  
Jesus, Lord, at the birth.**

*Words: J. Mohr (1792-1848)  
translated by J. F. Young (1820-1885)  
Music: F. Grüber (1787-1863)  
arranged by R. Chilcott (b. 1955)*

*Please sit.*

## **Lesson: Luke 2.8-16**

### **The shepherds go to the manger**

*Read by Emma-Jayne Turnberry  
Funeral Director, Co-operative Funeralcare, Whitkirk*

**(Choir)**

‘When he is King we will give him the King’s gifts,  
Myrrh for its sweetness, and gold for a crown,  
Beautiful robes,’ said the young girl to Joseph,  
Fair with her first-born on Bethlehem Down.

Bethlehem Down is full of the starlight —  
Winds for the spices, and stars for the gold,  
Mary for sleep, and for lullaby music  
Songs of a shepherd by Bethlehem fold.

Here he has peace and a short while for dreaming,  
Close-huddled oxen to keep him from cold,  
Mary for love, and for lullaby music  
Songs of a shepherd by Bethlehem fold.

*Words: B. Blunt (1899-1957)*  
*Music: P. Warlock (1894-1930)*

*Please stand.*

***(All)***

**God rest you merry, gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour  
Was born upon this day,  
To save us all from Satan's pow'r  
When we were gone astray:  
*O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy.***

**From God our heav'nly Father  
A blessèd angel came,  
And unto certain shepherds  
Brought tidings of the same,  
How that in Bethlehem was born  
The Son of God by name:  
*O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy.***

**Now to the Lord sing praises,  
All you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood  
Each other now embrace,  
This holy tide of Christmas  
All others doth deface:  
*O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy.***

*Words & Music: English traditional carol  
arranged by D. V. Willcocks (1919-2015)*

*Please sit.*

## **Lesson: Matthew 2.1-11**

**The magi are led by the star to Jesus**

*Read by Lynne Pickersgill*

Duty of Candour Co-ordinator,  
Serious Incident Team, Yorkshire Ambulance Service  
and Licensed Lay Minister at St Mary's Church, Whitkirk

**(Choir)**

Clear in the darkness a light shines in Bethlehem:

Angels are singing, their sound fills the air.

Wise men have journeyed to greet their Messiah;

But only a mother and baby lie there.

*'Ave Maria, ave Maria.' Hear the soft lullaby the angel hosts sing.*

*'Ave Maria, ave Maria. Maiden, and mother of Jesus our King'.*

Where are his courtiers, and who are his people?

Why does he bear neither sceptre nor crown?

Shepherds his courtiers, the poor for his people,

With peace as his sceptre and love for his crown.

*'Ave Maria, ave Maria.' Hear the soft lullaby the angel hosts sing.*

*'Ave Maria, ave Maria. Maiden, and mother of Jesus our King'.*

What though your treasures are not gold or incense?

Lay them before him with hearts full of love.

Praise to the Christ child, and praise to his mother

Who bore us a Saviour by grace from above.

*'Ave Maria, ave Maria.' Hear the soft lullaby the angel hosts sing.*

*'Ave Maria, ave Maria. Maiden, and mother of Jesus our King'.*

*Please stand.*

**(All)**

**As with gladness men of old  
Did the guiding star behold,  
As with joy they hailed its light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright;  
So, most gracious God, may we  
Evermore be led to thee.**

**As with joyful steps they sped,  
To that lowly manger bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom heav'n and earth adore,  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.**

**As they offered gifts most rare  
At that cradle rude and bare,  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to thee our heav'nly King.**



Words: *W. Chatterton Dix (1837-1898)*  
Music: *Abridged from a chorale,*  
*'Treuer Heiland', by C. Kocher (1786-1872)*  
*arranged by D. V. Willcocks (1919-2015)*

*Please remain standing.*

## **Lesson: John 1.1-14**

### **The Incarnation of the Word of God**

*Read by The Reverend Canon Matthew Peat*  
*Vicar of St Mary's Church, Whitkirk*

*Please sit.*

#### **(Choir)**

Ding dong! merrily on high,  
In heav'n the bells are ringing.  
Ding dong! verily the sky  
Is riv'n with angels singing  
*Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!*  
*Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!*

E'en so here below, below,  
Let steeple bells be swungen,  
And i-o, i-o, i-o,  
By priest and people sungen.  
*Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!*  
*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!*  
*Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!*  
*Hosanna!*  
*In excelsis!*  
*Hosanna in excelsis!*

Words: G. R. Woodward (1848-1934)

Music: 16<sup>th</sup> century French melody arranged by S. Nicholson (b. 1975)

Please stand.

**(All)**

**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!***

**God of God,  
Light of light,  
Lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb;  
Very God,  
Begotten, not created:  
O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him,  
*Christ the Lord!***

**Child, for us sinners  
Poor and in the manger,  
Fain we embrace thee, with awe and love;  
Who would not love thee,  
Loving us so dearly?  
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!**

*Words: J. F. Wade (1711-1786)  
translated by F. Oakley (1802-1880) and others  
Music: J. F. Wade (1711-1786)  
arranged by D. V. Willcocks (1919-2015)*

*Please remain standing.*

# The Collect for Christmas Eve

Almighty God, you make us glad  
with the yearly remembrance  
of the birth of your Son, Jesus Christ:  
grant that, as we joyfully receive him as our redeemer,  
so we may with sure confidence behold him  
when he shall come to be our judge;  
who is alive and reigns with you  
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,  
one God, now and for ever.

**Amen.**

# The Blessing

May he who by his Incarnation  
gathered into one things earthly and heavenly,  
fill you with the sweetness  
of inward peace and goodwill;  
and the blessing of God Almighty,  
the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,  
be upon you and remain with you always.

**Amen.**

**(All)**

**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 a virgin's womb:  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail the incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as man with man to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel:  
*Hark! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.***

**Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Ris'n with healing in his wings;  
Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth:  
*Hark! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.***

*Words: C. Wesley (1707-1788) and others*

*Music: F. Mendelssohn (1809-1847)*

*Verse 3 arranged by D. V. Willcocks (1919-2015)*

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*God rest you merry, gentlemen*

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*Christmas Lullaby*

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*Ding dong! merrily on high*

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St Mary's Church, Whitkirk

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