

Advent evensong

CELTIC CAROLS



INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Come Emanuel" ENGLISH TRADITIONAL
"Good Christian Men, Rejoice"
"Christmas Far From Home"

INTROIT: "The Olde Year Now Away Has Fled" ENGLISH TRADITIONAL

The old year now away is fled, the new year it is entered;
Then let us all our sins down tread, and joyfully all appear.
Let's merry be this holiday, and let us run with sport and play,
Hang sorrow, let's cast care away — God send us a merry new year!

And now with new year's gifts each friend unto each other they do send;
God grant we may our lives amend, and that truth may now appear.
Now like the snake cast off your skin of evil thoughts and wicked sin,
And to amend this new year begin — God send us a merry new year!

CALL TO WORSHIP Gabriel C. Statom

The Spirit and the church cry out:

Come, Lord Jesus.

All those who await His appearance pray:

Come, Lord Jesus.

The whole creation pleads:

Come, Lord Jesus.

THE CAROL OF WONDER: "What Child Is This?" GREENSLEEVES

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 ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear: for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading.

THE EVENING PSALM: Psalm 141:1-5, 8-10 Julia DeVincenzo

O Lord, I call upon you; hasten to me! Give ear to my voice when I call to you!

Let my prayer be counted as incense before you,
and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice!

Set a guard, O Lord, over my mouth; keep watch over the door of my lips!
Do not let my heart incline to any evil,

to busy myself with wicked deeds in company with men who work iniquity,
and let me not eat of their delicacies!

Let a righteous man strike me—it is a kindness; let him rebuke me—
it is oil for my head; let my head not refuse it.

Yet my prayer is continually against their evil deeds

But my eyes are toward you, O God, my Lord;
in you I seek refuge; leave me not defenseless.

Keep me from the trap that they have laid for me
and from the snares of evildoers!

Let the wicked fall into their own nets,
while I pass by safely.

CONGREGATIONAL RESPONSE GREENSLEEVES

So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh, come, peasant, king, to own Him.
The King of kings salvation brings, let loving hearts enthrone Him.
This, this is Christ the King, Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
Haste, haste to bring Him laud, the Babe, the Son of Mary.

THE EVENING PRAYER

Holy God, let the incense of our prayer ascend before You,
and let Your loving kindness descend upon us,
that with devoted hearts we may sing Your praises
with the church on earth and the whole heavenly host,
and glorify You forever and ever. Amen.

GREETINGS

MUSICAL REFLECTION: "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" ENGLISH TRADITIONAL
"Good King Wenceslas"
"Angels We Have Heard on High"

SCRIPTURE READING: Matthew 1:18-25 Ashton Clark

CONGREGATIONAL RESPONSE: "Silent Night! Holy Night!" STILLE NACHT

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 heav'n afar, heav'nly 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 the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth. Jesus, Lord at Thy birth.

Silent night! Holy night! Wondrous star, lend thy light;
With the angels let us sing alleluia to our King;
Christ, the Savior, is born! Christ, the Savior, is born!

THE CANTICLE OF MARY, THE MAGNIFICAT: Luke 1:46-55 Allison Burns

And Mary said, "My soul magnifies the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my
Savior, for he has looked on the humble estate of his servant. For behold, from now
on all generations will call me blessed; for he who is mighty has done great things for
me, and holy is his name.

My soul magnifies the Lord,
and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior.

And his mercy is for those who fear him from generation to generation.

My soul magnifies the Lord,
and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior.

He has shown strength with his arm; he has scattered the proud in the thoughts of
their hearts; he has brought down the mighty from their thrones and exalted those
of humble estate; he has filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he has sent
away empty.

My soul magnifies the Lord,
and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior.

He has helped his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy,
as he spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and to his offspring forever."

My soul magnifies the Lord,
and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior.

MUSICAL REFLECTION: "The Seven Joys of Mary" ENGLISH TRADITIONAL
"I Saw Three Ships" ENGLISH TRADITIONAL

The very first joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of one to see her blessed Jesus
When He was first her Son
When He was first her Son.

When He was Her first Son, Good Lord;
And happy may we be, Praise Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost to all eternity.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of two to see her own son Jesus,
To make the lame to go.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of three to see her own son Jesus,
To make the blind to see.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of four to see her own son Jesus,
To read the Bible o'er.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of five to see her own son Jesus,
To bring the dead alive.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of six to see her own son Jesus,
Upon the Crucifix.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of seven to see her own son Jesus,
To wear the crown of Heaven.

SCRIPTURE READING: Matthew 2:1-12 Reid Tinker

CONGREGATIONAL RESPONSE: "We Three Kings of Orient Are" John Henry Hopkins

We three kings of Orient are bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain following yonder star.

O Star of wonder, star of night; star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to Thy perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain gold I bring to crown Him again
King forever, ceasing never over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I; incense owns a deity nigh
Pray'r and praising, all men raising worship Him, God most high.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume; breathes of life of gathering gloom
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Glorious now behold Him arise; King and God and Sacrifice
Alleluia, Alleluia, earth to heav'n replies.

*At this time, an offering will be received to support the ongoing work
of the music ministry of Second Presbyterian Church.*

OFFERTORY REFLECTION: “The Christ Child’s Lullaby” . . . TRADITIONAL HEBRIDES/SCOTLAND

My love my pride my treasure, oh
My wonder new and pleasure, oh
My Son my beauty ever You,
Who am I to bear You here?

The cause of talk and tale am I,
The cause of greatest fame am I,
The cause of proudest care on high
To have for mine the King of all.

And though You are the King of all,
They sent You to the manger stall,
When at Your feet they all should fall
And glorify my Child, the King.

There shone a star above three kings
To guide them to the King of Kings,
They held You in their humble arms
And knelt before You until dawn.

They gave You myrrh, they gave You gold,
Frankincense and gifts untold.
They traveled far these gifts to bring,
And kneel before their newborn King.

Alleluia!

SILENT MEDITATION

THANKSGIVING FOR LIGHT

**Blessed are You, O Lord our God, Ruler of the universe,
Creator of light and darkness.
In this holy season,
when the sun’s light is swallowed up
by the growing darkness of the night,
You reveal Your promise to reveal among us
the splendor of Your glory,
made flesh and visible to us in Jesus Christ, Your Son.
Through the prophets
You teach us to hope for His reign of peace.**

**Through the outpouring of Your Spirit
You give sight to our souls,
that we may see Your glory
in the presence of Christ.
Strengthen us where we are weak,
support us in our efforts to do Your will,
and free our tongues to sing Your praise,
for to You all honor and blessing are due,
now and forever. Amen.**

MUSICAL MEDITATION: “Wexford Carol” ENGLISH TRADITIONAL

Good people all, this Christmas time, consider well and bear in mind
What our good God for us has done, in sending His beloved Son.
With Mary holy we should pray to God with love this Christmas Day;
In Bethlehem upon the morn there was a blest Messiah born.

The night before that happy tide the noble virgin and her guide
Were long time seeking up and down to find a lodging in the town.
But mark how all things came to pass: from every door repelled, alas!
As long foretold, their refuge all was but a humble oxen stall.

Near Bethlehem did shepherds keep their flocks of lambs and feeding sheep;
To whom God’s angels did appear which put the shepherds in great fear.
“Prepare and go”, the angels said, “to Bethlehem, be not afraid;
For there you’ll find, this happy morn, a princely Babe, sweet Jesus, born.”

With thankful heart and joyful mind, the shepherds went the Babe to find,
And as God’s angel has foretold, they did our Savior Christ behold.
Within a manger He was laid, and by His side the virgin maid
Attending to the Lord of Life, Who came on earth to end all strife.

REFLECTIONS ON ADVENT Darrin S. Anthony

✠ CAROL: “It Came Upon the Midnight Clear” CAROL

**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, good will to men, from heav’n’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 heav’nly music floats o’er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains they bend on hov’ring wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds the blessed 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 hast’ning 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 splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song which now the angels sing.**

✠ DISMISSAL

May the Lord, who is our peace,
Give us peace at all times and in every way.

Amen.

Bless the Lord.

The Lord’s name be praised.

✠ POSTLUDE: “Christmas Eve Reel/Deck the Halls”

✠ *Indicates congregation standing*

MUSICIANS: Josh Culley, wooden flute, whistles, Irish lap harp, bazouki, accordion, bodhran,
vocals; Susanna Gilmore, fiddle, vocals; Barry Gilmore, hammered dulcimer, guitar, bazouki,
tenor banjo, bodhran, vocals; John Albertson, fiddle, mandolin; Robert Johnson, guitar



4055 Poplar Avenue
Memphis, TN 38111
(901) 454-0034 · www.2pc.org