

**ORDER OF WORSHIP**  
**Thursday, December 24, 2020 5:00 PM**  
[Click Here to Join our Zoom Worship Service:](#)

Prelude Music  
Prelude Music  
"Greensleeves,"  
Music arranged by Eugenie Rocherolle  
River of Grass Congregation

**INVITATION TO WORSHIP**

Rev. Fred Wooden

Words

Processional Music

"Angels We Have Heard On High".

VUU Bell Choir

**GATHERING**

Chalice Lighting

Mary Rothschild, Worship Associate

*We kindle this flame, symbol of our faith, for the light of truth, the warmth of community, and the fire of love which calls us to work for justice.*

Welcome

Mary Rothschild

Hymn

"Joy to the World".

VUU Ensemble

**WORDS AND MUSIC OF THE SEASON**

Reading

Rev. Fred Wooden

Music

"Angels We Have Heard on High"

Combined UUCP-VUU Choir

Reading

"Shepherd's Song at Christmas"

Rev. Fred Wooden

Music

"Go Tell it on the Mountain"

VUU Ensemble

Reading

"Feast Days: Christmas"

Rev. Fred Wooden

Music

"It Came Upon a Midnight Clear".

VUU Ensemble

Reading

"A Visit from St. Nicholas"

Readers

**A STORY**

"The Night before the Night Before"

Rev. Fred Wooden

**PRAYER**

Rev. Fred Wooden

**BLESSINGS ON OUR WAY**

Closing Hymn

."Silent Night".

UUCP-VUU Combined Choir

Benediction

Rev. Fred Wooden

Extinguishing the Chalice (our usual words are below, to be read in unison):

*Though we extinguish the chalice, our connection to each other and this community remains. May its light guide us this week as we walk the path of justice, speak words of love, and fill our world with compassion until we meet again.*

Mary Rothschild

### Joy To the World

Traditional

Joy to the World, the Word is come!  
Let earth with praises ring;  
Let every heart prepare a room,  
And Heaven and nature sing,  
And Heaven and nature sing,  
And Heaven, and Heaven, and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! Now gladness reigns!  
Let hearts their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat, repeat, the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
Let righteousness it's glories show,  
As far as love is found,  
As far as love is found,  
As far, as far, as love is found.

### Go Tell It On the Mountain

*Words and music; African American spiritual  
Music arranged by Paul Sjolund, 1935,  
Harmon Copyright 1971 Walton Music Corp*

Go tell it on the mountain,  
Over the hills and ev'ry where  
Go tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is  
born.

While shepherds kept their watching o'er  
O'er silent flocks by night,  
Behold through-out the heavens  
There shone a holy light.

Go Tell It On the Mountain  
Go tell it on the mountain,  
Over the hills and ev'ry where  
Go tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is  
born.

### Angels we have heard on high

Traditional French carol

Angels we have heard on high  
Singing sweetly o'er the plains.  
And the mountains in reply  
Echoing their joyous strains.  
Gloria in excelsis Deo  
Gloria (Gloria, Gloria) in excelsis Deo

Shepherds, why this jubilee?  
Why these songs of happy cheer?  
What great brightness did you see?  
What glad tiding did you hear?  
Gloria in excelsis Deo  
Gloria (Gloria, Gloria) in excelsis Deo

See Him in a manger laid,  
Whom the angels praise above;  
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid  
While we raise our hearts in love,,  
Gloria in excelsis Deo  
Gloria (Gloria, Gloria) in excelsis Deo

The shepherds feared and trembled  
When Lo! Above the earth  
Rang out the angel chorus  
That hailed the baby's birth.

Go Tell It On the Mountain  
Go tell it on the mountain,  
Over the hills and ev'ry where  
Go tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is  
born.

Down in a lowly manger  
The humble babe was born,  
And God sent us salvation  
That blessed Christmas morn.

Go Tell It On the Mountain  
Go tell it on the mountain,  
Over the hills and ev'ry where  
Go tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is  
born.

### **It Came Upon a Midnight Clear**

Words: Edmund Hamilton Sears,

Music; Richard Storrs Willis

It came upon a midnight cleas,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth,  
To touch their harps on gold:  
“Peace on earth,  
To all good will,  
From heaven the we boring.”  
The world in solemn stillness  
Lay to hear the angles 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 it's sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing;

Amd ever o'er it's Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of war and strife,  
The world has suffered long;  
Beneath the angel strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong;  
And we who fight the wars hear not  
The love song which they sbring.  
O hush the noise of battle 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  
It's ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world give back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

### **Silent Night**

Silent night, Holy night  
All is calm, all is bright  
Round yon virgins, 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 heaven afar,  
Heavenly host sing “Alleluia,”  
Sleep in heavenly peace,  
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, Holy night  
Child of God, love's pure light  
Radiant beams from thy holy face,  
With the dawn of redeeming grace,  
Sleep in heavenly peace,  
Sleep in heavenly peace.

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