

*A warm welcome to St John of Jerusalem Church
and to our 'Carols and Readings for Christmas'*

*There will be a retiring collection at the end of the service
for 'Koach Parenting' (Registered Charity: 1166394)
If you pay tax, Gift Aid envelopes are available at the back of church*

Hand-held candles are lit at the start. Lights turned out

Welcome: The Revd Andrew Wilson

All: Once in Royal David's City

*Text: Cecil F Alexander (1818-95); Music: Henry J Gauntlett (1805-76),
arranged by Arthur H Mann (1850-1929) & David Willcocks (1919-2015)
Verse one solo sung by Thomas Griffiths*

Solo 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.

*Please stand if you are able to – the same applies to all the Carols during
the service that are marked for 'All'*

All **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.**

**For he is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us he grew,
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew;
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.**

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.

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.

Bidding Prayer: The Revd Shana Maloney

At the end:

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. Hand-held candles are extinguished

Lights turned on

CHOIR: Resonet in Laudibus

14th Century German melody and text, arranged by James Funnell

Christ was born on Christmas Day
Sing with joyful pleasant lay,
Faithful Sion sings today
The birth of him who cometh now to Mary.

*Eia, eia,
Apparuit quem genuit Maria.*

Boys and girls together sing,
Lift your voices, pluck the string,
Praise the Babe the new-born King,
The Son of God, the holy Son of Mary.

*Eia, eia,
Apparuit quem genuit Maria.*

Christ was born for us today,
Born on earth with us to stay,
Virgin born this holy day
Appears the Son begotten now of Mary.

*Eia, eia,
Apparuit quem genuit Maria.*

Sion sing and praise the Lord,
Saviour of the world adored,
Sin is vanquished by the word,
The Way, the Light, the holy Son of Mary.

*Eia, eia,
Apparuit quem genuit Maria.
Eia, eia,
Apparuit quem genuit Maria.*

Reading: Isaiah 9:2, 6-7

*read by Wendell Cumberbatch, Registered Mental Health Nurse,
North East London Foundation Trust*

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them has the light shined. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be

called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.

All: Joy to the World!

Text: Paraphrase of Psalm 98 by Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Music: Antioch, from Voce di Melodia; William Holford, c 1834, arranged Alan Bullard (b 1947)

All **Joy to the world! The Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.**

**Joy to the world! The Saviour reigns;
Let all their songs employ;
While fields and flocks, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.**

Choir No more let thorns infest the ground,
Or sins and sorrows grow.
Wherever troubles and cares are found
He makes his blessings flow,
He makes his blessings flow,
He makes, he makes his blessings flow.

All **He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love,
And wonders of his love,
And wonders, and wonders of his love.**

Reading: 'Nativity Play' by Gervase Phinn

read by Mal Reding

Oh Miss, I don't want to be Joseph,
Miss, I really don't want to be him,
With a cloak of bright red and a towel on my head
And a cotton wool beard on my chin.

Oh Miss, please don't make me a shepherd.
I just won't be able to sleep.
I'll go weak at the knees and wool makes me sneeze
And I really am frightened of sheep.

Oh Miss, I just can't be the landlord,
Who says there's no room in the inn.
I'll get in a fright when it comes to the night
And I know that I'll let Mary in.

Oh Miss, you're not serious - an angel?
Can't Peter take that part instead?
I'll look such a clown in a white silky gown,
And a halo stuck up on me head.

Oh Miss, I am not being a camel!
Or a cow or an ox or an ass!
I'll look quite absurd and I won't say a word,
And all of the audience will laugh.

Oh Miss, I'd rather not be a Wise Man,
Who brings precious gifts from afar.
But the part right for me, and I hope you'll agree,
In this play - can I be the star?

CHOIR Adam Lay yBounden

Text: Anon 15th century; Music: Boris Ord (1897-1961)

Adam lay ybounden,
Bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter
Thought he not too long.

And all was for an apple,
An apple that he took,
As clerkes finden
Written in their book.

Ne had the apple taken been,
The apple taken been,
Ne had never our lady
A-been heavené queen.

Blessed be the time
That apple taken was,
Therefore we moun singen,
Deo gracias, deo gracias!

Reading: Luke 1: 26-38

*read by Asarena Simon, Headteacher of St John of Jerusalem
Primary School*

In the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent by God to a town in Galilee called Nazareth, to a virgin engaged to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David. The virgin's name was Mary. And he came to her and said, 'Greetings, favoured one! The Lord is with you.' But she was much perplexed by his words and pondered what sort of greeting this might be. The angel said to her, 'Do not be afraid, Mary, for you have found favour with God. And now, you will conceive in your womb and bear a son, and you will name him Jesus. He will be great, and will be called the Son of the Most High, and the Lord God will give to him the throne of his ancestor David. He will reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there will be no end.' Mary said to the angel, 'How can this be, since I am a virgin?' The angel said to her, 'The Holy Spirit

will come upon you, and the power of the Most High will overshadow you; therefore the child to be born will be holy; he will be called Son of God. And now, your relative Elizabeth in her old age has also conceived a son; and this is the sixth month for her who was said to be barren. For nothing will be impossible with God.' Then Mary said, 'Here am I, the servant of the Lord; let it be with me according to your word.' Then the angel departed from her.

All: O Little Town of Bethlehem

Text: Bishop Phillips Brooks (1835-93); Music: English traditional melody arranged by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958), descant by Thomas Armstrong (1898-1994)

**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.**

**O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth;
For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.**

**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.

Reading: 'Resilience' by Alex Elle
read by Beverley Piper

look at you.
still standing
after being
knocked down
and thrown out.
look at you.
still growing
after being
picked and plucked
and prodded out of
your home.
look at you.
still dancing
and singing
after being
defeated and dis-assembled.
look at you, love.
still here and hopeful
after it all.

CHOIR: Lullay, My Liking

Text: Anon 15th century; Music: Matthew Owens (b 1971)

Soprano solo sung by Katie Hanson

Refrain: Lullay, my liking, my dear son, my sweeting;
Lullay, my dear heart, mine own dear darling!

I saw a fair maiden sitten and sing:
She lulled a little child, a sweete lording.
(Refrain)

That eternal Lord is he that made alle thing:
Of alle lords he is Lord, of alle kinges King.
(Refrain)

There was mickle melody at that Childes birth:
Although they were in heaven's bliss they made mickle mirth.
(Refrain)

Angels bright they sang that night, and saiden to that Child;
'Blessed be thou, and so be she that is both meek and mild!'
(Refrain)

Pray we now to that Child and to his mother dear,
God grant them all his blessing that now maken cheer!
(Refrain)

Reading: Luke 2:1-20
read by William Boateng, Churchwarden

In those days a decree went out from Emperor Augustus that all the world should be registered. This was the first registration and was taken while Quirinius was governor of Syria. All went to their own towns to be registered. Joseph also went from the town of Nazareth in Galilee to Judea, to the city of David called Bethlehem, because he was descended from the house and family of David. He went to be registered with Mary, to whom he was engaged and who was expecting a child. While they were there, the time came for her to deliver her child. And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in bands of cloth, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn.

In that region there were shepherds living in the fields, keeping watch over their flock by night. Then an angel of the Lord stood before them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and

they were terrified. But the angel said to them, 'Do not be afraid; for see – I am bringing you good news of great joy for all the people: to you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is the Messiah, the Lord. This will be a sign for you: you will find a child wrapped in bands of cloth and lying in a manger.' And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest heaven, and on earth peace among those whom he favours!'

When the angels had left them and gone into heaven, the shepherds said to one another, 'Let us go now to Bethlehem and see this thing that has taken place, which the Lord has made known to us.' So they went with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the child lying in the manger. When they saw this, they made known what had been told them about this child; and all who heard it were amazed at what the shepherds told them. But Mary treasured all these words and pondered them in her heart. The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all they had heard and seen, as it had been told them.

All: Good King Wenceslas

Text: J M Neale (1818-66); Music: Melody from Piae Cantiones (1582) arranged by David Willcocks (1919-2015)

All **Good King Wenceslas look'd out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even:
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.**

Choir 'Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?'
'Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain.'

All men ‘Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither:
Thou and I shall see him dine,
When we bear them thither.’

All Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together:
Through the rude wind’s wild lament
And the bitter weather.

All women ‘Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer.’

All men ‘Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter’s rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.’

All In his master’s steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

Reading: ‘At Christmas’

read by Elizabeth Taylor, Churchwarden & a former Social Worker with a specialism in child and adolescent mental health

I salute you. There is nothing I can give you which you have not;
but there is much that, while I cannot give you, you can take.

No heaven can come to us unless our hearts find rest in it today.

Take Heaven...

No peace lies in the future which is not hidden in the present. Take
Peace...

The gloom of the world is but a shadow; behind it, yet within our
reach, is joy. Take Joy...

And so, at this Christmas time I greet you, with the prayer that for you, now and forever, the day breaks and shadows flee away.

The British Museum stated in 1970 that it had "proved impossible" to identify Fra Giovanni, the purported author of this letter (above). The letter was published, probably in the 1930s, "with Christmas Greetings" from Greville MacDonald, son of novelist George MacDonald and Mary MacDonald.

CHOIR: There is a Rose-Tree

Text: 'Es ist ein Ros entsprungen' (German 15th century) translated by Abbie Farwell Brown (1871-1927); Music: Alan Bullard (b 1947)

There is a rose-tree blooming
In winter's frost and cold;
Its flower comes from Jesse,
A sign of peace from old.
 It is the Rose of Love,
 No cruel wind can wither,
 No tempest can remove.

It was Isaiah who told us:
This rose of which we sing
Brings us the Virgin Mary,
The mother of our King.
 It is the Rose of Love
 No cruel wind can wither,
 No tempest can remove.

Lo, any life that shivers
May shelter 'neath that tree,
Each tender petal quivers
With glowing mystery.
 Amid the sweetness curled
 A golden heart is hidden,
 The future of the world!

Reading: Matthew 2:13-23

read by Roger Makanjuola, Consultant Psychiatrist

Now after they had left, an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream and said, 'Get up, take the child and his mother, and flee to Egypt, and remain there until I tell you; for Herod is about to search for the child, to destroy him.' Then Joseph got up, took the child and his mother by night, and went to Egypt, and remained there until the death of Herod. This was to fulfil what had been spoken by the Lord through the prophet, 'Out of Egypt I have called my son.'

When Herod saw that he had been tricked by the wise men, he was infuriated, and he sent and killed all the children in and around Bethlehem who were two years old or under, according to the time that he had learned from the wise men. Then was fulfilled what had been spoken through the prophet Jeremiah:

'A voice was heard in Ramah, wailing and loud lamentation, Rachel weeping for her children; she refused to be consoled, because they are no more.'

When Herod died, an angel of the Lord suddenly appeared in a dream to Joseph in Egypt and said, 'Get up, take the child and his mother, and go to the land of Israel, for those who were seeking the child's life are dead.' Then Joseph got up, took the child and his mother, and went to the land of Israel. But when he heard that Archelaus was ruling over Judea in place of his father Herod, he was afraid to go there. And after being warned in a dream, he went away to the district of Galilee. There he made his home in a town called Nazareth, so that what had been spoken through the prophets might be fulfilled, 'He will be called a Nazorean.'

All: It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Text: E H Sears (1810-76); Music: traditional English, arranged by Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900) and John Scott (1956-2015)

**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 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.

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.

CHOIR: Sussex Carol

*Text: English traditional; Music: Traditional arranged by David Willcocks
(1919-2015)*

On Christmas night all Christians sing,
To hear the news the angels bring,
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,
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,
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,
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.'

Talk: *The Revd Andrew Wilson on behalf of Berocha and Daniel de Lange of 'Koach Parenting' (Registered Charity: 1166394)*

Candles lit. Lights turned out

Reading: John 1:1-14 (*please stand*)
read by the Revd Shana Maloney

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God; all things were made through him, and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of all. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it.

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. He came for testimony, to bear witness to the light, that all might believe through him. He was not the light, but came to bear witness to the light.

The true light that enlightens every man was coming into the world. He was in the world, and the world was made through him, yet the world knew him not. He came to his own home, and his own people received him not. But to all who received him, who believed in his name, he gave power to become children of God; who were born, not of blood nor of the will of the flesh nor of the will of man, but of God.

And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth; we have beheld his glory, glory as of the only Son from the Father.

Please remain standing

All: Hark the Herald Angels Sing

Text: Charles Wesley (1707–1788) and others; Music: Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847), arranged by David Willcocks (1919-2015)

**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 heav'n adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th'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,
Risen 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.**

Blessing (*please remain standing*)

May the joy of the angels,
the eagerness of the shepherds,
the perseverance of the wise men,
the obedience of Joseph and Mary,
and the peace of the Christ child
be yours this Christmas;
and the blessing of God almighty,
the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,
be among you and remain with you always.

All Amen.

Organist: Victoria Hay

*Postlude: 'Fantasy on Two Christmas Carols'
by John E West (organist in this church, 1891-1897)*