



Holy Night

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF ANN ARBOR

517 East Washington Street

Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

Telephone: 734/663-9376

Fax: 734/821-0361

Email: office@fbca2.org

Website: www.fbca2.org

The Reverends Paul and Stacey Simpson Duke, *Pastors*

Sue Ellen Glover, *Director of Christian Education*

The Reverend Carey Gardiner Mack, *Youth Minister*

Brandon Straub, *Director of Music*

Bonnie Kidd, *Director of Children's Choirs*

Debra Snyder, *Director of Handbell Choirs*

Joel Hastings, *Organist*

Kat Becker, *Administrative Assistant*

The Reverend James Middleton, *Pastor Emeritus*

Announcements:

Childcare is available on the third floor for infants through age 5. Older children are invited to take an activity packet, available at the entrances.

Please turn off all cell phones and pagers.

Donations for the Retired Ministers and Missionaries Offering 2008 will continue to be received throughout the month of December. Envelopes are available in the pews, and offering plates are near the exit doors. Please give generously.

Please join us on Sunday mornings for our 10:00 Worship Service.

Special thanks to

The Sanctuary Choir

Johnson Memorial Handbells, Feiner Memorial Handchimes

Soloists: Sam Kidd, Bonnie Kidd, Aleta Luesse, Lucy Thompson, Esther Floyd,

Jamie Dahmer, Bob Douglas, John Hummel, Bob Kidd

Flutist: Charise Hastings

Readers: Julien Heidt, Dave Kerschbaum, Stacey Simpson Duke, Bill Foster,

Peggy Cave, Janet Tarry and Paul Simpson Duke

Acolytes: Marissa Alaniz and Anne Barron

Ushers: Mary Davis and Annabel Erskine

Sanctuary Decorations: Carey Mack and the Youth, David Robbins, Joyce Arnn,

John Reed, Gregg & Merilee Magnuson

Sextons: Kristine Chong, Adam Dolson, Hillary Greig, Becky Miller

Sound: Matthew Kirchner

CAROL

I saw three ships

Traditional English
arr. Andrew Carter

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three?
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the angels in heav'n shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Our Saviour Christ and his lady,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Pray, whither sailed those ships all three?
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amain!
On Christmas Day in the morning.

O, they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

*HYMN

O come, all ye faithful

ADESTE FIDELES
J.F. Wade
arr. David Willcocks

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!*

See how the shepherds, summoned to his cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lovely 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!*

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!*

(continued)

For incense, smoke of battle red,
Myrrh for the honored happy dead;
Gifts for His children, terrible and sweet,
Touched by such tiny hands and oh such tiny feet.

Frances Chesterton

SEVENTH LESSON

St John i

Paul Simpson Duke

St John unfolds the great mystery

CAROL

There is no rose of such virtue

Stephen Caracciolo

There is no rose of such virtue
As in the rose that bare Jesu.
Alleluia. (alleluia)

Leave we all this worldly mirth,
And follow we this joyful birth.
Transeamus (let us go)

For in this rose contained was
Heav'n and earth in little space,
Resmiranda. (marvelous thing)

There is no rose of such virtue
As in the rose that bare Jesu.
Gaudeamus. (let us rejoice)

By that rose we may well see
There be one God in persons three,
Pares forma. (equal in form)

Anonymous, ca. 1420

*HYMN

Silent night, holy night

STILLE NACHT

Franz Gruber

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 heaven afar,
Heavenly 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!

Joseph Mohr

Lo, from the sky the angel voices sing
'Noël Nouvelet' for Christ the newborn King.

Thus they left their sheep, and to the stable bare
Came with haste and found Joseph and Mary there.
With them they marveled at this holy thing:
'Noël Nouvelet' for Christ the newborn King.

Soon the three wise men, who by a star were led,
Journeyed from the East, and at the lowly bed
Each bowed the knee and made an offering;
'Noël Nouvelet' for Christ the newborn King.

Take my heart, Lord Jesus, who for me wast was slain,
Thou who on the Cross hast borne my grief and pain,
Bringing me healing through Thy suffering,
'Noël Nouvelet' for Christ the newborn King.

*HYMN

It came upon a midnight clear

CAROL

Richard Storrs Willis
arr. Brandon Straub

All: It came upon a 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 heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angels sing.

*Choir: 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.*

All: Yet with the woes of sin and strife the world has suffered long;
Beneath the heavenly hymn have rolled two thousand years of wrong;
And warring humankind hears not the tidings which they bring;
O hush the noise and cease your strife and hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on, by prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years shall come the time foretold,
When peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors fling,
And all the world give back the song which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears

FOURTH LESSON

St Matthew i

Bill Foster

St Matthew tells of the birth of Jesus

