

THE FORTY-FIFTH ANNUAL

# *Hanging of the Greens*

SUNDAY EVENING

DECEMBER 5, 2021

SIX O' CLOCK



*First Baptist Church*

99 N. SALISBURY STREET

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

# ***THE HANGING OF THE GREENS***

COME . . . LET US HANG THE GREENS

LET EVERYONE BE JOLLY

EACH ROOM WITH IVY LEAVES IS DRESSED

AND EVERY POST WITH HOLLY.

- GEORGE WITHER

## **THE PRELUDE**

|   |               |
|---|---------------|
| “God Rest You Merry” - Robert J. Powell, from “Yuletide Carols” | Brass, Organ  |
| “Rocking Carol” - Hart Morris, arr.                             | Evening Bells |
| “In Dulci Jubilo”   |               |
| “What Child Is This?”   |               |
| “Sing We Now of Christmas” - Kevin McChesney, arr.              |               |
| “Ding Dong! Merrily”  |               |
| “Beautiful Star of Bethlehem” - R. Fisher Boyce                 | Eliza Meyer   |

## **THE CHIMING OF THE HOUR**

### **THE PROCLAMATION**

Christopher Chapman

### **THE INTROIT**

“We’ll Dress the House”  
Alfred Burt

Sanctuary Choir

We'll dress the house with holly bright and sprigs of mistletoe  
We'll trim the Christmas tree tonight and set the lights aglow  
We'll wrap our gifts with ribbons gay  
and give them out on Christmas Day  
By everything we do and say, our gladness we will show

We'll dress the table daintily, our finest treasures use  
That all a-sparkle it may be and bright with lovely hues  
Then for the feasting we'll prepare  
a kitchen full of wondrous fare  
That each from all the dishes rare, his fav'rite one may choose

And ye who would the Christ child greet, your heart also adorn  
That it may be a dwelling meet for Him who now is born  
Let all unlovely things give place  
to souls bedecked with heavenly grace,  
That ye may view His holy face with joy on Christmas morn

## THE PROCESSIONAL HYMN

### “O Come, All Ye Faithful”

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;

[Refrain:]

O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

True God of true God, Light from Light eternal,  
lo, he shuns not the virgin's womb;  
Son of the Father, begotten, not created; (Refrain)

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation!  
O sing, all ye citizens of heaven above:  
"Glory to God, all glory in the highest"; (Refrain)

— John Francis Wade, 1751;  
Frederick Oakely, tr., 1841

## THE PASTORAL GREETING

## THE INVOCATION

## THE MEANING OF THE SERVICE

Michael Hood

## THE SANCTUARY GREENS

## THE READING

Lynn Lingafelt

## THE CAROLS

### “Deck the Halls”

Deck the halls with boughs of holly,  
Fa la la la la la la la la.  
'Tis the season to be jolly,  
Fa la la la la la la la la.  
Don we now our gay apparel,  
Fa la la la la la la la la.  
Troll the ancient Yuletide carol,  
Fa la la la la la la la la.

— Traditional English

### “Angels, from the Realms of Glory”

Angels, from the realms of glory  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:  
Come and worship, come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the newborn King!

Though an infant now we view him  
He will share his Father's throne,  
Gather all the nations to him;  
Every knee shall then bow down.  
Come and worship, come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the newborn King!

— James Montgomery, 1825  
Henry T. Smart, 1867

# THE PULPIT AND CHOIR LOFT GREENS

## THE READING

Lynn Lingafelt

## THE CAROLS

### “Hark! the Herald Angels Sing”

Hark! the herald angels sing, “Glory to the newborn King;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled.”  
Joyful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies;  
With angelic hosts proclaim, “Christ is born in Bethlehem!”  
Hark! the herald angels sing, “Glory to the newborn 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 men to dwell, Jesus our Emmanuel.  
Hark! the herald angels sing, “Glory to the newborn King.”

Hail the heav’n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Son 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 newborn King.”

— Charles Wesley, 1739  
Felix Mendelssohn, 1840, adapt.

### “It Came upon the Midnight Clear”

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.

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!

All 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.

— Edmund H. Sears, 1849, alt.  
Richard S. Willis, 1850

**THE ADVENT PRAYER†**

Michael Hood

- LEADER: Almighty God, who, having created all worlds and humankind, has profoundly pitied us;
- PEOPLE: **Who has come to us that we might be saved, not of our merit, but of your unquenchable love;**
- LEADER: Look on us who worship in comfort, in light and warmth,
- PEOPLE: **In health and prosperity,**
- LEADER: In pride and in presumption.
- PEOPLE: **For, having all glory,**
- LEADER: You became incarnate in the dishonor of a defeated line of kings;
- PEOPLE: **Having all riches,**
- LEADER: You became incarnate in the poverty of the working class;
- PEOPLE: **Having all illumination,**
- LEADER: You became incarnate in the darkness of night and obscurity;
- PEOPLE: **Having all wisdom,**
- LEADER: You became incarnate in the confounding simplicity of a child. Help us to recognize our shame, our poverty, our darkness, our foolishness, that we may know our need of you.
- PEOPLE: **And then, become incarnate in us.**
- LEADER: Let your servants grow in peace, O Lord, full of the vision of your salvation, ready to make it plain before all the faces of the earth.
- UNISON: **We pray through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.**

**THE ANTHEM**

“Love Came Down at Christmas”  
Traditional Irish Melody

Children’s Choir, instruments  
Tonya Carter, solo

- Solo: Love came down at Christmas,  
Love all lovely, Love divine;  
Love was born at Christmas;  
Star and angels gave the sign.
- All: **Worship we the Godhead,  
Love incarnate, Love divine;  
Worship we our Jesus,  
but wherewith for sacred sign?**
- Choir: Love shall be our token;  
Love be yours and love be mine;  
Love to God and others,  
love for plea and gift and sign.
- All: **Love came down at Christmas,  
Love all lovely, Love divine;  
Love was born at Christmas;  
Star and angels gave the sign.**

# THE LIGHTING OF THE CANDLES

## THE READING

Lynn Lingafelt

## THE MUSIC FOR REFLECTION

“Greensleeves”  
Berti Stevens, Harp

## THE ANTHEMS

“Advent Alleluia”  
Keith Christopher, arr.

Youth Choir

Salvation is created. O Lord, God, Lord God almighty  
We offer praise to Thee above; O Lord, Holy Lord God.

Let all mortal flesh keep silence, and with fear and trembling stand;  
Ponder nothing earthly minded, for with blessing in His hand  
Christ our God to earth descendeth our full homage to demand.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!  
We offer praise to Thee above, O Lord.  
Salvation is created. Alleluia.

— Pavel Tschesnokoff, 1912  
Traditional Church Chant, 4th cent.

“Canticle of the Turning”  
Traditional Irish/Rory Cooney, arr.

Caroline Childrey, solo

Refrain:

My heart shall sing of the day you bring  
Let the fires of your justice burn  
Wipe away all tears  
For the dawn draws near  
And the world is about to turn!

My soul cries out with a joyful shout  
That the God of my heart is great  
And my spirit sings of the wondrous things  
That you bring to the ones who wait  
You fixed your sight on your servant's plight  
And my weakness you did not spurn  
So from east to west shall my name be blest  
Could the world be about to turn?

Though I am small, my God, my all,  
You work great things in me, and  
your mercy lasts from the depths of the past  
to the end of the age to be  
Your very name puts the proud to shame  
And to those who would for you yearn  
You will show your might, put the strong to  
flight. For the world is about to turn

From the halls of power to the fortress tower  
Not a stone will be left on stone  
Let the king beware for your justice tears  
ev'ry tyrant from his throne  
The hungry poor shall weep no more  
For the food they can never earn  
There are tables spread, ev'ry mouth be fed  
For the world is about to turn

Though the nations rage from age to age  
We remember who holds us fast  
God's mercy must deliver us  
from the conqueror's crushing grasp  
This saving word that our forebears heard  
is the promise which holds us bound  
'Til the spear and rod can be crushed by God  
Who is turning the world around

# THE LIGHTING OF THE ADVENT CANDLE

Michael Hood

## THE ANTHEM

“The Holly and the Ivy” with “Bring a Torch”  
Maureen Howell, arr.

Sanctuary Choir

The holly and the ivy, when they are both full grown,  
of all the trees that are in the wood, the holly bears the crown.  
O the rising of the sun and the running of the deer,  
the playing of the merry organ, sweet singing in the choir.  
The holly bears a berry as red as any blood,  
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to do poor sinners good.  
Bring a torch, Jeannette, Isabella, bring a torch, come hurry and run.  
It is Jesus, good folk of the village, Christ is born and Mary's calling:  
Hush! Hush! Beautiful is the mother: Hush! Hush! Beautiful is the Child.

— Traditional English and French Carols

## THE LIGHTING OF THE INDIVIDUAL CANDLES

### THE CAROL

#### “Silent Night, Holy Night”

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, 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 and Franz Gruber, 1818

### THE PROCLAMATION

Alan Kinsey

# THE PROCESSION INTO THE WORLD

### THE CAROL

#### “Joy to the World! the Lord is Come”

Joy to the world! the Lord is come;  
let earth receive her King;  
let every heart prepare him room,  
and heaven and nature sing,  
and heaven and nature sing,  
and heaven, and heaven and nature sing.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
nor thorns infest the ground;  
he comes to make his blessings flow  
far as the curse is found,  
far as the curse is found,  
far as, far as the curse is found.

Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns:  
let all their songs employ;  
while fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
repeat the sounding joy,  
repeat the sounding joy,  
repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

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, wonders of his love.

— Isaac Watts, 1719; Lowell Mason 1848

**THE BENEDICTION**

Christopher Chapman

**THE POSTLUDE**

“God Rest You Merry”  
Trad. English, Maureen Howell, arr.

Maureen Howell, organ

†The Advent Prayer, adapted from *The Worshiping Church*, was written by Paul A. Richardson.

**PARTICIPANTS**

Ministers: Christopher Chapman,  
Warren Howell, Michael Hood, Lynn Lingafelt  
Maureen Howell, Organist  
Carolyn Dickens, General Director

Pre-K/K Choir ..... Director: Sabrina Tyndall  
Assistants: Kimberly Taylor, Hollis Yelverton

Grade-School Choir ..... Directors: Ginger Graves, Becky Mercer  
Assistants: Austin Connors, Rhonda Lowe,  
Sarah Catherine Rhodes, Wyatt Yelverton  
Accompanist: Maureen Howell

Youth Choir ..... Director: Warren Howell  
Accompanists: Maureen Howell, Rhonda Lowe  
Assistant: J.D. Rhodes

Sanctuary Choir ..... Director: Warren Howell  
Accompanist: Maureen Howell

**Instrumentalists**

Evening Handbell Choir  
Eliza Meyer, guitar, fiddle  
Mark Beamish, trumpet  
Mike Mole, trumpet  
Wes Parker, trombone

Becca Clemens, bass trombone  
Grade School Choir, Orff Instruments  
Will Mercer, electric bass  
Berti Stevens, harp  
Carter Pegram, Youth Choir percussion

Luke Foster, Youth Choir percussion  
Becky Mercer, flute  
Cady Mercer, flute  
Mary Hauser, percussion

Banner Bearers ..... Chase Helms, Jeff Mercer

Decorations ..... Myra Brickell, Sterling Brickell, Anne Bullard,  
Linda Carothers, Sam Carothers, Austin Connors, Betty Connors,  
Anne Cooke, Ginger Graves, Tyson Graves, Chase Helms, Jess Helms,  
John Hobson, Shirley Hobson, Alan Kinsey, Janet Kinsey, Jeff Mercer,  
Noel Morris, Lacey Pegram, Bobby Phillips, Nancy Moore Phillips,  
J.D. Rhodes, Mary Powell Rhodes, Ann Rollins, Jeanie Scott, Alan Taylor,  
Kimberly Taylor, Members of the Wilderness Class, Hollis Yelverton, Wyatt Yelverton