

Closing Responses

The people who walked in darkness
have seen a great light.

For to us a child is born
to us a Son is given.

His name will be called wonderful Counsellor,
mighty God, the everlasting Father,
the Prince of Peace.

Glory to God in the highest
and peace to his people on earth.

The Blessing



The Church of
St. Mary with St. Leonard
Serving God
and the people of Broomfield
yesterday, today and tomorrow

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St. Mary with St. Leonard The Parish Church of Broomfield



**Broomfield Village Christmas Service
of Words & Music
December 2020
During Covid Pandemic**

Ding dong! Merrily on high

Ding dong merrily on high,
In heav'n the bells are ringing:
Ding dong! verily the sky
Is riv'n with angel singing
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,
Let steeple bells be swungen,
And "Io, io, io!"
By priest and people sungen
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime
Your matin chime, ye ringers,
May you beautifully rhyme
Your eve'time song, ye singers
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!

Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!
Hosanna in excelsis!!!

Jackie Evancho

If I Am...

If I am a king,
my crown I will give to him.
If I am a caroler,
I'll sing to Him the best hymns.
If I am a shepherd,
the best lamb I'll bring
If I am an angel, I'd give Him my wings.
If I am the wise man,
I'd give my wealth away.
If I am a soldier,
I'll die for Him all the way.
But I'm just a poor little child,
with nothing much to give,
but to offer my little hands
and my little feet.
To glorify the one in the manger
that was born,
the hope and light of this mixed-up world.
I give my heart to the one that was born to die,
and brings freedom to all mankind.
I am just a little child today,
I'll do bigger things for Him one day.
I'd give my life, my all, to the One who calls me.
Jesus Christ was born to set me free,
and this is what Christmas means to me.

Author Unknown

Joy to the world!

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

Joy to the world! The Saviour reigns
Let earth 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, and wonders of His love

Isaac Watts

Prayers will be led

“How the Grinch Stole Christmas” by Dr. Suess

...So he paused. And the Grinch put his hand to his ear.
And he did hear a sound rising over the snow.
It started in low. Then it started to grow.

But the sound wasn't sad!
Why, this sound sounded merry!
It couldn't be so! But it WAS merry! VERY!

He stared down at Whoville!
The Grinch popped his eyes!
Then he shook!
What he saw was a shocking surprise!
Every Who down in Whoville,
the tall and the small,
Was singing! Without any presents at all!
He HADN'T stopped Christmas from coming!
IT CAME!
Somehow or other, it came just the same!

And the Grinch, with his grinch-feet ice-cold in the snow,
stood puzzling and puzzling: "How could it be so?"

"It came without ribbons! It came without tags!"
"It came without packages, boxes or bags!"
And he puzzled three hours,
till his puzzler was sore.
Then the Grinch thought of something he hadn't before!
"Maybe Christmas," he thought,
"doesn't come from a store."
"Maybe Christmas...perhaps...
means a little bit more!"

Bidding Prayer

Which concludes with the words of the Lord's Prayer

**Our Father, which art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive them that 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**

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

See the blazing yule before us
Fa la la la la, la la la la
Strike the harp and join the chorus
Fa la la la la, la la la, la
Follow me in merry measure
Fa la la, fa la la, la la, la
While I tell of Yuletide treasure
Fa la la la la, la la la la

When they had heard the king, they set out; and there, ahead of them, went the star that they had seen at its rising, until it stopped over the place where the child was. When they saw that the star had stopped, they were overwhelmed with joy. On entering the house, they saw the child with Mary his mother; and they knelt down and paid him homage. Then, opening their treasure-chests, they offered him gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Thank you Lord, for your word to us



4th Reading ~ Matthew 2: 1-11
The visit of the Wise Men

In the time of King Herod, after Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, wise men from the East came to Jerusalem, asking,

'Where is the child who has been born king of the Jews?
For we observed his star at its rising, and have come to pay him homage.'

When King Herod heard this, he was frightened, and all Jerusalem with him; and calling together all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where the Messiah was to be born. They told him,

'In Bethlehem of Judea; for so it has been written by the prophet: "And you, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, are by no means least among the rulers of Judah, for from you shall come a ruler who is to shepherd my people Israel.'"

Then Herod secretly called for the wise men and learned from them the exact time when the star had appeared. Then he sent them to Bethlehem, saying,

'Go and search diligently for the child; and when you have found him, bring me word so that I may also go and pay him homage.'

Fast away, the old year passes
Fa la la la la, la la la la
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses
Fa la la, la la la, la la la
Sing we joyous all together,
Heedless of the wind and weather
Fa la la la la, la la la la

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
(Welsh Traditional Carol)

1st Reading ~ Isaiah Chapter 11
A shoot from the root of Jesse

A shoot shall come out from the stock of Jesse,
and a branch shall grow out of his roots.
The spirit of the Lord shall rest on him,
the spirit of wisdom and understanding,
the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of
knowledge and the fear of the Lord.
His delight shall be in the fear of the Lord.
He shall not judge by what his eyes see, or
decide by what his ears hear;
but with righteousness he shall judge the poor,
and decide with equity for the meek of the
earth;

he shall strike the earth with the rod of his
mouth, and with the breath of his lips he shall
kill the wicked.

Righteousness shall be the belt around his
waist, and faithfulness the belt around his
loins.

The wolf shall live with the lamb,
the leopard shall lie down with the kid,
the calf and the lion and the fatling together,
and a little child shall lead them.

The cow and the bear shall graze their young
and shall lie down together;
and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

The nursing child shall play
over the hole of the asp,
and the weaned child

shall put its hand on the adder's den.

They will not hurt or destroy
on all my holy mountain;

for the earth will be full of the knowledge of
the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

Thank you Lord, for your word to us

Address:

Rev'd. Carolyn Tibbott
Vicar of Broomfield

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 th'angelic host proclaim:
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Refrain: *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 the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel. Refrain

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. Refrain

Charles Wesley, George Whitefield, Martin Madan

3rd Reading Luke 2: 8-16

The Shepherds and the Angels

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.

Thank you Lord, for your word to us

The First Christmas by Marian Swinger

It never snows at Christmas in that
dry and dusty land.

Instead of freezing blizzards,
there are palms and drifting sands,

and years ago a stable
and a most unusual star

and three wise men who followed it,
by camel, not by car,

while, sleepy on the quiet hills,
a shepherd gave a cry.

He'd seen a crowd of angels in the
silent starlit sky.

In the stable, ox and ass stood very still and calm

and gazed upon the baby,
safe and snug in Mary's arms.

And Joseph, lost in shadows,
face lit by an oil lamp's glow

stood wondering, that first Christmas Day,
two thousand years ago

2nd Reading ~ Luke 2: 1-7
The birth of Jesus

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.

Thank you Lord, for your word to us

O holy night

O holy night, the stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth;
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
'Till he appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn;

Chorus

Fall on your knees, Oh hear the angel voices!
O night divine! O night when Christ was born.
O night, O holy night, O night divine.

Led by the light of Faith serenely beaming;
With glowing hearts by his cradle we stand:
So, led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,
Here come the wise men from Orient land,
The King of Kings lay thus in lowly manger,
In all our trials born to be our friend;

Chorus

He knows our need,
To our weakness no stranger!
Behold your King! Before Him lowly bend!
Behold your King! your King! before him bend!

Truly He taught us to love one another;
His law is Love and His gospel is Peace;
Chains shall he break, for the slave is our brother,
And in his name all oppression shall cease,
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful Chorus raise we;
Let all within us praise his Holy name!

Chorus

Christ is the Lord, then ever! ever praise we!
His pow'r and glory, evermore proclaim!
His pow'r and glory, evermore proclaim!

Placide Cappeau's *Cantique de Noël*,
Literal English translation, John Sullivan Dwight's version.