



WORSHIP SERVICE: SUNDAYS 10:30 AM
202 W Illinois St, Urbana, IL
allsoulspca.org

Lead Pastor
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Associate Pastor
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Deacons
Larry Knox
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Elders

Brian Aldridge · Jamie Chesser · Todd Doehring
Scott Morrison · Daniel Thies · David Thies





December 3, 2023

6:30pm

Deck the Halls
Winter Wonderland
White Christmas
Frosty the Snowman

O Come, All Ye Faithful
What Child Is This
Away in a Manger

Christmas Story Time
*Children are welcome to gather
up front to hear the Christmas story.
Parents of young children are also welcome.*

Go, Tell It on the Mountain
The Christmas Song
Jingle Bells
The Twelve Days of Christmas

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing
Silent Night
Joy to the World



**Thanks for singing with us...
now go get some cookies and cocoa!**



COMING UP

O COME, LET US ADORE HIM!

**Christmas
Eve**

MORNING WORSHIP SERVICE

Dec 24, 10:30am

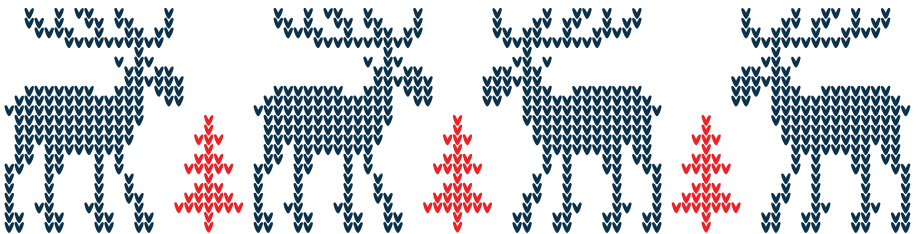
EVENING SERVICE:

Dec 24, 6:00pm

allsoulsPCA.org/christmas



Lyrice



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, la la la, la la la.

While I tell of Yuletide treasure,

Fa la la la la, la la la la.

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,

Fa la la, la la la, la la la.

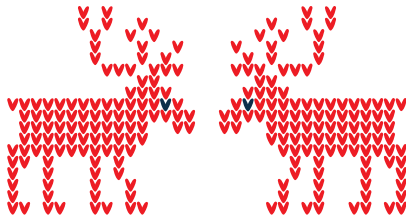
Heedless of the wind and weather,

Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Text: Thomas Oliphant

Music: Traditional

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WINTER WONDERLAND

Sleigh bells ring; are you listening?
In the lane, snow is glistening.
A beautiful sight; we're happy tonight,
Walking in a winter wonderland.

Gone away is the bluebird;
Here to stay is a new bird.
He sings a love song as we go along,
Walking in a winter wonderland.

In the meadow, we can build a snowman,
Then pretend that he is Parson Brown.
He'll say: Are you married? We'll say: No, man—
But you can do the job when you're in town!

Later on, we'll conspire
As we dream by the fire
To face unafraid the plans that we've made
Walking in a winter wonderland.

Text: Richard Bernhard Smith · Music: Felix Bernard
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WHITE CHRISTMAS

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,
Just like the ones I used to know,
Where the treetops glisten and children listen
To hear sleigh bells in the snow.

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
With every Christmas card I write.
May your days be merry and bright,
And may all your Christmases be white.

Text and Music: Irving Berlin
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FROSTY THE SNOWMAN

Frosty the Snowman was a jolly happy soul
With a corn cob pipe and a button nose,
And two eyes made out of coal.

Frosty the Snowman, is a fairytale, they say.
He was made of snow, but the children know
That he came to life one day.

There must have been some magic
In that old silk hat they found,
For when they placed it on his head,
He began to dance around!

Oh, Frosty the Snowman was alive as he could be,
And the children say he could laugh and play
Just the same as you and me.

*Thumpity thump thump, thumpity thump thump;
Look at Frosty go.
Thumpity thump thump, thumpity thump thump;
Over the hills of snow.*

Frosty the Snowman knew the sun was hot that day,
So he said, "Let's run, and we'll have some fun now,
Before I melt away."

Down to the village, with a broomstick in his hand,
Running here and there, all around the square,
Sayin', "Catch me if you can."

He led them down the streets of town,
Right to the traffic cop,
And only paused a moment when
He heard him holler, "Stop!"

Oh, Frosty the Snowman, had to hurry on his way,
But he waved goodbye, sayin', "Don't you cry,
I'll be back again some day."

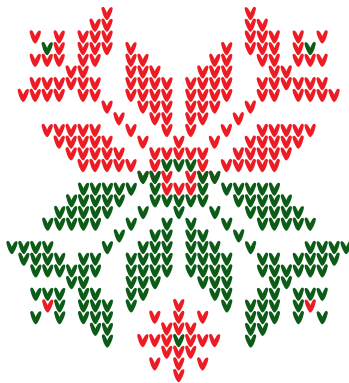
O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

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;
*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.*

Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this happy morning;
Jesus, to thee be all glory giv'n;
Word of the Father, late in flesh appearing;
*O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.*

Text: Latin, attr. to John Francis Wade (1751), tr. Frederick Oakeley (1841, alt)
Music: John Francis Wade's Cantus Diversi (1751)
Public Domain.



WHAT CHILD IS THIS

What child is this who, laid to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch are keeping?
This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
Haste, haste to bring him laud,
The babe, the son of Mary.

Why lies he in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear; for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading.
Nails, spear, shall pierce him through;
The cross be borne for me, for you;
Hail, hail the Word made flesh,
The babe, the son of Mary.

So bring him incense, gold, and myrrh;
Come, peasant, king, to own him;
The King of kings salvation brings,
Let loving hearts enthrone him.
Raise, raise the song on high,
The virgin sings her lullaby;
Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
The babe, the son of Mary.

Text: Traditional English, adapted by William C. Dix (ca. 1865)
Music: English melody (16th century)
Public Domain.

AWAY IN A MANGER

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head;
The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying he makes;
I love thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask thee to stay
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray;
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.

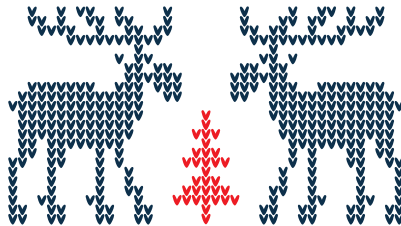
Text: Anonymous, Philadelphia (1885, 1892)

Music: James R. Murray (1887)

Public Domain.

CHRISTMAS STORY TIME

*At this time children are welcome to gather
up front to hear the Christmas story.
Parents of young children are also welcome.*



GO, TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Go, tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere;
Go, tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born.

While shepherds kept their watching
O'er silent flocks by night,
Behold, throughout the heavens
There shone a holy light.
Go, tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere;
Go, tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born.

The shepherds feared and trembled
When, lo! above the earth
Rang out the angel chorus
That hailed our Savior's birth.
Go, tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere;
Go, tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born.

Down in a lowly manger
Our humble Christ was born,
And God sent us salvation
That blessed Christmas morn.
Go, tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere;
Go, tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born.

Text and Music: Traditional · Public Domain

THE CHRISTMAS SONG

Chestnuts roasting on an open fire,
Jack Frost nipping at your nose,
Yuletide carols being sung by a choir,
And folks dressed up like Eskimos.

Everybody knows a turkey and some mistletoe
Help to make the season bright.
Tiny tots with their eyes all aglow
Will find it hard to sleep tonight.

They know that Santa's on his way;
He's loaded lots of toys and goodies on his sleigh,
And every mother's child is gonna spy
To see if reindeer really know how to fly.

And so, I'm offering this simple phrase
To kids from one to ninety-two:
Although it's been said many times, many ways—
Merry Christmas to you.

Text: Robert Wells · Music: Mel Tormé

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JINGLE BELLS

Dashing through the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh,
O'er the fields we go,
Laughing all the way,
Bells on bob-tails ring,
Making spirits bright,
What fun it is to laugh and sing
A sleighing song tonight.

Oh, jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!

Text and Music: James Lord Pierpont · Public Domain.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the second day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Two turtle doves
And a partridge in a pear tree.

On the third day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves,
And a partridge in a pear tree.

On the fourth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Four calling birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves,
And a partridge in a pear tree.

On the fifth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Refrain: Five golden rings!
Four calling birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves,
And a partridge in a pear tree.

On the sixth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Six geese-a-laying, *[Refrain]*

On the seventh day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Seven swans-a-swimming,
Six geese-a-laying, *[Refrain]*

On the eighth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Eight maids-a-milking,
Seven swans-a-swimming,
Six geese-a-laying, *[Refrain]*

On the ninth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Nine ladies dancing,
Eight maids-a-milking,
Seven swans-a-swimming,
Six geese-a-laying, *[Refrain]*

On the tenth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Ten lords-a-leaping,
Nine ladies dancing,
Eight maids-a-milking,
Seven swans-a-swimming,
Six geese-a-laying, *[Refrain]*

On the eleventh day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Eleven pipers piping,
Ten lords-a-leaping,
Nine ladies dancing,
Eight maids-a-milking,
Seven swans-a-swimming,
Six geese-a-laying, *[Refrain]*

On the twelfth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Twelve drummers drumming,
Eleven pipers piping,
Ten lords-a-leaping,
Nine ladies dancing,
Eight maids-a-milking,
Seven swans-a-swimming,
Six geese-a-laying, *[Refrain]*

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!"
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 the 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 Sun 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."

Text: Charles Wesley (1739, 1753), alt. · Music: Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1840),
Arr. William H. Cummings (1856)
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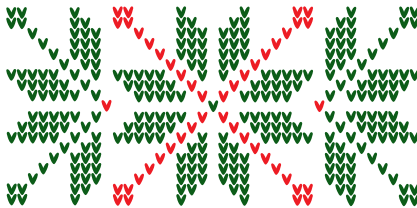
SILENT NIGHT! HOLY NIGHT!

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!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heav'n above,
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.

Text: Joseph Mohr (1818, tr. ca. 1850)
Music: Franz Gruber (1818)
Public Domain.



JOY TO THE WORLD!

Joy to the world! The Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every 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 earth! The Savior reigns:
Let men 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;
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.

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.

Text: Isaac Watts (1719)

Music: George Frederick Handel (1742), arr. Lowell Mason (1836)
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Thanks for being here!

Please join us for refreshments
after the Sing-Along!

