St. James Worship Service



Lessons and Carols

First Sunday of Christmas

December 28, 2025

Serving Today

Worship Leader Rhea Frank-Cottingham

Organist/Pianist Dr. John Hildreth

Video Jerry Johnsen

No communion today

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Today's Hymns

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*With One Voice

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287

Let All Together Praise Our God

1. Let all together praise our God before the highest throne; today God opens heav'n again and sends the only Son, and sends the only Son.

2. From God's right hand the Son descends, is born an infant small, and lies in poverty, his bed

a manger is a stall.

a manger is a stall,

3. O tender Child, you veil in flesh the splendor of your might; a servant's garb now wraps the one who clothed the sky with light, who clothed the sky with light.

4. Your mother feeds you tenderly, sings you a lullaby, while angels, hailing David's heir, your glory magnify, your glory magnify.

5. A wonderful exchange you make: you take our flesh and blood, and in return give us to share the shining realm of God, the shining realm of God.

6. Unlock the door again today that leads to paradise; the angel bars the way no more. To God let praises rise, to God let praises rise!

Text: Nikolaus Herman, 1480-1561

642 (With One Voice)

I Wonder As I Wander

1. I wonder as I wander, out under the sky, how Jesus the Savior did come for to die

for poor ord'-n'ry people like you and like I.

I wonder as I wander,

out under the sky.

2. When Mary birthed Jesus, all in a cow's stall, came wise men and farmers and shepherds and all,

and high from the heavens a star's light did fall; the promise of the ages it then did recall.

3. If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing, a star in the sky or a bird on the wing,

or all of God's angels in heav'n for to sing, he surely could have had it, 'cause he was the king.

4. I wonder as I wander, out under the sky, how Jesus the Savior did come for to die

for poor ord'-n'ry people like you and like I. I wonder as I wander, out under the sky.

Text: Appalachian carol, collected by John Jacob Niles, 1892-1980 Music: Appalachian folk tune, adapt. John Jacob Niles, 1892-1980

279

O Little Town of Bethlehem

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.

2. For Christ is born of Mary, and, gathered all above while mortals sleep, the angels keep their watch of wond'ring love.

O morning stars, together proclaim the holy birth, and praises sing to God the king, and peace to all the earth!

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.

4. 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; oh, come to us, abide with us, our Lord Immanuel!

Text: Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893

272

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

 Lo, how a rose e'er blooming from tender stem hath sprung!
 Of Jesse's lineage coming as seers of old have sung, it came, a flow'r so bright,

amid the cold of winter,

when half-spent was the night.

2. Isaiah had foretold it, the rose I have in mind; with Mary we behold it, the virgin mother kind.

To show God's love aright,

she bore to us a Savior,

when half-spent was the night.

3. This flow'r, whose fragrance tender with sweetness fills the air, dispels with glorious splendor the darkness everywhere.

True man, yet very God,

from sin and death he saves us and lightens ev'ry load.

4. O Savior, child of Mary,who felt our human woe;O Savior, king of glory,who dost our weakness know:

bring us at length, we pray, to the bright courts of heaven and into endless day.

Text: German carol, 15th cent.; tr. Theodore Baker, 1851-1934, sts. 1-2 Harriet R. Krauth, 1845-1925, st. 3 John C. Mattes, 1876-1948, st. 4

Mary Had a Baby

African American spiritual

1. Mary had a baby, my Lord; Mary had a baby, my Lord; Mary had a baby, Mary had a baby, Mary had a baby, my Lord. 2. Where did she lay him, my Lord? Where did she lay him, my Lord? Where did she lay him, Where did she lay him, Where did she lay him, my Lord? 3. Laid him in a manger, my Lord; Laid him in a manger, my Lord; Laid him in a manger, Laid him in a manger, Laid him in a manger, my Lord. 4. What did she name him, my Lord? What did she name him, my Lord? What did she name him, What did she name him, What did she name him, my Lord? 5. Mary named him Jesus, my Lord; Mary named him Jesus, my Lord; Mary named him Jesus, Mary named him Jesus, Mary named him Jesus, my Lord.

Text: African American spiritual

Music: Mary Had a Baby, African American spiritual

281

Silent Night, Holy Night

1. 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.

2. Silent night, holy night! Shepherds quake at the sight; glories stream from heaven afar, heav'nly host sing, alleluia! Christ, the Savior, is born! Christ, the Savior, is born!

3. Silent night, holy night! Son of God, love's pure light radiant beams from your holy face, with the dawn of redeeming grace, Jesus, Lord, at your birth, Jesus, Lord, at your birth.

Text: Joseph Mohr, 1792-1849; tr. John F. Young, 1820-1885

300

The First Noel

The first Noel the angel did say
 was to certain poor shepherds in fields
 as they lay;

in fields where they lay, keeping their sheep,

on a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Noel, Noel, Noel!

Born is the King of Israel.

2. They looked up and saw a star shining in the east beyond them far; and to the earth it gave great light, and so it continued both day and night.

Noel, Noel, Noel!

Born is the King of Israel.

3. And by the light of that same star three wise men came from country far; to seek for a king was their intent, and to follow the star wherever it went.

Noel, Noel, Noel!

Born is the King of Israel.

4. This star drew near to the northwest, o'er Bethlehem it took its rest; and there it did both stop and stay right over the place where Jesus lay.

Noel, Noel, Noel!

Born is the King of Israel.

5. Then entered in those wise men three, full rev'rently upon their knee, and offered there in his presence their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Noel, Noel, Noel! Born is the King of Israel.

Text: English traditional

288

Good Christian Friends, Rejoice

 Good Christian Friends, Rejoice with heart and soul and voice; give ye heed to what we say: Jesus Christ is born today; ox and ass before him bow, and he is in the manger now.

Christ is born today!

Christ is born today!

2. Good Christian friends, rejoice with heart and soul and voice; now ye hear of endless bliss:

Jesus Christ was born for this!

He has opened heaven's door, and we are blest forevermore.

Christ was born for this!

Christ was born for this!

3. Good Christian friends, rejoice with heart and soul and voice; now ye need not fear the grave; Jesus Christ was born to save!

Calls you one and calls you all to gain the everlasting hall.

Christ was born to save!

Christ was born to save!

Text: Medieval Latin carol; tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-1866

290

Go Tell It on the Mountain

Go tell it on the mountain, over the hills and ev'rywhere; go tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is born!

1. 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 ev'rywhere; go tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is born!

2. 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 ev'rywhere; go tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is born!

3. Down in a lonely manger the humble Christ was born; and God sent us salvation that blessed Christmas morn.

Go tell it on the mountain, over the hills and ev'rywhere; go tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is born!

Text: African American spiritual, refrain; John W. Work Jr., 1872-1925, stanzas, alt.

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