

YORKMINSTER PARK BAPTIST CHURCH PRESENTS



Friday, December 11 | 8:00pm

**A FREE, LIVESTREAM EVENT IN SUPPORT OF
CHURCHES ON-THE-HILL FOOD BANK**

Special Guests

Measha Brueggergosman
The Jim Cuddy Band
Dina Pugliese

Featuring

Bach Children's Chorus
Yorkminster Park Baptist Church Choir
William Maddox, Organist
Eric Robertson, Musical Director & Conductor

Yorkminster Park
BAPTIST CHURCH

Citytv

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CITY CAROL SING | 2020

INTRODUCTION

Dina Pugliese
Co-host, of Citytv Breakfast Television

CAROL – Once in David's Royal City

Once in royal David's city stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby in a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild, Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from heaven, who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable, and his cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly, lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all his wondrous childhood He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden, in whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern; day by day, like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless, tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness, and He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see him, through his own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle is our Lord in heaven above,
And He leads his children on to the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable, with the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven, set at God's right hand on high;
Where like stars his children crowned all in white shall wait around.

WELCOME

The Rev. J. Peter Holmes
Minister of the Congregation,
Yorkminster Park Baptist Church

JIM CUDDY

ANNE LINDSAY – *violin*

River – *Joni Mitchell*

BACH CHILDREN'S CHORUS

The Snow Carol – *Trad., arr. A. Snyder*
This Little Babe – *B. Britten*

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

The Rev. Dale Rose
Minister of Pastoral Care
Yorkminster Park Baptist Church

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CAROL – 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, 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, O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!*

See how the shepherds, summoned to his cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly 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, O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!*

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven 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, O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!*

MEASHA BRUEGGERGOSMAN
AARON DAVIS – *piano*

O Holy Night – *Adolph Charles Adams*

BACH CHILDREN'S CHORUS

Song for a Winter's Night –
G. Lightfoot, arr. C. & C. Bagan

**CHURCHES ON-THE-HILL
FOOD BANK**

Ken Burns
President, Churches on-the-Hill Food Bank
Bob Allin
Vice President, Operations
Churches on-the-Hill Food Bank

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CAROL – Good King Wenceslas

Good King Wenceslas looked out on the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel.

“Hither, page, and stand by me, if thou know’st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?”
“Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes’ fountain.”

“Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither.”
Page and monarch, forth they went, forth they went together,
Through the cold wind’s wild lament and the bitter weather.

“Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger,
Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no longer.”
“Mark my footsteps, good my page, tread now in them boldly,
Thou shalt find the winter’s rage freeze thy blood less coldly.

In his master’s steps he trod, where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod, which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure, wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing.

COLLECTION MESSAGE

The Rev. J. Peter Holmes

JIM CUDDY

ANNE LINDSAY – *violin*

GOOD NEWS – *Jim Cuddy*

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CAROL – 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 the 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 a virgin’s womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see; hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with man 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, risen 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!”

MEASHA BRUEGGERGOSMAN

Sweet Little Jesus Boy –
Robert MacGimsey

THANK YOU

The Rev. J. Peter Holmes
Dina Pugliese

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CAROL – The First Nowell

The First Nowell 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.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Born is the King of Israel.

They lookèd 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.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Born is the King of Israel.

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.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Born is the King of Israel.

This star drew nigh 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.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Born is the King of Israel.

Then entered in those wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in his presence
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense:
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Born is the King of Israel.

Then let us all with one accord,
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord
Who hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with his blood mankind hath bought:
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Born is the King of Israel.

**MAY YOU HAVE A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!!**

To learn more about Churches on-the-Hill Food Bank, or to donate, visit: cothfoodbank.ca

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