

Pear Orchard Presbyterian Church Cherub Choir
presents

A Christmas Pageant

December 10, 2023 – 6:00 p.m.

Processional Hymn

Joseph: Ward Kosko **Mary:** Kinsley Morris **Wisemen:** Hastings McMullin, Grafton Norwood,
Owen Norwood, Cullen Smith **1st Grade Shepherds:** Jon Mark Henry, Myers Mitchell

1st Grade Angels: Amber Perritt, Joy Sims, Rosemary Sims, Edith Welch, Carlisle Winchester

Accompanist: Matthew Hatchett

Director: Liz Taylor

Hark, the Herald Angels Sing (Verses 1 & 3)

Please join us for Verse 3:

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."

Jesus, Joy of the Highest Heaven

Getty

Knock, Knock, Knock

Grime

Luke 2:1-7 Rev. Caleb Cangelosi

Luke 2:8: Ward Kosko

Luke 2:9: Joy Sims

Luke 2:10: Rosemary Sims

Luke 2:11: Grafton Norwood

Luke 2:12: Amber Perritt

Luke 2:13: Edith Welch

Luke 2:14: All angels

Luke 2:15a: Carlisle Winchester

Luke 2:15b: Myers Mitchell

Luke 2:16: Jon Mark Henry

Luke 2:17: Hastings McMullin

Luke 2:18: Cullen Smith

Luke 2:19: Owen Norwood

Luke 2:20: Rev. Caleb Cangelosi

Away in a Manger

Go Tell It on the Mountain

Traditional Spiritual

Cherub Choir:

JT Clemmer - Savannah Ford - Margaret McMullin - Merritt Mitchell - Chandler Morris - Alyssa Norwood
Jonathan Norwood - Shep Richardson - Evelyn Sullivan - Katherine Wilson - Margaret Wilson - Mac Winchester
Livie Austin - Molly Brown - Claire Kosko - Della McCallister - Betsy McMullin - Avery Moffett - Rowan Moon
Bruce Ulrich - Jon Mark Henry - Francie Howie - Ward Kosko - Hastings McMullin - Myers Mitchell - Kinsley Morris
Grafton Norwood - Owen Norwood - Amber Perritt - Joy Sims - Rosemary Sims - Cullen Smith - Edith Welch
Carlisle Winchester

Who Is This?

Who is this so weak and helpless, child of lowly Hebrew maid, rudely in a stable shelter coldly in a manger laid? 'Tis the Lord of all creation who this wondrous path has trod; He is Lord from everlasting and to everlasting God.

Who is this, a Man of Sorrows, walking sadly life's hard way, homeless, weary, sighing, weeping over sin and Satan's sway? 'Tis our God, our glorious Savior, who above the starry sky is for us a place preparing, where no tear can dim the eye.

Who is this? Behold him shedding drops of blood upon the ground! Who is this, despised, rejected, mocked, insulted, beaten, bound? 'Tis our God, who gifts and graces on his church is pouring down; who shall smite in holy vengeance all his foes beneath his throne.

Who is this that hangs there dying while the rude world scoffs and scorns, numbered with the malefactors, torn with nails, and crowned with thorns? 'Tis our God who lives forever mid the shining ones on high, in the glorious golden city, reigning everlastingly.

William Walsham How, Christopher Miner © 1997 Christopher Miner Music CCLI 600485

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

Covenant Choir

Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

Praise Troop

Go, Go, Go to Bethlehem

Praise Troop and Covenant Choirs

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.

Still through the cloven skies they come, with peaceful wings unfurled, and still their heav'nly music floats o'er all the weary world: above its sad and lowly plains they bend on hov'ring wing, and ever o'er its Babel sounds the blessed angels sing.

And 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, 1850, Richard S. Willis, 1850

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 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.

Based on Psalm 95 Isaace Watts, 1719, G.F. Handel, 1742