

Dance in the Dark of the Year

A Yuletide Season Celebration

Universalist Unitarian Church of Joliet

December 19, 2021

Service Presenters:

The Bittersweet Christmas Band



GOWER WASSAIL

A-wassail, a-wassail throughout our town
Our cup it is white and our ale it is brown
Our wassail is made of the good ale and true
Some nutmeg and ginger, it's the best we could brew

CHORUS:

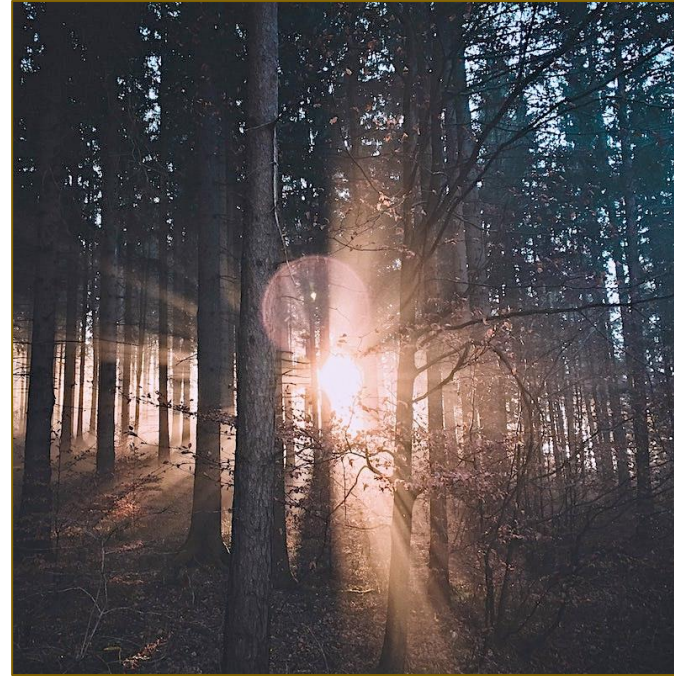
Fol dedol Dol dedol dedol Dol dedol dedol
Dol dedol da de
Fol de dero Fol de da de
Sing too ra li dal

Our wassail is made from the elderberry bough
And so my good neighbors we'll drink unto thou
Besides all on earth, you have apples in store
Pray let us come in for it's cold by the door **CHORUS (Instrumental)**
There's a master and a mistress sitting down by the fire
While we poor wassail boys do wait in the mire
And so pretty maid with your silver headed pin
Please open the door and let us come in **CHORUS**
We know by the moon that we are not too soon
And we know by the sky that we are not too high
We know by the stars that we are not too far
And we know by the ground that we are within sound **CHORUS**
There's our wassail boys grown weary and cold
Drop a bit of small silver into our old bowl
And if we're alive for another new year
Perhaps we may call and see who do live here **CHORUS**



SING WE NOW WITH HEARTS AS ONE (Tune of "Hark the Herald Angels Sing")

**Sing we now with hearts as one
Glory to the newborn Sun
Shining through the dark of night,
Celebrate the coming Light!
Through the Winter's cold it burns,
Life through death the Wheel now turns!
Candles and the lighted tree
Celebrate Life's mystery!
Sing we now with hearts as one
Glory to the newborn Sun!**



**Sing we now with all our might
Glory to the growing light!
Peaceful fields and forests wild
Welcome back the Winter Child!
Now the glowing fire starts!
Joyful hands and peaceful hearts!
Cheer the Yule log as it burns!
Once again the Sun returns!
Sing we now with all our might
Glory to the growing light!**

UNISON CHALICE LIGHTING:

**Yuletide celebrates the rebirth of the Sun
And the promise of returning warmth.
But this is also a time when we give thanks
For Winter's enchantment
And the icy spell of its dark beauty.**



COVENANT

**Love is the doctrine of this church.
The quest of truth is its sacrament, and service is its prayer.
To dwell together in peace, to seek knowledge in freedom,
To serve humanity in fellowship,
To the end that all souls shall grow into harmony with the Divine,
Thus do we covenant with each other and with God.**

GIDDYUP SAID SANTA CLAUS Dave Carter
I was drivin through the timber, round about December,
Took a wrong turn somewhere
Straight up north in a bent-frame Ford,
It was lookin mighty snowy up there
Saw a jolly old coot in a bright red suit,
He was hitchin up a gaggle of deer
Yellin "Pull that sled boys, the kids are in bed
And we're leavin kinda late this year"

CHORUS:

Giddyup said Santa Claus, Dasher get your mittens
Cause it's gettin mighty cold outside
Christmas is a-comin, better get a-runnin
Son, we got a long, long ride
We gotta roll these toys from Tampa to Boise
Visit every kid in L.A.
London to Atlanta, hurry said Santa,
Christmas is a dream away

Well I called to the stranger,
Buddy I'm in danger, loster than a bug in the grass
Polar bears growlin, shaggy wolves howlin
And I'm gettin mighty low on gas
Don'tchya be naggin, we can hitch up your wagon
And tow you where you're needin to go
And off we went at a hundred and ten,
Over the boulders and snow **CHORUS**

Now I was feelin right cheerful when man
I got an earful of the merriest music around
He was dancin and a-singin to the sleigh bells ringin
But lord I shoulda never looked down
When I rolled down the winder and peered across my fender
We were forty miles up in the air
Cuttin pirouettes around rockets and jets,
Headin out for who-knows-where **CHORUS**

Oh please, Mr. Jolly, take me back to Raleigh,
Terra Firma's where I belong
He just kept on drivin, janglin and jivin,
Singin all his Yuletide songs
Yeah it was cold and windy
But he never missed a chimney
Stopped at ever little one's den
Every bundle and bow in a fine bright row
Ans he was back in the saddle again **CHORUS**

Well I kinda got to diggin all the zaggin and ziggin
And the flyin and the presents and fun
And by dawn next day, I was up in the sleigh
And we were talkin about Christmas to come
Now time keeps turnin and I keep a-learnin
But brother, dontchya know I'm still here
Santa's on his night run, I'm ridin shotgun,
Looks like another good year
CHORUS

CONGREGATIONAL READING: "One Small Face"

Leader: With mounds of greenery, the brightest ornaments, we bring high summer to our rooms, as if to spite the somberness of winter come.

Cong.: In time of want, when life is hoarding up against the next uncertain spring, we celebrate and give of what we have away.

Leader: All creatures bend to rules, even the stars constrained.

Cong.: There is a blessed madness in the human need to go against the grain of cold and scarcity.

Leader: We make a holiday, the rituals varied as the hopes of humanity.

Cong.: The reasons as obscure as ancient solar festivals, as clear as joy on one small face.

DANCE IN THE DARK OF THE YEAR Susan Urban, Margaret Nelson

CHORUS:

Bring on the holly and the wreaths of pine,
Fragrant and green in the wintertime.
Gather round the fires that will turn back the night,
And we'll dance in the dark of the year.

The farm woman rises on Christmas morn,
Pulls on her boots and she heads for the barn.
The cows won't wait, though it's Christmas day,
There's milking to be done, and they need fresh hay.
She thinks as she works how the year has gone,
The money's been tight, but they're still hangin' on.
Grateful for the favors of the rain and sun,
They will drink this day to the year to come.

When the sun grows pale and the world turns cold,
Let us do as our foremothers did of old,
Gather 'round the fires with our stories and songs,
And we'll dance in the dark of the year. **CHORUS**

An old man awakens in a shelter bed,
A vision of Christmas past in his head:
Thinking of a smile and a fond embrace,
The memory lights up his worn old face.

He'll go to the mission where he has some friends,
They will talk and sing 'til the Christmas ends,
Tomorrow he'll be back to the same old hell,
Today he leaves humming "Jingle Bells."

Holy are the children and the gifts we bring,
Telling the tales of the newborn king,
And of lamps of freedom burning brightly
eight long nights,

How they danced in the dark of the year. **CHORUS**
In the heart of the city where the gangs run free,
An old woman decorates a Christmas tree.
The children try to tell her she should move away,
But the home is hers, she swears she'll stay.
She plugs in the lights, and she sips some tea,
And thinks what a lucky old woman is she.
The children will be welcome on Christmas day,
But it's peaceful here when they're gone away.

Strike the harp and join the chorus, form a chain,
Winter is turning to Spring again.

Whirl around the fire like our Mother the Earth,
Dance to the dark and the year's rebirth. **CHORUS`**

I HEARD THE BELLS ON CHRISTMAS DAY (poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

**I heard the bells on Christmas Day,
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet, the words repeat
Of peace on Earth, good will to men.**

**I thought how as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rung so long the unbroken song
Of peace on Earth, good will to men.**

**And in despair I bowed my head,
There is no peace on Earth, I said,
For hate is strong and mocks the song
Of peace on Earth, good will to men.**

**Then pealed the bells more loud and deep
God is not dead nor doth he sleep,
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on Earth, good will to men.**

REPRISE LAST VERSE:

**Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
God is not dead nor doth God sleep,
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on Earth, good will to all!**



DECK THE HALL

Deck the hall 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 Yule-tide 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 Yule-tide 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 year, 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



DESPITE IT ALL

Susan Urban

It's that time of the year when you go out and buy stuff for people you don't really like,
Your boss and your landlord, your crazy Aunt Mary who tells everyone you're a dyke.
And you think that if someone gives you one more cheese ball, you'll put it - well, we won't say where,
But through all this madness, you still feel the magic, you know it will always be there.

CHORUS I:

Christmas or Hanukkah, Solstice or Kwanza, whatever the name,
Behind all that's crass and commercial, there's something quite real just the same.
And despite all the crowds and the traffic, the sloshed party-goers dressed up like the pope,
All over this planet we're dreaming together of peace, joy and hope.

There are Christmas CDs with arrangements of "Silent Night" by the Tijuana Brass,
There's food sweet and rich, so you overindulge and you end up with heartburn and gas.
And then there's that family dinner, you belch as your father-in-law's saying grace,
But when Scrooge is redeemed by those three Ghosts of Christmas, it still brings a smile to your face!

CHORUS II:

Christmas or Hanukkah, Solstice or Kwanza, whatever the name,
Behind all the tinsel and trappings, there's something quite real just the same.
And despite all the shopping, the cooking, the cleaning, the deadlines with which you can't cope,
All over this planet we're dreaming together of peace, joy and hope.

There are fake Santa Clauses with Styrofoam beards who hate kids and like making them cry,
There are Christmas trees made out of plastic that smell like a microwave oven that died.
There are people who smile and say, "Merry Christmas," you know that they wish you were dead,
But it's Christmastime keeps you from taking your eggnog and pouring it over their head!

CHORUS III

Christmas or Hanukkah, Solstice or Kwanza, whatever the name,
Behind all the cheap phony sentiment, something's quite real just the same.
And although by the time Christmas Eve rolls around, you may be at the end of your rope,
All over this planet we're dreaming together of peace, joy and hope.

*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!"*



UNISON CHALICE EXTINGUISHING

Carry the Flame of Peace and Love Until We Meet Again

