

Christmas Carols & Mass

Monday, Dec. 24, 2018

*Choir processional: Personent hodie
(Piae Cantiones, 1582)*

Adam Lay Ybounden
(words – anonymous, 15th century; music – Boris Ord)

The First Nowell

The first Nowell the angels 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 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. 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 pause and stay Right o'er the place where Jesus lay. Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell! Born is the King of Israel!
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Gabriel's Message

(Basque carol, arr. Edgar Pettman)

Angels We Have Heard on High

Angels we have heard on high Sweetly singing over the plains And the mountains in reply, Echoing their joyous strains. Gloria in excelsis Deo!	Shepherds, why this Jubilee? Why your joyous strains prolong? What the gladsome tidings be Which inspire your heavenly song? Gloria in excelsis Deo!	See Him in a manger laid, Jesus, Lord of heaven and earth! Mary, Joseph, lend your aid, With us sing our Savior's birth. Gloria in excelsis Deo!	Come to Bethlehem and see Him whose birth the angels sing; Come, adore on bended knee Christ, the Lord, the newborn King Gloria in excelsis Deo!
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Tu scendi dalle stelle

(St. Alphonsus Maria de' Liguori)

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 to-night.	For Christ is born of Mary And gathered all above, While mortals sleep the Angels keep Their watch of wondering love. O morning stars, together Proclaim the holy birth! And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on 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.	O holy Child of Bethlehem, Descend to us, we pray! Cast out our sin and enter in, Be born in us to-day. We hear the Christmas angels, The great glad tidings tell; O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel!
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In the Bleak Midwinter
(words – Christina Rossetti, music – Gustav Holst)

Past Three o' Clock
(words – George Ratcliffe Woodward, music – traditional)

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 heavenly music floats O'er all the weary world; Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on hovering wing, And ever o'er its Babel- sounds The blessed angels sing.	Oh 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; Oh, rest beside the weary road And hear the angels sing!	For lo! the days are hastening on By prophet bards foretold, When, with the ever circling years Shall come 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.
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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 angelic host proclaim "Christ is born in Bethlehem!" Hark! the herald angels sing "Glory to the newborn King!"	Christ by highest heaven 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 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!"
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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 Christians, 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 a song on high, The virgin sings her lullaby. Joy, joy for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Mary.
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God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen

God rest ye merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay; Remember, Christ, our Saviour was born on Christmas day, To save us all from Satan's power	From God our Heavenly Father a blessed Angel came; And unto certain Shepherds brought tidings of the same: How that in Bethlehem was born the Son of God by name	Now to the Lord sing praises, all you within this place, And with true love and brotherhood each other now embrace;	In Bethlehem, in Israel, this blessed Babe was born; And laid within a manger upon this blessed morn; The which His Mother Mary did nothing take in scorn.
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power when we were gone
astray.

Name. **Chorus**

This holy tide of Christmas **Chorus**
all other doth deface. **Chorus**

Chorus:

O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

Joseph Dearest, Joseph Mine

“Joseph dearest, Joseph
mine,
Help me cradle the Child
divine;
God reward thee and all
that’s thine in Paradise,”
So prays the mother Mary.

Chorus: He came among
us at Christmastime,
At Christmastime in
Bethlehem;
Let us bring Him from far
and wide Love’s diadem;
Jesus, Jesus, lo, he comes,
and loves, and saves, and
frees us!

“Gladly, dear one, lady
mine,
Help I cradle this Child of
thine;
God’s own light on us both
shall shine in Paradise,
As prays the mother Mary.”
Chorus

All shall come and bow the
knee;
Wise and happy their souls
shall be,
Loving such a divinity, as
all may see
In Jesus, son of Mary.
Chorus

The Friendly Beasts

Jesus our brother, kind and good
Was humbly born in a stable rude
And the friendly beasts around Him
stood,
Jesus our brother, kind and good.

"I," said the donkey, shaggy and brown,
"I carried His mother up hill and down;
I carried her safely to Bethlehem town."
"I," said the donkey, shaggy and brown.

"I," said the cow all white and red
"I gave Him my manger for His bed;
I gave him my hay to pillow his head."
"I," said the cow all white and red.

"I," said the sheep with curly horn,
"I gave Him my wool for His blanket
warm;
He wore my coat on Christmas
morn."
"I," said the sheep with curly horn.

"I," said the dove from the rafters high,
"I cooed Him to sleep so He would not
cry;
We cooed him to sleep, my mate and I."
"I," said the dove from the rafters high.

Thus every beast by some good spell,
In the stable dark was glad to tell
Of the gift he gave Immanuel,
The gift he gave Immanuel.

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,
tho' the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
gath'ring 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 rude 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, my good page;
tread thou 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.

We Three Kings of Orient Are

We three kings of
Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse
afar,
Field and fountain,
moor and mountain,
Following yonder Star.

Born a babe on
Bethlehem's plain;
Gold I bring to
crown Him again;
King forever, ceasing
never,
Over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer
have I;
Incense owns a Deity
nigh;
Prayer and praising, all
men raising,
Worship Him, God on
High.

Myrrh is mine; its
bitter perfume
Breathes a life of
gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing,
bleeding, dying,
Seal'd in the stone-
cold tomb.

Glorious now
behold Him
arise,
King and God
and sacrifice,
Alleluia, alleluia!
Earth to heav'n
replies.

Chorus:

O, star of wonder, star
of might,
Star with royal beauty
bright,
Westward leading, still
proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect
light.

Chorus

Chorus

Chorus

Chorus

Silent 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 heaven afar;
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.

Joy to the World

Joy to the world! The Lord is
come:
Let earth receive her King!
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him
room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

He rules the world with truth and
grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love.

Midnight Mass:

Processional: O Holy Night (*Adolphe Adam – John Sullivan Dwight*)

Mass: Missa O magnum mysterium (*Tomàs Luis de Victoria*)

Offertory: Laetentur caeli (*Orlando Lassus*)

Communion: Hodie Christus natus est (*Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck*)

Recessional: Adeste Fideles

Adeste, fideles, laeti
triumphantes;
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.
Natum videte Regem
angelorum.

En grege relicto,
humiles ad cunas
Vocati pastores
approperant:
Et nos ovanti gradu
festinamus.

Aeterni Parentis
splendorem aeternum
Velatum sub carne
videbimus,
Deum infantem, pannis
involutum.

Pro nobis egenum et
foeno cubantem
Piis foveamus
amplexibus;
Sic nos amantem quis
non redamaret?

Refrain:

Venite adoremus, venite
adoremus, venite adoremus,
Dominum.

Refrain

Refrain

Refrain