

# CAROLS AND MIDNIGHT MASS



2024

CATHEDRAL OF ST FRANCIS XAVIER

ADELAIDE



## THE ANGEL GABRIEL

The angel Gabriel from heaven came  
His wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame;  
"Rejoice!" the angel said, "The Lord is with you"  
Most highly favoured lady, Gloria.

"Be not afraid for you shall bear a child;  
By him shall we to God be reconciled.  
His name shall be Emmanuel, the long foretold",  
Most highly favoured lady, Gloria.  
Then gentle Mary humbly bowed her head;  
"To me be as it pleases God," she said.  
"My soul shall praise and magnify his holy name."  
Most highly favoured lady, Gloria.

"And so," she said "How happy I shall be!  
All generations will remember me,  
for God has kept his promises to Israel."  
Most highly favoured lady, Gloria.

Of her, Emmanuel, the Christ was born  
in Bethlehem, upon that Christmas morn,  
and Christian folk throughout the world will ever say:  
"Most highly favoured lady." Gloria!

Text: Basque carol paraphrased by Sabine Baring-Gould 1834-1924 alt.

## ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S 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  
day by day like us he grew;  
He was little, weak, and helpless,  
tears and smiles like us he knew  
and he feels for for all our sadness,  
and he shares in all 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 as God's right hand on high,  
Where like stars his children crowned  
All in white shall wait around.

Mrs C F Alexander (1818-95) | Music: Irby H J Gauntlett (1805-76)

## **WE THREE KINGS**

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

*O star of wonder, star of night, star with royal beauty bright;  
Westward leading, still proceeding,  
guide us to thy perfect light.*

Born a King 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,  
sealed in the stone cold tomb.

Glorious now behold him arise, King and God and sacrifice:  
Heav'n sings "Alleluia: Alleluia the earth replies."

Words: John Henry Hopkins jr, 1861-1945

Music: THREE KINGS OF ORIENT, John Henry Hopkins jr, 1861-1945

## **IN THE BLEAK MID-WINTER**

In the bleak midwinter  
frosty wind made moan,  
earth stood hard as iron,  
water like a stone:  
snow had fallen,  
snow on snow, snow on snow,  
in the bleak midwinter,  
long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold him,  
nor earth sustain;  
heaven and earth shall flee away  
when he comes to reign:  
in the bleak midwinter  
a stable place sufficed  
the Lord God Almighty,  
Jesus Christ.

Enough for him whom cherubim  
worship night and day,  
a breastful of milk  
and a mangerful of hay:  
enough for him  
whom angels fall down before,

the ox and ass and camel  
which adore.

Angels and archangels  
may have gathered there,  
cherubim and seraphim  
thronged the air,  
but only his mother,  
in her maiden bliss,  
worshiped the Beloved  
with a kiss.

What can I give him,  
poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd,  
I would bring a lamb,  
if I were a wise man  
I would do my part,  
yet what I can I give him,  
give my heart.

Christina Rossetti. 1830-94.

## **ORGAN PIECE - O HOLY NIGHT**

### **BEHOLD, A ROSE E'ER BLOOMING**

Behold, a rose e'er blooming  
From tender stem has sprung!  
Of Jesse's lineage coming,  
As those of old have sung.  
It came, a flow'ret bright,  
Amid the cold of winter,  
Where half spent was the night.

Isaiah twas foretold it,  
This 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 saviour,  
When half spent was the night.

O flow'r, whose fragrance tender  
With sweetness fills the air,  
Dispel in glorious splendour  
The darkness ev'rywhere;  
As human, yet true God  
From sin and death now save us  
And share our ev'ry load.

Text: based on Isaiah 11:1; Anon, German, 15th cent; Speier Gebetbuch, 1599; trans. Theodore Baker 1851-1934, alt.  
Tune: ES IST EIN' ROS' ENTSPRUNGEN 76.76.676; 15th cent. from Geistliche Kirchengesang, Cologne 1599

## GLAD MUSIC FILLS THE CHRISTMAS SKY

Glad music fills the Christmas sky,  
a hymn of praise, a song of love;  
the angels worship high above  
and Mary sings her lullaby.

Of tender love for God she sings,  
the chosen mother of the Son;  
she knows that wonders have begun,  
and trusts for all the future brings.

The angel chorus of the skies  
who came to tell us of God's grace  
have yet to know his human face  
to watch him die to see him rise.

Let praise be true and love sincere,  
rejoice to greet the Saviour's birth;  
let peace and honour fill the earth  
and mercy reign - for God is here!

Then lift your hearts and voices high  
sing once again the Christmas song:  
for love and praise to Christ belong -  
in shouts of joy, and lullaby.

Text: Michael Perry, 1942-1994. Jubilate Group. Used with permission. Reproduced with permission under license #624617, OneLicense.

## GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN, REJOICE

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

Good Christian men, rejoice  
with heart and soul and voice;  
now ye hear of endless bliss:  
Jesus Christ was born for this!  
He hath opened heaven's door,  
and man is blest forevermore.  
Christ was born for this!  
Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, 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 his everlasting hall.  
Christ was born to save!  
Christ was born to save!

Text: 14th century German-Latin carol attributed to Bl Henry Suso, d 1366

## 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 worship and angels sing  
Haste, haste to bring him praise,  
the Babe, the son of Mary

Why lies he in such mean estate,  
where ox and ass are feeding?  
Come have no fear, God's Son is here,  
his love all loves exceeding:  
Nails, spear, shall pierce him through,  
the cross be borne for me, for you:  
hail, hail, the Saviour comes, the Babe,  
the son of Mary.

So bring him incense, gold and myrrh,  
all tongues and peoples own him,  
the King of kings salvation brings,  
let ev'ry heart enthrone him:  
Raise, raise your song on high while  
Mary sings a lullaby, joy, joy, for Christ  
is born, the Babe, the son of Mary

*Text: William Chatterton Dix, 1837-1898*  
*Tune: GREENSLEEVES 87.87.68.67; Trad English melody*

## **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 heaven's all-glorious 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.



Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
the world has suffered long  
Beneath the heav'nly strain have rolled  
two thousand years of wrong  
And man, at war with man hears not  
The tidings which they bring  
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing!

Text: Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1810-1876

## **UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN**

Unto us a boy is born! King of all creation,  
Came he to a world forlorn, the Lord of every nation.

Cradled in a stall was he with sleepy cows and asses;  
But the very beasts could see that he all men surpasses.

Herod then with fear was filled: 'A prince,' he said, 'in Jewry!'  
All the little boys he killed at Beth'lem in his fury.

Now may Mary's son, who came so long ago to love us,  
Lead us all with hearts aflame unto the joys above us.

Omega and Alpha he! Let the organ thunder,  
While the choir with peals of glee shall rend the air asunder.

Words: Anon, Latin 15c, tr. Percy Dearmer 1867-1936  
Music: PUER NOBIS, from Piae Cantiones 1582

## **ORGAN PIECE - THE HOLY CITY**

### **WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS**

While shepherds watched  
their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind;  
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.”

“To you, in David’s town, this day  
Is born of David’s line  
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign:”

“The heav’nly child you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands  
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spoke the seraph; and forth-with appeared a shining throng  
of angels praising God, who thus  
addressed their joyful song:

“All glory be to God on high,  
and to the earth be peace;  
good-will hence-forth from heav’n to all begin and never cease.”

Text: based Luke 2:8-14; Nahun Tate, 1652-1715 and Nicholas Brady 1659-c.1726 alt.  
Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

## **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 the dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.

O morning stars, together  
proclaim the holy birth!  
and praises sing to God the King,  
and peace to men on earth.  
For Christ is born of Mary,

and gathered all above,  
while mortals sleep, the angels keep  
their watch of wond'ring love,

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 today.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
the great glad tidings tell;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
our Lord Emmanuel.

*Text: Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893*

*Tune: ST. LOUIS, 8 6 8 6 7 6 8 6; Lewis H. Redner, 1831-1908*

## **GOD REST YOU MERRY GENTLEMEN**

God rest you merry, gentlemen,  
let nothing you dismay;  
remember Christ, our Savior  
was born on Christmas Day  
to save us all from Satan's pow'r  
when we were gone astray.

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

From God our heav'nly 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.

“Fear not,” then said the angel,  
“let nothing you affright;  
this day is born a Savior,  
of a pure virgin bright  
to free all those who trust in him  
from Satan’s pow’r and might.”

Now to the Lord sing praises,  
all you within this place,  
and with true love and brotherhood  
each other now embrace;  
this holy tide of Christmas  
doth bring redeeming grace.

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## 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 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.

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

*English Carol, 17th c*

## AWAY IN A MANGER

Away in a manger,  
No crib for a bed,  
The little Lord Jesus  
Laid down His sweet head.  
The stars in the bright sky  
Looked down where He lay,  
The little Lord Jesus,  
Asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing,  
the baby awakes,  
But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.  
I love you, Lord Jesus!  
look down from the sky,  
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh

Be near me, Lord Jesus!  
I ask thee to stay  
Close by me forever,  
And love me, I pray.  
Bless all the dear children  
In Thy tender care,  
And fit us for heaven,  
To live with thee there.

Text: St. 1-2, anon. St. 3. John T. McFarland, 1851-1913

## MIDNIGHT MASS

### ENTRANCE HYMN

### 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, Christ the Lord!*

God of God, Light of Light, lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb  
Very God, begotten not created

See how the shepherds summoned to his cradle,  
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with holy fear;  
We too will thither bend our joyful footsteps:

Sing choirs of angels, sing in exultation,  
Sing all you citizens of heaven above; Glory to God in the highest

Yea, Lord we greet thee, born this happy morning,  
Jesu, to thee be glory giv'n; Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing

Words: JF Wade c1711-86, tr F Oakley 1802-80, W Mercer 1811-73, et al  
Music: ADESTE FIDELES, JF Wade c1711-86

### **Psalm Antiphon**     *Ps 95*

R: Today is born our Saviour, Christ the Lord

### **Gospel Acclamation**

Alleluia, alleluia! Good News and great joy to all the world:  
today is born our Saviour, Christ the Lord. Alleluia!

### **HYMN**                    **HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING**

Hark! the herald angels sing Glory to the new-born 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 new-born 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 new-born King.

Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!  
Hail the Sun 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 new-born King.

*Words: Charles Wesley 1707-88 alt.*

*Music: MENDELSSOHN, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy 1809-47, adapt WH Cummings 1831-1915*

## COMMUNION HYMN

## ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

Angels we have heard on high  
Sweetly singing o'er the plains  
And the mountains in reply  
Echoing their joyous strains

*Gloria in excelsis Deo*

*Gloria in excelsis Deo*

Shepherds why this jubilee  
Why your joyous strains prolong  
Say what may the tidings be  
Which inspire your heav'nly song

Come to Bethlehem and see  
him whose birth the angels sing  
come adore on bended knee  
Christ the Lord the newborn king

See him in a manger laid  
Whom the choirs of angels praise  
Mary, Joseph lend your aid  
While our hearts in love we raise

*Text: French traditional carol, trans James Chadwick 1813-1882, alt.*

*Tune: GLORIA (LES ANGES DANS NOS CAMPAGNES) 77.77 with refrain; French traditional, alt.*

## COMMUNION HYMN

## 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 Saviour is born, Christ, the Saviour 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 the birth, Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

Words: Joseph Mohr 1792-1848, tr John F Young 1820-85 alt.  
Music: SILENT NIGHT, Franz Xaver Gruber, 1787-1863.

## RECESSIONAL HYMN

## JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world! The Lord is come;  
let earth receive her king;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing, and heaven and nature sing,  
And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.

Joy the world! The Saviour 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.

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.

Words: Isaac Watts 1674-1748 based on Psalm 98  
Music: ANTIOCH G F Handel 1685-1759, arr Lowell Mason 1792-1872

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