

CATHEDRAL OF ST FRANCIS XAVIER

ADELAIDE

The Epiphany of the Lord
Vigil, 9am and 11am Mass

5th January 2025



Entrance Hymn: 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.

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.

Then entered in those wise men three
And revrent'ly upon their knee
They offered there in his presence
Their gold and myrrhand frankincense

Now let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heav'nly Lord
Who made both heav'n and earth from nought
And with his blood salvation bought.

Text: English Carol, 17th c

Tune: THE FIRST NOWELL, irregular with refrain, Trd. English melody, harmony John Stainer 1840-1901

Responsorial Psalm: Ps 71:1-2. 7-8. 10-13, R. see v.11

(R.) Lord, every nation on earth will adore you.

Gospel Acclamation:

Alleluia, alleluia! We have seen his star in the East;
and have come to adore the Lord. Alleluia

Hymn: O Little Town of Bethlehem (Vigil)

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 tonight

O morning stars together proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King, and peace to all 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

Hymn: What Star is This

(9am and 11am)

What star is this, with beams so bright,
more lovely than the noonday light?
'Tis sent to announce a newborn king,
glad tidings of our God to bring.

'Tis now fulfilled what God decreed,
"From Jacob shall a star proceed;"
and lo! the eastern sages stand
to read in heaven the Lord's command.

While outward signs the star displays,
an inward light the Lord conveys
and urges them, with tender might,
to seek the giver of the light.

O Jesus, while the star of grace
impels us on to seek your face,
let not our slothful hearts refuse
the guidance of your light to use.



Text: Charles Coffin 1736, translated by John Chandler 1837 alt

Communion Hymn: 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 Babe on Bethlehem's plain,
gold I bring to crown him again;
King forever, ceasing never,
over us all to reign.

Frank incense to offer have I;
incense owns a deity nigh,
Prayer and praising gladly raising,
worshipping 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:
Heaven sing "Hallelujah!", "Hallelujah!" the earth replies.

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

Recessional 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 hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
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!"

Text: Charles Wesley 1707-1788, alt
Tune: GLORIA (LES ANGES DANS NOS CAMPAGNES) 77.77 with refrain; French traditional, alt.

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