

**FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL
OF
PRAYERS, READINGS AND CAROLS**



**ST FRANCIS' CHURCH, MELBOURNE
FRIDAY, 18 DECEMBER 2020
7.00 PM**

CAROLS SERVICE 2020

Singers

Joy Lukman, soprano
Marianna Paradowski, soprano
Kate Tyugay, soprano
Ben Glover, tenor
Paul Hughes, bass

Organist

Anthony Halliday

Director

Tony Way

Readers

Marna Couve de Murville
Sr Jennifer Sanders, RSJ
Shane Taylor

Presider

Reverend Ben Ho, SSS

Tech Production

Reverend Dang Le, SSS
Reverend Peter Tong, SSS

Prelude

I WONDER AS I WANDER

Music & Words: Appalachian Trad.
coll. John Jacob Niles 1934

I wonder as I wander, out under the sky, how Jesus the Saviour did come for to die for poor on'ry people like you and like I... I wonder as I wander, out under the sky. When Mary birthed Jesus, 'twas in a cow's stall, with wise men and farmers and shepherds and all. But high from the heavens a star's light did fall, and the promise of ages it then did recall. If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing, a star in the sky or a bird on the wing, or all of God's angels in heaven for to sing, he surely could have had it, 'cause he was the King.

Processional

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

Music: J. F. Wade (1711-86) arr. Richard Proulx
Words: 18th C.

All

**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!***

**See how the shepherds,
Summoned to his cradle
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with holy fear;
We too will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps:
*O come, let us adore him...***

**Lo! star-led chieftains,
Wise men, Christ adoring,
Offer him incense, gold and myrrh;
We to the Christ-Child
Bring our hearts' oblations:
*O come, let us adore him...***

**Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;
Glory to God in the highest:
*O come, let us adore him...***

Introduction

First Reading

Genesis 3.8-15

The Fall

ADAM LAY YBOUNDEN

Music: Colin Brumby (1933-2018)
Words: Anon, 15th C.

Adam lay ybounden, bounden in a bond; four thousand winter thought he not too long. And all was for an apple, an apple that he took, as clerkes finden written in their holy book. Had apple ne'er taken been, ne'er would Our Lady Queen of Heaven been. Now blessed be the time that apple taken was, therefore we must sing, "Deo gracias."

O COME, O COME EMMANUEL

Music: Plainsong melody, 15th C.
Words: Anon., Latin c. 13th C.

All

O come, O come, Emmanuel!

and ransom captive Israel,
that mourns in lonely exile here
until the Son of God appear.

Rejoice! Rejoice!

Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, O come, thou Lord of might
who to thy tribes on Sinai's height
in ancient times didst give the law
in cloud and majesty and awe.

Rejoice! Rejoice!...

O come, thou key of David, come,
and open wide our heavenly home;
make safe the way that leads on high
and close the path to misery.

Rejoice! Rejoice!...

O come, thou rod of Jesse, free
thine own from Satan's tyranny;
from depths of hell thy people save
and give the victory o'er the grave

Rejoice! Rejoice!...

**O come, thou dayspring, come and cheer
our spirits by thine advent here;
disperse the gloomy clouds of night
and death's dark shadows put to flight.**

Rejoice! Rejoice!...

Second Reading

Isaiah 11.1-10

The Prophecy of the Messiah's Kingdom of Peace

ES IST EIN' ROS' ENTSPRUNGEN

Music: Michael Prætorius (c. 1569-1610) arr. Christopher Willcock

Words: Anon. 15th C., trans. Judith McKnight

A rose has sprung up from a tender root, as sung to us by men of old: from the line of Jesse it came, and brought forth a little flower, in the middle of cold winter, deep in the midnight hour. The rose I have in mind, of which Isaiah spoke, we behold in Maria alone, the pure maiden. At God's eternal word she gave birth to a child, deep in the midnight hour. The little flower so small, that greets us with fragrance so sweet, with its clear light drives away darkness. The one true man and true God helps us in all suffering, saves us from sin and death.

Third Reading

Luke 1.26-38

The Annunciation to Mary

PUERI CONCINITE

Music: Johann von Herbeck (1831-77)

Children gather to sing of the royal birth; their pious voices say: 'He has appeared who is born of Mary, what Gabriel foretold is fulfilled: Behold a virgin shall bear God out of divine mercy. Today has appeared in Israel the King born of the Virgin Mary. Alleluia!'

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Music: R. Vaughan Williams (1872-1958) desc. Thomas Armstrong

Words: English traditional

All

**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 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 in us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Fourth Reading

Luke 2.1-7

The Birth of Jesus

AWAY IN A MANGER

Music: W. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921), arr. Anthony Halliday
Words: Anon.

All
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 thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

**Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask thee to stay
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.**

IN THE BLEAK MID-WINTER

Music: Harold Darke (1888-1976)
Words: Christina Rossetti (1830-94)

In the bleak mid-winter, frosty wind made moan, earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone. Snow had fallen, snow on snow, in the bleak mid-winter 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 mid-winter, a stable place sufficed, the Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ. Enough for him, whom cherubim worship night and day, a breast full of milk, and a manger full of hay. Enough for him, whom angels fall down before, the ox and ass and camel which adore. 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.

Fifth Reading

Luke 2.8-16

The Shepherds go to the Manger

WHENCE IS THAT GOODLY FRAGRANCE?

Music: Old French Carol arr. Albert Edward Baker (1875-1945)
Words trans. A. B. Ramsay

Whence is that goodly fragrance flowing, stealing our senses all away? Never the like did come ablowing, shepherds, from flowery fields in May. What is that light so brilliant, breaking here in the night across our eyes? Never so bright the day-star waking, started to climb the morning skies! Bethlehem! there, in manger lying, find your Redeemer, haste away. Run ye with eager footsteps hieing! Worship the Saviour born today.

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

Words: C. F. Alexander
Music: H. J. Gauntlett, desc. Ronald Nelson

All

**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
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the gentle maiden,
In whose gentle arms he lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he

For he is our childhood's pattern
Day by day like us he grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew:
And he feelth for our sadness,
And he shareth in 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 at God's right hand on high;
Where like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Sixth Reading

Matthew 2.1-12

The Magi are led by the star to Jesus

O HOLY NIGHT

Music: Adolphe Adam (1803-56)
Words: John Sullivan Dwight (1813-93)

O holy night! The stars are brightly shining, it is the night of the dear Saviour's birth; Long lay the world in sin and error pining, till he appeared, and the soul felt its worth. A thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices, for yonder breaks the new and glorious morn! Fall on your knees! Oh, hear the angel voices! O night divine! O night when Christ was born! O night divine, O night, O night divine! Led by the light of faith serenely beaming, with glowing hearts by His cradle we stand; So, led by light of star sweetly gleaming, here came the wise men from the Orient land. The King of Kings lay thus in lowly manger, in all our trials born to be our friend; He knows our need, He guardeth us from danger; Behold your King! Before the Lowly bend!

WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE

Music & Words: John H. Hopkins Jr (1820-91)

All **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 the perfect light.

Choir *Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,*
Gold I bring to crown him again,
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign:

All *O, star of wonder, star of night...*

Choir *Frankincense to offer have I,*
Incense owns a Deity nigh,
Prayer and praising, gladly raising,
Worship him, God most high:

All *O, star of wonder, star of night...*

Choir *Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume*
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb:

All *O, star of wonder, star of night...*

All **Glorious now behold him arise,**
King and God and Sacrifice!
Heav'n sings "Alleluia":
"Alleluia", the earth replies.
O, star of wonder, star of night...

Seventh Reading

John 1.1-18

John unfolds the great mystery of the Incarnation

RIU, RIU, CHIU

Music: Mateo Flecha the elder? (1481-1553)
Words: Villancicos de diversos autores, 1556

Riu, riu, chiu, the shepherd by the river: God has protected our Eve from the wolf. The furious wolf tried hard to bite her, but Almighty God protected her well: he made her in such a way that she could know no sin, a virgin unstained by Adam's fault. Riu... This new-born child is a mighty monarch, the patriarchal Christ, clothed in flesh; he redeemed us by making himself tiny: he who was infinite became finite. Riu... Now we have gained what we desired let us go together to present to him our gifts; let each resign his will to the God who was willing to come down to earth to become equal to a man. Riu...

Prayer

HARK, THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Music: F. Mendelssohn (1809-47) arr. John Ferguson
Words: C. Wesley et al.

All **Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled:
Joyful all you nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th'angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.**

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

**Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the God-head see,
Hail th'incarnate Deity!
Pleased as one like us to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.**

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

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 we no more may die,
Born to raise the heirs of earth,
Born to give them second birth

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

POSTLUDE

Hirtengesang (Shepherd's hymn of joy and thanksgiving)
Symphony No. 6, Op. 68 "Pastoral"

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)
transcribed by Anthony Halliday

The Blessed Sacrament Community together with the members of
Saint Francis' Choir wish you every blessing.
May Christmas be a time of peace and joy.
May that peace and joy stay with you throughout the year ahead.