

THE NATIONAL CATHEDRAL
AND COLLEGIATE CHURCH
OF SAINT PATRICK, DUBLIN



A FESTIVAL OF
NINE LESSONS & CAROLS
ORDER OF SERVICE 2020

ORDER OF SERVICE

Hymn

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 lowly 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 feeleth 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.

Music, Henry John Gauntlett (1805-76)

♬ Arthur Henry Mann (1850-1929)

The Bidding Prayer

Beloved in Christ, be it this Christmastide our care and delight to hear again the message of the angels, and in heart and mind to go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, and the babe lying in the manger.

Therefore let us read and mark in Holy Scripture the tale of the loving purposes of God from the first days of our disobedience unto the glorious redemption brought by this Holy Child: and let us make this cathedral church, dedicated in honour of his Holy Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary, and Saint Patrick, glad with our carols of praise.

But first, let us pray for the needs of the whole world; for peace and good will over all the earth; for unity within the Church he came to build, especially in this city of Dublin.

And because this of all things would rejoice his heart, let us remember at this time in his name the poor and helpless, the cold, the hungry and the oppressed; the sick and them that mourn, the lonely and the unloved; the aged and the little children; all those who know not the Lord Jesus, or who love him not, or who by sin have grieved his heart of love.

Lastly, let us remember before God all those who rejoice with us but upon another shore, and in a greater light; that multitude which no-one can number, whose hope was in the Word made Flesh, and with whom, in this Lord Jesus, we for evermore are one.

These prayers and praises let us humbly offer up to the throne of heaven, in the words which Christ himself hath taught us:

Our Father, who art in heaven: hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

The Almighty God bless us with his grace; Christ give us the joys of everlasting life; and unto the fellowship of the citizens above may the King of angels bring us all. **Amen.**

Carol

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day: I would my true love did so chance to see the legend of my play, to call my true love to my dance: *Sing O my love, O my love, my love, my love; this have I done for my true love.* Then was I born of a virgin pure, of her I took fleshly substance; thus was I knit to man's nature, to call my true love to my dance: In a manger laid and wrapped I was, so very poor this was my chance, betwixt an ox and a silly poor ass, to call my true love to my dance: *Sing O my love, O my love, my love, my love; this have I done for my true love.*

Music, Traditional

Arrangement, Stuart Nicholson (b.1975)

The First Lesson

Genesis 3

God announces in the Garden of Eden that the son of a woman shall bruise the serpent's head.

READ BY A JUNIOR CHORISTER

Carol

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 book. Ne had the apple taken been, ne had never our Lady a been heavene queen. Blessed be the time that apple taken was: therefore we moun singen *Deo Gracias!*

Music, Boris Ord (1897–1961)

The Second Lesson

Genesis 22

God promises to faithful Abraham that in his seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.

READ BY A SENIOR CHORISTER

Carol

In the bleak mid-winter 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 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 breastful 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.

Music, Harold Darke (1888-1976)

The Third Lesson

Isaiah 9

The prophet foretells the birth of Christ.

READ BY A LAY VICAR

Hymn

Unto us is born a Son,
King of choirs supernal:
See on earth his life begun,
Of lords the Lord eternal.

Christ, from heav'n descending low,
Comes on earth a stranger:
Ox and ass their Owner know
Becradled in the manger.

This did Herod sore affray,
And grievously bewilder;
So he gave the word to slay,
And slew the little childer.

Of his love and mercy mild
This the Christmas story:
And O that Mary's gentle child
Might lead us up to glory!

O and A and A and O
Cum cantibus in choro,
Let our merry organ go,
Benedicamus Domino.

*Words & Music, Puer nobis nascitur
Arrangement, David Willcocks (1919-2015)*

The Fourth Lesson

Isaiah 11

The Prophet foretells the Messiah's Kingdom of Peace.

READ BY THE MASTER OF THE MUSIC

Carol

There is no rose of such vertu as is the rose that bare Jesu: *Alleluia*. For in this rose containèd was heaven and earth in litel space, *Res miranda*. By that rose we well may see there be one God in persons three, *Pares forma*. The aungels sungen the shepherds to: *Gloria in excelsis Deo! Gaudeamus*. Leave we all this werldly mirth, and follow we this joyful birth. *Transeamus*.

Words, early 15th century manuscript

*Music, Jack Oades
former organ scholar, Saint Patrick's Cathedral*

The Fifth Lesson

Luke 1

The angel Gabriel visits the Blessed Virgin Mary.

READ BY THE PRINCIPAL TEACHER OF THE CATHEDRAL CHOIR SCHOOL

Carol

What sweeter music can we bring than a carol, for to sing the birth of this our heavenly King? Awake the voice! Awake the string: We see him come, and know him ours, who with his sunshine and his showers turns all the patient ground to flowers. Dark and dull night fly hence away, and give the honour to this day that sees December turned to May. The Darling of the world is come, and fit it is we find a room to welcome him. The nobler part of all the house here is the heart: Which we will give him, and bequeath this holly and this ivy wreath, to do him honour who's our King, and Lord of all this revelling:

Words, Robert Herrick

Music, John Rutter (b.1945)

The Sixth Lesson

Luke 2

Saint Luke relates the birth of Jesus.

READ BY THE DEAN'S VICAR

Hymn

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 men on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
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 (1835–93)

Music, English Trad. arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

The Seventh Lesson

Luke 2

The shepherds go to the manger.

READ BY A PREBENDARY

Carol

As I walked down the road at set of sun the lambs were coming homeward one by one I heard a sheepbell softly calling them along the little road to Bethlehem. Beside an open door as I drew nigh I heard sweet Mary sing a lullaby she sang about the lambs at close of day and rocked her tiny King among the hay. Across the air the silver sheepbells rang “The lambs are coming home,” sweet Mary sang “Your star of gold, your star of gold is shining in the sky So sleep, my little King, go lullaby.”

Music, Michael Head (1900-76)

The Eighth Lesson

Matthew 2

The wise men are led by the star to Jesus.

READ BY A DIGNITARY

Carol

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 light, 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 for ever, ceasing never, over us all to reign. Frankincense to offer have I; incense owns a Deity nigh; prayer and praising, all men 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; Heav’n sings Alleluia, Alleluia the earth replies. O star of wonder, star of light, star with royal beauty bright, westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to thy perfect light.

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

Arrangement, Stuart Nicholson (b.1975)

The Ninth Lesson

John 1

*Saint John unfolds the great mystery of the Incarnation:
how the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.*

READ BY THE DEAN

Hymn

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, Christ the Lord.

God of God, Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God, begotten, not created.

Sing choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;
Glory to God in the highest.

Adeste Fideles, Translation, Frederick Oakeley (1802-80)

Arrangement, David Willcocks (1919-2015)

The Christmas Collect and the Blessing

Let us pray.

O God, who makest us glad with the yearly remembrance of the birth of thy only son, Jesus Christ: Grant that, as we joyfully receive him for our redeemer, so we may with sure confidence behold him, when he shall come to be our judge; who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. **Amen.**

Christ, who by his incarnation gathered into one things earthly and heavenly, grant you the fullness of inward peace and goodwill, and make you partakers of the divine nature; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, be upon you and remain with you always. **Amen.**

Hymn

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!

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

Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

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.

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.

Words, Charles Wesley (1707-88)

Music, George Frederick Handel (1685-1759)

Organ Voluntary