

THE NATIONAL CATHEDRAL
AND COLLEGIATE CHURCH
OF SAINT PATRICK, DUBLIN



A SERVICE OF MUSIC &
READINGS FOR EPIPHANY

SUNDAY 10 JANUARY 2021

Introit

Here is the little door, lift up the latch, O lift! We need not wander more but enter with our gift; our gift of finest gold, gold that was never bought nor sold; myrrh to be strewn about his bed; incense in clouds about his head; All for the Child who stirs not in his sleep, but holy slumber holds with ass and sheep. Bend low about his bed, for each he has a gift; see how his eyes awake, lift up your hands, O lift! For gold, he gives a keen-edged sword (defend with it thy little Lord!); for incense, smoke of battle red; myrrh for the honoured happy dead; gifts for his children terrible and sweet, touched by such tiny hands and O, such tiny feet.

Words, Frances Chesterton (1869-1938)

Music, Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

Bidding Prayer

In the name of Christ who called us out of darkness into his own marvellous light, to be a kingdom of priests to our God, we welcome you. As we rejoice in the Word made flesh, who comes among us to reveal God's glory, so we pray that his kingly reign may be acknowledged throughout the world. We pray for the unity and mission of Christ's Church, for the ministers of the gospel of Christ, and for all for whom we bear witness. We pray for the world, which is already Christ's, that we may have reverence for the natural order and respect for every person, made in the image and likeness of God. And we pray for those who stand in need, for the lonely, the fearful, the sick and the bereaved, and for all who have no one to pray for them. May God our Father take us and use us in his service; may he open our eyes to see his glory, and equip us to bless his people, now and at all times. **Amen.**

Hymn

Hail to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
hail, in the time appointed,
his reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
to set the captive free;
to take away transgression,
and rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy
to those who suffer wrong;
to help the poor and needy,
and bid the weak be strong;
to give them songs for sighing,
their darkness turn to light,
whose souls, condemned and dying,
were precious in his sight.

He shall come down like showers
upon the fruitful earth,
and love, joy, hope, like flowers,
spring in his path to birth:
before him on the mountains
shall peace the herald go;
and righteousness in fountains
from hill to valley flow.

Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;
To him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
he on his throne shall rest,
from age to age more glorious,
all-blessing and all-blest;
the tide of time shall never
his covenant remove;
his name shall stand for ever;
that name to us is Love.

Text, James Montgomery (1771-1845)

Music, English Traditional Melody

The First Reading *Genesis 1: 1-5*

Anthem

O nata lux de lumine, Iesu redemptor saeculi, dignare clemens supplicam, laudes precesque sumere. Qui carne quondam contegi dignatus es pro perditis, nos membra confer effici tui beati corporis.
(O Light born of light, Jesus, redeemer of the world, deign to hear our prayer and praise. You, who took flesh to redeem us from perdition, grant us to be made one in your blessed body.)

Music, Thomas Tallis (d.1585)

The Second Reading *Isaiah 60: 1-6, 19*

Anthem

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: Then afterwards baptized I was; the Holy Ghost on me did glance, my Father's voice heard from above, to call my true love to my dance:

Music, Carl Rütli (b.1949)

The Third Reading *Isaiah 49: 6b-13*

Anthem

Star of the East that long ago brought wise men on their way where, angels singing to and fro, the Child of Bethlehem lay - above that Syrian hill afar thou shinest out to-night, O Star! Star of the East, the night were drear but for the tender grace that with thy glory comes to cheer earth's loneliest, darkest place; for by that charity we see where there is hope for all and me. Star of the East! Show us the way in wisdom undefiled to seek that manger out and lay our gifts before the child - to bring our hearts and offer them unto our King in Bethlehem!

Words, Eugene Field (1850-95)

Music, Ernest Dines (b.1986)

The Fourth Reading *Isaiah 41: 8-10*

Anthem

The darkest midnight in December, no snow, nor hail, nor winter storm shall hinder us for to remember the Babe that on that night was born. With Magi we are come to see this lowly Infant's kingly charms, born of a maid as prophets said, the King of love in Mary's arms. No earthly gifts, no gold nor myrrh nor odour sweet we lay at his feet. 'Twas but pure love that from above brought him to save us from all harms; so let us sing and welcome him, the God of love in Mary's arms. Amen.

Text, Unknown

Music, Eoghan Desmond (2016)

The Fifth Reading *Haggai 2: 5b-9*

Anthem

'When He is King we will give Him the Kings' gifts, myrrh for its sweetness, and gold for a crown, beautiful robes,' said the young girl to Joseph, fair with her firstborn on Bethlehem Down. Bethlehem Down is full of the starlight, winds for the spices, and stars for the gold, Mary for sleep, and for lullaby music songs of a shepherd by Bethlehem fold. When he is King, they will clothe him in gravesheets, myrrh for embalming, and wood for a crown, he that lies now in the white arms of Mary sleeping so lightly on Bethlehem Down. Here he has peace and a short while for dreaming, close huddled oxen to keep him from cold, Mary for love, and for lullaby music songs of a shepherd by Bethlehem fold.

Words, Bruce Blunt (1899-1957)

Music, Peter Warlock (1894-1930)

The Sixth Reading *Revelation 21: 22-22: 5*

Anthem

How far is it to Bethlehem? Not very far. Shall we find the stable-room lit by a star? Can we see the little Child? Is He within? If we lift the wooden latch, may we go in? May we stroke the creatures there — Ox, ass, or sheep? May we peep like them and see Jesus asleep? If we touch His tiny hand, will He awake? Will He know we've come so far just for His sake? Great kings have precious gifts, and we have naught; Little smiles and little tears are all we brought. For all weary children Mary must weep; Here, on His bed of straw, sleep, children, sleep. God, in His mother's arms, babes in the byre, sleep, as they sleep who find their heart's desire.

Words, Frances Chesterton (1869-1938)

Music, arranged John Dexter (1991)

The Seventh Reading *Matthew 2: 1-12*

Anthem

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 he bore 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 every 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.

Words, William Chatterton Dix (1837-98) alt.

Music, Andrew Gant (b.1963)

Prayers

‘We saw the rising of his star, and have come to pay him homage.’

Let us pray:

The Magi knelt in adoration before the Christ-child. So we also kneel to worship him with great joy, offering our prayers to his heavenly Father, saying,

Lord, hear us,

Lord, graciously hear us.

You have called us into the family of those who are called the children of God. May our love for our brothers and sisters in Christ be strengthened by your grace.

Lord, hear us...

You have called us to be a temple where the Holy Spirit can dwell. Give us clean hands and pure hearts so that our lives will reflect your holiness.

Lord, hear us...

You have called us to be a light to the world so that those in darkness can come to you. May our lives shine as a witness to the saving grace you have given for all.

Lord, hear us...

You have called us to be members of the body of Christ, so when one suffers all suffer together. We ask for your comfort and healing power to bring hope to those in distress.

Lord, hear us...

You have called us to be the Bride where Christ the Lord is the Bridegroom. Prepare us for the wedding feast where we will be united with him for ever.

Lord, hear us...

Rejoicing in the fellowship of the Blessed Virgin Mary and Saint Patrick, we commend ourselves and all Christian people to your unfailing love.

**Merciful Father, accept these prayers
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.**

Hymn

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 lookèd 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 north-west
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
Most reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in his presence,
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense:

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with his blood mankind hath bought:

Words, William Sandys (1833)

Music, English Traditional Carol

Arrangement, David Willcocks (1918-2015)

The Blessing

The Organ Voluntary

Epiphany (1984)

Gaston Litaize (1909-1991)