



St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Christmas Eve, 1915.

CAROLS.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

VENI, VENI, EMMANUEL.

O Emmanuel.

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 Sapientia.

O come, Thou Wisdom from on high,
And rule the world in equity;
With gentle strength our spirits sway,
And guide our footsteps lest we stray.—Rejoice!

O Radix Jesse.

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.—Rejoice!

O Oriens.

O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy shades of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.—Rejoice!

O Clavis David.

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!

O Adonai.

O come, Adonai, 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! Amen.

This hymn is a versification of six of the greater Advent Antiphons, which, beginning from the day marked *O Sapientia* (16 Dec.) in the Kalendar, led up to Christmas, one being allotted to each day. These Antiphons are of great antiquity, having been adopted at Rome before the 9th century. They seem to be survivals of an earlier method of preparing for the Christmas Festival than that of the Latin rite. An unknown author, probably of the 12th century, as Dr. Neale supposes, took five of these Antiphons and wove them into a hymn, *Veni, veni Emmanuel*, and added to each the refrain, which is not in the original prose—

*Gaude, gaude, Emmanuel
Nascetur pro te, Israel*

Rejoice, rejoice, Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, Israel.

The above translation is that of Dr. Neale, except verse 2, which has been adopted from the prose Antiphon *O Sapientia*, and versified by the Very Rev. H. C. Beeching, Dean of Norwich, especially for use at this service (1910).

The plainsong melody appeared in the "Hymnal Noted," 1854, and is there stated to be taken from an old French Service Book preserved in the National Library, Lisbon.

EVENSONG.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

THE PRECES.

V. Praise ye the Lord. R. The Lord's Name be praised.

ANTIPHON—Drop down ye heavens from above, and let the skies
pour down Righteousness: Let the earth open, and let
them bring forth Salvation.

PSALM xlv. *Eructavit cor meum.*

LESSON. St. Luke ii. 1-20.

ANTIPHON—Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: And
His Name shall be called the Mighty God. Alleluia.

Magnificat.

THE CREED.

THE COLLECTS.

**It is suggested that the congregation sit while
the Carols are being sung and join in singing
those portions marked with an asterisk ***

I.

A Cradle Song.

She brought forth her first-born Son and laid Him in a manger.

SLEEP, Baby, sleep! The Mother sings: Heaven's Angels kneel and fold their Sleep, Baby, sleep. [wings.	With swathes of scented hay Thy bed By Mary's hands at eve was spread. Sleep, Baby, sleep.
---	--

Sleep, Baby, sleep! The Shepherds sing:
Through heaven, through earth, Hosannas ring.
Sleep, Baby, sleep.

Words by J. Addington Symonds. Music by T. Adam.

II.

In the Bleak Mid-Winter.

Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor.

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,
 For Him a mother's breast
 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
 Worshipped the Belovèd
 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.

Words by Christina G. Rossetti, 1830-1894. Music by Harold Darke.

III.

The Cherry-tree Carol.

*The ox knoweth his Owner and the ass his Master's crib; but
 Israel doth not know.*

Solo.

As Joseph was a-walking,
 He heard an Angel sing,
 "This night shall be the birth-time
 Of CHRIST our heavenly King."

"He neither shall be born
 In housen nor in hall,
 Nor in the place of Paradise;
 But in an ox's stall."

"He neither shall be clothèd
 In purple nor in pall;
 But in the pure white linen
 As usen babies all."

"He neither shall be rockèd
 In silver nor in gold;
 But in a wooden cradle
 That resteth on the mould."

Trebles.

As Joseph was a-walking,
 He heard an Angel sing,
 And Mary's Child at midnight
 Was born to be our King.

Chorus.

Then be ye glad, good people,
 This night of all the year,
 And light up all your candles,
 His star it shineth clear.

Legendary Carols are numerous; one of the best-known is the "Cherry-tree Carol," from which these verses are taken. The legend contributes a scene in the Mystery Plays, of which those of Coventry and Chester are extant, and are doubtless similar to those said to have been performed in St. Patrick's Cathedral in the 15th century. In the Mystery of "The Birth of Christ" the opening scene represents Mary and Joseph on their way to Bethlehem. Mary sees a cherry tree laden with fruit and requests Joseph to pluck her some. He, mindful of Eve's transgression, refuses, whereupon the branch bows down to her and she helps herself. Joseph is rebuked but disquieted. Following this an Angel announces to him the Nativity. The original legend is found in the Apocryphal Gospel of the Pseudo-Matthew (chap. xx.), and an Irish metrical version of it (with an English translation) is printed in Dr. Douglas Hyde's *Religious Songs of Connacht*, I., p. 279. The traditional air is from Somersetshire.

IV.

A Virgin Unspotted.

God sent forth His Son.

* *Chorus.* A VIRGIN unspotted the prophet foretold,
Should bring forth a Saviour Whom now we behold;
To be our Redeemer from Death, Hell and Sin,
Which Adam's transgression had wrappéd us in.

* *Chorus.* Then let us be joyful, cast sorrow away,
Our Saviour CHRIST JESUS was born on this day.

Solo. In Bethlehem city, in Jewry, it was
That Joseph and Mary together did pass,
All for to be taxed when thither they came,
For Cæsar Augustus commanded the same.

* *Chorus.* Then let us, etc.

Solo. But when they had entered the city so fair,
A number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could find in the inn there no lodging at all.

* *Chorus.* Then let us, etc.

Solo. There were they compelled in a stable to stay,
Where the sheep and the oxen around them did lay,
Their lodging so simple they took it no scorn,
But against the next morning the Saviour was born.

* *Chorus.* Then let us, etc.

Solo. To teach us humility all this was done,
To learn from thence haughty pride for to shun;
The manger His cradle, Who came from above,
The great GOD of mercy, of peace and of love,

* *Chorus.* Then let us, etc.

A very popular English Carol of the 17th century. Many additional verses are found in old collections and broadsides. There are several good melodies associated with this carol.

V.

A Christmas Greeting.

*He sent His Word and healed them: and they were saved.**Chorus.*

GOD rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For JESUS CHRIST our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
*(*Chorus.*) O tidings of comfort and joy!

Solo Bass.

From GOD our Heavenly 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.
*(*Chorus.*) O tidings of comfort and joy!

Solo.

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm and wind;
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This blessed Babe to find.

*(*Chorus.*) O tidings of comfort and joy!

Solo.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this Infant lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His Mother Mary, kneeling down,
Unto her LORD did pray.

*(*Chorus.*) O tidings of comfort and joy!

Chorus.

*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
 All other doth efface.
 O tidings of comfort and joy!

This is the best known of all English Carols. Usually seven verses are given. The melody, which is much older than the words, is in the Aeolian mode, the scale of which is heard in the bass of the organ prelude before each verse. The first line is usually wrongly punctuated; the meaning is, "God keep you happy."

VI.

The Message of the Bells.

There is sprung up a Light for the righteous: and joyful gladness for such as are true-hearted.

Bell Symphony.

SING a sweet song of Bethlehem city,
 Carol to praise the Babe newly born;
 Many shall wonder, many shall ponder,
 Angels shall sing this glad Christmas morn.

Christ in His love, His love and His pity,
 Stoops down to save poor sinners forlorn.

Ring out glad bells, ring out the sweet story.

Bell Symphony.

Angels shall sing in glorious measures,
 Shepherds shall haste and humbly draw near;

Many shall wonder, many shall ponder
 All that is told by prophet and seer.

Sages, bring gifts, and open your treasures,

Here is our hope: our Saviour is here.

Ring out glad bells, ring out the sweet story.

Melody of the London waits (17th century). The original words have not been preserved. The words here given were written by the late Clara E. Patton.

VII.

The Master's Garden.

The garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody.

Our Master hath a garden which fair flowers adorn,
 There will I go and gather both at eve and morn;
 Naught's heard therein but Angel hymns with harp and lute,
 Loud trumpets and bright clarions, and the gently soothing flute.

The Lily white that bloometh there is Purity,
 The fragrant Violet is surnamed Humility;

Naught's heard therein, etc.

The lovely damask Rose is here called Patience,
The rich and cheerful Marigold, Obedience;
Naught's heard therein, etc.

One plant is there with crown bedight, the rest above
With crown imperial, and this plant is Holy Love;
Naught's heard therein, etc.

But still of all the flowers the Fairest and the Best
Is Jesus Christ, He's Sharon's Rose, His Name be blest.
Naught's heard therein, etc.

O JESUS, my chief Good and sole Felicity,
Thy little garden make my ready heart to be;
So may I once hear Angel hymns with harp and lute,
Loud trumpets and bright clarions, and the gently soothing flute.

A Dutch Carol from a collection of Christmas Carols edited by A. J. Thijm, Amsterdam, 1852. The English translation is from the *Ecclesiologist* for February, 1856. The melody was specially arranged from a Dresden air for this Service (1909), by the Rev. D. F. R. Wilson, M.A.

VIII.

Gloria in Excelsis.

The whole earth is at rest and is quiet; they break forth into singing.

WHEN the crimson sun had set,
Sinking 'neath the frosty plain,
On a bright and cold midnight
Broke the glad angelic strain—
Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

Shepherds, watching by their flocks,
Upward look with wondering gaze,
In the sky bright hosts espy,
Filling all the heavenly ways—
Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

Hie they then in quick accord,
Hasting to the manger-throne,
Bending low with hearts aglow,
God of God the Babe they own—
Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

Joy with us, good Christian men,
Christ is come to set us free;
He was born on Christmas morn;
Sing the glad Nativity—
Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

A French Noël. Words re-written by Rev. Canon J. A. Jennings.

COLLECTION FOR THE RELIEF OF THE POOR.

IX.

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

Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see!
 Hail the incarnate Deity;
 Pleased as man with men 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.

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

This hymn was written by Charles Wesley in ten stanzas of four lines each, and published in 1739. The story is that the author on his way to church on Christmas morning heard the bells ringing, and said—

Hark! how all the welkin rings
 Glory to the King of kings.

In G. Whitefield's collection, 1753, the opening lines were altered as given above. Handel's melody from *Judas Maccabaeus*, "See the conquering Hero comes," was the popular setting in Ireland to these words for nearly a century prior to 1870, when it was superseded by Mendelssohn's Chorale from the *Festgesang*, composed in 1840.

The Blessing.