HYMN 82—O little town of Bethlehem

- 1 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 to-night
- 3 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 received him, still
 The dear CHRIST enters in.
- 2 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.
- 4 O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
 Descend to us, we pray;
 Cast out our sin, and enter in;
 Be born in us to-day.
 We hear the heavenly angels
 The great glad tidings tell:
 O come to us, abide with us,
 Our LORD Immanuel.

FOREST GREEN English Traditional Melody Phillip Brooks 1835-93

Motet: 'Hodie Christus Natus Est' Francis Poulenc Today Christ is born: Today the Savior appeared: Today on Earth the Angels sing, Archangels rejoice: Today the righteous rejoice, saying: Glory to God in the highest. Alleluia.

Motet: 'O magnum mysterium'

Morten Lauridsen

How great a mystery and how wonderful a sacrament, that beasts should see the new-born LORD lying in their manger. Blessèd is the Virgin whose body was worthy to bear the LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Please refer to the Booklet for the Prayer After Communion, the Blessing, and the Procession to the Crib.

Postlude: Toccata (Symphony V), Charles Marie-Widor



Music for Christmas Eve 2019

Organ Recital

beginning at 10:30 pm by Matthew Whitfield, Organist & Director of Music

Noël Suisse, *Louis-Claude Daquin*Pastorale in F major, BWV 590, *J.S. Bach*Weihnachten, *Max Reger*In dulci jubilo, BWV 729, *J.S. Bach*

The Feast of the Nativity of Our Lord

We are delighted to welcome Bishop Jenny Andison as our Presiding Celebrant and Preacher tonight. Bishop Jenny is a Suffragan Bishop of Toronto and Area Bishop in the York-Credit Valley with pastoral oversight of St Thomas's Church and more than 50 other parishes and ministries in the southwestern part of the diocese. We are grateful for her leadership at this time in helping the parish discern whom we will ask her to appoint as the next Rector of St Thomas's. We also welcome Bishop Jenny's family who join us as we celebrate this holy night of the Saviour's birth.



Nativity Detail - Gerard van Honthorst - 1622

Music of the Mass: 'Ad præsepe,' George Malcolm

ENTRANCE HYMN 77—Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

- 1 Hark! the herald angels sing Glory to the new-born King, Peace on earth, and mercy mild. God and sinners reconciled. Joyful, all ve 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.
- 2 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. Hark! the herald angels sing Glory to the new-born King.
- 3 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.

MENDELSSOHN From a chorus by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy 1809-47 Charles Wesley 1707-88 and others

Please see the Booket for the Sequence Hymn

OFFERTORY HYMN - Of the Father's love begotten Corde natus ex parentis

- 1 Of the Father's love begotten, Ere the worlds began to be, He is Alpha and Omega, He is the Source, the Ending he, Of the things that are, that have been, And that future years shall see, Evermore and evermore.
- 2 At his word the worlds were framed: He commanded; it was done: Heaven and earth and depths of ocean In their threefold order one; All that grows beneath the shining Of the moon and burning sun, Evermore and evermore.

- 3 O that birth for ever blessèd! When the Virgin, full of grace, By the Holy Ghost conceiving, Bare the Saviour of our race, And the Babe, the world's Redeemer, First revealed his sacred face, Evermore and evermore.
- 5 O ye heights of heaven, adore him; Angel-hosts, his praises sing; All dominions, bow before him, And extol our God and King: Let no tongue on earth be silent, Every voice in concert ring, Evermore and evermore.

DIVINUM MYSTERIUM Melody from Piæ Cantiones Theoderici Petri Nylandensis 1582

- 4 This is he whom seers in old time Chanted of with one accord: Whom the voices of the prophets Promised in their faithful word; Now he shines, the long-expected; Let creation praise its Lord, Evermore and evermore.
- 6 Sing, ye heights of heaven, his praises; Angels and Archangels, sing! Wheresoe'er ye be, ye faithful, Let your joyous anthems ring, Every tongue his name confessing, Countless voices answering. Evermore and evermore.

Latin, Prudentius 348-413 Tr R.J. M. Neale & The Rev'd Sir H.W Baker and others

HYMN 76—While shepherds watched

- 1 While shepherds watched their flocks by night, 2 'Fear not,' said he (for mighty dread all seated on the ground. The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around.
- 3 'To you, in David's town, this day Is born of David's line A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign:
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith Appeared a shining throng Of angels, praising God, who thus Addressed their joyful song:

WINCHESTER OLD Thomas Este's Psalter 1592

- Had seized their troubled mind): 'Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all mankind.
- 4 'The heavenly Babe you there shall find To human view displayed, All meanly wrapped in swathing bands, And in a manger laid.'
- 6 'All glory be to God on high, And to the earth be peace: Good will henceforth from heaven to men Begin, and never cease.'

Nahum Tate 1652-1715