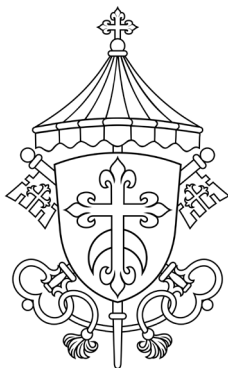


ST MARY'S CATHEDRAL



A Celebration of Readings and Carols



19 December 2021
5.00pm

WELCOME

to St Mary's Cathedral which stands in the centre of Sydney as a Christian statement of grace and beauty. Generations of artists have bequeathed to it their magnificent gifts in stone and glass, designing a unique space of solace and prayer within this vibrant city. This Cathedral represents the spiritual origins of the Catholic Church in Australia. It is one of Sydney's most treasured historic buildings and one of the finest examples of English-style gothic churches in the world. William Wilkinson Wardell, the 19th century architect, dreamed of a gothic structure shaped from the local yellow-block sandstone on which this city is built. The building was finally completed 100 years after the architect's death. The Cathedral is dedicated to Mary, Immaculate Mother of God, Help of Christians.

THE CATHEDRAL CHOIR

St Mary's Cathedral Choir is the oldest musical institution in Australia. In 1818 a group of choristers was formed to sing Vespers before the Blessed Sacrament in the Dempsey household, the centre of Catholic worship in the penal colony. After the establishment of St Mary's Cathedral in 1833 the successors of these choristers formed the permanent Cathedral Choir. In faithfulness to the Benedictine English tradition from which the Cathedral's founders came, the Choir is formed of men and boys, preserving the historical character of Catholic liturgical and musical heritage. St Mary's is the only Catholic Cathedral in Australia to have an on-site Choir School where the twenty-four boy choristers are educated. The other parts of the Choir are provided by lay clerks who are professional singers. The Choir's primary function is to sing Vespers and Mass in the Cathedral which it does almost daily, but it has also undertaken several international tours, recordings and concert projects.

www.cathedralchoir.sydney

**TO MAINTAIN A SPIRIT OF REVERENCE AND SOLEMNITY,
PLEASE TURN OFF AND REFRAIN FROM USING ALL MOBILE TELEPHONES
AND OTHER ELECTRONIC DEVICES.**

ORDER OF SERVICE

All stand at the sound of the Sacristy bell.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN

All remain silent as the first two verses are sung.

A boy chorister sings

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.

The Choir alone sings

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.

All sing

**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.**

*Irby
Henry John Gauntlett (1805–1876)
revised by A H Mann (1850–1929)
arr. James O'Donnell (b. 1961)*

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818–1895)

INTRODUCTION

All make the Sign of the Cross as the Dean says

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

℟: **Amen.**

The Lord be with you.

℟: **And with your spirit.**

The Dean welcomes the congregation, and then says

THE COLLECT

Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY ever-living God, as we see how the Nativity of your Son according to the flesh draws near, we pray that to us, your unworthy servants, mercy may flow from your Word, who chose to become flesh of the Virgin Mary and establish among us his dwelling, Jesus Christ our Lord. Who lives and reigns with you in the unity of the Holy Spirit, God, for ever and ever.

℟: **Amen.**

All sit.

The Choir sings

AWAY IN A MANGER

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.

Cradle Song
William James Kirkpatrick (1838–1921)
arr. Sir David Willcocks (1919–2015)

vv. 1, 2 'Little Children's Book', Philadelphia (1885)
v. 3 Charles Gabriel's 'Vineyard Songs', Louisville (1892)

FIRST READING

Isaiah 11:1-9

THERE shall come forth a shoot from the stump of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots. And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and the fear of the Lord. And his delight shall be in the fear of the Lord. He shall not judge by what his eyes see, or decide by what his ears hear; but with righteousness he shall judge the poor, and decide with equity for the meek of the earth. The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them. The cow and the bear shall feed; their young shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. The sucking child shall play over the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the adder's den. They shall not hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

The Choir sings

VIRGA IESSE

VIRGA Iesse floruit: Virgo Deum et hominem genuit: pacem Deus reddidit, in se reconcilians ima summis. Alleluia.

The rod of Jesse has blossomed: a virgin has brought forth One who was both God and man: God has given back peace to man, reconciling in himself the lowest with the highest. Alleluia.

Anton Bruckner (1824–1896)

*Traditional medieval text
based on Isaiah:11*

SECOND READING

Luke 1:26-38

IN the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God to a city of Galilee named Nazareth, to a virgin betrothed to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary. And he came to her and said, "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with you!" But she was greatly troubled at the saying, and considered in her mind what sort of greeting this might be. And the angel said to her, "Do not be afraid, Mary, for you have found favour with God. And behold, you will conceive in your womb and bear a son, and you shall call his name Jesus. He will be great, and will be called the Son of the Most High; and the Lord God will give to him the throne of his father David, and he will reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there will be no end." And Mary said to the angel, "How can this be, since I have no husband?" And the angel said to her, "The Holy Spirit will come upon you, and the power of the Most High will overshadow you; therefore the child to be born will be called holy, the Son of God. And behold, your kinswoman Elizabeth in her old age has also conceived a son; and this is the sixth month with her who was called barren. For with God nothing will be impossible." And Mary said, "Behold, I am the handmaid of the Lord; let it be to me according to your word." And the angel departed from her.

The Choir sings

A MAIDEN MOST GENTLE

A MAIDEN most gentle and tender we sing;
Of Mary the mother of Jesus our King.
Ave Maria.

How blessed is the birth of her heavenly child,
Who came to redeem us in Mary so mild.
Ave Maria.

The Archangel Gabriel foretold by his call
The Lord of Creation, and Saviour of all.
Ave Maria.

Three kings came to worship with gifts rich and rare,
And marvelled in awe at the babe in her care.
Ave Maria.

Rejoice and be glad at this Christmas we pray;
Sing praise to the Saviour, sing endless 'Ave'.
Ave Maria.

arr. Andrew Carter (b. 1939)

*The Venerable Bede (673–735)
paraphrased by Andrew Carter*

THIRD READING

Isaiah 60:1-6, 19

ARISE, shine; for your light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon you. For behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and thick darkness the peoples; but the Lord will arise upon you, and his glory will be seen upon you. And nations shall come to your light, and kings to the brightness of your rising. Lift up your eyes round about, and see; they all gather together, they come to you; your sons shall come from far, and your daughters shall be carried in the arms. Then you shall see and be radiant, your heart shall thrill and rejoice; because the abundance of the sea shall be turned to you, the wealth of the nations shall come to you. A multitude of camels shall cover you, the young camels of Midian and Ephah; all those from Sheba shall come. They shall bring gold and frankincense, and shall proclaim the praise of the Lord. The sun shall be no more your light by day, nor for brightness shall the moon give light to you by night; but the Lord will be your everlasting light, and your God will be your glory.

The Cathedral Scholars sing

SHEPHERDS, rejoice! lift up your eyes
And send your fears away;
News from the region of the skies:
Salvation's born today!
Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
Today he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.
Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.

from Welcome All Wonders
David Bednall (b. 1979)

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

AS I walked down the road at set of sun,
The lambs were coming homewards, one by one,
I heard a sheep-bell 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 sheep-bell rang,
'The lambs are coming home,' sweet Mary sang,
'Your Star of Gold is shining in the sky,
So sleep, my little King, go lullaby.'

Michael Head (1900–1976)

Margaret Rose (d. 1958)

FOURTH READING

Luke 2:1-16

IN those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled. This was the first enrollment, when Quirinius was governor of Syria. And all went to be enrolled, each to his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, from the city of Nazareth, to Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and lineage of David, to be enrolled with Mary, his betrothed, who was with child. And while they were there, the time came for her to be delivered. And she gave birth to her first-born son and wrapped him in swaddling cloths, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn. And in that region there were shepherds out in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And an angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were filled with fear. And the angel said to them, "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy which will come to all the people; for to you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this will be a sign for you: you will find a babe wrapped in swaddling cloths and lying in a manger." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom he is pleased!" When the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said to one another, "Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this thing that has happened, which the Lord has made known to us." And they went with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

All stand.

The Choristers sing

OF the Father's heart begotten,
Ere the world from chaos rose,
He is Alpha: from that Fountain
All that is and hath been flows;
He is Omega, of all things
Yet to come the mystic Close,
Evermore and evermore.

The Lay Clerks sing

By his word was all created;
He commanded and 'twas done;
Earth and sky and boundless ocean,
Universe of three in one,
All that sees the moon's soft radiance,
All that breathes beneath the sun,
Evermore and evermore.

All sing

O how blest that wondrous birthday,
When the Maid the curse retrieved,
Brought to birth mankind's salvation,
By the Holy Ghost conceived;
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
In her loving arms received,
Evermore and evermore.

**This is he, whom seer and sybil
Sang in ages long gone by;
This is he of old revealèd
In the page of prophecy;
Lo! he comes, the promised Saviour;
Let the world his praises cry!
Evermore and evermore.**

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.

Divinum mysterium
Melody from Piae Cantiones (1582)
arr. James O'Donnell

Corde natus ex parentis
Prudentius (348–413)
tr. Robert Furley Davis (1866–1937)

All sit.

THE SERMON

is given by

The Very Reverend Donald Richardson
Dean of St Mary's Cathedral

The Cathedral Scholars sing

TU SCENDI DALLE STELLE

TU scendi dalle stelle, O Re del Cielo, e vieni in una grotta, al freddo al gelo. O Bambino mio Divino Io ti vedo qui a tremar, O Dio Beato Ahi, quanto ti costò l'avermi amato! A te, che sei del mondo il Creatore, mancano panni e fuoco; O mio Signore! Caro eletto Pargoletto, Quanto questa povertà più mi inamora! Giacché ti fece amor povero ancora!

From starry skies descending, thou comest, glorious King, a manger low thy bed, in winter's icy sting; O my dearest Child most holy, shudd'ring, trembling in the cold! Great God, thou lovest me! What suff'ring thou didst bear, that I near thee might be! Thou art the world's Creator, God's own and true Word, yet here no robe, no fire for thee, Divine Lord. Dearest, fairest, sweetest Infant, dire this state of poverty. The more I care for thee, since thou, O Love Divine, will'st now so poor to be.

Saint Alphonsus Liguori (1696–1787)
arr. Graham Ross (b. 1985)

All stand.

FIFTH READING

John 1:1-14

The Lord be with you.

℟️ **And with your spirit.**

A reading from the holy Gospel according to John.

℟️ **Glory to you, O Lord.**

IN the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God; all things were made through him, and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it. There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. He came for testimony, to bear witness to the light, that all might believe through him. He was not the light, but came to bear witness to the light. The true light that enlightens every man was coming into the world. He was in the world, and the world was made through him, yet the world knew him not. He came to his own home, and his own people received him not. But to all who received him, who believed in his name, he gave power to become children of God; who were born, not of blood nor of the will of the flesh nor of the will of man, but of God. And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth.

The Gospel of the Lord.

℟️ **Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ.**

All sit.

The Choir sings

SUSSEX CAROL

ON Christmas night all Christians sing to hear the news the angels bring. News of great joy, news of great mirth, news of our merciful King's birth. Then why should men on earth be so sad, since our Redeemer made us glad, when from our sin he set us free, all for to gain our liberty? When sin departs before his grace, then life and health come in its place. Angels and men with joy may sing all for to see the new-born King. All out of darkness we have light, which made the angels sing this night: Glory to God and peace to men, now and for evermore, Amen!

*English traditional carol
arr. Sir David Willcocks*

All stand and sing

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!*

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 heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest:

Adeste fideles
John Francis Wade's MS book c. 1740
arr. David Hill (b. 1957)

Latin, 18th century
tr. Frederick Oakley (1802–1880)

All remain standing.

The Dean says

THE COLLECT

The Lord be with you.

℟: **And with your spirit.**

Let us pray.

O GOD, who gladden us year by year as we wait in hope for our redemption, grant that, just as we joyfully welcome your Only Begotten Son as our Redeemer, we may also merit to face him confidently when he comes again as our Judge. Who lives and reigns with you in the unity of the Holy Spirit, God, for ever and ever.

℟: **Amen.**

BLESSING

MAY God, who by the Incarnation brought together the earthly and heavenly realm, fill you with the gift of his peace and favour and make you sharers with the Church in heaven.

℟: **Amen.**

And may the blessing of almighty God, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, come down on you and remain with you for ever.

℟: **Amen.**

Go in peace.

℟: **Thanks be to God.**

All sing

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

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.*

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
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809–1847)
Descant, David Hill*

*Charles Wesley (1707–1788)
and others*

Music after the service:

In dulci iubilo (BWV 729)
Toccata-Carillon: Ding dong, merrily on high

*Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)
Jonathan Orwig (b. 1964)*

CHRISTMAS AT ST MARY'S CATHEDRAL

FRIDAY 24 DECEMBER

5.00pm	First Vespers of Christmas	<i>Cathedral Choir</i>
6.00pm	Vigil Mass <i>with congregational carols</i>	
8.00pm	Choral Vigil Mass	<i>St Mary's Singers</i>
10.00pm	Mass <i>with congregational carols</i>	
11.15pm	Sung Matins with Carols	<i>Cathedral Scholars</i>

SATURDAY 25 DECEMBER

Midnight	Midnight Mass	<i>Cathedral Choir</i>
7.00am	Said Mass	
9.00am	Mass <i>with congregational carols</i>	
10.30am	Solemn Mass	<i>Cathedral Choir</i>
6.00pm	Mass <i>with congregational carols</i>	

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