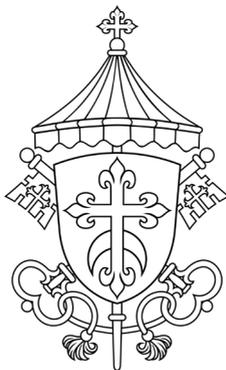


ST MARY'S CATHEDRAL



O Emmanuel

*A meditation in words and music on the
mystery of the incarnation*



17 December 2023
4.30pm

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 remain seated as the Procession moves from the Sacristy to the Southern Door.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN

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.

The Cathedral Scholars alone sing

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.

All stand and sing

**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.**

**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

The Dean of the Cathedral

A SERMON OF SAINT AUGUSTINE

ON that first Christmas, the Wisdom of God manifested himself as a speechless child; the Word of God wordlessly uttered the sound of a human voice. His divinity, although hidden, was revealed by heavenly witness to the Magi and was announced to the shepherds by angelic voices. With yearly ceremony, therefore, we celebrate the fulfilment of the prophecy: 'Truth shall spring from the earth, and justice look down from heaven.' Truth, eternally existing in the bosom of the Father, has sprung from the earth so that he might exist also in the bosom of a mother. Truth, holding the world in place, has sprung from the earth so that he might be carried in the hands of a woman. Truth, incorruptibly nourishing the happiness of the angels, has sprung from the earth in order to be fed by human milk. Truth, whom the heavens cannot contain, has sprung from the earth so that he might be placed in a manger. For whose benefit did such unparalleled greatness come in such lowliness? Certainly for no personal advantage, but definitely for our great good, if only we believe. Wake up! O man! for you God has become man! 'Awake, sleeper, and arise from among the dead, and Christ will enlighten you.'

All sit.

The Choir sings

I WONDER AS I WANDER

I wonder as I wander out under the sky,
How Jesus the Saviour did come for to die.
For poor on'ry people like you and like I.
I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

When Mary birthed Jesus 'twas in a cow's stall,
With wise men and farmers and shepherds and all.
But high from the heavens a star's light did fall,
And promise of ages it then did recall.

If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing,
A star in the sky, or a bird on the wing,
Or all of God's angels in heaven for to sing,
He surely could have it, 'cause he was the King.

Carl Rüttli (b. 1949)

John Jacob Niles (1892-1980)

FIRST READING

Isaiah 40: 1-8

COMFORT, comfort my people, says your God. Speak tenderly to Jerusalem, and cry to her that her warfare is ended, that her iniquity is pardoned, that she has received from the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

A voice cries: "In the wilderness prepare the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be lifted up, and every mountain and hill be made low; the uneven ground shall become level, and the rough places a plain. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord has spoken."

A voice says, "Cry!" And I said, "What shall I cry?" All flesh is grass, and all its beauty is like the flower of the field. The grass withers, the flower fades when the breath of the Lord blows on it; surely the people are grass. The grass withers, the flower fades, but the word of our God will stand for ever.

All stand.

All sing

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:
O tidings of comfort and joy.

From God our heavenly Father
A blessèd angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born:
The Son of God by name:
O tidings of comfort and joy.

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoicèd much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
This blessèd Babe to find:
O tidings of comfort and joy.

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
Unto the Lord did pray:
O tidings of comfort and joy.

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 others doth deface:
O tidings of comfort and joy.

*English traditional carol
arr. Sir David Willcocks*

All sit.

SECOND READING

Isaiah 9: 2-6

THE people who walked in darkness have seen a great light; those who dwelt in a land of deep darkness, on them has light shined. You have multiplied the nation; you have increased its joy; they rejoice before you as with joy at the harvest, as they are glad when they divide the spoil. For the yoke of his burden, and the staff for his shoulder, the rod of his oppressor, you have broken as on the day of Midian.

For every boot of the tramping warrior in battle tumult and every garment rolled in blood will be burned as fuel for the fire. For to us a child is born, to us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

The Choir sings

TOMORROW SHALL BE MY DANCING DAY

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,
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.

Carl Rütli (b. 1949)

Traditional English

THIRD READING

Micah 5: 2-5

O Bethlehem Ephrathah, you who are too little to be among the clans of Judah, from you shall come forth for me one who is to be ruler in Israel, whose coming forth is from of old, from ancient days.

Therefore he shall give them up until the time when she who is in labour has given birth; then the rest of his brothers shall return to the people of Israel. And he shall stand and shepherd his flock in the strength of the Lord, in the majesty of the name of the Lord his God. And they shall dwell secure, for now he shall be great to the ends of the earth. And he shall be their peace.

The Choir sings

THE LITTLE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM

AS I walked down the road at set of sun,
The lambs were coming homewards 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".

As I walked down the road at set of sun,
The lambs were coming homewards one by one.
I heard a sheepbell softly calling them,
Along the little road to Bethlehem.

Michael Head (1900-1976)

Margaret Rose (1888-1958)

All stand.

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 heav'n.
No ear may hear his coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessèd Child,
Where misery cries out to thee,
Son of the Mother mild;
Where Charity stands watching
And Faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

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.

FOURTH 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, "Greetings, O favoured one, the Lord is with you!" But she was greatly troubled at the saying, and tried to discern 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 will this be, since I am a virgin?" And the angel answered 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 relative Elizabeth in her old age has also conceived a son, and this is the sixth month with her who was called barren. For nothing will be impossible with God." And Mary said, "Behold, I am the servant of the Lord; let it be to me according to your word." And the angel departed from her.

The Choir sings

ANGELUS AD VIRGINEM

Angelus ad Virginem subintrans in conclave
Virginis formidinem demulcens inquit: 'Ave!
Ave, Regina virginum: cœli terræque Dominum
conciplies et paries intacta salutem hominum,
tu porta cœli facta medela criminum.'

'Quomodo conciperem quæ virum non cognovi?
Qualiter infringerem quod firma mente vovi?
'Spiritus Sancti gratia perficiet hæc omnia;
ne timeas, sed gaudeas, segura quod castimonia
manebit in te pura Dei potentia.'

Ad hæc virgo nobilis respondens inquit ei:
'Ancilla sum humilis omnipotentis Dei. Tibi
cœlesti nuntio, tanti secreti conscio consentiens
et cupiens videre factum quod audio;
parata sum parere Dei consilio.'

*The angel stealing into her chamber, mollifying
the Virgin's fear, said to her, 'Hail! Hail, Queen of
virgins: you will conceive the Lord of heaven and
earth and give birth, while still a virgin, to the sal-
vation of humankind; you will be made the gate of
heaven, the cure of sins.'*

*'How could I conceive, who have never known a
man? How could I break what I with firm mind
have vowed?' 'The grace of the Holy Spirit shall
carry out all these things. Be not afraid, but
rejoice, free from care since your chastity will re-
main unstained in you through the power of God.'*

*To this, the noble Virgin, replying, said to him: 'I
am the lowly maidservant of almighty God. To
you, heavenly messenger, privy to so great a secret,
I give my consent, and I desire to see done what I
hear; I am ready to obey God's plan.'*

Angelus disparuit, et statim puellaris
uterus intumuit vi partus virginalis.
Qui circumdatus utero novum mensium nume-
ro; hinc exiit, et iniit conflictum, affigens hume-
ro; Crucem qua dedit ictum hosti mortifero.

Eia Mater Domini, quæ pacem reddidisti
Angelis et homini, cum Christum genuisti!
Tuum exora Filium ut se nobis propitium
exhibeat et deleat peccata: præstans auxilium
vita frui beata post hoc exsilium.

*The angel disappeared, and immediately the girl's
womb swelled with the force of the maiden's
pregnancy. He, after being wrapped in the womb
for nine months in number, left it and began the
struggle, fixing to his shoulder the Cross, with
which he dealt a blow to the deadly enemy.*

*Hail, Mother of our Lord, who brought back peace
to angels and to humankind when you gave birth
to Christ! Pray your son that he may show us
favour and destroy sin, giving us help to enjoy the
blessed life after this time of exile.*

Matthew Martin (b. 1976)

THE HOMILY

given by the Archbishop of Sydney
The Most Reverend Anthony Fisher OP

FIFTH READING

Luke 2: 1-14

IN those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be registered. This was the first registration when Quirinius was governor of Syria. And all went to be registered, each to his own town. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, from the town 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 registered with Mary, his betrothed, who was with child. And while they were there, the time came for her to give birth. And she gave birth to her firstborn 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 the same 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, "Fear not, for behold, I bring you good news of great joy that will be for all the people. For unto 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 baby 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 those with whom he is pleased!"

The Cathedral Scholars sing

PUER NATUS IN BETHLEHEM

Puer natus in Bethlehem, alleluia: Unde gaudet Jerusalem, alleluia, alleluia.	<i>A Child is born in Bethlehem, Exult for joy, Jerusalem!</i>
Assumpsit carnem Filius, alleluia, Dei Patris altissimus, alleluia, alleluia.	<i>The Son assuming flesh, Of God the Father most high.</i>
Hic jacet in præsepio, Alleluia. Qui regnat sine termino. Alleluia.	<i>There, in a manger lowly, lies, He who reigns above the skies.</i>
In hoc natali gaudio, Alleluia. Benedicamus Domino: Alleluia.	<i>Come then, and on birthday, Rejoice before the Lord and pray.</i>
Laudetur sancta Trinitas, Alleluia. Deo dicamus gratias. Alleluia.	<i>And to the Holy One in Three, Give praise and thanks eternally.</i>

The Choir sings

THE NATIVITY CAROL

BORN in a stable so bare, born so long ago;
Born 'neath light of star he who loved us so.

*Far away silent he lay, born today, your homage pay,
For Christ is born for aye, born on Christmas Day.*

Cradled by mother so fair, tender her lullaby;
Over her son so dear angel hosts fill the sky.

Wise men from distant far land, shepherds from starry hills
Worship this babe so rare, hearts with his warmth he fills.

Love in that stable was born into our hearts to flow;
Innocent dreaming babe, make me thy love to know.

John Rutter (b. 1945)

All stand.

SIXTH READING

John 1:1-14

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.

EXPOSITION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

All kneel as the Blessed Sacrament is exposed on the altar. After the Archbishop has incensed the Monstrance, the choir sings the Motet.

O magnum mysterium, et admirabile Sacramentum, ut animalia viderent Dominum natum iacentem in praesepio. Beata virgo, cuius viscera meruerunt portare Dominum Christum.

O great mystery, and wonderful Sacrament, that the animals should behold the newborn Lord lying in a manger. O blessed Virgin, whose womb was worthy to bear the Lord Christ.

Tomas Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)

Here follows a period of silent adoration. The Cathedral Dean then reads from St Augustine

WHEN the Lord was born of the Virgin, the angels announced it, singing: "Glory to God in the highest, and peace to people of good will". How can that peace exist on earth, except that 'truth is sprung out of the earth;' that Christ has been born in the flesh? 'He himself is our peace,' so that we might all become people of good will, bound together by the pleasing bonds of unity. Let us rejoice in this mystery, brothers and sisters, so that we might not make ourselves glorious, but that we find that glory only in the Lord. The psalmist has said of God: 'you are my glory, who lift up my head.' What greater gift of God could shine upon us, and upon this world, that God should become a child of our race, so that, in turn, he would make us all into children of God?

BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

All sing

T ANTUM er-go Sa-craméntum * Vene-rémur cértu-i : et an-tí-quum
Therefore we, before him bending, this great Sacrament revere; types and shadows

do-cuméntum No-vo ce-dat rí-tu-i : prætet fi-des suppleméntum
have their ending, for the newer rite is here; faith our outward sense befriending,

sénsu-um de-féc-tu-i. Ge-ni-tó-ri, Ge-ni-tó-que laus et iu-bi-la-ti-o,
makes our inward vision clear. Glory let us give and blessing to the Father and the Son,

sa-lus, honor, virtus quoque sit et be-ne-dícti-o : pro-ce-dénti ab utró-que
honour, thanks, and praise addressing while eternal ages run; ever too his love confessing,

compar sit lau-dá-ti-o. A-men.
who from both with both is One.

¶ Panem de cælo præstitisti e- is.
You gave them bread from heaven.

℟. Omne delectaméntum in se habén-tem.
Containing in itself all sweetness.

The Archbishop sings the collect

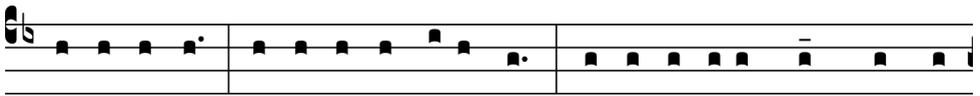
Let us pray.

O God, who in this wonderful Sacrament have left us a memorial of your Passion: grant us, we pray, so to revere the sacred mysteries of your Body and Blood, that we may experience in ourselves the fruits of your redemption. Through Christ our Lord.

℟: **Amen.**

BENEDICTION *is given.*

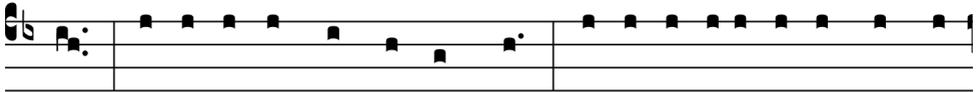
All sing



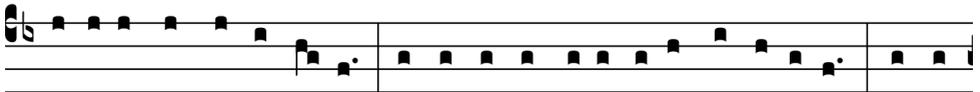
Blessed be God. Blessed be His Holy Name. Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God



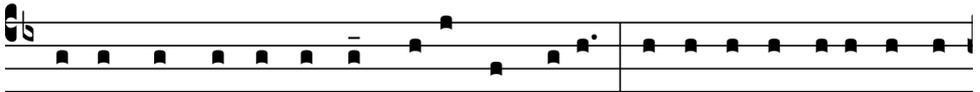
and true Man. Blessed be the Name of Je-sus. Blessed be His Most Sacred



Heart. Blessed be His Most Precious Blood. Blessed be Jesus in the Most Ho-



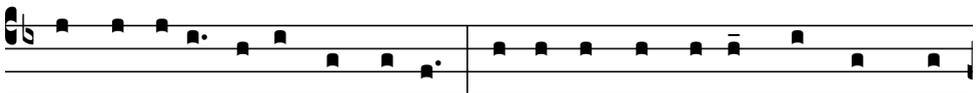
ly Sacrament of the Al- tar. Blessed be the Holy Spirit, the Pa- raclete. Blessed



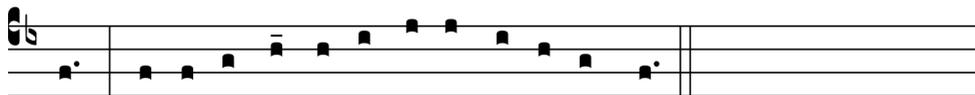
be the great Mother of God, Mary most Holy. Blessed be her Holy and Im-



maculate Conception. Blessed be her Glorious Assumption. Blessed be the



name of Mary, Virgin and Mother. Blessed be Saint Joseph, her most chaste



spouse. Blessed be God in His Angels and in His Saints.

As the Blessed Sacrament is reposed, 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)
arr. Simon Niemiński*

*Charles Wesley (1707–1788)
and others*

Music after the service:

Toccata-Gigue on the Sussex Carol

George Baker (b. 1951)

CHRISTMAS AT ST MARY'S CATHEDRAL

SUNDAY 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>

MONDAY 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>	

www.stmaryscathedral.org.au

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