Christmas Eve 2022

Immaculate Conception Church
Durham, North Carolina
Once in Royal David's City

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.

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 meek and lowly
lived on earth our Savior holy.

And our eyes at last shall see him
through his own redeeming love;
for that child so dear and gentle
is our Lord in heav’n above;
and he leads his children on
to the place where he has gone.

Lo, how a Rose

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming
From tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
As seers of old have sung.
It came, a blossom bright,
Amid the cold of winter,
When half spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
The Rose I have in mind,
With Mary we behold it,
The Virgin Mother kind.
To show God's love aright,
She bore to us a Savior,
When half spent was the night.

O Flow'r, whose fragrance tender
With sweetness fills the air,
Dispels with glorious splendor
The darkness ev'rywhere.
True man, yet very God,
From sin and death he saves us,
And lightens ev'ry load.

Text: Isaiah 11:1; Es ist ein' Ros' entsprungen; Speier Gesangbuch, 1599; tr. sts. 1-2 by Theodore Baker, 1851-1934, alt.; st. 3, Friedrich Lakritz, 1808-1859; tr. By Harriet Reynolds Krauth, 1845-1925, alt.
Angels, from the Realms of Glory

Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o’er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation’s story,
Now proclaim Messiah’s birth:
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o’er your flocks by night,
God on earth is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations,
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

Though an infant now we view him,
He shall fill his Father’s throne,
Gather all the nations to him;
Ev’ry knee shall then bow down:
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

All creation, join in praising
God, the Father, Spirit, Son,
Evermore your voices raising,
To the eternal Three-in-One:
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

**Rise Up, Shepherd, and Follow**

Leader: There's a star in the East on Christmas morn,
All: Rise up, shepherd, and follow,
Leader: It will lead to the place where the Christ was born,
All: Rise up, shepherd, and follow.

REFRAIN:
Follow, follow, Rise up, shepherd, and follow,
Follow the Star of Bethlehem, Rise up, shepherd, and follow.

Leader: If you take good heed to the angel's words,
All: Rise up, shepherd, and follow,
Leader: You'll forget your flocks, you'll forget your herds,
All: Rise up, shepherd, and follow.

Text: Traditional

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**Infant Holy, Infant Lowly**

Infant holy, Infant lowly,
For his bed a cattle stall;
Oxen lowing, Little knowing
Christ the babe is Lord of all.
Swift are winging, Angels singing,
Noels ringing, Tidings bringing:
Christ the babe is Lord of all!

Flocks were sleeping; Shepherds, keeping
Vigil till the morning new,
Saw the glory, heard the story,
Tidings of a gospel true.
Thus rejoicing, Free from sorrow,
Praises voicing,, Greet the morrow:
Christ the babe was born for you!

Text: Polish carol; para. by Edith M.G. Reed, 1885-1933
God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

God rest you merry, gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Savior was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power when we were gone astray.

REFRAIN:
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy;
O tidings of comfort and joy!

In Bethlehem in Judah this blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger upon this blessed morn:
For which his mother Mary did nothing take in scorn.

From God our great Creator 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.

The shepherds at those tidings rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks afeeding in tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway, the blessed babe to find.

Now to the Lord sing praises, all you within this place,
And with true love and charity each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas all others shall replace.

Text: English carol, 18th C.
Angels We Have Heard on High

Angels we have heard on high
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,
And the mountains in reply
Echo back their joyous strains.

REFRAIN:
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?
Say what may the tidings be
Which inspire your heav'nly song.

Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee
Christ, the Lord, the newborn King.

See him in a manger laid
Whom the choirs of angels praise;
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
While our hearts in love we raise.

Text: Les anges dans nos campagnes; French, c. 18th C.; tr. from Crown of Jesus Music, London, 1862
Go Tell It On the Mountain

REFRAIN:
Go tell it on the mountain,
Over the hills and ev'rywhere;
Go tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born!

While shepherds kept their watching
O'er silent flocks by night,
Behold throughout the heavens
There shone a holy light.

The shepherds feared and trembled
When lo! above the earth
Rang out the angel chorus
That hailed our Savior's birth.

Down in a lowly manger
The humble Christ was born,
And God sent us salvation
That blessed Christmas morn.

Text: African-American spiritual; adapt. by John W. Work, Jr., 1871-1925
The Nativity of Our Lord Jesus Christ

ENTRANCE HYMN

Adeste Fideles

Adéste fidéles, laéti, triumphántes,
Veníte, veníte in Béthlehem.
Natum vidéti, Regem angelórum.
Veníte adorémus, veníte adorémus,
veníte adorémus Dóminum.

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!

Text: Adeste fideles; John F. Wade, c. 1711-1786; English tr. by Frederick Oakeley, 1802-1880, alt.; Spanish tr. by Juan Bautista Cabrera, 1837-1916

PENITENTIAL ACT

GLORIA

REFRAIN

Gloria

in ex-celsis Deo.

Gloria

in ex-celsis Deo.

FIRST READING
SECOND READING

GOSPEL ACCLAMATION

HOMILY

CREED

PRAYERS OF THE FAITHFUL

PREPARATION OF THE GIFTS

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?

REFRAIN:
This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
Haste, haste to bring him laud,
The babe, the son of Mary.

Why lies he in such mean estate where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear; for sinners here the silent Word is pleading.

So bring him incense, gold and myrrh; come peasant, king to own him.
The King of kings salvation brings; let loving hearts enthrone him.

Text: William C. Dix, 1827-1898
Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night, shepherds quake at the sight;
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing alleluia;
Christ, the Savior, is born!
Christ, the Savior, is born!

Silent night, holy night, Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

Text: Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht; Joseph Mohr, 1792-1849; English tr. John F. Young, 1820-1885; Spanish tr. by Federico Fliedner, 1845-1901

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 you, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask you to stay
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in your tender care,
And fit us for heaven to live with you there.

Text: St. 1-2, anonymous, st. 3, John T. McFarland, 1851-1913
Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
   Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
   And heav'n and nature sing,
   And heav'n and nature sing,
   And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Savior reigns:
   Let us, our songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
   Repeat the sounding joy,
   Repeat the sounding joy,
   Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sin and sorrows grow,
   Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
   Far as the curse is found,
   Far as the curse is found,
   Far as, far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
   And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
   And wonders of his love,
   And wonders of his love,
   And wonders, wonders of his love.

Text: Psalm 98; Isaac Watts, 1674-1748