Online Carol Service

Galway Cathedral 22 December 2020



O come, O come, Emmanuel, to free your captive Israel, that mourns in lonely exile here, until the Son of God appear.

Rejoice, rejoice O Israel, to you shall come Emmanuel.

O Royal branch of Jesse's tree, redeem us all from tyranny; from pain of hell your people free, and over death win victory.

Rejoice, rejoice O Israel, to you shall come Emmanuel.

O come, great daystar, radiance bright, and heal us with your glorious light. Disperse the gloomy clouds of night, and death's dark shadows put to flight.

Rejoice, rejoice O Israel, to you shall come Emmanuel.

O key of David's city, come and open wide our heav'nly home: make safe the way that leads above, protect us ever by your love.

Rejoice, rejoice O Israel, to you shall come Emmanuel.

O come, O come, great Lord of might, who once appeared on Sinai's height, and gave your faithful people law, in all the splendour we adore.

Rejoice, rejoice O Israel, to you shall come Emmanuel.

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Opening prayer

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First reading: Luke 1:26–38 Mary receives the news from Gabriel.

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Don oíche úd i mBeithil beidh tagairt faoi ghrian go brách, don oíche úd i mBeithil go dtáinig an Briathar slán; tá gríosghrua ar spéartha 's an talamh 'na chlúdach bán; féach Íosagán sa chliabhán, 's an Mhaighdean in aoibhneas grá.

Ar leaca loma sléibhe 'sé ghlacann na haoirí scáth ar oscailt gheal na spéire tá teachtaire Dé ar fáil, céad glóir' anois don Athair i bhflaitheasaibh thuas go hard. Is feasta fós ar talamh do fhearaibh deamhéin' síocháin.

To that night in Bethlehem, forever under the sun, to that night in Bethlehem that the word safely came. There are bright edges on the sky and the ground in a white covering; look at baby Jesus in the crib, and the Virgin in delighted love.

On the bare hillside where the shepherds sit in shadow, on the bright opening of the heavens God's message is found: a hundred glories to the Father in heaven on high and from now on on earth peace to sinful man.

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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 wond'ring love.

How silently, how silently the wondrous gift is giv'n! 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.

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 tiding tell; O come to us, abide with us, our Lord Emmanuel.

~ ~ ~ ~

Second reading: Luke 2:1–7 Jesus is born in the stable.

~ ~ ~ ~

Oíche Nollaig

S. Ó Tuama

Le coinnle na naingeal tá an spéir amuigh breactha,

tá fiacal an tseaca sa ghaoith ón gcnoc. Adaigh an tine 'gus téir chun na leapan, luífidh Mac Dé ins an dtigh seo anocht.

Fágaidh an doras ar leathadh ina coinne, an Mhaighdean a thiocfaidh is a naoi ar a hucht.

Deonfaidh do shuaimhneas a ghlacadh a Mhuire,

luíodh Mac Dé ins an dtigh seo anocht.

Bhí soilse ar lasadh i dtigh seo na haíochta, cóirriú gan caole, bia agus deoch, do cheannaithe olla, do cheannaithe síoda; ach luífidh Mac Dé ins an dtigh seo anocht.

With the angels' candles the sky outside is dotted, the tooth of the frost is in the wind from the hill. Bank the fire and go to bed: the Son of God will lie in this house tonight.

Leave the door open for her, the Maiden who comes and her infant at her breast. Be willing to take your rest, Mary: let the Son of God lie in this house tonight.

There were lights lit in that guest house, preparation without scarcity, food and drink for wool merchants, for silk merchants; but the Son of God will lie in this house tonight.

~ ~ ~ ~

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, heavenly hosts sing alleluia: Christ the Saviour is born! Christ the Saviour 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.

~ ~ ~ ~

Third reading: Luke 2:8–15 The shepherds visit the stable.

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Joy to the world! the Lord is come; let earth receive her king. let every heart prepare him room, and heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the saviour reigns; let men their songs employ, while fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains repeat the sounding joy.

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

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Intercessions & blessing.

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Adeste fideles, laeti triumphantes, venite, venite in Bethlehem. Natum videte, regem angelorum: venite adoremus, venite adoremus, venite adoremus,

Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine, gestant puellæ viscera. Deum verum, genitum non factum: *venite adoremus, venite adoremus, venite adoremus,*

Cantet nunc io chorus angelorum, cantet nunc aula cllestium. Gloria in excelsis Deo: venite adoremus, venite adoremus, venite adoremus Dominum.

Ergo qui natus die hodierna, Jesu tibi sit gloria. Patris æterni Verbum caro factum, venite adoremus, venite adoremus, venite adoremus Dominum.

~ ~ ~ ~

ORGAN POSTLUDE Toccata, from Symphony V (Widor)