

Advent Lessons & Carols



Anglican
Cathedral
of
St. John
the
Baptist

27
November
2022
11 am

The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary (C.E. Kempe 1898)
Photo courtesy of Karen Chappell

*The service begins at the West Door.
The congregation will please stand as able.*

Matin Responsory:

Text, RESPONSORY FOR ADVENT 1
Music, PALESTRINA (1524–94)

I look from afar:
and lo, I see the power of God coming, and a cloud covering the whole earth.
Go ye out to meet him and say:
Tell us, art thou he that should come to reign over thy people Israel?
High and low, rich and poor, one with another,
Go ye out to meet him and say:
*Hear, O thou shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a sheep,
Tell us, art thou he that should come?*
Stir up thy strength, O Lord, and come to reign over thy people Israel.
Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

HYMN: O come, O come Emmanuel

Veni Emmanuel

1. O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.

Refrain: Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

2. O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave. *Refrain...*

3. O come, thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight. *Refrain...*

4. O come, thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery. *Refrain...*

5. O come, O come, thou Lord of might,
Who to thy tribes, from Sinai's height,
In ancient time didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe. *Refrain...*

The Bidding Prayer

The Lord's Prayer

The Lighting of the Advent Wreath

FIRST READING

ISAIAH 40. 1-8

A voice cries in the wilderness: Prepare the way of the Lord

READER: David Tulett

HYMN: There's a voice in the wilderness crying

Ascension

1. There's a voice in the wilderness crying,
A call from the ways untrod:
Prepare in the desert a highway,
A highway for our God!
The valleys shall be exalted,
The lofty hills brought low;
Make straight all the crooked places,
Where the Lord our God may go!

2. O Zion, that bringest good tidings,
Get thee up to the heights and sing!
Proclaim to a desolate people
The coming of their King.
Like the flowers of the field they perish,
The works of men decay,
The power and pomp of nations
Shall pass like a dream away.

3. But the word of our God endureth,
The arm of the Lord is strong;
He stands in the midst of nations,
And he will right the wrong:
He shall feed his flock like a shepherd,
And fold the lambs to his breast,
In pastures of peace he'll lead them,
And give to the weary rest.

4. There's a voice in the wilderness crying,
A call from the ways untrod:
Prepare in the desert a highway,
A highway for our God!
The valleys shall be exalted,
The lofty hills brought low;
Make straight all the crooked places,
Where the Lord our God may go!

SECOND READING

ISAIAH 60.1-5

The Glory of Zion
READER: Chris Mullett

FOURTH READING

JEREMIAH 31:31-34

A new covenant is promised which will be written in our hearts.

READER: Liam Butler

CAROL: Jesus Christ the apple tree

Text, DIVINE HYMNS OR SPIRITUAL SONGS (1784)

Music, ELIZABETH POSTON (1905–1987)

The tree of life my soul hath seen,
Laden with fruit and always green:
The tree of nature fruitless be
Compared with Christ the apple tree.

His beauty doth all things excel:
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell,
The glory which I now can see
In Jesus Christ the apple tree.

For happiness I long have sought,
And pleasure dearly I have bought;
I missed of all but now I see
Tis found in Christ the apple tree.

I'm weary with my former toil,
Here I will sit and rest awhile:
Under the shadow I will be,
Of Jesus Christ the apple tree.

This fruit doth make my soul to thrive,
It keeps my dying faith alive;
Which makes my soul in haste to be
With Jesus Christ the apple tree.

HYMN: Hark what a sound

O Strength and Stay

1. Hark what a sound, and too divine for hearing,
stirs on the earth and trembles in the air!
Is it the thunder of the Lord's appearing?
Is it the music of his people's prayer?

2. Surely he cometh, and a thousand voices
shout to the saints, and to the deaf are dumb;
surely he cometh, and the earth rejoices,
glad in his coming who hath sworn: I come!

3. This hath he done, and shall we not adore him?
This shall he do, and can we still despair?
Come, let us quickly fling ourselves before him,
cast at his feet the burden of our care.

4. Through life and death, through sorrow and through sinning,
he shall suffice me, for he hath sufficed:
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

FIFTH READING

ISAIAH 11.1-10

The Spirit of the Lord rests upon the holy one of Israel.

READER: Sasha Steeves

CAROL: A Tender shoot

Text, ANONYMOUS 16TH CENTURY GERMAN
trans. WILLIAM BARTHOLOMEW (1793–1867)
Music, OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT (1829–1907)

A tender shoot hath started up from a root of grace,
As ancient seers imparted from Jesse's holy race.
It blooms without a blight, blooms in the cold bleak winter
Turning our darkness into light.

This shoot, Isaiah taught us, from Jesse's root should spring.
The Virgin Mary brought us the branch of which we sing.
Our God of endless might, gave her this child to save us,
Thus turning darkness into light.

SIXTH READING

LUKE 1. 26-38

The Angel Gabriel salutes the Blessed Virgin Mary.

READER: Janice Evans

Magnificat (Short Service)

Text, LUKE 1: 46-55

Music, JOHN CAUSTEN (c.1525 -1570)

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For he hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden:
For, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
For he that is mighty hath magnified me; and holy is his name.
And his mercy is on them that fear him throughout all generations.
He hath shewed strength with his arm;
He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seats,
and exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things;
and the rich he hath sent empty away.
He, remembering his mercy, hath holpen his servant Israel,
As he promised to our fathers, Abraham, and to his seed forever.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.

SEVENTH READING

BARUCH 4.36-5.9

God will lead Israel with joy, in the light of His glory.

READER: Julia Mathieson

CAROL: Waiting for Bethlehem's Light

Text and Music: DALE PETERSON (b. 1948)

Wait on a hillside in the peaceful, quiet night;
Wait with the shepherds, soon startled with fright.
Wait on a hillside and gaze at the star
Soon to lead the wise men, trav'lers from afar.

Waiting for hope, waiting for peace,
Waiting for joy and for God's perfect love.
Advent is waiting, let candles burn bright.
Advent is waiting for Bethlehem's Light.

Wait for the Baby's cry to pierce the silent night;
Wait in the cattle stall for the Holy Child.
Wait by the manger for such a joyous birth;
Wait for the King of kings, Saviour of the earth.

EIGHTH READING

MARK 1. 1-15

The Proclamation of John the Baptist

READER: The Dean

HYMN: On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry

Winchester New

1. On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
announces that the Lord is nigh.
Awake and harken, for he brings
glad tidings of the King of kings!

2. Then cleansed be every breast from sin:
make straight the way for God within,
prepare we in our hearts a home
where such a mighty guest may come.

3. For thou art our Salvation, Lord,
our refuge and our great reward.
Without thy grace we waste away
like flowers that wither and decay.

4. To heal the sick stretch out thine hand,
and bid the fallen sinner, stand.
Shine forth, and let thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

5. All praise, eternal Son, to thee
whose advent doth thy people free.
Whom with the Father we adore,
and Holy Spirit, evermore. AMEN

Vesper Responsory

Text, RESPONSORY FOR VESPERS
Music, MICHAEL PRAETORIUS (1571–1621)

Judah and Jerusalem, fear not nor be dismayed;
Tomorrow go ye forth, and the Lord, he will be with you.
Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
Tomorrow go ye forth, and the Lord, he will be with you.
We wait for thy loving kindness O Lord: in the midst of thy temple.

The Collect for Advent Sunday

CAROL: The Yearning

Text: SUSAN BENTALL BOERSMA
Music: CRAIG COURTNEY

There is a yearning in hearts weighed down by ancient grief
and centuries of sorrow.
There is a yearning in hearts that in the darkness hide
and in the shades of death abide,
A yearning for tomorrow.

There is a yearning, a yearning for the promised One,
The Firstborn of creation.

There is a yearning for the Lord who visited his own,
and by His death for sin atoned,
To bring to us salvation.

Emmanuel, Emmanuel, within our hearts the yearning.

There is a yearning that fills the heart
of those who wait the day of His appearing.
There is a yearning when all our sorrows are erased
and we shall see the One who placed within our hearts the yearning.

Emmanuel, Emmanuel, within our hearts, the yearning.

The Blessing

HYMN: Lo! he comes with clouds descending

Helmsley

1. Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ appears on earth again.

2. Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, deeply wailing, deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3. Those dear tokens of his Passion
Still his dazzling body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshippers:
With what rapture, with what rapture, with what rapture,
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

4. Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

5. Yea, amen, let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and thou alone.

The Very Reverend Roger Whalen
Dean and Rector

Mrs. Sharon Whalen
Music Director

The Cathedral Choir