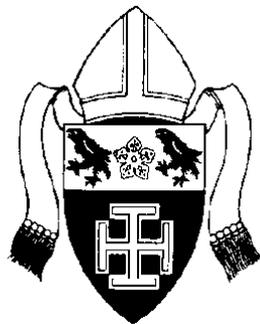


# Ealing Abbey



## Carols and Midnight Mass of Christmas

**Carols**                      *11:30pm*

**Mass**                         *Midnight*

Sung by the Monastic Community  
&  
Ealing Abbey Choir

*Please switch off your mobile telephone before the service begins.*

We regret that because of the current government restrictions members of the invited congregation are kindly asked to avoid singing during any of the carols in this service.

We kindly ask members of the congregation to wear a face mask throughout the service and to observe social distancing.

## Carols before Midnight Mass

I wonder as I wander     *trad., arr. Carter*

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 mean, and lowly,  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

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.

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.

In the bleak midwinter            *Harold Darke*

God rest ye merry, gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
Remember Christ our Saviour  
Was born on Christmas Day,  
To save us all from Satan's power  
When we were gone astray:  
*O tidings of comfort and joy,*  
*Comfort and joy,*  
*O tidings of comfort and joy.*

From God our heavenly Father  
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:  
*O tidings of comfort and joy.*

The shepherds at those tidings  
Rejoiced much in mind,  
And left their flocks a-feeding  
In tempest, storm and wind,  
And went to Bethlehem straightway  
The Son of God to find;  
*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.*

What sweeter music            *John Rutter*

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 giv'n!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of his heaven.  
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 tidings tell:  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel.

A spotless rose      *Herbert Howells*

# Midnight Mass

***When the bell rings, please stand.***

**Introit** *sung by the choir*

Dominus dixit ad me: Filius meus es tu, ego hodie genui te.

*The Lord said to me: You are my Son. It is I who have begotten you this day.*

*Psalm 2*

**Introduction and Opening Prayer**

**Kyrie and Gloria** *from Missa Sancti Nicolai Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)*

**First Reading**

A reading from the prophet Isaiah 9:1-7

**Gradual** *sung by the choir*

Tecum principium in die virtutis tuae: in splendoribus sanctorum, ex utero ante luciferum genui te.

*Sovereign strength is yours on the day of your great might. Amidst the splendours of the heavenly sanctuary, from the womb, before the morning star, I have begotten you.*

*Psalm 109*

**Second Reading**

A reading from the letter of St Paul to Titus 2:11-14

**Alleluia** *sung by the choir*

Dominus dixit ad me: Filius meus es tu, ego hodie genui te.

*The Lord says to me: you are my Son, today I have begotten you.*

*Psalm 2*

**Gospel**

A reading from the holy Gospel according to Luke 2:1-14

**Homily**

**Creed** *said*

**Bidding Prayers**

**Offertory Motet**

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. David Willcocks (1919-2015)

**Sanctus** *sung by the choir*

**Agnus Dei** *sung by the choir*

***During the distribution of Holy Communion the choir will sing:***

The Lamb            *John Tavener*

**Final Prayer, Blessing and Dismissal**

**Recessional Hymn**

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:

*O come...*

See how the shepherds, summoned to his cradle,  
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;  
We too will thither bend our joyful footsteps:

*O come...*

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;  
Glory to God in the highest:

*O come...*

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