

The Cathedral of Saint Joseph
Jefferson City, MO

December 25, 2020

Christmas Mass During the Day

Entrance:

O Come, All Ye Faithful

Wade

1. Adeste fideles, laeti, triumphantes, Venite, venite in Bethlehem.
Natum videte, Regem angelorum.
Venite adoremus, venite adoremus, venite adoremus Dominum.
2. 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!
3. Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exaltation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above!
Glory to God, all glory in the highest;
O Come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him,
O come let us adore him, Christ, the Lord!
4. Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this happy morning,
Jesus, to thee be all glory giv'n;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing;
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. Frederick Oakley, 1802-1880

Tune: ADESTE FIDELES, Irregular with refrain; John F. Wade, c. 1711-1786 All in Public Domain.

Responsorial Psalm: Psalm 98: 1, 2-3, 3-4, 5-6 (16)

Alstott

All the ends of the earth have seen the saving power of God.

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Preparation of the Gifts: *Hark! The Herald Angels Sing* Wesley/Mendelssohn

1. Hark! The herald angels sing, Glory to the newborn King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all you 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 newborn King!"
2. Christ, by highest heav'n adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord!
Late in time, behold him come, Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see; Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with us to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King!"

Continued

3. Hail the heav'n born Prince of peace! Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings, Ris'n with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by, Born that we no more may die.
Born to raise each child of earth, Born to give us second birth.
Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King!"

Text: Charles Wesley, 1707-1788, alt.

Tune: MENDELSSOHN, 77 77 D with refrain; Felix Mendelssohn, 1809-1847 All in Public Domain.

Communion:

Silent Night

Mohr/Gruber

1. 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.
2. Silent night, holy night! Shepherds quake at the sight;
Glories stream from heaven afar; Heavenly hosts sing alleluia!
Christ, the Savior, is born! Christ, the Savior is born!
3. 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, 1792-1848; English tr. by John F. Young, 1820-1885

Tune: STILLE NACHT, 66 89 66; Franz X. Gruber, 1787-1863 All in Public Domain.

Away in a Manger

McFarland/Murray

1. 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.
2. 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.
3. 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

Tune: MUELLER, 11 11 11 11; James R. Murray, 1841-1905; harm. By Robert J. Batastini, b. 1942,

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Recessional:

Joy to the World

Watts/Handel

1. 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.
2. Joy to the earth, 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.

Text: Psalm 98: ISAAC Watts, 1674-1748 All in Public Domain

Tune: ANTIOCH, CM; arr. From George F. Handel, 1685-1759, in T. Hawkes' *Collection of Tunes*, 1833