

December 16th, 2021

Choral Prelude: Sally Beamish – *In the Stillness*

In the stillness of a church
Where candles glow,
In the softness of a fall
Of fresh white snow,
In the brightness of the stars
That shine this night,
In the calmness of a pool
Of healing light,
In the clearness of a choir
That softly sings,
In the oneness of a hush
Of angels' wings,
In the mildness of a night
By stable bare,
In the quietness of a lull
Near cradle fair,
There's a patience as we wait
For a new morn,
And the presence of a child
Soon to be born.

Communion Anthem: Thomas Tallis – *O Nata lux*

O nata lux de lumine,
Jesu redemptor saeculi,
Dignare clemens supplicum
Laudes precesque sumere.

Qui carne quondam contegi
Dignatus es pro perditis,
Nos membra confer effici
Tui beati corporis.

O Light born of Light,
Jesus, redeemer of the world,
with loving-kindness deign to receive
suppliant praise and prayer.

Thou who once deigned to be clothed in flesh
for the sake of the lost,
grant us to be members
of thy blessed body.

vv. 1, 4

1 Come, thou long - ex - pect-ed Je - sus, born to set thy peo - ple free;
 2 Is - rael's strength and con - so - la - tion, hope of all the earth thou art:
 3 Born thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, born a child, and yet a king,
 4 By thine own e - ter - nal Spi - rit rule in all our hearts a - lone;

from our fears and sins re - lease us, let us find our rest in thee.
 dear de - sire of ev - ery na - tion, joy of ev - ery long - ing heart.
 born to reign in us for ev - er, now thy gra - cious king - dom bring.
 by thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it raise us to thy glo - rious throne.

Another harmonization, 127.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Music: *Stuttgart*, melody from *Psalmodia Sacra, oder Andächtige und Schöne Gesänge*, 1715;
 adapt. and harm. William Henry Havergal (1793-1870), alt.♩=80
87. 87

vv. 1-2

1 Com - fort, com - fort ye my peo - ple, speak ye peace, thus
 2 Hark, the voice of one that cri - eth in the des - ert
 3 Make ye straight what long was crook - ed, make the rough - er

saith our God; com - fort those who sit in dark - ness mourn - ing
 far and near; call - ing us to new re - pent - ance since the
 pla - ces plain; let your hearts be true and hum - ble, as be -

'neath their sor - rows' load. Speak ye to Je - ru - sa - lem
 king - dom now is here. Oh, that warn - ing cry o - bey!
 fits his ho - ly reign. For the glo - ry of the Lord

of the peace that waits for them; tell her that her
 Now pre - pare for God a way; let the val - leys
 now o'er earth is shed a - broad; and all flesh shall

sins I cov - er, and her war - fare now is o - ver.
 rise to meet him and the hills bow down to greet him.
 see the to - ken that the word is nev - er bro - ken.

Words: Johann G. Olearius (1611-1684); tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878), alt.
 Music: *Psalm 42*, melody and bass Claude Goudimel (1514-1572); harm. *Hymnal 1982*

♩-68
 87. 87. 77. 88