



The First Sunday of Advent
December 3, 2023 – 10am

Sunday's Music

ORGAN PRELUDE *Will be announced.*

CHORAL INTROIT Wie soll ich dich empfangen from *Weihnachtsoratorium*, BWV 248 Johann Sebastian Bach

Wie soll ich dich empfangen *Ah! Lord, how shall I meet Thee,*
und wie begegn ich dir, *How welcome Thee aright?*
o aller Welt Verlangen, *All nations long to greet Thee,*
o meiner Seelen Zier! *My hope, my sole delight!*
O Jesu, Jesu, setze *Brighten the lamp that burneth*
mir selbst die Fackel bei, *But dimly in my breast,*
damit, was dich ergötze, *And teach my soul, that yearneth*
mir kund und wissend sei. *To honour such high guest.*

(text from a hymn for Advent by Paul Gerhardt)

OFFERTORY ANTHEM

O Thou, the central orb

Charles Wood

O Thou, the central orb of righteous love,
Pure beam of the most High, eternal Light
Of this our wintry world; Thy radiance bright
Awakes new joy in faith: hope soars above.

Come, quickly come, and let Thy glory shine;
Gilding our darksome heaven with rays divine.

Thy saints with holy lustre round Thee move,
As stars about Thy throne, set in the height
Of God's ordaining counsel, as Thy sight
Gives measured grace to each, Thy power to prove.

Let Thy bright beams disperse the gloom of sin:
Our nature all shall feel eternal day
In fellowship with Thee, transforming day
To souls, erewhile unclean, now pure within.

Amen.

(text by Henry Ramsden Bramley)

COMMUNION ANTHEM

Out of your sleep

Richard Rodney Bennett

Out of your sleep arise and wake,
For God mankind now hath y-take.
All of a maid without any make;
Of all women she beareth the bell.

And through a maidè faire and wise,
Now man is made of full great price;
Now angels knelen to man's service,
And at this time all this befell.

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Now man is brighter than the sun;
Now mwn in heav'n on high shall won;
Blessèd be God this game is begun
And his mother the Empress of hell.

That ever was thrall, now is he free;
Now ever was small, now great is she;
Now shall God deem both thee and me
Unto his bliss if we do well.

Now man he may to heaven wend;
Now heav'n and earth to him they bend.
He that was foe now is our friend.
This is no nay that I you tell.

Now blessèd Brother, grant us grace,
At doomès day to see thy face,
And at thy court to have a place,
That we may there sing thee nowell.
(text from a 15th century source)

ORGAN POSTLUDE *Will be announced.*

