



R.\ And His Name shall be called, "Wonderful Counsel-lor.

Stephen, first of Christian martyrs,
Let the Church in hymns proclaim;
Following close the Saviour's Passion,
Thus he won immortal fame:
For his foes he prayed forgiveness
While they stoned him unto death,
To the Lord his soul commending
As he yielded up his breath.

Holy Spirit, gift of Jesus,
Shed Thy light upon our eyes,
That we may behold with Stephen
That fair realm beyond the skies,
Where the Son of Man in glory
Waits for us at God's right hand,
King of saints and hope of martyrs,
Lord of all the pilgrim band.

See Him who went on before us
Heavenly mansions to prepare,
Who for us is ever pleading
By His wounds of glory there;
In that bless-ed home of splendour
Christ our Saviour reigns above,
Calling us to share His rapture
In the Father's boundless love.

Unto us a Child is born:
And His Name shall be called,
"Wonderful Counsellor."

THE COLLECT AT THE CRIB

Amen.

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory to His only Son,
Dying, ris'n, ascending for us,
Who the heavenly realm has won;
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
To One God in Persons Three,
From the saints in earth and Heaven,
Glory, endless glory, be.

Words: Based on words by Christopher
Wordsworth 1807 - 85

Music: Hyfrydol

Melody by Richard Huw Pritchard 1811 - 87

Offertory Hymn – sung after the Cherbuikon



Lord, enthroned in heav'nly splendour,
First begotten from the dead,
Thou alone our strong Defender,
Liftest up Thy people's head.
Verbum caro factum est!
Jesu, true and living Bread!

Here our humblest homage pay we;
Here in loving reverence bow;
Here for Faith's discernment pray we,
Lest we fail to know Thee now.
Verbum caro factum est!
Thou are here, we ask not how.

Though the lowliest form doth veil Thee,
As of old in Bethlehem,
Here as there Thine Angels hail Thee,
Branch and Flower of Jesse's stem.
Verbum caro factum est!
We in worship join with them.

Paschal Lamb, Thine Offering finished
Once for all when Thou was slain,
In its fullness undiminished
Shall for evermore remain.
Verbum caro factum est!
Cleansing souls from every stain.

Life-imparting heavenly Manna,
Stricken rock from streaming side,
Heav'n and earth with loud hosanna
Worship Thee, the Lamb Who died.
Verbum caro factum est!
Risen, Ascended, Glorified.

Words: GH Bourne 1840 – 1925
Adapted RGSD
Music: Irby
HJ Gauntlet 1805 – 76
Revised AH Mann 1850 - 1929



Communion Hymn – sung once you are back from receiving Holy Communion

Behold the great Creator makes
Himself a house of clay,
A robe of virgin flesh He takes
Which He will wear for ay.

Hark, hark, the wise eternal Word,
Like a weak infant cries!
In form of servant is the Lord,
And God in cradle lies.

This wonder struck the world amazed,
It shook the starry frame;
Squadrons of spirits stood and gazed,
Then down in troops they came.

Glad shepherds ran to view this sight,
A choir of angels sings,
And eastern sages with delight
Adore this King of kings.

Join then all hearts that are not stone
And all our voices prove,
To celebrate this holy One,
The God of peace and love.

Words: Thomas Pestel 1584 - 1659
Music: Winchester Old
First published in Thomas Este's Psalter 1592

Final Hymn – sung after the devotion at the shrine of the BVM

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Good King Wenceslas looked out,
on the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night,
tho' the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
gath'ring winter fuel.

“Hither, page, and stand by me,
if thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?”
“Sire, he lives a good league hence,
underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
by Saint Agnes' fountain.”

“Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
bring me pine logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine,
when we bear them thither.”
Page and monarch, forth they went,
forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
and the bitter weather.

“Sire, the night is darker now,
and the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer.”
“Mark my footsteps, good my page.
Tread thou in them boldly
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
freeze thy blood less coldly.”

In his master's steps he trod,
where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
shall yourselves find blessing.

Words: John Mason Neale 1853
Music: Traditional