Welcome to this special service. We are very grateful to you for coming to share with us in this experience which is both an act of worship in its own right and an opportunity to make a television programme that will be enjoyed by many.

In 1954 BBC television first came to the Chapel of King’s College, Cambridge to record *A Festival of Lessons and Carols* on film, with the Chapel Choir conducted by Boris Ord. The visit built on and adapted a broadcast tradition which had extended back to 1928 when the BBC began the annual wireless broadcasts of the College’s *Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols* on Christmas Eve.

The 1954 recording was not a relay of the Christmas Eve service, however; that would have been unthinkable with the bulky cameras used then. Instead, the service was specially devised for television and was a little shorter than the Christmas Eve service, with just seven rather than the traditional nine lessons.

Thus began the newer tradition of *Carols from King’s*, now produced by the BBC Studios for BBC Two. It continues to be recorded to complement the live broadcast on Christmas Eve. For this service the readings change from year to year, allowing variety in the way the Christmas narrative is revealed through scripture, poetry and prose.
Before the service begins, please note the following requests:

- The Director of Music will ask the congregation to join with the Choir in a brief rehearsal of the hymns before the service starts.

- Members of the congregation are asked to remain seated at the conclusion of the service, in case it is necessary to re-record anything.

- Some of the readers may speak more quietly than would be normal at other Chapel services. This is because the microphones are placed close to the readers to allow a style of reading more suited to the size of room in which most viewers will watch the service.

- To a television audience, coughing is a particular distraction, much more so than to others in the Chapel. You are therefore asked to keep any such sounds to an absolute minimum, and to make sure that bags, sticks etc. are placed safely on the floor.

- Please double-check that your mobile ‘phone is turned off. The same applies to watches or other devices which are likely to be heard by sensitive microphones.

- In the unlikely event of an emergency requiring us to evacuate the Chapel please follow the directions of the stewards, and remain as quiet and calm as possible.

The Revd Dr Stephen Cherry, Dean
For many viewers, *Carols from King’s*, with a solo chorister singing *Once in Royal David’s City*, signals the beginning of Christmas. The BBC is delighted and privileged to return, once again, to the magnificent setting of King’s College Chapel to join with the wonderful team here in what is sure to be an occasion to treasure.

The programme will be broadcast on BBC Two on Christmas Eve.

Hugh Faupel
Executive Producer

**CONDITIONS OF ATTENDANCE AT THIS SERVICE**

Please note that your presence here at this recording is taken to mean that you give your consent for the recording of your contribution to be used for transmission on BBC Television, Radio and/or online and/or any medium, such as CD, video or other television anywhere in the world at any time without limitation henceforth. If for any reason you are unhappy to grant all rights, in all media, in perpetuity, to your contribution towards the programme could you please tell a member of the production team before recording commences. By publication of this notice it will be assumed that all members of the congregation present during recording have given a totally unlimited grant of all rights to their contribution. Thank you.

*The images in this order of service are from illuminated manuscripts in the College Archive.*
**PROCESSIONAL HYMN**

¶ The congregation will be invited to stand when the Choir is ready in the Sanctuary, so that all may be silent when the hymn starts. All join in singing the last three verses of the hymn.

**Solo**

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.

**Choir**

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.

**Choir**

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.

¶ Please turn the page quietly.
The congregation is invited to join in from this point.

For he is our childhood’s pattern:
day by day like us he grew;
he was little, weak and helpless,
tears and smiles like us he knew;
and he feeleth for our sadness,
and he shareth in our gladness.

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,
when, like stars, his children, crowned,
all in white shall wait around.

All remain standing.
BIDDING PRAYER

We gather today to celebrate the birth of the Christ Child, God’s gift of love to the world; and to celebrate that good news with joy and delight.

The faith we proclaim at Christmas is that God is with us as friend, companion and saviour: a friend who brings the fullness of God’s grace into the realities of flesh and blood; a companion who shares our pain and distress, and a saviour who heals our wounds and transforms our fears into hope.

Let us therefore read again the stories of Mary and the angel, the birth of the Christ-Child, the visit of the Magi and the flight into Egypt; let us feel and know the power and beauty of the grace of the God who comes to share our humanity and free us from our captivity to sin.

¶ The congregation sits.
CAROLS

Adam lay ybounden,
bounden in a bond;
four thousand winter
thought he not too long.

And all was for an apple,
an apple that he took,
as clerkes vinden
written in their book.

Ne had the apple taken been,
the apple taken been,
ne had never our lady
a been heavené queen.

Blessed be the time
that apple taken was,
Therefore we moun singen
Deo gratias.

Words: Anon, 15th century  Music: Boris Ord

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter,
Long ago.
Our God, heaven cannot hold him,
Nor earth sustain;
Heav’n and earth shall flee away
When he comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty
Jesus Christ.

Enough for him, whom Cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk
And a mangerful of hay;
Enough for him, whom angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

What can I give him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a Wise Man
I would do my part;
Yet what I can I give him –
Give my heart.

Words: C. Rossetti
Music: H. Darke
The Angel salutes Mary.

And in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin’s name was Mary. And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.

And when she saw him, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be. And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God. And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David: and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end.

Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man? And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God. And, behold, thy cousin Elisabeth, she hath also conceived a son in her old age: and this is the sixth
month with her, who was called barren. For with God nothing shall be impossible.

And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word. And the angel departed from her.

Thanks be to God.

\[ \text{Luke 1.26-38} \]

\[ \text{CAROL} \]

A great and mighty wonder,  
a full and holy cure!  
The virgin bears the infant  
with virgin honour pure.  
\[ \text{Repeat the hymn again!} \]  
\[ \text{‘To God on high be glory,} \]  
\[ \text{and peace on earth to men!’} \]

The word becomes incarnate  
and yet remains on high  
cherubim sing anthems  
to shepherds from the sky.

While thus they sing your monarch,  
those bright angelic bands  
rejoice, ye vales and mountains,  
ye oceans clap your hands.

\[ \text{Please turn the page quietly.} \]
Since all he comes to ransom,
by all be he adored,
the infant born in Bethl’em
the Saviour and the Lord.

Words: St Germanus, transl. J. M. Neale         Music: M. Praetorius, arr. J. Whitbourn

CAROL

Ding! dong! merrily on high
in heav’n the bells are ringing!
Ding! dong! verily the sky
is riv’n with angels singing!
   Gloria!
   Hosanna in excelsis!

E’en so here below, below,
let steeple bells be swungen,
and “I-o, i-o, i-o!”
by priest and people sungen!
   Gloria!
   Hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime
your matin chime, ye ringers!
May you beautifully rime
your evetime song, ye singers!
   Gloria!
   Hosanna in excelsis!

SECOND READING: MARY REFLECTS

read by Jennifer Chisholm, graduate student.

It was and it wasn't a light.

I looked up with a start from the spinning wheel mantled in sunshine: no shadow was cast as the tip of a wing brushed past.

It was and it wasn't a voice.

I sensed it to be at the good Lord's behest that his messenger made this bizarre request that he would be my guest.

It was and it wasn't a fright.

I trembled yet thrilled and knew in my heart there was something right something willed from all time in this tryst.

It was and it wasn't a choice.

Please turn the page quietly.
Though I didn't know why –
and how even less –
how could I, in the face
of such great gentleness,
not say 'Yes'?

Laurentia Johns OSB, Stanbrook Abbey

CAROL

A virgin most pure, as the prophets do tell,
hath brought forth a baby, as it hath befell;
to be our Redeemer from death, hell and sin,
which Adam’s transgression hath wrapped us in:

Aye, and therefore be merry,
rejoice and be you merry;
set sorrows aside!
Christ Jesus our Saviour was born on this tide.

In Bethlehem Jewry a city there was,
where Joseph and Mary together did pass,
and there to be taxed with many one mo’,
for Caesar commanded the same should be so:

But when they had enter’d the city so fair,
a number of people so mighty was there,
that Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
could find in the inn there no lodging at all:
Then were they constrained in a stable to lie,  
where horses and asses they used for to tie;  
their lodging so simple they took it no scorn:  
but against the next morning our Saviour was born.

Words and Music: English trad. arr. S. Cleobury

CAROL

A Spotless Rose is blowing,  
sprung from a tender root,  
of ancient seers’ foreshowing,  
of Jesse promised fruit;  
its fairest bud unfolds to light  
amid the cold, cold winter,  
and in the dark midnight.

The Rose which I am singing,  
whereof Isaiah said,  
is from its sweet root springing  
in Mary, purest Maid;  
for through our God’s great love and might  
the Blessed Babe she bare us  
in a cold, cold winter’s night.

Words: 14th century anon., transl. C. Winkworth  
Music: H. Howells
The Birth of Jesus.

Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: when as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost. Then Joseph her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily. But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins. Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us. Then Joseph being raised from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took unto him his wife: and knew her not till she had brought forth her firstborn son: and he called his name Jesus.

Thanks be to God.

Matthew 1.18-25
CAROL

In dulci jubilo [in sweet jubilation]
let us our homage shew;
our heart’s joy reclineth [in the manger]
in praesepio,
and like a bright star shineth [on his mother’s lap]
Matris in gremio.
Alpha es et O. [you are Alpha and Omega]

O Jesu parvule! [O infant Jesus]
I yearn for thee alway!
Comfort my heart’s blindness,
O Puer optime! [O child most excellent]
With all thy loving-kindness,
O princeps gloriae! [O prince of glory]
Trahe me post te! [draw me after you]

O Patris caritas, [O love of the Father]
O Nati lenitas! [O gentleness of the Son]
Deeply were we stained [for our sins]
per nostra crimina;
but thou hast for us gained [the joys of heaven]
caelorum gaudia.
O that we were there!

¶ Please turn the page quietly.
Ubi sunt gaudia, where,  
if that they be not there?  
There are angels singing  
nova cantica,  
there the bells are ringing  
in Regis curia:  
O that we were there!

[where are those joys?]  
[new songs]  
in the court of the King]

Old German, transl. & arr. Robert de Pearsall

CAROL

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.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,  
but little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.  
I love thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,  
and stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus: I ask thee to stay  
close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.  
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,  
and fit us for heaven to live with thee there.

Words: anon. 19th C. American  
Music: W. J. Kirkpatrick arr. S. Cleobury
The coming of the Magi.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judaea: for thus it is written by the prophet, And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with
Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense and myrrh.

And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

Thanks be to God.

*Matthew 2: 1-12*

**ANTHEM**

O mercy divine,
how couldst thou incline,
my God, to become such an infant as mine?

What a wonder of grace,
the Ancient of Days
is found in the likeness of Adam’s frail race!

He comes from on high,
who fashioned the sky,
and meekly vouchsafes in a manger to lie.

The angels, she knew,
had worshipped him too,
and still they confess adoration his due.
Their newly born king,
transported they sing,
and heaven and earth with the triumph doth ring.
The wise men adore,
and bring him their store,
the rich are permitted to follow the poor.

To the inn they repair,
to see the young heir;
the inn is a palace, for Jesus is there.

Who now would be great,
and not rather wait
on Jesus their Lord in his humble estate?

Like him would I be,
my master I see
in a stable; a stable shall satisfy me.

Words: C. Wesley                      Music: Judith Weir

This was commissioned jointly for this year’s Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols and for this service with the support of parents of a former Chorister. The cello soloist is Guy Johnston, former Chorister.
CAROL

I saw three ships come sailing in,
   on Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
I saw three ships come sailing in,
   on Christmas Day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three?…

Our Saviour Christ and his lady,…

Pray, whither sailed those ships all three?…

O, they sailed into Bethlehem,…

And all the bells on earth shall ring,…

And all the angels in heav’n shall sing,…

And all the souls on earth shall sing,…

Then let us all rejoice amain!
   on Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
Then let us all rejoice amain!
   on Christmas Day in the morning.

Words & music: English trad., arr. S. Preston
The Flight into Egypt.

And when the wise men were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him. When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt: And was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son.

Thanks be to God.

Matthew 2.13-15
**Carol**

Thou must leave thy lowly dwelling,  
the humble crib, the stable bare.  
Babe, all mortal babes excelling,  
content our earthly lot to share.  
Loving father, loving mother,  
shelter thee with tender care!

Blessed Jesus, we implore thee  
with humble love and holy fear.  
In the land that lies before thee,  
forget not us who linger here!  
May the shepherd’s lowly calling,  
ever to thy heart be dear!

Blest are ye beyond all measure,  
thou happy father, mother mild!  
Guard ye well your heav’nly treasure,  
The Prince of Peace, the holy child!  
God go with you, God protect you,  
guide you safely through the wild!

*Words and music:* The Shepherds’ Farewell: H. Berlioz, from L’Enfance du Christ.
CONGREGATIONAL HYMN

¶  *As the organ introduction begins, all stand to sing.*

Unto us is born a Son,
    King of quires supernal:
see on earth his life begun,
    of lords the Lord eternal.

Christ, from heav’n descending low,
    comes on earth a stranger;
ox and ass their owner know,
    becradled in the manger.

This did Herod sore affray,
    and grievously bewilder,
so he gave the word to slay,
    and slew the little childer.

*Choir*

Of his love and mercy mild
    this the Christmas story;
and O that Mary’s gentle child
    might lead us up to glory.

O and A, and A and O,
    *cum cantibus in choro*,
let our merry organ go,
    *benedicamus Domino.*

¶  *All sit.*
On Christmas Eve the firing practically ceased. I think both sides understood we were going to have a day off. Through the night we sang carols to one another, the German lines were only a hundred yards away, so we heard each other quite plainly. This went on all night. When dawn arrived we started putting our heads above the parapet and waved to each other. On our left was a brewery occupied by the Germans and to our surprise we saw a German come out and hold his hand up, behind him were two, rolling a barrel of beer. They came halfway across and signed to us to come for it. Three of us went out, shook hands with them, wished them a merry Christmas, and rolled the barrel to our own trenches amid the cheers of both British and Germans! After that it was understood that peace was declared for a day. We both got out of our trenches and met in the middle of the field, wished each other seasons greetings. The Germans said: “A merry Christmas!” Some of them were quite good at English. We had a most interesting day. The Germans got permission for our officers to bury some of their dead which were lying near our lines. When darkness came we both went back to our trenches and the Great European war was on again.’

Letter from Private Cunningham of the 5th Scottish Rifles.
Published in The Scotsman 5th January 1915.
ANTHEM

Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,
Alles schläft, einsam wacht
Nur das traute
hochheilige Paar,
Holder Knabe
im lockigen Haar.
Schlafes in himmlischer Ruh'.

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.

Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht.
Hirten erst kundgemacht
Durch der Engel Halleluja,
Tönt es laut
von fern und nah:
Christ der Retter ist da.

Silent night, holy night,
shepherds first saw the sight.
Glories stream from heaven afar,
heavenly hosts sing Alleluia;
Christ the Saviour is born.

Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Gottes Sohn, o wie lacht
Lieb' aus deinem
göttlichen Mund,
Da uns schlägt
die rettende Stund',
Christ in deiner Geburt.

Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light.
Radiance beams from thy
holy face, with the dawn of
redeeming grace;
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

What sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol, for to sing
The birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the voice! Awake the string!

Dark and dull night, fly hence away,
And give the honour to this day
That sees December turned to May.

Why does the chilling winter's morn
Smile, like a field beset with corn?
Or smell like a meadow newly shorn
Thus on the sudden? Come and see
The cause, why things thus fragrant be:

'Tis he is born, whose quickening birth
Gives life and lustre, public mirth,
To heaven and the under-earth.

We see him come, and know him ours,
Who, with his sunshine and his showers,
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

The darling of the world is come,
And fit it is, we find a room
To welcome him, to welcome him.
The nobler part of all the house here, is the heart,
Which we will give him: and bequeath
This holly, and this ivy wreath.
To do him honour, who's our King,
And Lord of all this revelling.

Words: R. Herrick
Music: J. Rutter

This was commissioned for the 1987 Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols.

¶ All stand.
SEVENTH READING

read by Priti Mohandas, graduate student.

St John unfolds the great mystery of the Incarnation.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe. He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light. That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.

Thanks be to God.

John 1.1-14
All sit.

ANTHEM: FANTASIA ON CHRISTMAS CAROLS

This is the truth sent from above,
the Truth of God, the God of love:
therefore don’t turn me from your door,
but hearken all – both rich and poor.

The first thing which I will relate,
is that God did man create,
the next thing which to you I’ll tell,
woman was made with man to dwell.

Then after this was God’s own choice
to place them both in Paradise,
there to remain, from evil free,
except they ate of such a tree.

And they did eat, which was a sin,
and thus their ruin did begin,
ruined themselves, both you and me,
and all of their posterity.

Thus we were heirs to endless woes,
till God the Lord did interpose,
and so a promise soon did run,
that he would redeem us by his Son.

Come all you worthy gentlemen that may be standing by,
Christ our blessed Saviour was born on Christmas day.
the blessed Virgin Mary unto the Lord did pray.
O we wish you the comfort and tidings of joy!
Christ our Blessed Saviour now in the manger lay –
he’s lying in the manger, while the oxen feed on hay.
The blessed Virgin Mary unto the Lord did pray –
O we wish you the comfort and tidings of joy!

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.

When sin departs before thy grace,
then life and health come in its place.
Angels and men with joy may sing,
all for to see the new-born King.

God bless the ruler of this house and long on may he reign,

    From out of darkness we have light,
    which makes the angels sing this night,

Many happy Christmasses he live to see again.

    From out of darkness we have light,
    which makes the angels sing this night,

God bless our generation, who live both far and near –
and we wish them a happy new year –

    Glory to God and peace to men.
    Both now and evermore.  Amen.

*Words:* English trad.  
*Music:* R. Vaughan-Williams  
*The baritone soloist is Roderick Williams; the cellist is Guy Johnston.*
ENCOMIUM AND PRAYER

The Dean.

In this service we have connected with the origins of the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols, which was celebrated for the first time at Kings in 1918, just six weeks after the Armistice that ended the First World War. Our music has reflected the contribution of the various Organists and Directors of Music at King's over that hundred-year period.

AH Mann's harmonization of *Once in Royal David's City*, Boris Ord's *Adam lay y bounden*, Harold Darke's *In the Bleak Midwinter* and the arrangements of David Willcocks and Philip Ledger have all contributed hugely to the way in which Christmas has been celebrated not only here but in churches, cathedrals and chapels across the world.

As we give thanks for this extraordinarily rich heritage we recognise the unique contribution made by Stephen Cleobury, for whom this is the final year as Director of Music, having been in post since 1982. Under his direction the music life of the Chapel has been maintained and enhanced beyond imagination, and our commitment to the broadcasting and recording of both traditional and contemporary music has increased beyond measure.

Please turn the page quietly.
Let us pray

O God, who has given to humans and angels the capacity to make music and to praise thee with a merry noise, we give thee thanks for all musicians whose work touches the soul and guides the spirit. We give especial thanks for all who have contributed as composers, conductors, organists and members of our Choir here at King's, and we pray that thy word, thy joy, and thy love may ever be made known though the medium of music, and that the call to come and adore may be heard until the end of time. Amen.

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN

Sung by all, standing. In verses 1 and 2 the first two lines of the refrain are sung by upper voices only. During this hymn the Dean processes to the High Altar

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, let us adore him,*
  *O come, let us adore him,*
  *O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.*

Sing, choirs of angels,
sing in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
‘Glory to God
in the highest.’
  *O come, let us adore him,*
  *O come, let us adore him,*
  *O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.*

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
born this happy morning,
Jesu, to thee be glory given;
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.*
BLESSING

Dean Christ, who by his incarnation gathered into one things earthly and heavenly, fill you with peace and goodwill, and make you partakers of the divine nature; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, be amongst you and remain with you always.

All Amen.

¶ All remain standing during the short organ voluntary:

Vom Himmel hoch, da komm’ ich her BWV 606 J. S. Bach from Das Orgelbüchlein

¶ All sit with the Choir until details of any necessary re-takes are announced. When these have been completed all stand as the Choir and Clergy depart. Thank you for helping us with this service today.
FURTHER MUSIC NOTES


p. 8  Adam lay ybounden: Novello.
      In the bleak midwinter: Stainer and Bell.

p.11  A great and mighty wonder: Chester Music.

p.12  Ding dong: originally commissioned for the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.


p.15  A spotless rose: Stainer and Bell.

p.17  In dulci jubilo: OUP.

p.20  O mercy divine: Chester Music.

p.22  I saw three ships: Novello.

p.24  Shepherds’ Farewell: OUP.

      Music: Piae Cantiones, arr. D. Willcocks. OUP

p.27  Stille Nacht: OUP.

p.31  Fantasia: Stainer and Bell.

p.34  O come all ye faithful: Adeste fideles, transl. F. Oakley.
      Music: J. F. Wade (melody), arr. Willcocks. OUP.
Dean
The Revd Dr Stephen Cherry

Director of Music
Dr Stephen Cleobury

Chaplain
The Revd Andrew Hammond

Organ Scholars
Henry Websdale
Donal McCann

Dean’s Verger
Ian Griffiths

Deputy Dean’s Verger
Malwina Soltys

For the BBC

Producer
James Whitbourn

Director
Pamela Hossick

Executive Producer
Hugh Faupel