CAROLS FROM KING’S

Friday 8 December, 2023
3.00 pm
King’s College Chapel
Cambridge
DEAN
The Revd Dr Stephen Cherry

DIRECTOR of MUSIC
Daniel Hyde

CHAPEL MANAGER
Emily Lyons

ORGAN SCHOLAR
Paul Greally

PRODUCER
Simon Lole

DIRECTOR
Marcus Viner

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
Catherine Stirk

BBC STUDIOS
Welcome from the Dean

THANK you for coming to share this experience with us: an act of worship and an opportunity to make a programme to be enjoyed by many.

The programme will be broadcast on BBC Two on Christmas Eve at 6.40 pm, and repeated there at 9.00 am on Christmas Day.

The initials KC in this booklet are used to designate membership of King’s College.

Further information about the life of the Choir and its recordings can be found here:

kings.cam.ac.uk/choir

* The Dean and Director of Music will brief the congregation at 2.40 pm.

The Revd Dr Stephen Cherry  Dean
ORDER of SERVICE

§ All stand.

HYMN

§ The Choir alone sings verses 1–3.

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.

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.
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.

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 heav’n 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.

Cecil Frances Alexander

‘Irby’

Henry Gauntlett

harm. Arthur Henry Mann  кс
verse 6 arr. Philip Ledger  кс
BIDDING

Dean  We gather today to tell the Christmas story and to make this Chapel glad with our carols of praise.

We shall hear of shepherds and angels, of a mother and her child, of adoring magi and of news of God’s love that is so profound and transformative that it forever reshapes our relationship with each other and with this fragile world.

The celebration of Christmas draws together the inspiration that comes to us from the past, our concern about suffering in the present and our responsibility for the future. At its heart is a vision of God’s love overflowing in vulnerable, compassionate life-affirming service.

We tell the story of God’s love made known in Jesus Christ.

§  All sit.
Carol

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.

Katrina Shepherd

Sally Beamish
Edition Peters
First reading

I saw a stable, by Mary Elizabeth Coleridge.

I saw a stable, low and very bare,
    A little child in a manger.
The oxen knew Him, had Him in their care,
    To men He was a stranger.
The safety of the world was lying there.
    And the world’s danger.

Mary Elizabeth Coleridge
Oxford University Press
Carol

Child in a manger,
   Jesus our Saviour,
Born of a virgin
   holy and mild;
Sent from the highest,
   Come down in glory;
Tell the glad story,
   Welcome the child.

Shepherds, arise now,
   Go to the manger;
Find where the infant
   Jesus is laid.
Offer your homage,
   Kneel down before him;
Praise and adore him,
   Be not afraid.

Wise men, come seek him —
   Christ our Redeemer;
Journey to Bethl’em,
   Led by a star.
Offer your treasures:
   Gold, myrrh, and incense,
Precious oblations
   Brought from afar.
Praise to the Christ-child;
   Praise to his mother;
Glory to God our
   Father above.
Angels are singing
   Songs of rejoicing,
Greeting the infant
   Born of God's love.

John Rutter

John Rutter
Oxford University Press
**Carol**

A great and mighty wonder,
A full and holy cure!
The Virgin bears the Infant
With virgin-honour pure.
Repeat the hymn again!
'To God on high be glory,
And peace on earth to men!'

The Word becomes incarnate,
And yet remains on high!
And Cherubim sing anthems
To shepherds from the sky.
Repeat the hymn again! &c.

While thus they sing your Monarch,
Those bright angelic bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains,
Ye oceans clap your hands.
Repeat the hymn again! &c.

Since all he comes to ransom,
By all be he adored,
The Infant born in Bethl’em,
The Saviour and the Lord.
Repeat the hymn again! &c.

*St Germanus*            arr. *James Whitbourn*
trans. *John Mason Neale* Chester Music Ltd
The birth of Jesus Christ.

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judæa, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:) to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

Thanks be to God.

Luke 2.1, 3–7
Carol

§  This carol won the BBC Radio 3 Carol Competition in 2018.

Silently on Christmas Eve,
the turn of midnight’s key;
all the garden locked in ice —
a silver frieze —
except the winter cluster of the bees.

    Flightless now and shivering,
    around their Queen they cling;
every bee a gift of heat;
she will not freeze
within the winter cluster of the bees.

Bring me for my Christmas gift
a single golden jar;
let me taste the sweetness there,
but honey leave
to feed the winter cluster of the bees.

    Come with me on Christmas Eve
to see the silent hive —
trembling stars cloistered above —
and then believe,
bless the winter cluster of the bees.

The Bee Carol
Carol Ann Duffy

John Merrick KC
Goodmusic Publishing Ltd
On Christmas, by Marion Strobel.

Often, on Christmas,
I listen to a chant
Float from a colored window
Softly sibilant.

Often, on Christmas,
I wait until a glow
From a colored pane of glass
Slides across the snow.

Yet though I hear songs,
And listen from without,
I never quite know what
Christmas is about.

I never quite know—
Till, singing on my breast
And warm as a colored light,
Your head is at rest.

‘On Christmas’

Marion Strobel

The Estate of Marion Strobel
The first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay,
In fields where they lay, keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter’s night that was so deep:
   Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
   Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the east, beyond them far:
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night:
   Nowell &c.
And by the light of that same star,
Three Wise Men came from country far;
To seek for a king was their intent
And to follow the star wherever it went:

   Nowell &c.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heav’nly Lord,
That hath made heav’n and earth of naught,
And with his blood mankind hath bought.

   Nowell &c.

Traditional Cornish

§  All sit.
Deep in the cold of winter,
Darkness and silence were everywhere;
Softly and clearly, there came through the stillness
a wonderful sound to hear.

All bells in paradise I heard them ring,
Sounding in majesty the news that they bring;
All bells in paradise I heard them ring,
Welcoming our Saviour, born on earth a heavenly King.

All bells in paradise I heard them ring:
‘Glory to God on high’ the angel voices sing.

Lost in awe and wonder,
Doubting, I asked what this sign might be:
Christ our Messiah revealed in a stable,
A marvellous sight to see.

All bells in paradise I heard them ring,
Sounding in majesty the news that they bring;
All bells in paradise I heard them ring,
Welcoming our Saviour, born on earth a heavenly King.

He comes down in peace, a child in humility,
The keys to his kingdom belong to the poor;
Before him shall kneel the kings with their treasures,
Gold, incense and myrrh.
All bells in paradise I heard them ring,
Sounding in majesty the news that they bring;
All bells in paradise I heard them ring,
Welcoming our Saviour, born on earth a heavenly King.

All bells in paradise I heard them ring:
‘Glory to God on high’ the angel voices sweetly sing.

John Rutter

Collegium Musicum Publications
A host of angels announces the good news of Christ’s birth to shepherds.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

Thanks be to God.

Luke 2.8–16
Carol

Good Christian men, rejoice
   With heart, and soul, and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say:
   Jesus Christ was born to-day:
Ox and ass before Him bow,
   And He is in the manger now.
Christ is born today! Christ is born today.

Good Christian men, rejoice,
   With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
   Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath ope’d the heav’nly door,
   And man is blessed evermore.
Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice
   With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave:
   Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one, and calls you all,
   To gain His everlasting hall:
Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!

attr. Heinrich Seuse
trans. John Mason Neale
arr. Robert Lucas de Pearsall & Philip Ledger
Roger Dean Publishing Company & Encore Publications
Carol

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.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds first saw the sight: [Alleluia.]
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing alleluia:
Christ the Saviour is born.

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.

Joseph Mohr
trans. John Freeman Young

Franz Grüber
arr. John Rutter

with Alleluias

Oxford University Press
Fifth reading

_The Oxen_, by Thomas Hardy

Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock.
‘Now they are all on their knees,’
An elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave
In these years! Yet, I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve,
‘Come; see the oxen kneel,

‘In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,’
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

‘The Oxen’
_Thomas Hardy_
Oxford University Press
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;
Heaven 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.

A Christmas Carol
Christina Rossetti

Harold Darke  KC
Stainer & Bell Ltd
God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan’s pow’r
When we were gone astray:

*O tidings of comfort and joy,*

*comfort and joy!*

*O tidings of comfort and joy!*
From God our heav’ly Father
   A blessèd angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
   Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
   The Son of God by name:
         *O tidings &c.*

But when to Bethlehem they came,
   Whereat this infant lay,
They found him in a manger,
   Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary kneeling,
   Unto the Lord did pray:
         *O tidings &c.*

Now to the Lord sing praises,
   All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
   Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface:
         *O tidings &c.*

Traditional English

arr. David Willcocks  kC
Oxford University Press

§  All sit.
Sixth reading

The wise men are led by the star to Jesus.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa 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 demanded of the chief priests and scribes of the people where Christ should be born. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired 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.

Thanks be to God.

Matthew 2.1–11
Carol

Look up, sweet Babe, look up and see
   For love of Thee
   Though far from home
   The East is come
To seek herself in Thy sweet eyes.

To Thee, thou Day of Night! thou East of West!
Lo, we at last have found the way
To Thee the World's great universal East,
The general and indifferent Day.

from In the Glorious Epiphany of Our Lord God
Richard Crashaw

Lennox Berkeley
Chester Music Ltd
Carol

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day:
I would my true love did so chance
to see the legend of my play,
to call my true love to my dance.

Sing O my love;
this have I done for my true love.

Then was I born of a virgin pure.
Of her I took fleshly substance:
thus was I knit to man’s nature,
to call my true love to my dance.

Sing O my love &c.

In a manger laid and wrapped I was,
so very poor, this was my chance,
betwixt an ox and a silly poor ass,
to call my true love to my dance.

Sing O my love &c.

Then afterwards baptized I was;
the Holy Ghost on me did glance,
my Father’s voice heard from above,
to call my true love to my dance.

Sing O my love &c.

Cornish Traditional

John Gardner
Oxford University Press
Seventh reading

§ All stand.

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.
O magnum mysterium, et admirabile sacramentum, ut animalia viderent Dominum natum, jacentem in præsepio!

Beata Virgo, cujus viscera meruerunt portare Dominum Jesum Christum.

Alleluia!

Liber Usualis

O great mystery and wondrous sign, that the animals should see the Lord born, lying in a manger!

O Blessed Virgin, whose womb was counted worthy to bear the Lord Jesus Christ.

Alleluia.

Morten Lauridsen
Eighth reading

*Mistletoe*, by Walter de la Mare.

Sitting under the mistletoe
(Pale-green, fairy mistletoe),
One last candle burning low,
All the sleepy dancers gone,
Just one candle burning on,
Shadows lurking everywhere:
Some one came, and kissed me there.

Tired I was; my head would go
Nodding under the mistletoe
(Pale-green, fairy mistletoe),
No footsteps came, no voice, but only,
Just as I sat there, sleepy, lonely,
Stood in the still and shadowy air
Lips unseen—and kissed me there.

‘Mistletoe’
*Walter de la Mare*
Faber and Faber Ltd
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 &c.
Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav’n above;
Glory to God
In the highest:
   *O come, let us adore him &c.*

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesu, to thee be glory giv’n;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
   *O come, let us adore him &c.*

*Adeste, fideles*

‘Adeste, fideles’
John Francis Wade

trans. Frederick Oakley,
William Thomas Brooke et al.

arr. David Willcocks  KC
Oxford University Press

§  *All remain standing.*
PRAYER & BLESSING

Dean
Inspire us, O God,
to have compassion for the suffering,
to seek justice for the exploited,
the oppressed, and the abused,
and to reach out,
with kindness and goodwill
  to friends and neighbours,
    strangers and enemies;
in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

All  Amen.

Dean
May the humility of the shepherds,
the perseverance of the magi,
the joy of the angels,
and the peace of the Christ-child be yours
  this Christmas;
and the blessing of God Almighty,
the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit,
be upon you and remain with you always.

All  Amen.

§   All remain standing.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
    God and sinners reconciled:
Joyful, all ye nations rise,
    Join the triumph of the skies,
With th’angelic host proclaim,
    Christ is born in Bethlehem:
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.
Christ, by highest heav’n adored,
   Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
   Offspring of a Virgin’s womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
   Hail th’incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
   Jesus our Emmanuel.

_Hark! the herald-angels sing_
   Glory to the new-born King._

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 man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
   Born to give them second birth.

_Hark! the herald-angels sing_
   Glory to the new-born King._

Charles Wesley et al.  Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
adapt. William Hayman Cummings verse 3 arr. David Willcocks  
Oxford University Press
ORGAN VOLUNTARY

§ All remain standing during the organ voluntary.

Vom Himmel hoch,
da komm ich her bwv 606

Johann Sebastian Bach
Bärenreiter Verlag

§ Please wait quietly and patiently for announcements concerning re-takes.
When the re-takes are complete, the Dean will dismiss the congregation.

AT THE END OF THE SERVICE

§ Please give generously to the retiring collection, which supports the life and work of the Chapel, using the Gift Aid envelope provided.

§ A contactless donation point is available in the Ante-Chapel.

§ Twenty per cent of all our collections is donated to charitable causes beyond the College.

§ Thank you for joining us for this service; please leave the College through the main gate onto King’s Parade.

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