

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL



CAROLS FROM KING'S

2020

A BBC Television Service

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 first broadcast *A Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols*.

The 1954 programme was not a relay of the Christmas Eve service, however. Instead, the service was specially devised for television and was a little shorter than the Christmas Eve service, with just six 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.

Carols from King's has always been recorded as a service but in 2020 we had to do things differently. There was no congregation present and the service was recorded in sections and later edited together. We hope that the service that has been constructed in the editing studio will nonetheless be experienced as an authentic act of worship by many who watch, and that this order of service will enhance the experience and enrich the meaning as we celebrate Christmas while the Covid-19 pandemic continues to rage.

The Revd Dr Stephen Cherry, Dean

ORDER OF SERVICE

HYMN

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.

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.

Words: C. F. Alexander (1818-1895)

Music: H. J. Gauntlett (1805-1876), harm.: A. H. Mann, desc.: S. Cleobury

BIDDING PRAYER

Christmas invites us to celebrate the birth of the Christ-Child, God's gift of love to the world. It proclaims the Emmanuel, 'God with us' -- 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 the human journey from birth to death, and a saviour who brings healing to the sick, strength to the weak and to the anxious and distressed gives the blessing of peace.

O God, who became human for our sake in thy Son Jesus Christ, open our ears to hear the message of the angels, open our hearts to receive thy grace, open our hands that we might do justice and embrace kindness, and guide our feet that we may walk humbly with our God all the days of our life.

All **Amen.**

CAROL

In dulci jubilo [In quiet joy]

Let us our homage show

Our heart's joy reclineth

In praesepio [in a manger]

And like a bright star shineth

Matris in gremio! [in the mother's lap]

Alpha es et O! [Thou art Alpha & Omega]

O Jesu parvule [O tiny Jesus]

I yearn for Thee alway;

Listen to my ditty,

O puer optime! [O best of boys]

Have pity on me, pity

O princeps gloriae! [Prince of glory]

Trahe me post te! [draw me unto thee]

O patris caritas, [O father's caring]

O nati lenitas, [O newborn's mildness]

Deeply were we stained

Per nostra crimina [by our crimes]

But Thou, hast for us gainèd

Coelorum gaudia. [heavenly joy]

O that we were there!

Ubi sunt gaudia [where be joys]

If that they be not there?

There are angels singing

Nova cantica: [new songs]

There the bells are ringing

In Regis curia. [at the king's court]

O that we were there!

Words: Translated from the German source of 1570 by R. L. Pearsall (1795-1856)

Music: Old German melody set by R. L. Pearsall

FIRST READING

¶ *read by Estella Nouri, undergraduate student*

The prophet Isaiah looks forward to the peace that Christ shall bring.

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots: And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord; And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord: and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears: But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth: and he shall smite the earth: with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked. And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

Thanks be to God.

Isaiah 11.1-9

CAROL

A tender shoot has started
up from a root of grace,
as ancient seers imparted
from Jesse's holy race;
It blooms without a blight,
blooms in the cold bleak winter
turning our darkness into light.

This shoot, Isaiah taught us,
from Jesse's root should spring;
the Virgin Mary brought us
the branch of which we sing:
our God of endless might
gave her this child to save us,
thus turning darkness into light.

Words & Music: O. Goldschmidt (1829-1907), trans.: W. Bartholomew (1793-1867)

CAROL

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 finden
Written in their book.
Ne had the apple taken been,
The apple taken been,
Ne had never our Lady
Abeen heavene queen.
Blessed be the time
That apple taken was,
Therefore we moun singen,
'Deo gracias!'

Words: 15th Century (Sloane MS, modernized)

Music: B. Ord (1897-1961)

SECOND READING

¶ *read by Sasi Valaiyapathi, undergraduate student*

The poet J. C. Scharl imagines the moment just before Mary is addressed by an angel.

Beyond the brimming ages Gabriel waits,
his foremost message burning on his breath.
Through time men slide, creeping through the gates
of birth and out again the doors of death.

He sees kings rise and kingdoms fall to dust;
he sees unnumbered souls unfleshed; to some
he gives slight hints, but the full knowledge must
wait, for his best words are not for them.

Then at last, coming from afar
he sees, gleaming like a golden pin
in time's folds, Mary, rising like a star
above the fretted seas of what had been;

bright hinge on which the gate of Heaven creaks,
to her he turns, inclines himself, and speaks.

CAROL

Salvator mundi, Domine,
Father of heaven, blessèd thou be.
Thou greetest a maiden with an 'Ave!'
Alleluia, Alleluia, Deo Patri sit gloria.

[Lord and Saviour of the world]
[all glory be to Thee]

Adesto nunc propitius,
Thou sendest thy Son, sweet Jesus,
Man to become, for love of us,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Deo Patri sit gloria.

[Propitiously help us now]
[all glory be to Thee]

Te reformator sensuum,
Little and mickle, all and some,
Make ye merry for him that is to come,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Deo Patri sit gloria.

[Thou restorer of our senses]
[all glory be to Thee]

Gloria tibi, Domine!
Joy and bliss among us be,
For at this time born is he,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Deo Patri sit gloria.

[Glory to God!]
[all glory be to Thee]

Words: Anonymous, 15th Century
Music: Imogen Holst (1907-1984)

CAROL

I sing of a maiden
That is matchless;
King of all kings
To her son she chose.

He came all so still
There his mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.

He came all so still
To his mother's bow'r,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flow'r.

He came all so still
There his mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.

Mother and maiden
Was never none but she;
Well may such a lady
Goddes mother be.

Words: Anonymous, 15th Century

Music: Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

THIRD READING

¶ *read by Nate Roundy, graduate student*

St Luke tells of the birth of Jesus.

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.) 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 Judaea, 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 2.1–7

CAROL

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, Heav'n 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.

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: Christina Rossetti (1830-94)

Music: Gustav Holst (1874-1934), arr.: Mack Wilberg (1955-)

CAROL

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.

Then why should men on earth be sad,
Since our Redeemer made us glad,
When from our sin He set us free,
All for to gain our liberty.

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.

All out of darkness we have light,
Which made the angels sing this night:-
'Glory to God and peace to men,
Now and for evermore. Amen.'

Words: English Traditional Carol

Music: arr.: R. Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

HYMN

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,

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,

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,

*Words & Music: J. F. Wade (c.1711-1786), trans.: F. Oakley, W. T. Brooke et al;
v.3. arr.: C. Robinson (1936-); v.4. arr.: D. Hill (1957-)*

FOURTH READING

¶ *read by Georgie Penney, undergraduate student*

A poem by Toni Morrison interprets the wonder of the birth of Christ.

It comes
Unadorned
Like a phrase
Strong enough to cast a spell;
It comes
Unbidden,
Like the turn of sun through hills
Or stars in wheels of song.
The jeweled feet of women dance the earth.
Arousing it to spring.
Shoulders broad as a road bend to share the weight of years.
Profiles breach the distance and lean
Toward an ordinary kiss.
Bliss.
It comes naked into the world like a charm.

CAROL

Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,
Alles schläft, einsam wacht
Nur das traute hochheilige Paar,
holder Knab im lockkigen Haar.
Schlafe in himmlischer Ruh'.

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

Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,
Gottes Sohn, O wie lacht
Lieb' aus deinem göttlichen Mund,
da uns schlägt die retende Stund'
Christ, in deiner Geburt.

Words: Joseph Mohr (1792-1848)

Music: Franz Gruber (1787-1863), arr.: J. Rutter

CAROL

How do you capture the wind on the water?
How do you count all the stars in the sky?
How can you measure the love of a mother,
Or how can you write down a baby's first cry?
Candle-light, angel light, fire-light and star-glow
Shine on his cradle till breaking of dawn.
Gloria, Gloria in excelsis Deo!
Angels are singing; the Christ child is born.

Shepherds and wise men will kneel and adore him,
Seraphim round him their vigil will keep;
Nations proclaim him their Lord and their Saviour,
But Mary will hold him and sing him to sleep.
Candle-light, angel light, fire-light and star-glow
Shine on his cradle till breaking of dawn.
Gloria, Gloria in excelsis Deo!
Angels are singing; the Christ child is born.

Find him at Bethlehem laid in a manger:
Christ our Redeemer asleep in the hay,
God-head incarnate and hope of salvation:
A child with his mother that first Christmas Day
Candle-light, angel light, fire-light and star-glow
Shine on his cradle till breaking of dawn.
Gloria, Gloria in excelsis Deo!
Angels are singing; the Christ child is born.

Words & Music: John Rutter (1945-)

FIFTH READING

¶ *read by the Provost*

The shepherds visit the holy family.

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 2.8–20

CAROL

O sleep thou heav'n born treasure, thou,
Sleep sound, thou dearest child;
White angel wings shall fan thy brow
With breezes soft and mild.

We shepherds poor are here to sing
A simple lullay to our King.

*Lullaby, lullaby,
Sleep, soft softly lullaby.*

See, Mary has with mother's love
A bed for thee outspread,
While Joseph stoops
And watches at thy head,
The lambkins in the stall so nigh
That thou may'st sleep, have hush'd their cry.

*Lullaby, lullaby,
Sleep, soft softly lullaby.*

And when thou'rt big and art a man
Full woe's in store for thee;
For cruel men thy death will plan,
And hang thee on a tree.

So sleep, my baby, whilst thou may,
'Twill give thee rest against that day.

*Lullaby, lullaby,
Sleep, soft softly lullaby.*

Words: English Traditional, trans.: A. Foxtan Ferguson (1866-1920)

Music: K. Leuner, arr.: C. Macpherson (1870-1927)

CAROL

We stood on the hills, Lady,
Our day's work done,
Watching the frosted meadows
That winter had won.

The evening was calm, Lady,
The air so still,
Silence more lovely than music
Folded the hill.

There was a star, Lady,
Shone in the night,
Larger than Venus it was
And bright, so bright.

Oh, a voice from the sky, Lady,
It seemed to us then
Telling of God being born
In the world of men.

And so we have come, Lady,
Our day's work done,
Our love, our hopes, ourselves
We give to your son.

Words: The Shepherd's Carol

Music: R. L. Chilcott (1955-)

HYMN

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
all seated on the ground,
an angel of the Lord came down,
and glory shone around.

‘Fear not,’ said he (for mighty dread
had seized their troubled mind);
‘glad tidings of great joy I bring
to you and all mankind.

‘To you, in David’s town, this day
is born of David’s line
a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
and this shall be the sign:

‘The heavenly babe you there shall find
to human view displayed,
all meanly wrapped in swathing bands
and in a manger laid.’

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
appeared a shining throng
of angels praising God, who thus
addressed their joyful song:

‘All glory be to God on high,
and on the earth be peace;
good will henceforth from heaven to men
begin and never cease.’

Words: N. Tate (1652-1715)

Music: from Este's Psalter (1592), v.6 arr.: N. J. Marston (1958-)

SIXTH READING

¶ *read by Oscar Wilson, undergraduate student*

The wise men are led by a star to Jesus.

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.

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 2.1–3; 7–12

CAROL

Thou who wast rich beyond all splendour,
All for love's sake becamest poor;
Thrones for a manger didst surrender,
Sapphire-paved courts for stable floor.
Thou who wast rich beyond all splendour,
All for love's sake becamest poor.

Thou who art God beyond all praising,
All for love's sake becamest Man;
Stooping so low, but sinners raising
Heav'nwards by Thine eternal plan.
Thou who art God beyond all praising,
All for love's sake becamest man.

Thou who art love beyond all telling,
Saviour and King, we worship Thee.
Immanuel, within us dwelling,
Make us what Thou wouldst have us be.
Thou who art love beyond all telling,
Saviour and King, we worship Thee.

Words: F. Houghton (1894-1972)

Music: Old French Carol Melody, harm.: C. H. Kitson (1874-1944), arr.: D. Hyde (1980-)

CAROL

As I sat on a sunny bank, a sunny bank, a sunny bank,
As I sat on a sunny bank
On Christmas Day in the morning,

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

And who do you think was in them then
But Joseph and his fair lady!
On Christmas Day in the morning.

O he did whistle and she did sing
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth did ring,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven did sing
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Words & Music: English Traditional
arr.: E. Poston (1905-1987), D. Hyde (1980-)

SEVENTH READING

¶ *read by Kerri-Ann Butcher, 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

CAROL

Still, still, still,
the child is sleeping still!
As Mary holds him to her breast
singing gently, bringing rest,
Still, still, still,
The child is sleeping still!

Sleep, sleep, sleep,
My little baby sleep!
The angels sing and tell the story
of the child who comes in glory.
Sleep, sleep, sleep,
My little baby sleep!

Joy, joy, joy,
Our hearts are filled with joy!
The Lord has come from heaven above us
to this world to guide and love us.
Joy, joy, joy,
Our hearts are filled with joy!

Words & Music: German Traditional, arr. & trans.: R. L. Chilcott

COMMISSION & BLESSING

Dean When the song of the angels is stilled,
 When the star in the sky is gone,
 When the kings and princes are home,
 When the shepherds are back with their flock,
 The work of Christmas begins:
 To find the lost,
 To heal the broken,
 To feed the hungry,
 To release the prisoner,
 To rebuild the nations,
 To bring peace among the people,
 To make music in the heart.

Howard Thurman

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 now and always; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, be upon you and remain with you always.

All **Amen.**

HYMN

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 the angelic host proclaim:
‘Christ is born in Bethlehem!’

*Hark! the herald-angels sing:
Glory to the new-born King!*

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord:
late in time behold him come,
offspring of a Virgin’s womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail the 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 heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
risen 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!*

Words: C. Wesley (1707-1788) et al

Music: F. Mendelssohn (1809-1847); adapt.: by W. H. Cummings (1831-1915)

v.3 arr.: P. Ledger (1937-2012)

VOLUNTARY

Vom Himmel hoch, da komm' ich her BWV 606

J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

Dean

The Revd Dr Stephen Cherry

Director of Music

Daniel Hyde

Chaplain

The Revd Dr Ayla Lepine

Organist

Matthew Martin

Dean's Verger

Ian Griffiths

For the BBC

Producers

Pamela Hossick

James Whitbourn

Director

Ian Russell

Executive Producer

Alan Holland

The images in this order of service are from an illuminated manuscript in the College Library.

*Every effort has been made to ensure accuracy in all our orders of service.
If you notice any errors, please do let us know so that they can be corrected.*