

# KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL



## CAROLS FROM KING'S

Recorded for BBC Television

Sunday December 10<sup>th</sup> 2017 at 2.30 pm

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 at 5.45 pm and repeated on Christmas Day at 11 am.

Dave Stanford  
Executive Producer; BBC Studios

## 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.

## 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.

¶ *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. As we trace the familiar stories in Scripture and poetry, we ponder in our hearts what the gift at the centre of all this means; and what it requires of us.

The faith we celebrate 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. As we celebrate Christmas, we rejoice that God in Christ shares our life, healing and reconciling us all through his endless gift of love.

¶ *The congregation sits.*

## 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 so 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 his 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 and Music: Sussex Carol: English trad, arr. Ledger*





## FIRST READING

¶ *read by Nathanael Smalley.*

The Angel Gabriel brings glad tidings to 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.

*Luke 1: 26-38*

## CAROL

The angel Gabriel from heaven came,  
his wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame;  
'All hail', said he, 'thou lowly maiden Mary,  
most highly favoured lady.' Gloria!

'For known a blessèd Mother thou shalt be,  
all generations laud and honour thee,  
thy Son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold.  
Most highly favoured lady.' Gloria!

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head,  
'To me be as it pleaseth God', she said,  
'My soul shall laud and magnify his Holy Name.'  
Most highly favoured lady. Gloria!

Of her, Emmanuel, the Christ, was born  
in Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn,  
and Christian folk throughout the world will ever say:  
'Most highly favoured lady.' Gloria!

*Words: Gabriel's Message: S.Baring-Gould*

*Music: Basque trad, arr. E. Pettman*

## 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: 14<sup>th</sup> C. anon; transl. Catherine Winkworth*

*Music: Herbert Howells*



## SECOND READING

¶ *read by Bethan Clark and Meenu Anil.*

Mary visits her cousin Elizabeth.

Mary arose in those days, and went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Juda; and entered into the house of Zacharias, and saluted Elisabeth.

And it came to pass, that, when Elisabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb; and Elisabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost: and she spake out with a loud voice, and said, Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me? For, lo, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy. And blessed is she that believed: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord.

And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name. And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation. He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the

hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away. He hath helped his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy; as he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever. And Mary abode with her about three months, and returned to her own house.

Thanks be to God.

*Luke 1: 39-56*

## CAROL

In heaven stood a linden tree  
With pure white flowers laden;  
Yet not a bloom was fair as she,  
Sweet Mary, chosen maiden.

Great Gabriel, God's angel bright,  
From high above came winging  
To one, the purest in God's sight,  
A joyful message bringing.

'Hail, Mary, blessed Virgin mild,  
With God you have found favour;  
You shall conceive and bear a child,  
To all the world the Saviour.'

'My soul does magnify the Lord!  
I am His servant lowly;  
Be all according to His word,'  
Said Mary, meek and holy.

Away the angel flew to share  
The news of Mary's duty;  
And heaven rejoiced that she would bear  
The Blossom of all Beauty.

*Words: The Linden Tree Carol: 15<sup>th</sup> C. German*

*Music: arr. S. Cleobury*



## CAROL

There is no rose of such virtue  
as is the rose that bare Jesu:

*Alleluia.*

For in this rose containèd was  
Heav'n and earth in little space:

*Res miranda.*

By that rose we may well see  
there be one God in Persons Three:

*Pares forma.*

Then leave we all this worldly mirth  
and follow we this joyous birth:

*Transeamus.*

*Words: 15<sup>th</sup> C. English*

*Music: J. Joubert*

### THIRD READING

¶ *read by the Provost.*

Mary's son is born in Bethlehem.

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 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, 3-7*

## 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 cradle till 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 take us to heaven to live with thee there.

*Words: anon.*

*Music: W. J. Kirkpatrick, arr. Willcocks*

## CAROL

The holly and the ivy,  
when they are both full grown,  
of all the trees that are in the wood,  
the holly bears the crown:

*O the rising of the sun  
and the running of the deer,  
the playing of the merry organ,  
sweet singing in the choir.*

The holly bears a blossom,  
as white as any flower,  
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
to be our sweet Saviour:

The holly bears a berry,  
as red as any blood,  
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
to do poor sinners good:

The holly bears a prickle,  
as sharp as any thorn,  
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
on Christmas Day in the morn:

The holly bears a bark,  
as bitter as any gall,  
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
for to redeem us all.

*Words: English trad.*

*Music: French trad. arr. J. Nixon*

## CONGREGATIONAL HYMN

¶ *All stand as the organ introduction is played.*

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 power  
when we were gone astray:  
*O tidings of comfort and joy.*

*Choir*

From God our heavenly 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:

*All*

*O tidings of comfort and joy.*

The shepherds at those tidings  
rejoicèd much in mind,  
and left their flocks a-feeding  
in tempest, storm, and wind,  
and went to Bethlehem straightway  
this blessèd Babe to find:  
*O tidings of comfort and joy.*

*Choir*

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:

*All*

*O tidings of comfort and joy.*

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 of comfort and joy.*

¶ *All sit.*

## FOURTH READING

¶ *read by Phoebe Day.*

In her poem 'Christmas Eve' Christina Rossetti invites the whole creation to celebrate the birth of Christ.

Christmas hath darkness  
Brighter than the blazing noon,  
Christmas hath a chillness  
Warmer than the heat of June,  
Christmas hath a beauty  
Lovelier than the world can show:  
For Christmas bringeth Jesus,  
Brought for us so low.

Earth, strike up your music,  
Birds that sing and bells that ring;  
Heaven hath answering music  
For all Angels soon to sing:  
Earth, put on your whitest  
Bridal robe of spotless snow:  
For Christmas bringeth Jesus,  
Brought for us so low.

## 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: anon.*

*Music: Bob Chilcott*



## CAROL

O holy night! The stars are brightly shining,  
it is the night of our dear Saviour's birth.  
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,  
till he appear'd and the soul felt its worth.  
A thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices,  
for yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.  
Fall on your knees! O hear the angel voices!  
O night divine, O night when Christ was born;  
O night divine, O night, O night Divine.

Led by the light of Faith serenely beaming,  
with glowing hearts by his cradle we stand.  
So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,  
here come the wise men from the Orient land.  
The King of Kings lay thus in lowly manger;  
in all our trials born to be our friend.  
He knows our need, to our weaknesses no stranger,  
behold your King, before him lowly bend;  
behold your King, before him lowly bend.

Truly he taught us to love one another;  
his law is love and his gospel is peace.  
Chains shall he break for the slave is our brother;  
and in his name all oppression shall cease.  
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,  
let all within us praise his holy name.  
Christ is the Lord! Then ever, ever praise we,  
his power and glory evermore proclaim;  
his power and glory evermore proclaim.

## FIFTH READING

¶ *read by Emily Hillan.*

The story of the magi and their gifts is told in Christopher Pilling's poem 'The Meeting Place'.

It was the arrival of the kings  
that caught us unawares;  
we'd looked in on the woman in the barn,  
curiosity you could call it,  
something to do on a cold winter's night;  
we'd wished her well –  
that was the best we could do, she was in pain,  
and the next thing we knew  
she was lying on the straw  
- the little there was of it –  
and there was this baby in her arms.

It was, as I say, the kings  
that caught us unawares....  
Women have babies every other day,  
not that we are there –  
let's call it a common occurrence though,  
giving birth. But kings  
appearing in a stable with a  
'Is this the place?' and kneeling,  
each with his gift held out towards the child!

They didn't even notice us.  
Their robes trailed on the floor,  
rich, lined robes that money couldn't buy.  
What must this child be  
to bring kings from distant lands  
with costly incense and gold?  
what would a tiny baby make of that?

And what were we to make of  
was it angels falling through the air,  
entwined and falling as if from the rafters  
to where the gaze of the kings met the child's  
- assuming the child could see?

What would the mother do with the gifts?  
What would become of the child?  
And we'll never admit there are angels

or that somewhere between  
one man's eyes and another's  
is a holy place, a space where a king could be  
at one with a naked child,  
at one with an astonished soldier.

## CAROL

We three kings of Orient are;  
bearing gifts we traverse afar,  
field and fountain, moor and mountain,  
following yonder star

*O star of wonder, star of night,  
star with royal beauty bright,  
westward leading, still proceeding,  
guide us to thy perfect light.*

Born a King on Bethlehem plain,  
gold I bring to crown him again,  
King forever, ceasing never,  
over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I,  
incense owns a Deity nigh;  
prayer and praising, all men raising,  
worship him God most high.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume  
breathes a life of gathering gloom;  
sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,  
sealed in the stone cold tomb.

Glorious now behold him arise,  
King and God and sacrifice;  
Heaven sings alleluya,  
alleluya the earth replies.

*Words: J. H. Hopkins*

*Music: Hopkins; arr. M. Neary*

## CAROL

Night has come to Bethlehem,  
The family is asleep,  
Exhausted by the wonders seen,  
The news outrageous, deep.  
'That I may come and worship him.'

Ox and ass have closed their eyes,  
Their ears now hear no sound.  
Shepherds have gone back to their flocks,  
The mouse still noses around.  
'That I may come and worship him.'

Kings have left for their distant lands,  
Fractious camels moan.  
At a desert spring they make their farewells.  
'It's a mighty way to home!'  
'That I may come and worship him.'

Later that night their heads are filled  
With a dream-drenched holy ray.  
'Do not return to Herod the king,  
Go back another way.'  
'That I may come and worship him.'

And so our Christ is saved from death  
His mission to complete  
To change the world by selfless love  
Satan's legions to beat.

*Words: The Magi's Dream: R. Tear*

*Music: J. Whitbourn*

## SIXTH READING

¶ *read by Hrutvik Kanabar.*

Joseph, Mary and Jesus flee as refugees to Egypt.

And when they 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

Jerusalem rejos for joy:  
Jesus, the sterne of most beauty,  
in thee is rissin as richtous roy,  
fro dirkness to illumine thee.  
With glorious sound of angel glee  
thy prince is born in Bethlehem  
which sall thee mak of thrall-dome free:  
*Illuminare Jerusalem.*

With angellis licht in legionis  
thou art illuminit all about.  
Three kingis of strange regionis  
to thee are cumin with lusty rout.  
All drest with dyamantis,  
reverst with gold in every hem,  
sounding attonis with a shout:  
*Illuminare Jerusalem.*

The regeand tyrant that in thee rang,  
Herod, is exileit and his offspring,  
The land of Juda that josit wrang,  
and rissin is now thy richtous king.  
Wo he so mychtie is and digne,  
when men his glorious name does nem heaven,  
heaven erd and hell makis inclining:  
*Illuminare Jerusalem.*

Words: anon., 15<sup>th</sup> C.

Music: J. Weir

## 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'.*

¶ *All stand.*



## SEVENTH READING

¶ *read by the Dean.*

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 remain standing.*

## MOTET AND BLESSING

¶ *While the Choir sings the motet, the Dean processes to the High Altar.*

O magnum mysterium  
et admirabile sacramentum,  
ut animalia viderent Dominum  
natum iacentem in praeseptio.  
O Beata Virgo, cuius viscera  
meruerunt portare  
Dominum Iesum Christum.  
Alleluia.

*O wondrous mystery and  
sacrament worthy to adore,  
that the beasts behold the Lord  
incarnate lying in a manger.  
O most blessed virgin, whose  
body was deemed worthy to bear  
the Lord Jesus Christ. Alleluia.*

*Words: Responsory for Christmas Day*

*Music: M. Lauridsen*

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.

## CONGREGATIONAL HYMN

¶ *Sung by all, standing. In verses 1 and 2 the first two lines of the refrain are sung by upper voices only.*

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.*

¶ *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.5 Once in Royal: words, C. F. Alexander; melody, H. J. Gauntlett, harm. Gauntlett and A. H. Mann; desc. S. Cleobury. Novello.
- p.8 Sussex Carol: Oxford University Press.
- p.11 Gabriel's Message: University Carol Book; Freeman.
- p.12 A spotless rose: Stainer and Bell.
- p.16 The Linden Tree: transl. K. Hindenlang.
- p.19 Away in a manger: OUP.
- p.20 The holly and the ivy: Encore Publications.
- p.21 God rest ye merry: English trad., arr. D. Willcocks. OUP.
- p.24 The Shepherd's Carol: OUP.
- p.28 We three kings: Encore Publications.
- p.31 Illuminare: Novello.
- p.34 O magnum mysterium: Southern Music Publishing Co. Inc.
- p.35 O come all ye faithful: Adeste fideles, transl. F. Oakley.  
Music: J. F. Wade (melody), arr. Willcocks. OUP.

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

## BECOMING A CHORISTER AT KING'S

If you know a boy in school year 2, 3 or 4 who likes singing and enjoys music, do please consider contacting the Choir Office to learn more about becoming a chorister here.

[choir@kings.cam.ac.uk](mailto:choir@kings.cam.ac.uk) or 01223 331224.

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