

CAROLS FROM
KING'S

Friday 13 December, 2024

3.00 pm

King's College Chapel
Cambridge



DEAN

The Revd Dr Stephen Cherry

DIRECTOR *of* MUSIC

Daniel Hyde

CHAPLAIN

The Revd Dr Mary Kells

CHAPEL MANAGER

Emily Lyons

ASSISTING ORGANIST

Harrison Cole

PRODUCER

Simon Lole

DIRECTOR

Marcus Viner

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

Catherine Stirk

B B C 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 6.00 pm, and repeated there at 8.00 am on Christmas Day.

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

We dedicate this year's *Carols from King's* to the memory of James Whitbourn (1963–2024). James was an Executive Producer on the programme for over three decades, and his close relationship with King's College Choir and its Directors of Music played a crucial role in the ongoing success and development of the programme. James died earlier this year after a dignified and determined battle with cancer. One of James' own compositions can be heard following the fourth reading, and his creative instincts live on in the shape of the service as it is today.

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 κC

verse 6 arr. Philip Ledger κC

BIDDING

Dean THE BIRTH of the Christ child brings joy to the world. It is a sign of hope to the despairing; it is eternal, radiant light, piercing the deepest darkness of this wintry world.

Christians speak about Jesus as Messiah, as Lord, and King of Kings, but the power of the story, the true grace of God, is found in its details: the angel's message to Mary, her proclamation of praise and justice, her labour and Jesus' birth in the stable, the visits of shepherds and magi.

Let us remember before God the painful reality of ongoing conflict, the fears that we hold for the future, and the suffering of countless people across the world today, and, as we make this Chapel glad with our carols of praise, we bring to mind the region where Jesus lived and place where he was born.

§ *All sit.*

CAROL

UNTO you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour,
which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign to
you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling
clothes, and lying in a manger.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is giv'n!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heav'n.
No ear may hear his coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Luke 2.11–12
& *Phillips Brooks*

Henry Walford Davies
Oxford University Press

FIRST READING

Love Came Down at Christmas, by Christina Rossetti.

LOVE came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love divine;
Love was born at Christmas;
Star and Angels gave the sign.

Worship we the Godhead,
Love Incarnate, Love Divine;
Worship we our Jesus,
but wherewith for sacred sign?

Love shall be our token;
Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and [others],
Love for plea and gift and sign.

Christina Rossetti
Penguin Classics

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.'

English Traditional

English Traditional
arr. *Ralph Vaughan Williams*
Oxford University Press

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 blessed 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 all the world will ever say:
'Most highly favoured lady.' *Gloria!*

Sabine Baring-Gould

Basque Carol
arr. *David Willcocks* KC
Oxford University Press

SECOND READING

The Annunciation, by Edwin Muir.

THE ANGEL and the girl are met
Earth was the only meeting place.
For the embodied never yet
Travelled beyond the shore of space.
The eternal spirits in freedom go.

See, they have come together, see,
While the destroying minutes flow,
Each reflects the other's face
Till heaven in hers and earth in his
Shine steady there. He's come to her
From far beyond the farthest star,
Feathered through time. Immediacy
Of strangest strangeness is the bliss
That from their limbs all movement takes.
Yet the increasing rapture brings
So great a wonder that it makes
Each feather tremble on his wings

Outside the window footsteps fall
Into the ordinary day
And with the sun along the wall
Pursue their unreturning way
Sound's perpetual roundabout
Rolls its numbered octaves out
And hoarsely grinds its battered tune

But through the endless afternoon
These neither speak nor movement make.
But stare into their deepening trance
As if their gaze would never break.

Edwin Muir
Faber & Faber Ltd

CAROL

Ave, maris stella,
Dei mater alma,
atque semper virgo,
Felix cæli porta.

Solve vincla reis,
profer lumen cæcis,
mala nostra pelle,
bona cuncta posce.

Vitam præsta puram,
iter para tutum,
ut videntes Jesum
semper collætémur.

Sit laus Deo Patri,
summo Christo decus,
Spiritui Sancto
tribus honor unus.
Amen.

anon., 9th-century Latin

*Hail, star of the sea,
nurturing Mother of God,
and ever Virgin
happy gate of heaven.*

*Loosen the chains of the guilty,
send forth light to the blind,
our evil do thou dispel,
entreat for us all good things.*

*Bestow a pure life,
prepare a safe way:
that, seeing Jesus,
we may ever rejoice.*

*Praise be to God the Father,
to the Most High Christ be glory,
to the Holy Spirit
be honour to the Three equally.
Amen.*

Edvard Grieg
Oxford University Press

§ *All stand.*

HYMN



IT CAME upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
'Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heav'n's all-gracious King!'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hov'ring wing;
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hast'ning on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund Hamilton Sears

'Noel'
adapt. *Arthur Sullivan*
verse 4 arr. *John Scott*
Oxford University Press

§ *All sit.*

THIRD READING

Mary visits Elisabeth.

AND 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 leapt 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 leapt in my womb for joy. And blessed is she that believed.

Luke 1.39–45

FOURTH READING

MY soul doth magnify the Lord; And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he hath regarded the lowliness of his hand-maiden; for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he that is mighty hath magnified me : and holy is his Name. And his mercy is on them that fear him : throughout all generations. 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 seat : and hath exalted the humble and meek. He hath filled the hungry with good things : and the rich he hath sent empty away. He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel; As he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed for ever.

Thanks be to God.

Luke 1.46–55

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
trans. *John Mason Neale*

arr. *James Whitbourn*
Chester Music Ltd

CAROL

COME all you faithful Christians
That dwell here on earth,
Come celebrate the morning
Of our dear Saviour's birth.
This is the happy morning,
This is the blessed morn:
To save our souls from ruin,
The Son of God was born.

Behold the angel Gabriel,
In Scripture it is said,
Did with his holy message
Come to the virgin maid:
'Hail, blest among all women!'
He thus did greet her then,
'Lo, thou shalt be the mother
Of the Saviour of all men.'

Her time being accomplished,
She came to Bethlehem,
And then was safe delivered
Of the Saviour of all men.
No princely pomp attended him,
His honours were but small;
A manger was his cradle,
His bed an ox's stall.

Now to him that is ascended
Let all our praises be;
May we his steps then follow,
And he our pattern be;
So when our lives are ended,
We all may hear him call—
'Come, souls, receive the kingdom,
Prepared for you all.'

English Traditional

English Traditional
arr. *Christopher Robinson*
Novello & Co. Ltd

FIFTH READING

Travail, by June M Schulte.

THE YOUNG woman trembles.
Every inmost part of her is
shaken, all comfort broken.
Her hand gropes for something firm to grasp.
but all that was certain has become
obscure, all encompassing,
racked with pain.
Scarcely able to catch her breath,
she feels each wave larger, more
frightening than the last.
And the great wave breaks over her,
she is broken,
momentarily forgetting what she accepted,
what love she bears,
yet choosing to believe when all seems lost.

Suddenly and completely
she, still bathed in sweat,
enfolds love in her arms,
knows joy as one victorious,
sees clearly as one who has been
stretched and changed,
that peace is always
born of travail.

June M. Schulte
Morehouse Publishing

CAROL

*Nowell sing we now all and some,
For Rex pacificus is come.*

the king of peace

IN BETHLEHEM in that fair city,
A child was born of a maiden free;
That shall a lord and princè be;

A solis ortus cardine.

from the point of sunrise

Nowell sing we &c.

Children were slain in full great plenty,
Jesus, for the love of thee;
Wherefore their soulès savèd be;

Hostis Herodis impie.

Herod, ungodly enemy

Nowell sing we &c.

As the sunnè shineth through the glass,
So Jesu in his mother was;
Thee to servè now grant us grace;

O lux beata Trinitas.

O Trinity of blessed light

Nowell sing we &c.

Now God is comen to worshipen us;
Now of Mary is born Jesus;
Make we merry amongès us;

Exultet cœlum laudibus.

Let the sky exult with praises

Nowell sing we &c.

*anon., 15th-century English
trans. Rosanna Omitowaju KC*

Elizabeth Maconchy

§ *All stand.*

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 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.
adapt. *William Hayman Cummings*

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
verse 3 arr. *David Willcocks* KC
Oxford University Press

§ *All sit.*

SIXTH READING

A Christmas Carol, by G.K. Chesterton.

THE CHRIST-CHILD lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light.
(O weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's breast,
His hair was like a star.
(O stern and cunning are the kings,
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's heart,
His hair was like a fire.
(O weary, weary is the world,
But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown.
And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton
J.M. Dent and Sons Ltd

CAROL

BORN in a stable so bare,
Born so long ago;
Born 'neath light of star
He who loved us so.

*Far away silent He lay,
Born today, your homage pay,
For Christ is born for aye,
Born on Christmas Day.*

Cradled by mother so fair,
Tender her lullaby;
Over her son so dear
Angel hosts fill the sky.

Far away &c.

Wise men from distant far land,
Shepherds from starry hills
Worship this babe so rare,
Hearts with his warmth he fills.

Far away &c.

Love in that stable was born
Into our hearts to flow;
Innocent dreaming babe,
Make me thy love to know.

Far away &c.

John Rutter

John Rutter
Oxford University Press

CAROL

LULLAY, dear Jesus, my heart's only treasure;
Lullay, my darling, my life's sweetest pleasure.

*Lullay, dear Jesus, oh lullay, stop grieving,
Mother will comfort thee, thy pain relieving.*

Shut now thine eyelids, so weary from weeping;
I'll cool thy fevered lips while thou art sleeping.

Lullay, dear Jesus &c.

'Lulajże, Jezuniu'
17th-century Polish
trans. *Jan Śliwiński*

Arnold Bax
Banks Publications

SEVENTH READING

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

HYMN

§ *All stand.*



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'nly 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

Traditional English
arr. *David Willcocks* κC
Oxford University Press

§ *All sit.*

CAROL

O HOLY night! the stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth;
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
Till he appeared, 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!

Oh, 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 came 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,

He guardeth us from danger;

Behold your King! Before the Lowly bend!

Behold your King! Before the Lowly bend!

Cappeau de Roquemaure
trans. *John Sullivan Dwight*

Adolphe Adam
arr. *John Ebenezer West*
Novello & Co. Ltd

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?
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
And what was in those ships all three?
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Our Saviour Christ and his lady,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
Our Saviour Christ and his lady,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Pray, whither sailed those ships all three?
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
Pray, whither sailed those ships all three?
On Christmas Day in the morning.

O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
O, they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring, (*Ding-dong! Ding-dong!*)
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the angels in heav'n shall sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
And all the angels in heav'n shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

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

Traditional English

Traditional English
arr. *Simon Preston* KC
Novello & Co. Ltd

EIGHTH 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

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 &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
trans. *Frederick Oakley,*
William Thomas Brooke et al.

'Adeste, fideles'
John Francis Wade
arr. *David Willcocks* ⌵
Oxford University Press

PRAYER & BLESSING

Dean INSPIRE us, O God,
to have compassion for the suffering,
to seek justice for the oppressed,
 the exploited, and the abused,
to engage kindly with friends,
 neighbours, strangers and enemies,
and to follow the example of your son,
our saviour, Jesus Christ.

All Amen.

Dean MAY God's gift of love bring you healing and joy;
may God's gift of joy lead you to gentleness and grace;
may God's gift of grace grow in you as peace and love;
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.*

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 watch me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.

anon., 19th century

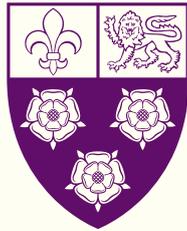
William James Kirkpatrick
arr. *David Hill*
Novello & Co. Ltd

§ *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.*

* * *



KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
MMXXIV