Gonville & Caius College Chapel

First Christmas Carol Service

Wednesday, 1st December 2021
Welcome to this Christmas Carol Service.

Please join in with the congregational Responses (in **bold type**), the Lord’s Prayer and the Carols: There will be no announcements during the service.

You are welcome to take this order of service away with you.

There will be a retiring Collection at the end of this service for Jimmy’s Night Shelter
Open 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, Jimmy’s is the only emergency accommodation provider in Cambridge. They offer a warm, welcoming environment to 20 men and women (and two dogs) who would otherwise be forced to sleep rough or in inappropriate or inadequate conditions. At Jimmy’s, confidence and self-esteem can be regained, new relationships can be forged and plans for a new future can be made.

Organ voluntaries

- *Prelude in C major* BWV 547 J. S. Bach
- *Puer natus in Bethlehem* BWV 603 J. S. Bach
- *Offertoire sur Deux Noëls* Alexandre Guilmant
- *Prelude on ‘Irby’* David Willcocks

The service begins in darkness.

Cover image:
The Nativity, Anon. c. 1400 Austria
Please stand for the Processional Carol.

**PROCESSIONAL CAROL** *(sung by All; Choir only vv. 1 & 2)*

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.

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.

Text: C. F. Alexander (1818-95)
Kneel at the words ‘Let us pray’.

BIDDING PRAYER & LORD’S PRAYER

The Bidding Prayer ends with these words:
These prayers and praises let us humbly offer up to the throne of heaven, in the words which Christ himself hath taught us:

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy name;  
thy kingdom come;  
thy will be done;  
on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
as we forgive those who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation;  
but deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom,  
the power and the glory,  
for ever and ever. Amen.

The Dean says  
The almighty God bless us with his grace:  
Christ give us the joys of everlasting life;  
and unto the fellowship of the citizens above may the King of Angels bring us all. Amen.

Sit
CHOIR  This is the truth sent from above

This is the truth sent from above,
The truth of God, the God of love,
Therefore don’t turn me from your door,
But hearken all both rich and poor.

The first thing which I do relate
Is that God did man create;
The next thing which to you I’ll tell,
Woman was made with man to dwell.

Thus we were heirs to endless woes,
Till God the Lord did interpose;
And so a promise soon did run
That he would redeem us by his Son.

And at that season of the year
Our blest Redeemer did appear,
He here did live, and here did preach,
And many thousands he did teach.

Thus he in love to us behaved,
To show us how we must be saved;
And if you want to know the way,
Be pleased to hear what he did say.

Trad. arr. Christopher Robinson

1st LESSON  Isaiah 9 Christ’s Birth and Kingdom are Foretold
CHOIR  The holly and the ivy

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown,

O, the rising of the sun,
The running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

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,

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown,

Trad. arr. June Nixon

2nd LESSON  Luke 1 The Annunciation
Vidi speciosam sicut columbam ascendentem de super rivos aquarum,
Cujus in aestimabilis odor erat, nimis in vestimentis ejus:
Et sicut dies verni, flores rosarum, circumdabant eam, et lilia convallium.
Quae est ista quae ascendit per desertum, sicut virgula fumi, ex aromatibus myrrhae et thuris?
Et sicut dies verni circumdabant eam flores rosarum et lilia convallium.

I saw the fair one rising like a dove above the streams of water:
whose priceless fragrance clung to her garments.
And like a spring day, roses and lilies of the valley were all about her.

Who is she who rises across the wilderness, like a column of smoke
Scented with myrrh and frankincense?
And like a spring day, roses and lilies of the valley were all about her.

Music: Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)
CAROL (sung by All)

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, goodwill to men,
    From heaven’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 heavenly music floats
    O’er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
    They bend on hovering 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 hastening 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.

Text: E. H. Sears (1810-76)
Music: Trad. English melody adapted Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)
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.'

Trad. arr. David Willcocks
CAROL (sung by All: v. 3 Choir only)

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.

O morning stars, together
   Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
   And peace to men on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary;
   And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
   Their watch of wondering love.

How silenly, how silenly,
   The wondrous Gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
   The blessings of his heaven.
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.

Text: Bishop Phillip Brooks
Music: English trad., arr. R. Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
Descant: Thomas Armstrong
4th LESSON  Luke 2 The Shepherds go to the Manger

CHOIR  Jesus Christ the apple tree

The tree of life my soul hath seen,
Laden with fruit and always green:
The trees of nature fruitless be
Compared with Christ the apple tree.

His beauty doth all things excel:
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell
The glory which I now can see
In Jesus Christ the apple tree.

For happiness I long have sought,
And pleasure dearly I have bought:
I missed of all; but now I see
'Tis found in Christ the apple tree.

I'm weary with my former toil
Here I will sit and rest a while
Under the shadow I will be
Of Jesus Christ the apple tree.

This fruit does make my soul to thrive,
It keeps my dying faith alive;
Which makes my soul in haste to be
With Jesus Christ the apple tree.

Text: from Divine Hymns by Joshua Smith
Music: Elizabeth Poston (1905-87)

5th LESSON  Matthew 2 Wise Men are led by a Star

Stand
CAROL (sung by All)

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.

Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Thronged the air,
But only His mother
In her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the Beloved with a kiss.

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.

Text Christina Rossetti (1830-94)
Music: Gustav Holst (1874-1934)
Remain standing

6th LESSON   John 1 The Mystery of the Incarnation

Sit

CHOIR   Personet hodie

Personent hodie
Voces puerulae,
Laudantes jucunde
Qui nobis est natus,
Summo Deo datus,
Et de virgineo
Ventre procreatus.

Today must resound,
Children's voices,
Praising delightfully,
He who is born to us,
Given by most high God,
And of a virgin,
Womb begotten.

In mundo nascitur,
Pannis involvitur,
Praesepi ponitur
Praesepi ponitur
Et de virgineo
Ventre procreatus.

Born into the world,
Wrapped in swaddling clothes,
Placed in a manger,
In a stable for animals,
The Master of the heavens,
Rescued the spoils,
Of the Prince of Hell.

Magi tres venerunt,
Parvum inquirunt,
Bethlehem adeunt,
Stellulam sequendo,
Ipsum adorando,
Aurum, thus, et myrrham
Ei offerendo.

The three Magi came,
To offer gifts,
Inquiring for the Little One,
Following after a star,
They adored Him,
Gold, frankincense and myrrh,
They offered to Him.

Omnes clericuli,
Pariter pueri,
Cantent ut angeli:
Advenisti mundo,
Laudes tibi fundo.
Ideo gloria
In excelsis Deo.

All the small shepherds,
As if they were children,
Sang with the Angels:
"You have come to the world,
Praise to Thee be given,
Therefore: Glory
To God in the highest"

Text: Piae Cantiones (1582)
Music: Trad. German, arr. Gustav Holst (1874-1934)
PRAYERS & COLLECT FOR CHRISTMAS

The Lord be with you.
And with thy spirit
Let us pray.

Kneel

The people who walked in darkness
Have seen a great light
Glory to God in the highest
And peace to his people on earth

Prayers follow, ending with the

COLLECT FOR CHRISTMAS

Almighty God,
who hast wonderfully created us in thine own image
and hast yet more wonderfully restored us
through thy Son Jesus Christ:
grant that, as he came to share in our humanity,
so we may share the life of his divinity;
who liveth and reigneth with thee,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever. Amen.

Stand
CAROL (sung by All)

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:

Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the Highest.

Text: 18th Century Latin, trans. Frederick Oakeley (1820-80)
Music: arr. David Willcocks
Descant: Christopher Robinson

Remain standing for The Blessing

Organ voluntary
In dulci jubilo (729) J. S. Bach (1685-1750)