

NEW COLLEGE CHAPEL



A Service of Readings and Music
for the Season of Christmas

Saturday 5th December 2020

Sunday 6th December 2020

17.45

READERS

Saturday 5th December

*Andrew Counter, Fellow
Bronwen Mills, Choir Singing Teacher
Guy Lockwood, Graduate Student
Edmund Visintin, Chorister
Katie McKeogh, Junior Fellow
Bradley Hoover, Chapel Graduate Scholar
Susan Bridge, Associate Chaplain*

Sunday 6th December

*Miles Young, Warden
David Parrott, Precentor
Carolyn Gluchowski, Graduate Student
Adam Ellis, Chorister
Anna Blomley, Junior Fellow
Matthew Jenkinson, NCS Headmaster
Erica Longfellow, Dean of Divinity*

MUSICIANS

*Robert Quinney, Organist
Dónal McCann, Assistant Organist
Hamish Fraser, Senior Organ Scholar
Jamie Andrews, Junior Organ Scholar*

Madonna Mary

Hair like shadows,
Mouth a cherry,
Sandal-shod
Madonna Mary
Wore God's child—
A white rose pressed,
Petal and thorn,
To her young breast.
Miracle
That angels hailed,
That a wondering new star
Trailed;
Mystery
Beyond the ken
Of the Orient's
Three wise men. . . .
Petal and thorn . . .
A flower to toss
From a mother's arms
To a cross . . . to a cross.

Ethel Romig Fuller (1883-1965)

ORGAN MUSIC BEFORE THE SERVICE

Olivier Messiaen* (1902–92) *1. La vierge et l'enfant*

Dieterich Buxtehude (1637-1707) – *In dulci jubilo, BuxWV 197*

Olivier Messiaen* *2. Les bergers*

HF

J.S. Bach (1685–1750) *Vom himmel hoch da komm ich her, BWV 606*

Olivier Messiaen* *6. Les anges*

DM

J.S. Bach (1685–1750) *In dulci jubilo, BWV 729*

Olivier Messiaen* *Desseins éternels*

JA

*each piece by Messiaen is taken from *La Nativité du Seigneur*

ORDER OF SERVICE

The congregation remains seated as the choir sings the hymn:

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:

While thus they sing your monarch,
Those bright angelic bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains,
Ye oceans, clap your hands:

Since all he comes to ransom,
By all be he adored,
The infant born in Bethl'em,
The Saviour and the Lord:

And idol forms shall perish,
And error shall decay,
And Christ shall wield his sceptre,

Our Lord and God for ay:

Germanus (c.634-c.734)
trans. J.M. Neale (1818-1866)

All stand for the introduction and bidding prayer.

Chaplain Since Christ the Light of the World has come to dispel the darkness of our hearts and lives: grace be with you, and peace, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

All **And with your spirit.**

Chaplain Beloved in Christ, be it this Christmastide our care and delight to hear again the message of the angels, and in heart and mind to go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, and the babe lying in a manger.

Therefore let us read and mark in holy scripture the tale of the loving purposes of God from the first days of our disobedience unto the glorious redemption brought us by this holy child.

But first, let us pray for the needs of the whole world; for peace on earth and goodwill among all his people; for unity and fellowship within the church he came to build, and especially in this city and diocese of Oxford, and in this university and college.

And because this of all things would rejoice his heart, let us remember, in his name, the poor and helpless, the cold, the hungry and the oppressed; the sick and them that mourn, the lonely and the unloved, the aged and the little children; all those who know not the Lord Jesus, or who love him not, or who by sin have grieved his heart of love.

Lastly, let us remember before God all those who rejoice with us, but upon another shore, and in a greater light, that multitude which no one can number, whose hope was

in the word made flesh, and with whom in the Lord Jesus we are for ever one.

These prayers and praises let us humbly offer up to the throne of heaven, in the words which Christ himself hath taught us:

Chaplain Our Father,
All which 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 them that 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.

Chaplain May 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.
All Amen.

All sit.

HYMN

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 silently, how silently,
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.

SECOND READING

A child has been born for us

Isaiah 9. 2-3, 6-7

CAROL

Boris Ord (1897-1961)

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 clerkès finden
Written in their book.

Nè had the apple taken been,
The apple taken been,
Ne had never our lady
Abeen heavenè queen.

Blessèd be the time
That apple taken was,
Therefore we moun singen,
Deo gracias!

Fifteenth-century English

SECOND READING

God's people are comforted

Isaiah 40. 1-5

MOTET

Orlande de Lassus (c.1532-1594)

Resonet in laudibus
cum jucundis plausibus
Sion cum fidelibus:
apparuit quem genuit Maria.

Sunt impleta quae predixit Gabriel.
Eya, eya, Virgo Deum genuit
quem divina voluit clementia.

Hodie apparuit in Israel:
Ex Maria Virgine est natus Rex.
Magnum nomen Domini Emmanuel
quod annuntiatum est per Gabriel.

*Let praises resound
with joyous acclaim:
To Sion's faithful
the child born of Mary has appeared.*

*What Gabriel foretold has been fulfilled.
Eia, a Virgin bore God,
As the divine mercy willed.*

*Today he has appeared in Israel:
From the Virgin Mary is born a king.
Great is the name of the Lord Emmanuel,
As was announced by Gabriel.*

Fourteenth century

THIRD READING

An angel visits Joseph

Matthew 1. 18-23

CAROL

Nowell sing we, both all and some
Now Rex pacificus is come

The king of peace

Ex ortum est in love and lysse,
Now Christ his grace he *gan us gysse,*
And with his body bought us bliss,
Both all and some.

He sprang up; delight
began; guide

De fructu ventris of Mary bright,
Both God and man in her alight,
Out of *disease* he did us *dight,*
Both all and some.

fruit of the womb

distress; put

Puer natus to us was sent
To bliss us bought, fro *bale us blent,*
And else to woe we had y-went,
Both all and some.

a child is born

evil; hid

Lux fulgebit with love and light
In Mary mild his pennon *pight*
In her took kind with many might.
Both all and some.

a light will shine

places

Gloria tibi ay and bliss,
God unto his grace he us *wysse,*
The rent of heaven that we not miss.
Both all and some.

glory to thee

guides

Fifteenth-century English

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, 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 blessed 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.

Edmund Sears (1810-1876)

FOURTH READING

Luke 2. 1-7

The Birth of Jesus

CAROL

John Joubert (1927-2019)

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.

Fifteenth-century English

I sing of a maiden
That is makeless.
King of all kings
To her son she ches.

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

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

He came all so still,
Where 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
God's mother be.

Fifteenth-century English

The shepherds and the angels

CAROL

*H. K. Andrews (1904-1965)
Organist of New College, 1938-1956*

Before dawn

Dim-berried is the mistletoe
With globes of sheenless grey;
The holly 'mid ten thousand thorns
Smoulders its fires away,
And in the manger Jesu sleeps
This Christmas Day.

Now night is astir with burning stars
In darkness of the snow;
Burdened with frankincense and myrrh
And gold the Strangers go
Into a dusk where one dim lamp
Burns faintly, Lo!

No snowdrop yet its small head nods
In winds of winter drear;
No lark at casement in the sky
Sings matins shrill and clear;
Yet in this frozen mirk the Dawn
Breathes, Spring is here!

Walter de la Mare (1873-1958)

In the bleak midwinter
 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 midwinter,
 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 midwinter
 A stable place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty,
 Jesus Christ.

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.

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

SIXTH READING

Matthew 2. 1-12

The visit of the wise men

CAROL

Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

Here is the little door, lift up the latch, O lift!
We need not wander more but enter with our gift;
Our gift of finest gold,
Gold that was never bought nor sold;
Myrrh to be strewn about his bed;
Incense in clouds about his head;
All for the Child that stirs not in his sleep,
But holy slumber holds with ass and sheep.

Bend low about his bed, for each he has a gift;
See how his eyes awake, lift up your hands, O lift!
For gold, he gives a keen-edged sword
(Defend with it thy little Lord!)
For incense, smoke of battle red:
Myrrh for the honoured happy dead;
Gifts for his children terrible and sweet,
Touched by such tiny hands and O such tiny feet.

Frances Chesterton (1875-1938)

All stand for the reading.

SEVENTH READING

John 1. 1-14

The Word became flesh

All sit.

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:

See how the shepherds,
Summoned to his cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;
We too will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps:
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:

PRAYER & BLESSING

Chaplain Almighty and everliving God, you have given us a new revelation of your love in the coming of your son, Jesus Christ, to be born of the Virgin Mary. Grant that as he shared our mortality, so we may share his eternity in the glory of your kingdom; where he lives and reigns for ever and ever.

All **Amen.**

Chaplain 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 upon you and remain with you always.

All **Amen.**

Chaplain As we go forth in peace may our lives reveal God's Word made flesh.

All **Thanks be to God.**

HYMN

Of the Father's heart begotten,
Ere the world from chaos rose,
He is Alpha: from that fountain
All that is and hath been flows;
He is Omega, of all things
Yet to come the mystic close,
Evermore and evermore.

By his Word was all created
He commanded and 'twas done;
Earth and sky and boundless ocean,
Universe of three in one,
All that sees the moon's soft radiance,
All that breathes beneath the sun,
Evermore and evermore.

He assumed this mortal body,
Frail and feeble, doomed to die,

That the race from dust created
Might not perish utterly,
Which the dreadful law had sentenced
In the depths of hell to lie,
Evermore and evermore.

O how blest that wondrous birthday,
When the maid the curse retrieved,
Brought to birth mankind's salvation,
By the Holy Ghost conceived;
And the babe, the world's redeemer,
In her loving arms received,
Evermore and evermore.

This is he, whom seer and sibyl
Sang in ages long gone by;
This is he of old revealed
In the page of prophecy;
Lo! He comes, the promised saviour;
Let the world his praises cry!
Evermore and evermore.

Sing, ye heights of heaven, his praises;
Angels and archangels, sing!
Wheresoe'er ye be, ye faithful,
Let your joyous anthems ring;
Every tongue his name confessing,
Countless voices answering,
Evermore and evermore.

Prudentius (b. 348)
translated by R. F. Davis (1866-1937)

*The congregation stands as the clergy leave the chapel, then sits
for the organ voluntary.*

Olivier Messiaen (1902–92)

La Nativité du Seigneur – 9. Dieu parmi nous

DM

Please take this booklet away with you.