

CLARE COLLEGE CHAPEL



Epiphany Carol Service

Recorded for BBC Radio 3

Wednesday 4 January 2023

4.00 p.m.

The Introit is sung

Introit

Ich steh an deiner Krippen hier,
O Jesulein, mein Leben;
Ich komme, bring und schenke dir,
Was du mir hast gegeben.
Nimm hin! es ist mein Geist und Sinn,
Herz, Seel und Mut, nimm alles hin,
Und lass dir's wohlgefallen!

*I stand here beside thy manger,
oh, babe, Jesu, my life,
I come, bring and give to thee
that which thou hast given me.
Take it, it is my mind and spirit,
heart, soul and courage, take it all,
and may it please thee well.*

Words from *Weihnachtsoratorium* Music Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

Bidding

The Dean

concluding with

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.**

Hymn 52

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
with gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
kneel and adore Him: the Lord is His Name!

Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
high on His heart he will bear it for thee,
comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

Choir only

Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
for truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
these are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

All

These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear;
mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
trust for our trembling and hope for our fear.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness! bow
down before Him, His glory proclaim; with gold of
obedience, and incense of lowliness, kneel and adore
Him: the Lord is His Name!

Words John Samuel Benley Monsell (1811–75)

Music Was Lebet, *from a German manuscript Choral-Buch vor Johann Heinrich Reinhardt, 1754,*
arr. Graham Ross (1985–, Clare 2003, Director of Music)

Reading

Genesis 12: 1–9

In this reading from the Book of Genesis, chapter 12, God promises to Abraham that his blessing will one day extend to all people.

Now the Lord had said unto Abram,

‘Get thee out of thy country,
and from thy kindred,
and from thy father's house,
unto a land that I will show thee.
And I will make of thee a great nation,
and I will bless thee,
and make thy name great;
and thou shalt be a blessing.
And I will bless them that bless thee,
and curse him that curseth thee:
and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed.’

So Abram departed, as the Lord had spoken unto him; and Lot went with him: and Abram was seventy-and-five years old when he departed out of Haran.

And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran; and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came.

And Abram passed through the land unto the place of Sichem, unto the plain of Moreh. And the Canaanite was then in the land.

And the Lord appeared unto Abram, and said, ‘Unto thy seed will I give this land’, and there builded he an altar unto the Lord, who appeared unto him.

And he removed from thence unto a mountain on the east of Bethel, and pitched his tent, having Bethel on the west, and Ai on the east: and there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord.

And Abram journeyed, going on still toward the south.

Here ends the first reading.

Carol The Magi
Alleluia.
Dark winter, Judah's stony heights,
The journey long drawn out:
A strange sky, a star that lights
The way to restless doubt.

Royal gifts seem thin as air.
Yet Gold an offering king to king,
Frankincense a newer way of prayer,
And Myrrh a balm for death's sharp sting

Dark hours return, the ways are steep:
Long hours lost in thought unclear,
The Magi stumble, starless now, and half asleep,
Gone from their gods, another way, in fear.

Words from *Nicolas Dakin* (1949–)
Music *Cecilia McDowall* (1954–)

This carol was commissioned by Graham Ross and the Choir and receives its first performance today.

Reading Isaiah 60: 1–7

In this reading from the Book of Isaiah, chapter 60, Isaiah prophesies that kings shall come into God's light.

Arise, shine; for thy light is come,
and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.
For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth,
and gross darkness the people:
but the Lord shall arise upon thee,
and his glory shall be seen upon thee.
And the Gentiles shall come to thy light,
and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Lift up thine eyes round about, and see:
all they gather themselves together, they come to thee:
thy sons shall come from far,
and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.
Then thou shalt see, and be radiant,
and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged;
because the abundance of the sea shall be brought unto thee,
the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.

The multitude of camels shall cover thee,
the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah;
all they from Sheba shall come:
they shall bring gold and incense;
and they shall shew forth the praises of the Lord.
All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee,
the rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee:
they shall come up with acceptance on mine altar,
and I will glorify the house of my glory.

Here ends the second reading.

Anthem Twelfth Night

No night could be darker than this night, no cold so cold,
as the blood snaps like a wire
and the heart's sap stills,
and the year seems defeated.
O never again, it seems, can green things run, or sky birds fly,
or the grass exhale its humming breath powdered with pimpernels,
from this dark lung of winter.
Yet here are lessons from the final mile of pilgrim kings;
the mile still left when all have reached their tether's end: that mile
where the Child lies hid.
For see, beneath the hand, the earth already warms and glows;
for men with shepherd's eyes there are signs in the dark, the turning stars,
the lamb's returning time.
Out of this utter death he's born again,
his birth our Saviour;
from terror's equinox, he climbs and grows, drawing his finger's light across our
blood
— the sun of heaven and the son of God.

Words *Laurie Lee (1914–97)*
Music *Samuel Barber (1910–81)*

Reading Psalm 72: 10–15

In this reading from Psalm 72, the Psalmist describes how kings shall offer gifts to God.

The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents:
the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.
Yea, all kings shall fall down before him:
all nations shall serve him.
For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth;
the poor also, and him that hath no helper.
He shall spare the poor and needy,
and shall save the souls of the needy.
He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence:
and precious shall their blood be in his sight.
And he shall live,
and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:
prayer also shall be made for him continually;
and daily shall he be praised.

Here ends the third reading.

Anthem When Jesus, our Lord, was born in Bethlehem, in the land of Judea;
Behold, from the east to the city of Jerusalem there came wise men and said:
Say, where is he born, the king of Judea?
For we have seen his star,
And are come to adore him.

There shall a star from Jacob come forth, and a sceptre from Israel rise up.
And dash in pieces princes and nations.
As bright the star of morning gleams,
So Jesus sheddeth glorious beams
Of light and consolation!
Thy Word, O Lord,
Radiance darting, truth imparting,
Gives salvation;
Thine be praise and adoration!

Words *Matthew 2: 1–2; Numbers 24: 17; Psalm 2: 9; Anonymous*
Music from *Christus*, Felix Mendelssohn (1809–47)

Reading Matthew 2: 1–6
St Matthew relates the journey of the magi.

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.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, ‘In Bethlehem of Judaea: for thus it is written by the prophet,

And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah,
art not the least among the princes of Judah:
for out of thee shall come a Governor,
that shall rule my people Israel.’

Here ends the fourth reading.

Anthem Epiphany

Deep midwinter, the dark centre of the year,
Wake, O earth, awake.
Out on the hills, a star appears,
Wake, O earth, awake.
Here lies the way for pilgrim Kings,
Three Magi on an ancient path,
Black hours begin their journeyings.
Wake, O earth, awake.
Their star has risen in our hearts,
Empty thrones, abandoned fears,
Out on the hills their journey starts,
In dazzling darkness, God appears.

Words and Music *Judith Bingham (1952–)*

Reading Matthew 2: 7–12

St Matthew continues his account of the visit of the magi to the infant Christ.

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.

Here ends the fifth reading.

Carol Lute-book Lullaby

Sweet was the song the virgin sang,
when she to Bethlem Juda came,
and was delivered of a son,
that blessed Jesus hath to name.
Lulla, lulla lullaby.

“Sweet babe,” sang she, “my son,
and eke a saviour born,
who hast vouchsafed from on high
to visit us that were forlorn:
lulla, lulla lullaby, sweet babe,” sang she,
and rocked him sweetly on her knee.

Words *Anonymous, 17th century*
Music *Alexander L’Estrange (1974–)*

Reading

Revelation 7: 9–17

In the 7th chapter of the Book of Revelation, St John describes a vision of heaven, with all peoples worshipping the Lamb upon the throne.

After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.

And they cried with a loud voice, saying,

‘Salvation to our God which
sitteth upon the throne, and
unto the Lamb.’

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying,

‘Amen!
Blessing, and glory,
and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour,
and power, and might, be unto our God for
ever and ever. Amen!

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, ‘Who are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?’

And I said unto him, ‘Sir, thou knowest’.

And he said to me, ‘These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore:

they are before the throne of God,
and serve him day and night in his temple:
and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.
They shall hunger no more,
neither thirst any more;
neither shall the sun light on them,
nor any heat.
For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne
shall feed them,
and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters:
and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.’

Here ends the sixth reading.

Rejoice and be merry
 In songs and in mirth!
 O praise our Redeemer;
 All mortals on earth!
 For this is the birthday
 Of Jesus our King, Who
 brought us salvation, His
 praises we'll sing!

A heavenly vision
 Appeared in the sky;
 Vast numbers of angels
 The shepherds did spy,
 Proclaiming the birthday
 Of Jesus our King, Who
 brought us salvation, His
 praises we'll sing!

Likewise a bright star
 In the sky did appear,
 Which led the wise men
 From the East to draw near;
 They found the Messiah,
 Sweet Jesus our King,
 Who brought us salvation,
 His praises we'll sing!

And when they were come,
 they their treasures unfold,
 And unto him offered
 Myrrh, incense and gold.
 So blessed for ever
 Be Jesus our King,
 Who brought us salvation,
 His praises we'll sing!

Words *Anonymous, traditional* Music *John Gardner (1917–2011)*

All stand
 Hymn 55

Hail to the Lord's Anointed!
 great David's greater Son;
 hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 to set the captive free;
 to take away transgression, and rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy
to those who suffer wrong;
to help the poor and needy,
and bid the weak be strong;
to give them songs for sighing,
their darkness turn to light,
whose souls, condemned and dying,
were precious in His sight.

He shall come down like showers
upon the fruitful earth,
and love, joy, and hope, like flowers,
spring in His path to birth:
before Him on the mountains
shall peace the herald go;
and righteousness, in fountains
from hill to valley flow.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
and gold and incense bring;
all nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
to Him shall prayer unceasing
and daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
a kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
from age to age more glorious,
all-blessing and all-blest:
the tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
His name to us is Love.

Words *based on Psalm 72; James Montgomery (1771–1854)*

Music *Crüger, Chorale by James Crüger (1598–1662), adapt. William Henry Monk (1823–89)*
arr. Graham Ross (1985–, Clare 2003, Director of Music)

Blessing The Dean

Voluntary *Symphony No. 6 in g, Op. 42, No. 2: V. Finale*

Charles M. J. A. Widor (1844–1937)