

Kingston Parish Church
All Saints'

A Civic Service
to mark the start of the New Millennium

Sunday 9th January 2000, 6.30pm

Preacher: The Bishop of Kingston

*The Choir of Kingston Parish Church
Director of Music: Simon Toyne,*

Organists: Brian Lewis and Timothy Burke

*St Paul's C of E Junior School Choir
Musical Director: Allison Renvoize*

Readings by Timothy West and Prunella Scales

We are gathered in this historic church, on a site where the Christian message has been proclaimed for more than eleven hundred years and where events of great significance in the life of our nation have taken place. This year we recall that it eleven centuries since the coronation of King Edward the Elder, first of the kings reputed to have been crowned here.

At the feast of the Epiphany we celebrate Christ's being made known to the world. Tonight's service is a sequence of readings and carols, both for congregation and choir, which date from the eleventh century to modern times, and during it we will see the gifts of Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh presented at the altar.

The service will lead us to proclaim Jesus' birth, reflect on His love, adore the Christ child, and to resolve to make Him known in our lives and in the world he loves.

*The Collection taken today will be shared between the Parish Church and **Hope for the Homeless in Kingston***

Liturgy of Proclamation

The Choir assembles at the East End of the Church in darkness. Please sit.

Reading *A Song for Simeon* (T S Eliot), read by Timothy West

Come rejoicing,
Faithful men with rapture singing
Alleluya!

Monarchs' Monarch,
From a holy maiden springing,
Mighty wonder!

Angel of the Counsel here,
Sun from star he doth appear,
Born of Maiden:

He a sun who knows no night,
She a star whose paler light
Fadeth never.

As a star its kindred ray,
Mary doth her child display,
Like in nature.

Still undimmed the star shines on,
And the maiden bears a Son,
Pure as ever.

Lebanon his cedar tall
To the hyssop on the wall
Lowly bendeth.

From the highest, him we name
Word of God, to human frame
Now descendeth.

Yet the synagogue denied
What Esaias has descried:
Blindness fell upon the guide,
Proud, unheeding.

If her prophets speak in vain,
Let her heed a gentile strain,
And, from mystic Sybil, gain
Light and leading.

No longer then delay,
Hear what the Scriptures say,
Why be cast away
A race forlorn.

Turn and this Child behold,
That very Son, of old
In God's writ foretold,
A maid hath borne.

(‘Laetabundus’ Words: 11th century)

Stand

Responsory

All Arise, shine, for your light has come:
the glory of the Lord has risen upon you.
**Arise, shine, for your light has come:
the glory of the Lord has risen upon you.**

The Lord will arise upon you: and his glory will be seen over you.
The glory of the Lord has risen upon you.

Nations shall come to your light:
and kings to your dawning brightness.
The glory of the Lord has risen upon you.

Your gates will always be open, shut neither by day nor by night.
The glory of the Lord has risen upon you.

The Lord will be your everlasting light: your God will be your glory.
The glory of the Lord has risen upon you.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.
**Arise, shine, for your light has come:
the glory of the Lord has risen upon you.**

Sit

Procedenti puero
Eya, nobis annus est!
Virginis ex ultero.
Gloria! Laudes!
Deus homo factus est et immortalis.

Sine viri semine
Eya, nobis annus est!
Natus est de virgine.

Sine viri copia
Eya, nobis annus est!
Natus est ex Maria.

In hoc festo determino
Eya, nobis annus est!
Benedicamus Domino.

(Words: 13th century. Music: Peter Warlock)

All **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 sybil
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 heav'n, his praises;
Angels and Archangels, sing!
Wheresoe'er ye be, ye faithful,
Let your joyous anthems ring,
Ev'ry tongue his name confessing,
Countless voices answering,
Evermore and evermore.

Reading St Matthew 2:1-6 *The Wise Men seek the Christ child*,
read by the Mayor of Kingston, Councillor Jane Smith

Stand

Responsory

This day a star leads the wise men to the manger.
Arise, shine; for your light has come
All **And the glory of the Lord has risen upon you.**

Nations shall come to your light
And kings to the brightness of your rising.

They shall bring gold and frankincense
And proclaim the praise of the Lord.

Your gates will lie open continually
Shut neither by day nor by night.

No more will the sun give you daylight
Nor moonlight shine upon you.

But the Lord will be your everlasting light
Your God will be your splendour.

All **Unto us is born a Son,
King of quires supernal:
See on earth his life begun,
Of lords the Lord eternal.**

Choir Christ, from Heaven descending low,
Comes on Earth a stranger;
Ox and ass their owner know,
Becradled in the manger.

All **This did Herod sore affray,
And grievously bewilder,
So he gave the word to slay,
And slew the little childer.**

Choir Of his love and mercy mild
This the Christmas story;
And O that Mary's gentle Child
Might lead us up to glory.

All **O and A, and A and O,
Cum cantibus in choro,
Let our merry organ go,
*Benedicamus Domino.***

Remain standing

Bidding Prayer

In the name of Christ,
who called us out of darkness into his marvellous light,
to be a kingdom of priests to our God, we welcome you.
Grace to you and peace.

As we rejoice in the Word made flesh,
who comes among us to reveal God's glory,
so we pray that his kingly reign may be acknowledged
throughout the world.

And so we pray for the unity and mission of Christ's Church,
for the ministers of the gospel of Christ,
and for all for whom we bear witness.

We pray for this world, which is already Christ's,
that we may have reverence for the natural order
and respect for every person, made in the image and likeness of God.

And we pray for those who stand in need,
for the lonely, the fearful, the anxious, for the sick and the bereaved,
and all who have no one to pray for them.

May God our Father take us and use us in his service;
may he open our eyes to see his glory,
and equip us to bless his people, now and at all times.
Amen.

And so we say together the prayer Jesus himself 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.**

Sit

Alleluya!
A new work is come on hand
Through might and grace of God's son
To save the lost of every land.
For now is free that erst was bound.
We may well sing Alleluya!

Now is fulfilled the prophecy
Of David and of Jeremy
And also of Isaiah.
Sing we therefore both loud and high
Alleluya!

Alleluya, this sweetè song
Out of a green branch it sprung;
God send us the life that lasteth long.
Now joy and bliss be him among
That thus can sing Alleluya!

(Words: 15th century. Music: Peter Wishart (1953))

All Behold, the great Creator makes,
Himself a house of clay,
A robe of virgin flesh he takes
Which he will wear for ay.

Choir Hark, hark! the wise eternal Word
Like a weak infant cries;
In form of servant is the Lord,
And God in cradle lies.

All This wonder struck the world amazed,
It shook the starry frame;
Squadrons of spirits stood and gazed,
Then down in troops they came.

Glad shepherds ran to view this sight;
A choir of angels sings,
And eastern sages with delight
Adore this King of Kings.

Join then, all hearts that are not stone,
And all our voices prove,
To celebrate this Holy One,
The God of peace and love.

Sit

Liturgy of Reflection

Reading Matthew 2: 7-12 *The Wise Men present their gifts*,
read by Edward Davey, MP Kingston and Surbiton

Winter wakeneth all my care,
Now these leaves waxeth bare;
Oft I sigh and mourne sare
When it cometh in my thought
Of this world's joy, how it go'th all to naught.

Now it is and now it nis,
All so it ne'er were, I wis;
That many man saith, sooth it is:
All go'th bote Godes will:
All we shall die, though us like ill.

All that green me groweth green
Now it fadeth albydene:
Jesu, help that it be seen
And shield us from hell!
For I (know) not whither I shall, nor how long here dwell.

(Words: 12th century. Music: Arnold Bax (1923))

Reading *The Innkeeper's wife* (Clive Sansom), read by Prunella Scales

Quem pastores laudavere,
Quibus angeli dixere:
Absit vobis jam timere,
Natus est Rex gloriae.
Nunc angelorum gloria hominibus
Resplendulit in mundo,
Novi partus gaudia virgo Mater produxit,
Et Sol verus in tenebris illuxit.
Christus natus hodie ex virgine,
Sine virili semine est natus Rex.

Ad quem magi ambulabant,
Aurum, thus, myrrham portabant,
Immolabant haec sincere
Leoni victoriae.
Culpa datur hodie remissio
Laetentur homo reus.
Lux de coelo claruit pace jam reparata.
Et genitrix permansit illibata.
Christus natus hodie ex virgine,
Sine virili semine est natus Rex.

Christo Regi Deo nato,
Per Mariam nobis dato,
Merito resonet vere
Laus, honor et gloria.
Magnum nomen Domini, Immanuel,
Quod est: nobiscum Deus.
Redemptori Domino, redempti jubilemus,
Hic est dies et annus jubilaus.
Pueri, concinnite et psallite,
Voce pia dicite et plaudite.

(Words: 15th century. Music: Michael Praetorius)

Sweet baby, sleep! What ailes my dear?
What ailes my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my childe, and lend thine ear
To heare me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lambe, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet babie, sleep!

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?
What thing to thee can mischief do?
Thy God is now thy Father dear,
His holy spouse thy mother, too.
Sweet babie, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet babie, sleep!

Sweet babie sleep, and nothing fear,
For whosoever thee offends
By thy Protector threatened are,
And God, and angels are thy friends.
Sweet babie, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet babie, sleep!

(Wither's Rocking Hymn. Words: 17th century. Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams)

Reading Luke 2: 22-33
Jesus is Presented in the Temple and acclaimed the light of the world,
read by Dr Jenny Tonge, MP Richmond Park

O little one sweet, O little one mild,
Thy Father's purpose thou hast fulfilled;
Thou camest from heaven to mortal ken,
Equal to be with us poor men,
O little one sweet, O little one mild.

O little one sweet, O little one mild,
With joy thou hast the whole world filled;
Thou camest here from heaven's domain,
To bring men comfort in their pain,
O little one sweet, O little one mild.

O little one sweet, O little one mild,
In thee Love's beauties are all distilled;
Then light in us thy love's bright flame,
That we may give thee back the same,
O little one sweet, O little one mild.

O little one sweet, O little one mild,
Help us to do as thou hast willed.
Lo, all we have belongs to thee!
Ah, keep us in our fealty!
O little one sweet, O little one mild.

(Words: German carol, 17th century. Music: Johann Sebastian Bach)

Address by The Right Reverend Peter Price, Bishop of Kingston

Adoration and Presentation of Gifts

The gifts will be brought to the Altar by the Mayor and the two Members of Parliament. Stand until the Silence when we sit or kneel

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.

Lo! star-led chieftains,
Magi, Christ adoring,
Offer him incense, gold, and myrrh;
We to the Christ Child
Bring our hearts' oblations:
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

Child, for us sinners
Poor and in the manger,
Fain we embrace thee, with awe and love;
Who would not love thee,
Loving us so dearly?
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 on Christmas 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.

Reading *Epiphany* (R S Thomas), read by Timothy West

Three Kings from Persian lands afar
To Jordan follow the pointing star:
And this the quest of the travellers three,
Where the new-born King of the Jews may be.
Full royal gifts they bear for the King;
Gold, incense, myrrh are their offering.
How brightly shines the morning star!
With grace and truth from heaven afar
Our Jesse tree now bloweth.

The star shines out with a steadfast ray;
The kings to Bethlehem make their way,
And there in worship they bend the knee,
As Mary's child in her lap they see;
Their royal gifts they show to the King;
Gold, incense, myrrh are their offering.
Of Jacob's stem and David's line,
For thee, my Bridegroom, King divine,
My soul with love o'erfloweth.

Thou child of man, lo, to Bethlehem
The Kings are travelling, travel with them!
The star of mercy, the star of grace,
Shall lead thy heart to its resting place.
Gold, incense, myrrh thou canst not bring;
Offer thy heart to the infant King.
Thy word, Jesu, Inly feeds us,
Rightly leads us, Life bestowing.
Praise, O praise such love o'erflowing.

(Words: Peter Cornelius, trans. H N Bate; Music: Peter Cornelius, arr. Ivor Atkins)

Stand

Presentation of the gifts

At the offering of gold:

Blessed are you, Lord our God, King of the Universe:
to you be praise and glory for ever!
As gold in the furnace is tried and purified seven times in the fire,
so purify our hearts and minds
that we may be a royal priesthood
acceptable in the service of your kingdom.

All **Blessed be God for ever!**

At the offering of the incense:

Blessed are you, Lord our God, King of the Universe:
to you be praise and glory for ever!
As our prayer rises up in your presence as incense,
so may we be presented before you
with penitent hearts and uplifted hands
to offer ourselves in your priestly service.

All **Blessed be God for ever!**

At the offering of the myrrh:

Blessed are you, Lord our God, King of the Universe:
to you be praise and glory for ever!
As you give medicine to heal our sickness
and the leaves of the tree of life for the healing of the nations,
so anoint us with your healing power
that we may be the first-fruits of your new creation.

All **Blessed be God for ever!**

Sit or kneel in silence

“When He is King we will give him the Kings’ gifts,
Myrrh for its sweetness, and gold for a crown,
Beautiful robes,” said the young girl to Joseph,
Fair with her first-born on Bethlehem Down.

Bethlehem Down is full of the starlight,
Winds for the spices, and stars for the gold,
Mary for sleep, and for lullaby music
Songs of a shepherd by Bethlehem fold.

When he is King they will clothe him in grave-sheets,
Myrrh for embalming and wood for a crown,
He that lies now in the white arms of Mary
Sleeping so lightly on Bethlehem Down.

Here he has peace and a short while for dreaming,
Close-huddled oxen to keep him from cold,
Mary for love, and for lullaby music
Songs of a shepherd by Bethlehem fold.

(Words: Bruce Blunt. Music: Peter Warlock)

Reading *Kyrie – Mass for Hard Times* (R S Thomas), read by Prunella Scales

Please stand and remain standing for the remainder of the service

Responsory

Let us adore the living God:
He was born of the Virgin
Revealed in his glory,

Worshipped by angels,
Proclaimed among the nations,

Believed in throughout the world,
Exalted to the highest heavens.

Blessed be God, our strength and our salvation,
Now and for ever. Amen.

Alleluia!
I bring you news of great joy,
Today a Saviour has been born for us,
Christ the Lord. Alleluia!

(Words: The Sunday Missal. Music: Francis Grier (1998))

Collect for the Epiphany

Bishop Eternal God, who by the shining of a star led the wise men to the
 worship of your Son: guide by his light the nations of the earth, that
 the whole world may behold you glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen

The Blessing

May God the Father, who led the wise men by the shining of a star to
find the Christ, the Light from Light, lead you in your pilgrimage to
find the Lord.
Amen.

May God who has delivered us from the dominion of darkness, give us
a place with the saints in light in the kingdom of his beloved Son.
Amen.

May the light of the glorious gospel of Christ shine in your hearts and
fill your lives with his joy and peace.
Amen.

And the blessing of God almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy
Spirit, be upon you and remain with you always.
Amen.

Exit Procession

All 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 the angelic host proclaim,
 ‘Christ is born in Bethlehem.’
 Hark! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin’s womb.
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
 Hail, the 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 heaven-born Prince of Peace
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen 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.