

The Parish Church of All Saints  
Kingston upon Thames



Epiphany  
Carol Service

7th January 2001

# Liturgy of Proclamation

*Music before the Service: Four Noël's (Louis-Claude Daquin),  
Prélude sur l'Introit de l'Épiphanie (Maurice Duruflé),  
Les Mages, from La Nativité du Seigneur (Olivier Messiaen).*

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

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*

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

**All** 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*

Out of your sleep arise and wake,  
For God mankind hath now ytake.  
All of a maid without any make;  
Of all women she beareth the bell.

And through a maidè fair and wise,  
Now man is made of full great price;  
Now angels knelen to man's service,  
And at this time all this befell.

Now man is brighter than the sun;  
Now man in heaven on high shall won;  
Blessed be God this game is begun  
And his mother the Empress of hell.

That ever was thrall now is he free;  
Now ever was small now great is she;  
Now shall God deem both thee and me  
Unto his bliss if we do well.

Now man he may to heaven wend;  
Now heaven and earth to him they bend.  
He that was foe now is our friend.  
This is no nay that I you tell.

Now blessed Brother grant us grace,  
At doomèd day to see thy face,  
And in thy court to have a place,  
That we may there sing thee nowell.

*(Words: 15th century, anon. Music: Richard Rodney Bennett)*

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 Deputy Mayor, Councillor Ian McDonald.*

*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*

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.'

*(Sussex carol, traditional, arr. David Willcocks)*

**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  
*Barry Lloyd, Chairman of the Church Appeal Fundraising Committee.*

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.

Enough for him, whom Cherubim  
Worship night and day,  
A breastful of milk,  
And a manger full of hay:  
Enough for him, whom angel  
Fall down before,  
The ox and ass and camel  
Which adore.

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.

*(Words: Christina Rossetti (1830-1894) Music: Harold Darke)*

Sleep, little Jesus, my gentle dove  
Sleep, dearest treasure and precious love  
Sleep, little Lord Jesus, hush don't you cry,  
Mary will comfort you with her lullaby.

*Lulaj, lulajze Jezniu*

Look down from heaven all over this earth,  
Bless us with happiness, goodwill and mirth.  
Sleep, little Lord Jesus, hush don't you cry,  
Mary will comfort you with her lullaby.

*(Words: Traditional Polish, Music: Roxanna Panufnik, b. 1968)*

**Reading**

Luke 2: 22-33,

*Jesus is Presented in the Temple and acclaimed the light of the world,  
read by Christopher Herrick, International Organ Recitalist.*

I wonder as I wander, out under the sky,  
How Jesus our Saviour did come for to die  
For poor on'ry people like you and like I.  
I wonder as I wander, out under the sky.

When Mary birthed Jesus, 'twas in a cow's stall,  
With wise men and farmers and shepherds and all,  
But high from the heavens a star's light did fall,  
And promise of ages it then did recall.

If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing,  
A star in the sky, or a bird on the wing,  
Or all of God's angels in heaven for to sing,  
He surely could have it, 'cause he was the King.

*(Words: Traditional Appalachian carol, Music: Carl Rütli, b. 1949)*

*Homily by the Venerable David Gerrard,  
Archdeacon of Wandsworth*

# Liturgy of Adoration

## *Adoration and Presentation of Gifts*

*The gifts will be brought to the Altar. 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.***

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)*

*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.**

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)*

### *Collect for the Epiphany*

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.*

*Music after the Service: Final, from the First Symphony (Louis Vierne)*