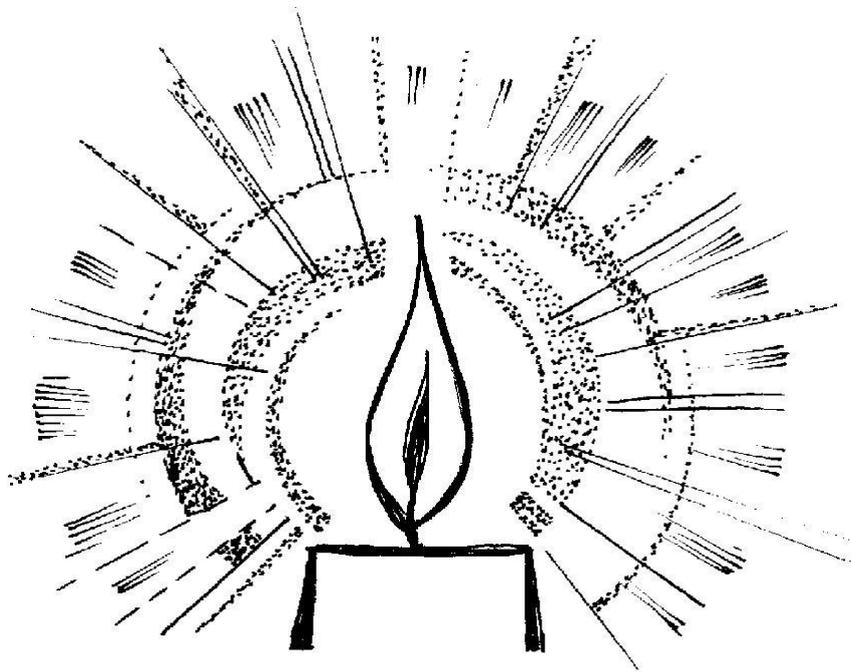


Holy Trinity
Headington Quarry



Christmas Carol Service
Sunday 18th December 2022

Carol: Once in Royal David's city

Processional Carol: (first verse choir only)

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.

All sing:

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.

For he is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us he grew,
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew;
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

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 lonely 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.

Words: Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895)
Music: Henry Gauntlett (1805-1876)

Welcome and Bidding Prayer

Please remain standing

The prayer concludes:

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**

Please sit

Choir Anthem *Now is the time of Christemas*

*Make we merry both more and less,
For now is the time of Christemas!*

Let no man come into this hall,
Groom or page, nor yet marshall,
But that some sport he bring with all,
For now is the time of Christemas.

If that he say he cannot sing,
Some other sport then let him bring,
That it may please at this feasting,
For now is the time of Christemas.

If he say he can nothing do,
Then for my love ask him no more,
But to the stocks then let him go,
For now is the time of Christemas.

Words: Traditional
Music: Edmund Jolliffe (b.1976)

Reading: Micah 5.2-5

But you, O Bethlehem of Ephrathah,
who are one of the little clans of Judah,
from you shall come forth for me
one who is to rule in Israel,
whose origin is from of old,
from ancient days.
Therefore he shall give them up until the time

when she who is in labour has brought forth;
then the rest of his kindred shall return
to the people of Israel.
And he shall stand and feed his flock
in the strength of the LORD,
in the majesty of the name of the LORD his God.
And they shall live secure, for now he shall be great
to the ends of the earth;
and he shall be the one of peace.

Please stand

Carol: O Little town of Bethlehem

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 wond'ring love.

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is giv'n.
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heav'n.
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.

Words: Philips Brooks (1835-1893)

Music: arr. R. Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Please sit

Reading: Luke 1.67-79

Then Zechariah, the father of John the Baptist, was filled with the Holy Spirit and spoke this prophecy:
'Blessed be the Lord the God of Israel,
who has come to his people and set them free.
He has raised up for us a mighty Saviour,
born of the house of his servant David.
Through his holy prophets God promised of old

to save us from our enemies,
from the hands of all that hate us,
To show mercy to our ancestors,
and to remember his holy covenant.
This was the oath God swore to our father Abraham:
to set us free from the hands of our enemies,
Free to worship him without fear,
holy and righteous in his sight
all the days of our life.
And you, child, shall be called the prophet
of the Most High,
for you will go before the Lord to prepare his way,
To give his people knowledge of salvation
by the forgiveness of all their sins.
In the tender compassion of our God
the dawn from on high shall break upon us,
To shine on those who dwell in darkness
and the shadow of death,
and to guide our feet into the way of peace.'

Please stand

Carol: Of the Father's heart begotten

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.

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 revealèd
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.

Words: Prudentius tr. R.F. Davis (1866-1937)
Music: arr. Winfred Douglas (1867-1944)

Please sit

Poem

Theotokos

Malcolm Guite

You bore for me the One who came to bless
And bear for all and make the broken whole.
You heard His call and in your open 'yes'
You spoke aloud for every living soul.
Oh gracious Lady, child of your own child,
Whose mother-love still calls the child in me,
Call me again, for I am lost, and wild
Waves surround me now. On this dark sea
Shine as a star and call me to the shore.
Open the door that all my sins would close
And hold me in your garden. Let me share
The prayer that folds the petals of the Rose.
Enfold me too in Love's last mystery
And bring me to the One you bore for me.

Music Group Anthem *Soon and very soon*

Soon and very soon we are going to see the King,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, we are going to see the King!

No more crying there we are going to see the King,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, we are going to see the King!

No more dying there we are going to see the King,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, we are going to see the King!

Soon and very soon we are going to see the King,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, we are going to see the King!

Words and music: Andraé Crouch (1942-2015)

Reading: Luke 2.1-7

In those days a decree went out from Emperor Augustus that all the world should be registered. This was the first registration and was taken while Quirinius was governor of Syria. All went to their own towns to be registered. Joseph also went from the town of Nazareth in Galilee to Judea, to the city of David called Bethlehem, because he was descended from the house and family of David. He went to be registered with Mary, to whom he was engaged and who was expecting a child. While they were there, the time came for her to deliver her child. And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in bands of cloth, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn.

Please stand

Carol: In the bleak mid-winter

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 breast-ful of milk
And a manger-ful 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.

Words: Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)
Music: Gustav Holst (1874-1934)

Please sit

Poem

Nativity

Scott Cairns

As you lean in, you'll surely apprehend
the tiny God is wrapped
in something more than swaddle. The God

is tightly bound within
His blessed mother's gaze—her face declares
that *she* is rapt by what

she holds, beholds, reclines beholden to.
She cups His perfect head
and kisses Him, that even here the radiant

compass of affection
is announced, that even here our several
histories converge and slip,

just briefly, out of time. Which is much of what
an icon works as well,
and this one offers up a broad array

of separate narratives
whose temporal relations quite miss the point,
or meet there. Regardless,

one blithe shepherd offers music to the flock,
and—just behind him—there
he is again, and sore afraid, attended

by a trembling companion
and addressed by Gabriel. Across the ridge,
three wise men spur three horses

towards a star, and bowing at the icon's
nearest edge, these same three
yet adore the seated One whose mother serves

as throne. Meantime, stumped,
the kindly Abba Joseph ruminates,
receiving consolation

from an attentive dog whose master may
yet prove to be a holy
messenger disguised as fool. Overhead,

the famous star is all
but out of sight by now; yet, even so,
it aims a single ray

directing our slow pilgrims to the core
where all the journeys meet,
appalling crux and hallowed cave and womb,

where crouched among these other
lowing cattle at their trough, our travelers
receive that creatured air, and pray.

Choir & Music Group Anthem *Carol of the Crib*

Light to the world, a child is born;
dark is the night before the dawn:
day is upon us, darkness is dying,
with Mary's child in slumber lying.

*Christ has come, our life to share;
sorrows and sins and griefs to bear:
see where above us the heavens are clear,
the angels are singing for Christ is here!*

Light for a world gone far astray,
dawn of the hope of God's new day;
songs for our sighing, joy for our weeping,
with Mary's child so softly sleeping.

Light of the world, God's only Son!
now is the day of grace begun:
love is among us, love beyond dreaming,
with Mary's child for our redeeming.

Words: Timothy Dudley-Smith (b.1926)
Music: Joanna Forbes L'Estrange

Reading: Luke 2.8-15

In that region there were shepherds living in the fields, keeping watch over their flock by night. Then an angel of the Lord stood before them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were terrified. But the angel said to them, “Do not be afraid; for see—I am

bringing you good news of great joy for all the people: to you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is the Messiah, the Lord. This will be a sign for you: you will find a child wrapped in bands of cloth and lying in a manger.” And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, “ Glory to God in the highest heaven, and on earth peace among those whom he favours!” When the angels had left them and gone into heaven, the shepherds said to one another, “Let us go now to Bethlehem and see this thing that has taken place, which the Lord has made known to us.”

Please stand

Carol: Angels from the realms of glory

Angels from the realms of glory,
wing your flight o'er all the earth;
ye who sang creation's story
now proclaim Messiah's birth:

*Come and worship
Christ the new-born King,
come and worship,
worship Christ the new-born King.*

Shepherds in the field abiding,
watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with us is now residing;
yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship...

Sages, leave your contemplations;
brighter visions beam afar;
seek the great Desire of Nations;
ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship...

Though an infant now we view him,
he shall fill his Father's throne,
gather all the nations to him;
every knee shall then bow down:

*Come and worship
Christ the new-born King,
come and worship,
worship Christ the new-born King.*

Words: James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Music: arr. Martin Shaw (1875-1958)

Please sit

Poem

The Song Of A Shepherd-Boy At Bethlehem

Josephine Preston Peabody

Sleep, Thou little Child of Mary:
Rest Thee now.
Though these hands be rough from shearing
And the plough,
Yet they shall not ever fail Thee,
When the waiting nations hail Thee,
Bringing palms unto their King.
Now--I sing.

Sleep, Thou little Child of Mary,
Hope divine.

If Thou wilt but smile upon me,
I will twine

Blossoms for Thy garlanding.

Thou'rt so little to be King,

God's Desire!

Not a brier

Shall be left to grieve Thy brow;

Rest Thee now.

Sleep, Thou little Child of Mary.

Some fair day

Wilt Thou, as Thou wert a brother,

Come away

Over hills and over hollow?

All the lambs will up and follow,

Follow but for love of Thee.

Lov'st Thou me?

Choir Anthem *Silent Night*

Silent night, holy night!

All is calm, all is bright.

Round yon Virgin, Mother and Child.

Holy infant so tender and mild,

Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight.
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ the Saviour is born!

Silent night, holy night!
Son of God love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth.

Words: Franz Xaver Gruber (1787-1863)

Music: Libby Croad

Reading: John 1.1-14

In the beginning was the Word,
and the Word was with God,
and the Word was God.
He was in the beginning with God.
All things came into being through him,
and without him not one thing came into being.
What has come into being in him was life,
and the life was the light of all people.
The light shines in the darkness,
and the darkness did not overcome it.
There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.
He came as a witness to testify to the light,
so that all might believe through him.
He himself was not the light,
but he came to testify to the light.
The true light, which enlightens everyone,
was coming into the world.

He was in the world,
and the world came into being through him;
yet the world did not know him.
He came to what was his own,
and his own people did not accept him.
But to all who received him,
who believed in his name,
he gave power to become children of God,
who were born,
not of blood or of the will of the flesh
or of the will of man,
but of God.

And the Word became flesh and lived among us,
and we have seen his glory,
the glory as of a father's only son,
full of grace and truth.

Reflection

Revd Emily Hockliffe Essex

Please remain seated

Choir Anthem *The Marvellous Birth*

This is the little space between the marvellous birth
and next New Year.
We've prayed and rid ourselves from sin,
but still we feel the edge of fear.
So soon now we again begin a year, a month, a way of life.
Three eager kings are on their way.
A little child's been born in strife.
But it is peace he brings to us
and gives our world another day.
Another year to mend our ways
and build our broken world again.
At Christmas we learn how to praise,
a little child fills all new days,
Forgiving sin, relieving pain. The marvellous birth.

Words: Elizabeth Jennings (1926-2001)
Music: Bob Chilcott (b.1955)

Prayers

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**

Please stand

Carol: Hark the herald-angels sing

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

Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb;
Veiled in flesh the God-head see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man with dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n 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.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)
Music: Felix Mendelsohn (1809-1847)

Blessing and Dismissal

Go in the light and peace of Christ.
Thanks be to God.

Organ voluntary

Sussex Toccatina by Paul Ayres (b. 1970)

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**We wish you all, your family, and friends, a very peaceful
Christmas and a happy New Year! Please do stay and join us
for seasonal refreshments in the Coach House.**



Christmas Services

You are very welcome at our forthcoming services, as we continue to celebrate the good news of Christmas.

Christmas Eve

Christingle Service – 2.30pm and 4pm

Midnight Mass – 11pm

Christmas Day

Traditional Language Communion — 8am

Family Communion – 10am

Our church is open every day as a place of peace and sanctuary. Wherever you are on your walk with God, please know that you are welcome in this place. If we can support you or pray with you about anything, please do get in touch.

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