



PROGRAMME



**EALING ABBEY**

**CAROLS BY CANDLELIGHT**

**Saturday 19 December**

**8pm**

**Ealing Abbey Choir & Orchestra**

**Christopher Eastwood**

*Conductor*

**Richard Leach**

*Organist*

## **Organ music after the service:**

Grand Chœur in G - Theodore Salome (1834-1896)

**We regret that because of the current government restrictions members of the invited congregation are kindly asked to avoid singing during any of the carols in this service.**

**We kindly ask members of the congregation to wear a face mask throughout the service and to observe social distancing.**

You are kindly asked to note that the use of mobile telephones, private cameras or sound recording equipment is not permitted in the Abbey.

**PLEASE CHECK THAT YOUR MOBILE TELEPHONE IS SWITCHED OFF**

### Acknowledgements

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## **THE LAMB**

Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,  
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:  
He is called by thy name,  
For he calls himself a Lamb.  
He is meek, and he is mild,  
He became a little child;  
I, a child, and thou a lamb,  
We are called by his name.  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

*Music - John Tavener*  
*Words - William Blake*

Of the Father's love begotten  
Ere the world began to be,  
He is Alpha and Omega,  
He the source, the ending He,  
Of the things that are, and have been,  
And that future years shall see,  
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.

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.

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.

*Music - 13th-century plainchant, arr. J O'Donnell  
Words - Aurelius Prudentius*

## FIRST READING

'In the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent by God to a town in Galilee called Nazareth, to a virgin betrothed to a man named Joseph, of the House of David; and the virgin's name was Mary. He went in and said to her, 'Rejoice, so highly favoured! The Lord is with you.' She was deeply disturbed by these words and asked herself what this greeting could mean, but the angel said to her, 'Mary, do not be afraid; you have won God's favour. Listen! You are to conceive and bear a son, and you must name him Jesus. He will be great and will be called Son of the Most High. The Lord God will give him the throne of his ancestor David; he will rule over the House of Jacob for ever and his reign will have no end.' Mary said to the angel, 'But how can this come about, since I am a virgin?' 'The Holy Spirit will come upon you,' the angel answered, 'and the power of the Most High will cover you with its shadow. And so the child will be holy and will be called Son of God. Know this too: your kinswoman Elizabeth has, in her old age, herself conceived a son, and she whom people called barren is now in her sixth month, for nothing is impossible to God.' 'I am the handmaid of the Lord,' said Mary; 'let what you have said be done to me.' And the angel left her.'

*Luke 1:26-38*

## THE ANGEL GABRIEL

The angel Gabriel from heaven came,  
With wings as drifted snow, with eyes as flame:  
"All hail to thee, O lowly maiden Mary,  
Most highly favoured lady." Gloria!

"For know a blessed mother thou shalt be,  
All generations laud and honour thee;  
Thy son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold,  
Most highly favoured lady." Gloria!

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head;  
"To me be as it pleaseth God," she said.  
"My soul shall laud and magnify God's holy name."  
Most highly favoured lady." Gloria!

Of her, Emmanuel, the Christ, was born  
In Bethlehem all on a Christmas morn,  
And Christian folk through-out the world will ever say:  
"Most highly favoured lady." Gloria!

*Basque carol  
para. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1834-1924*

## **AND THE GLORY OF THE LORD**

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see It together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

*Music – G F Handel  
Words – Isaiah 40:5*

## **SECOND READING**

This is the day our Saviour was born: what a joy for us, my beloved! This is no season for sadness, this, the birthday of Life - the Life which annihilates the fear of death, and engenders joy, promising, as it does, immortality.

Nobody is an outsider in this happiness. The same cause for joy is common to all, for as our Lord found nobody free from guilt when he came to bring an end to death and to sin, so he came with redemption for all. Let the saint rejoice, for he hastens to his crown; let the sinner be filled with joy, for pardon is offered him; let the Gentile be emboldened, for is called to life.

O Christian, be aware of your nobility - it is God's own nature that you share; do not then, by an ignoble life, fall back into your former baseness. Think of the Head, thing of the Body of which you are a member. Recall that you have been rescued from the power of darkness, and have been transferred to the light of God, the kingdom of God.

*from a Sermon by Pope St Leo the Great*



## **A SPOTLESS ROSE**

A Spotless Rose is growing,  
Sprung from a tender root,  
Of ancient seers' foreshowing,  
Of Jesse promised fruit;  
Its fairest bud unfolds to light  
Amid the cold, cold winter,  
And in the dark midnight.

The Rose which I am singing,  
Whereof Isaiah said,  
Is from its sweet root springing  
In Mary, purest Maid;  
Through God's great love and might  
The Blessed Babe she bare us  
In a cold, cold winter's night.

*Music - Herbert Howells*

*Words - 14<sup>th</sup>-century 'Es ist ein Ros entsprungen'*

## **GOD REST YOU MERRY GENTLEMEN**

God rest you merry gentlemen  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour  
Was born on Christmas day,  
To save us all from Satan's power  
When we were gone astray;  
*O tidings of comfort and joy,*  
*Comfort and joy,*  
*O tidings of comfort and joy.*

From God our Heav'nly Father  
A blessed Angel came;  
And unto certain Shepherds  
Brought tidings of the same:  
How that in Bethlehem was born  
The Son of God by Name:  
*O tidings of comfort and joy,...*

Now to the Lord sing praises,  
All you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood  
Each other now embrace;  
This holy tide of Christmas  
All other doth deface:  
*O tidings of comfort and joy,...*

*Music - trad., arr. Willcocks*  
*Words - trad.*

### **THIRD READING**    *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

We sate among the stalls at Bethlehem;  
The dumb kine from their fodder turning them,  
Softened their horned faces  
To almost human gazes  
Toward the newly Born:  
The simple shepherds from the star-lit brooks  
Brought visionary looks,  
As yet in their astonished hearing rung  
The strange sweet angel-tongue:  
The magi of the East, in sandals worn,  
Knelt reverent, sweeping round,  
With long pale beards, their gifts upon the ground,  
The incense, myrrh, and gold  
These baby hands were impotent to hold:  
So let all earthlies and celestials wait  
Upon thy royal state.  
Sleep, sleep, my kingly One!

### **I WANDER AS I WONDER**

I wander as I wonder out under the sky  
How Jesus the 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 God's heaven, a star's light did fall  
And the 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 to sing  
He surely could have it, 'cause he was the King

I wonder as I wander out under the sky  
How Jesus the 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

*Music—arr. Andrew Carter  
Words—John Jacob Niles*

## **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 wondering love.

How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is giv'n!  
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!

*Music - traditional, arr R Vaughan Williams & T Armstrong*

*Words - Phillips Brooks*

#### **FOURTH READING**    *A Cradle Song, William Blake*

Sweet dreams, form a shade  
O'er my lovely infant's head!  
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams  
By happy, silent, moony beams!

Sweet Sleep, with soft down  
Weave thy brows an infant crown!  
Sweet Sleep, angel mild,  
Hover o'er my happy child!

Sweet smiles, in the night  
Hover over my delight!  
Sweet smiles, mother's smiles,  
All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,  
Chase not slumber from thy eyes!  
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,  
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep, sleep, happy child!  
All creation slept and smiled.  
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,  
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face  
Holy image I can trace;  
Sweet babe, once like thee  
Thy Maker lay, and wept for me:

Wept for me, for thee, for all,  
When He was an infant small.  
Thou His image ever see,  
Heavenly face that smiles on thee!

Smiles on thee, on me, on all,  
Who became an infant small;  
Infant smiles are His own smiles;  
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

## **IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER**

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 breast full of milk, and a manger full of hay;  
Enough for Him, whom angels 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.

*Music - Harold Darke*  
*Words - Christina Rossetti*

## **ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY**

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.

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.

Not in that poor lowly 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.

*Music - H J Gauntlett, harm. A H Mann, arr. J O'Donnell*

*Words - C F Alexander*

**FIFTH READING**      *Winter Poem, Laurie Lee*

Tonight the wind gnaws with teeth of glass  
The jackdaw shivers in caged branches of iron  
The stars have talons  
There is hunger in the mouth of vole and badger  
Silver agonies of breath in the nostril of the fox  
Ice on the rabbit's paw  
Tonight has no moon, no food for the pilgrim  
The fruit tree is bare, the rose bush a thorn  
And the ground is bitter with stones  
But the mole sleeps and the hedgehog lies curled in a womb of  
leaves  
And the bean and the wheat seed hug their germs in the earth  
And a stream moves under the ice  
Tonight there is no moon  
But a star opens like a trumpet over the dead  
And tonight in a nest of ruins the blessed babe is laid  
And the fir tree warms to a bloom of candles  
And the child lights his lantern and stares at his tinsel toy  
And our hearts and hearths smoulder with live ashes  
In the blood of our grief the cold earth is suckled  
In our agony the womb convulses its seed  
And in the last cry of anguish  
The child's first breath is born.

## **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,  
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,  
Christ, the Saviour is born.

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

*Music - Franz Grüber, arr. C Eastwood*  
*Words - Joseph Mohr, trans. JF Young*

## **SIXTH READING**     *A Christmas Carol, Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

The shepherds went their hasty way,  
And found the lowly stable-shed  
Where the Virgin-Mother lay:  
And now they checked their eager tread,  
For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,  
A Mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

They told her how a glorious light,  
Streaming from a heavenly throng.  
Around them shone, suspending night!  
While sweeter than a mother's song,  
Blest Angels heralded the Savior's birth,  
Loud to God on high! and Peace on Earth.



She listened to the tale divine,  
And closer still the Babe she pressed:  
And while she cried, the Babe is mine!  
A mother's love o'erflowed her breast  
Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn;  
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,  
Poor, simple, and of low estate!  
That strife should vanish, battle cease,  
O why should this thy soul elate?  
Sweet Music's loudest note, the Poet's story,  
Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory?

And is not War a youthful king,  
A stately Hero clad in mail?  
Beneath his footsteps laurels spring;  
Him Earth's majestic monarchs hail  
Their friends, their playmate! and his bold bright eye  
Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

Tell this in some more courtly scene,  
To maids and youths in robes of state!  
I am a woman poor and mean,  
And wherefore is my soul elate.  
War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,  
That from the aged father's tears his child!

A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,  
He kills the sire and starves the son;  
The husband kills, and from her board  
Steals all his widow's toil had won;  
Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away  
All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

Then wisely is my soul elate,  
That strife should vanish, battle cease:  
I'm poor and of low estate,  
The Mother of the Prince of Peace.  
Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn:  
Peace, Peace on Earth! The Prince of Peace is born!

## WHAT SWEETER MUSIC

What sweeter music can we bring  
Than a carol, for to sing  
The birth of this our heavenly King?  
Awake the voice! Awake the string!  
Dark and dull night, fly hence away,  
And give the honor to this day,  
That sees December turned to May.

Why does the chilling winter's morn  
Smile, like a field beset with corn?  
Or smell like a meadow newly-shorn,  
Thus, on the sudden? Come and see  
The cause, why things thus fragrant be:  
'Tis He is born, whose quickening birth  
Gives life and luster, public mirth,  
To heaven, and the under-earth.

We see him come, and know him ours,  
Who, with his sunshine and his showers,  
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.  
The darling of the world is come,  
And fit it is, we find a room  
To welcome him. The nobler part  
Of all the house here, is the heart.

Which we will give him; and bequeath  
This holly, and this ivy wreath,  
To do him honour, who's our King,  
And Lord of all this revelling.  
What sweeter music can we bring,  
Than a carol for to sing  
The birth of this our heavenly King?

*Music - John Rutter  
Words - Robert Herrick*

## **GOSPEL READING**

*John 1:1-5, 9-14*

The Lord be with you.

**And with your spirit.**

A reading from the Holy Gospel according to John.

**Glory to you, O Lord.**

In the beginning was the Word: the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was with God in the beginning. Through Him all things came to be, not one thing had its being but through Him. All that came to be had life in him, and that life was the light of all men, a light that shines in the dark, a light that darkness could not overpower.

The Word was the true light that enlightens all men; and He was coming into the world. He was in the world that had its being through him, and the world did not know him. He came to his own domain, and his own people did not accept him. But to all who did accept him he gave power to become children of God, to all who believe in the name of him, who was born, not of human stock or urge of the flesh or will of man, but of God Himself. The Word was made flesh, he lived among us, and we saw his glory, the glory that is His as the only Son of the Father, full of grace and truth.

The Gospel of the Lord.

**Praise to you Lord Jesus Christ.**

## **MEDITATION**

Dom Thomas Stapleford OSB

## **SUSSEX CAROL**

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!"

*Music—trad., arr. Willcocks  
Words—Wadding*

## **O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL**

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...*

See how the shepherds, summoned to His cradle,  
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh in lowly fear;  
We too will thither bend our joyful footsteps;  
*O come...*

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation;  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!  
Glory to God, in the highest;  
*O come...*

*Melody – J F Wade, arr. D Hill*  
*Words – J F Wade*

## **PRAYER & BLESSING**

At the saviour's command and formed by divine teaching we dare to say:

**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. Amen.**

Pour forth, we beseech you, O Lord, your grace into our hearts that we, to whom the incarnation of Christ your Son was made known by the message of an Angel, may by His Passion and Cross be brought to the glory of His resurrection. Who lives and reigns with you in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God for ever and ever.

**Amen.**

May Almighty God bless you, the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit.

**Amen.**

## **HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING**

Hark! the herald angels sing  
"Glory to the newborn 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 newborn 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 Godhead see  
Hail the incarnate Deity  
Pleased as man with man to dwell  
Jesus, our Emmanuel  
Hark! The herald angels sing  
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Son 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 newborn King!"

*Music- Felix Mendelssohn & D Hill  
Words - Charles Wesley and others*





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