

St
Martin
in
the
Fields

Sunday 9 January 2022
5.00pm



Epiphany Carol Service

Three Hymns From Orient Are

Presider
Revd Jonathan Evens

Preacher
Revd Dr Sam Wells

Choir of St Martin-in-the-Fields

Directed by
Jennifer Sterling

Thank you for joining us today, whether you are in the building or worshipping online.

Please note the following guidelines for worship in the building. These are gestures of the care we have for one another.

- Wear face coverings indoors unless you are medically exempt. This is particularly important now we have reintroduced congregational hymn singing.
- Be respectful of those who wish to maintain social distancing.
- Make use of hand sanitiser stations as needed.
- Leave contact information to be kept securely for 30 days for Test and Trace.
- Take a lateral flow test before coming to church. Tests are available from the stewards.

Filming

This service is being streamed live to our public Facebook page. The camera focuses on the clergy and other contributors only for most of the service but turns to face the congregation at times, in the central block of seating between the pillars. If you wish to avoid being on camera, please sit in one of the side areas. We will be filming the reading of the Gospel from halfway down the central aisle. Please note people sitting in pews immediately around this may be caught on camera at this point.

Supporting St Martin's

In line with health advice we have reintroduced cash offerings as part of our worship. You are also invited to give in other ways:

online at <https://stmartininthefields.myiknowchurch.co.uk/giving>

by texting COLLECTION to 70450 to donate £10 (texts cost £10 plus one standard rate message)



Welcome

Please sit.

Bidding Prayer

Introit Bethlehem Down *Warlock*

'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.

Bruce Blunt (1899–1957)

First Reflection Revd Dr Sam Wells

Please stand.

Hymn

- 1 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!**

continued...

- 2 **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.**
- 3 **Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness
of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine:
truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
these are the offerings to lay on his shrine.**
- 4 **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.**
- 5 **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!**

John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811-1875)

Please sit.

Poem Epiphany *Walter Brueggeman*

On Epiphany day,
we are still the people walking.
We are still people in the dark,
and the darkness looms large around us,
beset as we are by fear,
anxiety,
brutality,
violence,
loss —
a dozen alienations that we cannot manage.

We are — we could be — people of your light.
So we pray for the light of your glorious presence
as we wait for your appearing;
we pray for the light of your wondrous grace
as we exhaust our coping capacity;
we pray for your gift of newness that
will override our weariness;

we pray that we may see and know and hear and trust
in your good rule.

That we may have energy, courage, and freedom to enact
your rule through the demands of this day.

We submit our day to you and to your rule, with deep joy and high
hope.

Anthem O magnum mysterium *Morten Lauridsen*

O magnum mysterium
et admirabile sacramentum,
ut animalia viderent Dominum natum,
jacentem in præsepio.

Beata virgo, cujus viscera meruerunt
portare Dominum Christum, Alleluia!

*O great mystery
and wondrous sacrament,
that animals should see the newborn Lord
lying in their manger.*

*Blessed is the Virgin whose womb was worthy
to bear the Lord Jesus Christ. Alleluia!*

Responsory from the Matins of Christmas

First Reading Isaiah 60. 1-6

Arise, shine; for your light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon you. For darkness shall cover the earth, and thick darkness the peoples; but the Lord will arise upon you, and his glory will appear over you. Nations shall come to your light, and kings to the brightness of your dawn. Lift up your eyes and look around; they all gather together, they come to you; your sons shall come from far away, and your daughters shall be carried on their nurses' arms. Then you shall see and be radiant; your heart shall thrill and rejoice, because the abundance of the sea shall be brought to you, the wealth of the nations shall come to you. A multitude of camels shall cover you, the young camels of Midian and Ephah; all those from Sheba shall come. They shall bring gold and frankincense, and shall proclaim the praise of the Lord.

Second Reflection Revd Dr Sam Wells

Please stand.

Hymn

- 1 As with gladness men of old
did the guiding star behold,
as with joy they hailed its light,
leading onward, beaming bright;
so, most gracious Lord, may we
evermore be led to thee.**
- 2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to thy lowly bed,
there to bend the knee before
thee whom heaven and earth adore;
so may we with willing feet
ever seek thy mercy-seat.**
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
at thy cradle rude and bare,
so may we with holy joy,
pure and free from sin's alloy,
all our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.**
- 4 Holy Jesus, every day
keep us in the narrow way,
and, when earthly things are past,
bring our ransomed souls at last
where they need no star to guide,
where no clouds thy glory hide.**
- 5 In the heavenly country bright
need they no created light;
thou its light, its joy, its crown,
thou its sun which goes not down;
there for ever may we sing
alleluias to our King.**

William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898)

Please sit.

Second Reading Matthew 2. 1-12

In the time of King Herod, after Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, wise men from the East came to Jerusalem, asking, 'Where is the child who has been born king of the Jews? For we observed his star at its rising, and have come to pay him homage.' When King Herod heard this, he was frightened, and all Jerusalem with him; and calling together all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where the Messiah was to be born. They told him, 'In Bethlehem of Judea; for so it has been written by the prophet: "And you, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, are by no means least among the rulers of Judah; for from you shall come a ruler who is to shepherd my people Israel." ' Then Herod secretly called for the wise men and learned from them the exact time when the star had appeared. Then he sent them to Bethlehem, saying, 'Go and search diligently for the child; and when you have found him, bring me word so that I may also go and pay him homage.' When they had heard the king, they set out; and there, ahead of them, went the star that they had seen at its rising, until it stopped over the place where the child was. When they saw that the star had stopped, they were overwhelmed with joy. On entering the house, they saw the child with Mary his mother; and they knelt down and paid him homage. Then, opening their treasure-chests, they offered him gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. And having been warned in a dream not to return to Herod, they left for their own country by another road.

Third Reflection Revd Dr Sam Wells

Hymn *sung by the Choir of St Martin-in-the-Fields*

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
star of the east, the horizon adorning,
guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

continued...

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
vainly with gifts would his favour secure:
richer by far is the heart's adoration,
dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
star of the east, the horizon adorning,
guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Reginald Heber (1783-1826)

Poem The Wise Men *G.K. Chesterton*

Step softly, under snow or rain,
To find the place where men can pray;
The way is all so very plain
That we may lose the way.
Oh, we have learnt to peer and pore
On tortured puzzles from our youth,
We know all labyrinthine lore,
We are the three wise men of yore,
And we know all things but the truth.
We have gone round and round the hill
And lost the wood among the trees,
And learnt long names for every ill,
And served the mad gods, naming still
The furies the Eumenides.
The gods of violence took the veil
Of vision and philosophy,
The Serpent that brought all men bale,
He bites his own accursed tail,
And calls himself Eternity.
Go humbly...it has hailed and snowed...
With voices low and lanterns lit;
So very simple is the road,
That we may stray from it.
The world grows terrible and white,
And blinding white the breaking day;
We walk bewildered in the light,
For something is too large for sight,
And something much too plain to say.

The Child that was ere worlds begun
(...We need but walk a little way,
We need but see a latch undone...)
The Child that played with moon and sun
Is playing with a little hay.
The house from which the heavens are fed,
The old strange house that is our own,
Where trick of words are never said,
And Mercy is as plain as bread,
And Honour is as hard as stone.
Go humbly, humble are the skies,
And low and large and fierce the Star;
So very near the Manger lies
That we may travel far.
Hark! Laughter like a lion wakes
To roar to the resounding plain.
And the whole heaven shouts and shakes,
For God Himself is born again,
And we are little children walking
Through the snow and rain.

Prayers

During the following hymn a collection will be taken for the work of St Martin's. You are welcome to donate in the following ways:

- cash in the collection bags filling in a Gift Aid envelope if applicable,*
- select amount and tap the card machines brought by the stewards,*
- online at stmartininthefields.myiknowchurch.co.uk/giving,*
- by texting COLLECTION to 70450 to donate £10 (texts cost £10 plus one standard rate message).*

Please stand.

Hymn

- 1 What star is this, with beams so bright,
more beauteous than the noonday light?
It shines to herald forth the King,
and Gentiles to his cradle bring.**

continued...

- 2 See now fulfill'd what God decreed,
'From Jacob shall a star proceed;'
and Eastern sages with amaze
upon the wondrous vision gaze.
- 3 The guiding star above is bright;
within them shines a clearer light,
which leads them on with power benign
to seek the Giver of the sign.
- 4 True love can brook no dull delay;
nor toil nor dangers stop their way:
home, kindred, fatherland, and all
they leave at their Creator's call.
- 5 O Jesu, while the star of grace
allures us now to seek thy Face,
let not our slothful hearts refuse
the guidance of that light to use.
- 6 All glory, Jesu, be to thee
for this thy glad Epiphany,
whom with the Father we adore
and Holy Ghost for evermore.

Quae stella sole pulchrior, Charles Coffin (1676–1749) translated by John Chandler (1806–1876)

Blessing

Organ Voluntary

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