



THE MOUNTBATTEN SCHOOL



Carol Service
on
Tuesday 13 December 2022, 7.30pm
in
Romsey Abbey

Chief Executive Officer: Heather McIlroy
Headmaster: Andrew Portas

Founder Patron: 1st Earl Mountbatten of Burma

Patron: The Lady Alexandra Knatchbull

CONGREGATION:

{All stand}

Solo: 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: 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 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 lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
Where like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Words: Cecil Francis Alexander (1818-1895)

Music: Henry John Gauntlett (1805-1876)

WORDS OF WELCOME:

Reverend Lee Thompson

WIND BAND:

Christmas Festival Overture

Richard Saucedo (b.1957)

FIRST LESSON:

Isaiah 9: 2, 7-9

The prophet foretells the coming of the Saviour.

Paul Bridges, Year 7

CONGREGATION:

{All stand}

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 Christ 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 wond'rous 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: Phillips Brooks (1835-1893)
Music: R Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)*

JUNIOR CHOIR:

Away in a Manger

*James R Murray (1841-1905)
arr. Gwyn Arch*

SECOND LESSON:

Luke 1: 26-35, 38

The angel Gabriel salutes the Blessed Virgin Mary.

*Zunayrah Rizvi &
Harry Spencer, Year 8*

CHAMBER CHOIR:

Et in Terra Pax

John Purifoy (b.1952)

THIRD LESSON:

At the Manger, Mary Sings
by W H Auden (1907-1973)

Evie Brooks, Year 10

O shut your bright eyes that mine must endanger
with their watchfulness; protected by its shade
escape from my care: what can you discover from
my tender look but how to be afraid?
Love can but confirm the more it would deny.
Close your bright eye.

Sleep. What have you learned from the womb that
bore you but an anxiety your Father cannot feel?
Sleep. What will the flesh that I gave do for you,
or my mother love, but tempt you from His will?
Why was I chosen to teach His Son to weep?
Little one, sleep.

Dream. In human dreams earth ascends to Heaven
where no one need pray nor ever feel alone.
In your first few hours of life here, O have you
Chosen already what death must be your own?
How soon will you start on the Sorrowful Way?
Dream while you may.

STAFF CHOIR:

Mid-winter

Bob Chilcott (b.1955)

FOURTH LESSON:

Luke 2: 1-14
St Luke tells of the birth of Jesus.

*Tyrese Adams, Year 7 &
Megan Hayes, Year 9*

CONGREGATION:

{All stand}

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 Godhead see,
Hail th'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 heav'n born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Son 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.*

*Words: Charles Wesley (1707-88) and others
Music: Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)*

FIFTH LESSON:

The Refugees
by Ann Weems (1934-2016)

Layla Porter &
Alex Jones, Year 10

Into the wild and painful cold of the starless winter night
came the refugees, slowly making their way to the border.
The man, stooped from age or anxiety,
hurried his small family through the wind.
Bearded and dark, his skin rough and cracked from the cold,
his frame looming large in spite of the slumped shoulders;
he looked like a man who could take care of whatever
came at them from the dark.

Unless of course there were too many of them,
One man he could handle, two, even but a border patrol...
they wouldn't have a chance.
His eyes, black and alert,
darted from side to side, then over his shoulder,
then back again forward.
Had they been seen?
Had they been heard?
Every rustle of the wind, every sigh from the child,
sent terror through his chest.
Was this the way?

Even the stars had been unkind - had hidden themselves in the ink of night
so that the man could not read their way.
Only the wind ... was it enough?
Only the wind and his innate sense of direction...

What kind of cruel judgement that would be,
to wander in circles through the night?
Or to safely make their way to the border,
only to find the authorities waiting for them?

He glanced at the young woman, his bride.
No more than a child herself,
she nuzzled the newborn, kissing his neck.
she looked up, caught his eye and smiled.

Oh how the homelessness had taken its toll on her!
Her eyes were red, her young face was lined,
her lovely hair matted from inattention,
her clothes stained from milk and baby,
her hands chapped from the raw wind of winter.

She'd hardly had time to recover from childbirth

when word had come that they were hunted,
and they fled with only a little bread,
and the remaining wine,
and a very small portion of cheese.

Suddenly, the child began to make small noises,
the man drew his breath in sharply:
the woman quietly put the child to breast.
Fear... long dread-filled moments...
Huddled, the family stood still in the long silence.
At last, the man breathed deeply again,
reassured they had not been heard
and into the night continued
Mary, Joseph and the Babe.

SENIOR CHOIR:

Carol of the Bells

*M Leontovich (1877-1921) &
P J Wilhousky (1902-1978)
arr. S Kupferschmid*

SIXTH LESSON:

The Christmas Rose
by Cecil Day-Lewis (1904-1972)

Andrew Portas, Headmaster

What is the flower that blooms each year
In flowerless days,
Making a little blaze
On the bleak earth, giving my heart some cheer?

Harsh the sky and hard the ground
When the Christmas rose is found.
Look! its white star, low on earth,
Rays a vision of rebirth.

Who is the child that's born each year -
His bedding, straw:
His grace, enough to thaw
My wintering life, and melt a world's despair?

Harsh the sky and hard the earth
When the Christmas child comes forth.
Look! around a stable throne
Beasts and wise men are at one.

What men are we that, year on year,

We Herod-wise
In our cold wits devise
A death of innocents, a rule of fear?

Hushed your earth, full-starred your sky
For a new nativity:
Be born in us, relieve our plight,
Christmas child, you rose of light!

CONGREGATION:

{All stand}

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.

*The rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.*

The holly bears a blossom,
As white as the lily flower;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.

*The rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.*

The holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to do us sinners good.

*The rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.*

The holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Christmas day in the morn.

*The rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.*

The holly bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all.

*The rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.*

English Traditional Carol

THE MOUNTBATTEN COMMUNITY CHOIR:

Silent Night

*Franz X Gruber (1787-1863)
arr. Gwyn Arch*

SEVENTH LESSON:

Matthew 2: 1-12
The wise men are led by the star to Jesus.

*Mia Gaete &
Lois Ball, Year 11*

WIND BAND:

Cantique de Noel (O Holy Night)

*Adolphe Adam (1803-1856)
arr. Chip Davis*

EIGHTH LESSON:

Adoration of the Magi
by Christopher Pilling (1936-2019)

*Evelina Mavropoulou, Year 11
& Jacob Maynard, Year 10*

It was the arrival of the kings that caught us unawares;
we'd looked in on the woman in the barn, curiosity you could call it,
something to do on a cold winter's night; we'd wished her well.

That was the best we could do – she was in pain,
and the next thing we knew she was lying in the straw
-the little there was of it- and there was this baby in her arms.

It was, as I say, the kings that caught us unawares...
Women have babies every other day, not that we are there-
Let's call it a common occurrence though, giving birth.
But kings appearing in a stable with a 'Is this the place?' and kneeling,
each with his gift held out towards the child!

They didn't even notice us.
Their robes trailed on the floor, rich lined robes that money couldn't buy.
What must this child be to bring kings from distant lands,
with costly incense and gold?
What could a tiny baby make of that?

SCHOOL CHOIRS:

Star Carol

*John Rutter (b.1945)
arr. Kenneth Pont*

NINTH LESSON:

John 1: 1-14

St John unfolds the great mystery of the Incarnation.

*Heather McIlroy,
Chief Executive Officer*

COMBINED CHOIRS:

Sing Glory to the King

David Schmidt (b.1956)

CONGREGATION:

{All stand}

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, 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.*

Words & music: John Francis Wade (1711-1786)

CLOSING PRAYER:

Reverend Lee Thompson

RECESSIONAL (WIND BAND):

Feliz Navidad

*José Feliciano (b.1945)
arr. Michael Brown*



The Trustees, Chief Executive Officer, Headmaster, Staff and Students thank the Reverend Thomas Wharton for the continued privilege of using Romsey Abbey for their annual Carol Service.

We wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

RETIRING COLLECTION

Proceeds to be given to The Mountbatten School to defray their costs.



*Dominic Brenton
(Front cover painting by Rex Trayhorne)*



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