Hail, gladdening light

Hail! gladdening Light, of His pure glory poured
Who is th’immortal Father, heavenly, blest,
Holiest of Holies--Jesus Christ our Lord!

Now we are come to the Sun’s hour of rest;
The lights of evening round us shine;
We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit divine!

Worthiest art thou at all times to be sung
With undefiled tongue,
Son of our God, giver of life, alone:
Therefore in all the world thy glories, Lord, they own. Amen.

Text: John Keble (1792-1866)
Music: Charles Wood (1866-1926)

O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls: and plenteousness within thy palaces.
For my brethren and companions’ sakes: I will wish thee prosperity.
Yea, because of the house of the Lord our God: I will seek to do thee good.

Text: Psalm 122 vv. 6-9
Music: John Blow (1649-1708)

O thou the central orb

O Thou, the central orb of righteous love,
Pure beam of the most High, eternal Light
Of this our wintry world, Thy radiance bright
Awakes new joy in faith, hope soars above.

Come, quickly come, and let thy glory shine,
Gilding our darksome heaven with rays Divine.

Thy saints with holy lustre round Thee move,
As stars about thy throne, set in the height
Of God’s ordaining counsel, as Thy sight
Gives measured grace to each, Thy power to prove.
Let Thy bright beams disperse the gloom of sin,
Our nature all shall feel eternal day
In fellowship with thee, transforming day
To souls erewhile unclean, now pure within. Amen.

Text: H. R. Bramley (1833-1917)
Music: Charles Wood (1866-1926)

Thay are at rest

They are at rest.
We may not stir the heav'n of their repose
By rude invoking voice, or prayer addrest
In waywardness to those
Who in the mountain grots of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river as it murmurs by.

And soothing sounds
Blending with the neighb'ring waters as they glide;
Posted along the haunted garden's bounds,
Angelic forms abide,
Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and grove
The verses of that hymn which Seraphs chant above.

Text: John Henry Newman (1801-1890)
Music: Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

A Hymn to the Virgin
Of one that is so fair and bright
Velut maris stella,
Brighter than the day is light,
Parens et puella:
I cry to thee, thou see to me,
Lady, pray thy Son for me
Tam pia,
That I may come to thee.
Maria!

All this world was forlorn
Eva peccatrice,
Till our Lord was y-born
De te genetrice.
With ave it went away
Darkest night, and comes the day
Salutis
The well springeth out of thee.
Virtutis.

Lady, flow'r of ev'rything,
Rosa sine spina,
Thou bare Jesu, Heaven's King,
Gratia divina:
Of all thou bear'st the prize,
Lady, queen of paradise
Electa:
Maid mild, mother es Effecta.
Effecta.

Text: Anon.
Music: Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

The Shepherds' Farewell (from L'Enfance du Christ Op. 25)

Thou must leave Thy lowly dwelling,
The humble crib, the stable bare.
Babe, all mortal babes excelling,
Content our earthly lot to share.
Loving father, Loving mother,
Shelter Thee with tender care!

Blessed Jesus, we implore Thee
With humble love and holy fear.
In the land that lies before Thee,
Forget not us who linger here!
May the shepherd's lowly calling,
Ever to Thy heart be dear!

Blest are ye beyond all measure,
Thou happy father, mother mild!
Guard ye well your heav'nly treasure,
The Prince of Peace, The Holy Child!
God go with you, God protect you,
Guide you safely through the wild!

Text: Hector Berlioz tr. Paul England
Music: Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day
Tomorrow shall be my dancing day:
I would my true love did so chance
To see the legend of my play,
To call my true love to my dance;

_Sing O my love, O my love, my love, my love,_
_This have I done for my true love._

Then was I born of a virgin pure,
Of her I took fleshly substance
Thus was I knit to man's nature
To call my true love to my dance.
_Sing O my love, O my love, my love, my love,_
_This have I done for my true love._

In a manger laid, and wrapped I was
So very poor, this was my chance
Between an ox and a silly poor ass
To call my true love to my dance.
_Sing O my love, O my love, my love, my love,_
_This have I done for my true love._

Then afterwards baptized I was;
The Holy Ghost on me did glance,
My Father's voice heard I from above,
To call my true love to my dance.
_Sing O my love, O my love, my love, my love,_
_This have I done for my true love._
_For my true love._

Text: Traditional

**George Dyson – Nunc Dimittis in F**

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father,
And to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be:
World without end. Amen.
Set me as a seal

Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm:
For love is strong as death;
Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.

Lord, let me know mine end

Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my days:
That I may be certified how long I have to live.
Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long:
And mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee;
And verily every man living is altogether vanity.
For man walketh in a vain shadow,
And disquieteth himself in vain:
He heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.
And now, Lord, what is my hope:
Truly my hope is even in thee.
Hear my prayer, O Lord,
And with thine ears consider my calling:
Hold not thy peace at my tears.
O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength:
Before I go hence, and be no more seen.

Arglwydd mae yn nosi

Arglwydd, mae yn nosi,
Gwrando ar ein cri,
O! bererin nefol,
Aros gydani.
Amen.

Ubi Caritas
Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est.
Congregavit nos in unum Christi amor.
Exsultemus, et in ipso jucundemur.
Timeamus, et amemus Deum vivum.
Et ex corde diligamus nos sincero.

Text: Anon.
Music: Maurice Duruflé (1902-1986)

God so loved the world

God so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.
For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.
Amen.

Text: John 3, v. 16-17.
Music: John Stainer (1840-1901)

Ye choirs of new Jerusalem

Ye choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.

For Judah’s Lion bursts His chains,
Crushing the serpent’s head;
And cries aloud through death’s domains
To wake th’imprison’d dead.

Devouring depths of hell
Their prey at His command restore;
His ransom’d hosts pursue their way
Where Jesus goes before.

Triumphant in His glory now
To Him all power is given;
To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

While we, His soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore,
Within His palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.
All glory to the Father be,  
All glory to the Son,  
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
While endless ages run.

Alleluia! Amen.

Text: St Fulbert of Chartres translated by R. Campbell and the compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern  
Music: Charles V Stanford, Op. 123

**Jesus College Prayer**

O God, by whose manifold grace all things work together for good for them that love thee;  
Establish, we pray thee, the good work thou hast begun in us,  
And make this College like a field that the Lord hath blessed;  
That whatsoever things are pure, true, lovely, and of good report, may here forever flourish and abound, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Text: trad., including quotations from Romans 8.28, Genesis 27.27, Psalm 68.28, Philippians 4.8  
Music: James Bowstead (b. 1993)

**Now is the Month of Maying**

Now is the month of maying,  
When merry lads are playing,  
Fa la la la la la la la la,  
Fa la la la la la la la la la.  
Each with his bonny lass  
Upon the greeny grass.  
Fa la la la la la la la la la,  
Fa la la la la la la la la la.

The Spring, clad all in gladness,  
Doth laugh at Winter’s sadness,  
Fa la la la la la la la la,  
Fa la la la la la la la la.  
And to the bagpipe’s sound  
The nymphs tread out their ground.  
Fa la la la la la la la la la la la,  
Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la.

Fie then! why sit we musing,  
Youth’s sweet delight refusing?
Fa la la la la la la la la,
Fa la la la la la la lah.
Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,
Shall we play barley-break?
Fa la la la la la la la la,
Fa la la la la la la lah.

Text: Anon.
Music: Thomas Morley (1557/8-1602)

**Ascendit Deus**

Ascendit Deus in jubilatione, et Dominus in voce tubae.
Alleluia.
Dominus in caelo paravit sedem suam.
Alleluia.

Text: Psalm 47 v. 5, Psalm 102 v. 19a.
Music: Peter Philips (c. 1565-c. 1635)

**Litany to the Holy Spirit**

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned with sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

Text: Robert Herrick (1591-1674)
Music: Peter Hurford (b. 1930)

**Guide me, O thou great Redeemer**

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim though this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

Text: William Williams (1717-1791), tr. Peter Williams (1723-1796)