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Follow the Stars

MACMILLAN CAROLS

2012

Friday 9 December, 8pm  
Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford



Fundraising for

**MACMILLAN**  
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**WELCOME**

26th Anniversary  
Follow the Stars  
Macmillan Carols 2022

Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford  
Friday 9th December

Fundraising for

**MACMILLAN  
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# Proud to support

## Follow the Stars Macmillan Carols 2022

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## Welcome from Lynda Thomas, Chief Executive, Macmillan Cancer Support



On behalf of everyone at Macmillan Cancer Support, I would like to welcome you to the 26th Anniversary of Follow the Stars – Macmillan Carols in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford.

Tonight we are thrilled to be joined by Kirsty Young, Sally Phillips, Toby Jones, Shaun Evans and Victoria Coren Mitchell. This very special evening will be filled with your favourite carols, choral music, literary readings and for those of you who missed last year's premiere, a new carol composed especially for you by the nation's favourite choral composer John Rutter, performed by the beautiful voices of the Oxford Bach Soloists.

In Oxfordshire there are, on average, 3,700 people diagnosed with cancer each year. In addition to this, there are over 29,700 people living with cancer. We know we are not reaching them all with the personal support they deserve, and we need to react now to ensure we can help everyone who needs us, when they need us most.

Being told "you have cancer" can affect so much more than your health. This year, Follow the Stars – Macmillan Carols hopes to raise enough money to fund a Macmillan Nurse for a whole year. Our Macmillan Nurses make a life changing difference to people living with cancer and their loved ones, and they are a key point of contact from the point of diagnosis. Macmillan knows that it is this vital one-to-one support from a dedicated Cancer Nurse that makes all the difference to people on their cancer journey. Cancer nurses can support each person, with their own needs, through the maze of health and care services.

I would like to say a special thank you to the committee of dedicated volunteers who have organised this event and who have raised over £550,000 for Macmillan since the first carol concert in 1996. I extend my sincere thanks to all our guest readers, musicians, sponsors and programme advertisers for their contributions to this wonderful evening.

Leading this inspiring charity has been both an honour and a privilege and I'm so proud of everything we have achieved for people with cancer to date. After 20 years at Macmillan, including eight of those as CEO, many of you will be aware that I will be stepping down at the end of this year. I know that all those who benefit from Macmillan's inspiring work will want to join me in sending our most heartfelt thank you to all of you for supporting this evening's event and raising vital funds for our services. Thank you so much for your most valued support.

Lynda Thomas  
Chief Executive



## **FOLLOW THE STARS - MACMILLAN CAROLS COMMITTEE**

Dame Hilary Boulding (President)

Sandra Devaney (Chair)

Rachael Austin, Jenny Barr, Roger Deats, Niamh Merrigan, Phillipa Rooney,  
Jessica Stobart, Helen Warr and Suzette Wilson-Macdonald

**The committee would like to extend their warm thanks to the following  
sponsors, donors and contributors:**

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The Dean and Chapter of Christ Church Cathedral  
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Melanie Humphreys of Macmillan Cancer Support  
Macmillan Cancer Support volunteer stewards

*and to all those who have generously made anonymous donations*

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## **GUEST READERS**

Victoria Coren Mitchell, Shaun Evans, Toby Jones OBE,  
Sally Phillips and Kirsty Young

## **MUSICIANS**

### **Choir**

The Oxford Bach Soloists  
Conducted by Tom Hammond-Davies

### **Sopranos**

Jessie Edgar  
Saskia Jamieson  
Melissa Talbot  
Lizi Vineall

### **Tenors**

Maurice Cole  
Colin Danskin  
Andy Doll  
Louis Watkins

### **Altos**

Louise Ashdown  
Karol Jozwik  
Will Prior  
Charlotte Sleet

### **Basses**

Ignacio Cornejo  
Charlie Epps  
Ben Gilchrist  
Chris Murphy

### **Organist**

Steven Grahl, Christ Church Organist

### **Solo Chorister**

Martin Dancer, Christ Church Cathedral Choir

### **Brass Band**

Magdalen College School Brass Ensemble  
Directed by Duncan McNaughton

*You are kindly requested to turn the pages of the programme quietly during the  
course of the concert*



## PROGRAMME

### Organ music before the concert

Prelude and Fugue in C (BWV 547)  
*Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)*

Noël sur les Flûtes  
*LC Daquin (1694-1772)*

### PLEASE REMAIN SEATED

Welcome on behalf of the Dean and Canons of Christ Church by  
the Revd Philippa White, Precentor, Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford

### Choir Introit

#### ECHO CAROL

Creator of the starry height,  
Thy people's everlasting light,  
Jesu, Redeemer, save us all,  
And hear thy servants when they call.  
Alleluia.

Thou, grieving that the ancient curse  
Should doom to death a universe,  
Hast found the med'cine, full of grace,  
To save and heal a ruined race.  
Alleluia.

Thou cam'st, the bridegroom of the bride,  
As drew the world to eventide;  
Proceeding from a Virgin shrine,  
The spotless victim all divine:  
Alleluia.

At whose dread name, majestic now,  
All knees must bend, all hearts must bow;



And things celestial thee shall own,  
And things terrestrial, Lord alone.  
Alleluia.

*Music: Philip Wilby (born 1949)*

*Words: 7th Century Anon., tr. John Mason Neale (1818-1866)*

*Banks Music Publications*

**PLEASE STAND**

**ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY**

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.

CHOIR

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.

ALL

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.

ALL

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.



ALL                    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.

ALL                    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.

*Solo: Martin Dancer*

*Music: Henry John Gauntlett (1805-76)*

*vv. 1-5 harmonized by A. H. Mann (1850-1929)*

*v. 6 arranged by David Willcocks (1919-2015)*

*Words: Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-95)*

**PLEASE SIT**

**Bidding Prayer**

The Right Reverend Dr Steven Croft, Bishop of Oxford

**Choir**

**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,...

In a manger laid and wrapped I was,  
So very poor, this was my chance,  
Betwixt an ox and a silly poor ass,  
To call my true love to my dance:

Sing O my love,...

*Music: English traditional carol  
Arranged by David Willcocks (1919-2015)  
Words: Anon*

**Reading by Toby Jones**

**NOEL: CHRISTMAS EVE 1913**

A frosty Christmas Eve  
when the stars were shining  
Fared I forth alone  
where westward falls the hill,  
And from many a village  
in the water'd valley  
Distant music reach'd me  
peals of bells a-ringing:  
The constellated sounds  
ran sprinkling on earth's floor  
As the dark vault above  
with stars was spangled o'er.  
Then sped my thoughts to keep  
that first Christmas of all  
When the shepherds watching  
by their folds ere the dawn  
Heard music in the fields  
and marveling could not tell  
Whether it were angels  
or the bright stars singing.

Now blessed be the tow'rs  
that crown England so fair  
That stand up strong in prayer  
unto God for our souls



Blessed be their founders  
    (said I) an' our country folk  
Who are ringing for Christ  
    in the belfries to-night  
With arms lifted to clutch  
    the rattling ropes that race  
Into the dark above  
    and the mad romping din.

But to me heard afar  
    it was starry music  
Angels' song, comforting  
    as the comfort of Christ  
When he spake tenderly  
    to his sorrowful flock:  
The old words came to me  
    by the riches of time  
Mellow'd and transfigured  
    as I stood on the hill  
Hear'ning in the aspect  
    of th' eternal silence.

*Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930)*

### **Choir**

#### **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, heav'n cannot hold him  
Nor earth sustain;  
Heav'n 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 breastful of milk  
And a mangerful 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 can I give him,  
Give my heart.

*Solo chorister: Martin Dancer*  
*Solo tenor: Chris Murphy*  
*Music: Harold Darke (1888-1976)*  
*Words: Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)*

### **CAROL OF THE BELLS**

Hark! How the bells, sweet silver bells,  
All seem to say "throw cares away."  
Christmas is here bringing good cheer,  
To young and old, meek and the bold.  
Ding, dong, ding, dong, that is their song,  
With joyful ring, all carolling.  
One seems to hear words of good cheer  
From everywhere, filling the air.  
Oh, how they pound, raising the sound,  
O'er hill and dale, telling their tale.



Gaily they ring, while people sing,  
Songs of good cheer, Christmas is here!  
Merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas!  
Merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas!  
On, on they send, on without end,  
Their joyful tone to every home.  
Ding, dong, ding, dong.

*Ukrainian Folk Song SHCHEDRYK/ЩЕДРИК*  
*Music: Mykola Leontovych (1877-1921)*  
*arranged by Peter J. Wilhousky (1902-1978)*

**Reading by Victoria Coren Mitchell**

### **KING JOHN'S CHRISTMAS**

King John was not a good man,  
He had his little ways.  
And sometimes no one spoke to him  
For days and days and days.  
And men who came across him,  
When walking in the town,  
Gave him a supercilious stare,  
Or passed with noses in the air,  
And bad King John stood dumbly there,  
Blushing beneath his crown.

King John was not a good man,  
And no good friends had he.  
He stayed in every afternoon...  
But no one came to tea.  
And, round about December,  
The cards upon his shelf  
Which wished him lots of Christmas cheer,  
And fortune in the coming year,  
Were never from his near and dear,  
But only from himself.

King John was not a good man,  
Yet had his hopes and fears.  
They'd given him no present now





For years and years and years.  
But every year at Christmas,  
While minstrels stood about,  
Collecting tribute from the young  
For all the songs they might have sung,  
He stole away upstairs and hung  
A hopeful stocking out.

King John was not a good man,  
He lived his life aloof;  
Alone he thought a message out  
While climbing up the roof.  
He wrote it down and propped it  
Against the chimney stack:  
"TO ALL AND SUNDRY - NEAR AND FAR -  
F. CHRISTMAS IN PARTICULAR."  
And signed it not "Johannes R."  
But very humbly, "Jack."  
"I want some crackers,  
And I want some candy;  
I think a box of chocolates  
Would come in handy;  
I don't mind oranges,  
I do like nuts!  
And I SHOULD like a pocket-knife  
That really cuts.  
And, oh! Father Christmas, if you love me at all,  
Bring me a big, red, india-rubber ball!"

King John was not a good man,  
He wrote this message out,  
And gat him to this room again,  
Descending by the spout.  
And all that night he lay there,  
A prey to hopes and fears.  
"I think that's him a-coming now!"  
(Anxiety bedewed his brow.)  
"He'll bring one present, anyhow -  
The first I've had for years."

"Forget about the crackers,  
And forget about the candy;



I'm sure a box of chocolates  
Would never come in handy;  
I don't like oranges,  
I don't want nuts,  
And I HAVE got a pocket-knife  
That almost cuts.  
But, oh! Father Christmas, if you love me at all,  
Bring me a big, red, india-rubber ball!"

King John was not a good man,  
Next morning when the sun  
Rose up to tell a waiting world  
That Christmas had begun,  
And people seized their stockings,  
And opened them with glee,  
And crackers, toys and games appeared,  
And lips with sticky sweets were smeared,  
King John said grimly: "As I feared,  
Nothing again for me!"

"I did want crackers,  
And I did want candy;  
I know a box of chocolates  
Would come in handy;  
I do love oranges,  
I did want nuts.  
I haven't got a pocket-knife -  
Not one that cuts.  
And, oh! if Father Christmas, had loved me at all,  
He would have brought a big, red,  
india-rubber ball!"

King John stood by the window,  
And frowned to see below  
The happy bands of boys and girls  
All playing in the snow.  
A while he stood there watching,  
And envying them all ...  
When through the window big and red  
There hurtled by his royal head,



And bounced and fell upon the bed,  
An india-rubber ball!  
AND, OH, FATHER CHRISTMAS,  
MY BLESSINGS ON YOU FALL  
FOR BRINGING HIM  
A BIG, RED,  
INDIA-RUBBER  
BALL!

*A. A. Milne (1882-1956)  
Now We Are Six*

### **Choir**

#### **DING DONG! MERRILY ON HIGH**

Ding dong! merrily on high in heav'n the bells are ringing:  
Ding dong! verily the sky is riv'n with angels singing.  
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below, let steeple bells be swungen,  
And 'io, io, io' by priest and people sungen.  
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime your matin chime, ye ringers:  
May you beautifully rime your evetime song, ye singers.  
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

*16th-century French melody harmonized by Charles Wood (1866-1926)  
Words: George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848-1934)*

### **Reading by Kirsty Young**

#### **NORWEGIAN WOOD – ISN'T IT GOOD**

Last year some in the British press expressed outrage that the traditional Norwegian Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square was in less than perfect condition. They would do well to read, and be humbled by, the excellent book “The King and the Christmas Tree” by A N Wilson, from which the following extracts are drawn:



Every year, in the middle of London, a huge Norway spruce, twenty metres and more in height, is erected in Trafalgar Square. Many who see it must take it for granted. It is Christmas time, so let's put up a tree.

The London tree, however, tells us a particular story. It is the story, really, of a king, a very remarkable king, and of his people, the brave, indomitable people of Norway. The Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square is not just any old tree, such as you might see decorating a shopping mall or a civic space, any old where.

At the base of the tree stands a plaque, bearing the words:

**This tree is given by the city of Oslo as a token of Norwegian gratitude to the people of London for their assistance during the years 1940-45.**

Though it comes and goes each year, and is to that extent as ephemeral as the seasons, the Norwegian Christmas tree could claim to be among the most remarkable memorials contained in that square which is so packed with links to history.

The tree reminds us of the political and social values that were being defended, with such amazing valour and determination, when the first tree was erected in 1942. That tree, and every tree since, has spoken of what the friendship stood for, between Norway - invaded but refusing to accept conquest - and Britain - resisting, not the German-speaking people, who probably invented the idea of Christmas trees, but the dark powers of the Third Reich. The hundreds of white lights that decorate the tree are beacons of an imperishable light, memorials of a remarkable story.

Invaded in April 1940, Norwegian forces were soon overwhelmed, but the Government refused to surrender, and both the Prime Minister and the King (a constitutional monarch *par excellence*) were quite determined that they should not be taken prisoner. There followed an astonishing cat and mouse period as they moved to the frozen north and eventually were smuggled on to ships bound for Scotland. They also protected Norway's gold reserves by smuggling out 53 tons in small fishing vessels, and hence were able to finance the Norwegian Resistance and ensure the King and his Government in exile in London were never dependent on another nation for financial help. The Norwegian Merchant Navy played a crucial role in keeping the Allies fed, and the Resistance managed to stymie the entire Nazi plan for building a nuclear weapon!

Philip Noel-Baker, Parliamentary Under-Secretary said:



“ I often wonder how things would have gone if Norway had not resisted German occupation - if Norway had done as stronger nations did, and said: “what’s the use?” I can well imagine that Great Britain would not have been able to hold out when things were at their worst, if it had not been for the help we got from the Norwegians, not least from the Norwegian Merchant Navy... I know what dangers the Norwegian crews are exposed to, and I also know that 2/5 of the petrol that reaches this country comes in Norwegian tankers. I know that Norwegian tankers are playing the same role in the battle of the Atlantic as the spitfires played in the Battle of Britain in the summer and autumn of 1940. Great Britain will never forget what Norway has done.”

When King Haakon reached his 70th birthday in August 1942, there was an outpouring of affection and admiration from Norwegians everywhere.

Resistance fighter, Mons Urangsvåg, sent a Norwegian pine as a gift to his exiled king. His Norwegian pine was not a sensible thing. It was, however, a palpable, organic part of Norway. It had grown out of Norwegian soil and was now making its way to Norway’s King, to the man who had demonstrated the unconquerable potency of not doing the sensible thing.

The King gifted the tree to Londoners, and so it was first erected in Trafalgar Square in the middle of the war. No electric lights - there was still a black-out! – but evergreen with defiant hope.

From this memory sprang a tradition that has been continued from 1947, the year when Princess Elizabeth married Prince Philip, an event attended by King Haakon.

Always, the tree has been chosen long before, sometimes even years before it is cut down. It is selected with great care, in the spring before it is felled. They usually choose a tree of around eighty years old, and they are looking for one with vigorous growth, at least twenty metres high. From the moment the tree is selected, the foresters revere and cosset her. They call her the Queen of the Forest.

When the time comes for the felling, towards the end of November, Norwegian schoolchildren gather to sing carols. British representatives, usually the Lord Mayor of Westminster and the British Ambassador to Norway, take part in the felling itself, typically with the Mayor of Oslo holding one end of the saw and the Lord Mayor of Westminster the other – for the cameras at least.



Certainly, the whole story of the tree, and its journey, appears like a symbol of Northern European history over the last century. The schoolchildren gathered in the snow, and singing of universal peace, come from every nationality and every ethnicity... The tree itself, the Queen of the Forest, follows the same sea-journey as its war-struck predecessor.

Ensnconced in Trafalgar Square and decorated in traditional Norwegian style the tree is ready for the civic ceremony which marks the beginning of the Christmas season for most Londoners.

They gather to sing carols, not about an invincible Führer, but about a little refugee baby, lying in straw.

Many who gather round the tree to sing the traditional carols of Christmas have no belief, such as King Haakon had, in the actual truth of the Christian religion. Nevertheless, each year, the repetition of the story, of the Creator who declared the inviolable sanctity of every human life by taking flesh in the vulnerability of a human baby, is overwhelmingly powerful.

*A N Wilson (b. 1950)  
From 'The King and the Christmas Tree'  
Adapted for this concert by Roger Deats*

## **Choir**

### **BLAKE'S LULLABY**

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

*Lullaby, sing lullaby.*

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

*Lullaby, sing lullaby.*



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

*Lullaby, sing lullaby.*

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.

*Written at the invitation of Follow the Stars – Macmillan Carols  
in celebration of 25 years of fundraising for Macmillan Cancer Support*

*Words: from William Blake's A Cradle Song (1757-1827)*

*Music: John Rutter (b. 1945)*



**Reading by Shaun Evans**

**A CHRISTMAS CAROL**

So now is come our joyful feast,  
Let every man be jolly;  
Each room with ivy leaves is dressed,  
And every post with holly.  
Though some churls at our mirth repine,  
Round your foreheads garlands twine,  
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,  
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbours' chimnies smoke,  
And Christmas blocks are burning;  
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,  
And all their spits are turning.  
Without the door let sorrow lie,  
And if for cold it hap to die,  
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,  
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,  
And no man minds his labour;  
Our lasses have provided them  
A bagpipe and a tabor.  
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,  
Give life to one another's joys;  
And you anon shall by their noise  
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun,  
Their hall of music soundeth;  
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,  
So all things aboundeth.  
The country-folk themselves advance,  
For crowdy-mutton's come out of France;  
And Jack shall pipe and Jill shall dance,  
And all the town be merry.





Hark how the wags abroad do call  
Each other forth to rambling;  
Anon you'll see them in the hall,  
For nuts and apples scrambling;  
Hark how the roofs with laughters sound,  
Anon they'll think the house goes round;  
For they the cellar's depths have found,  
And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassail-bowls  
About the streets are singing;  
The boys are come to catch the owls,  
The wild mare in is bringing.  
Our kitchen boy hath broke his box,  
And to the dealing of the ox  
Our honest neighbours come by flocks,  
And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheep-cotes have,  
And mate with everybody;  
The honest now may play the knave,  
And wise men play at nobby.  
Some youths will now a mumming go,  
Some others play at rowland-hoe,  
And twenty other gameboys moe;  
Because they will be merry.

Then wherefore in these merry days  
Should we, I pray, be duller?  
No, let us sing some roundelays  
To make our mirth the fuller.  
And whilst we thus inspired sing,  
Let all the streets with echoes ring;  
Woods, and hills, and everything  
Bear witness we are merry.

*George Wither (1588-1667)*

**PLEASE STAND**



## 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.*

From God our heavenly 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.*

The shepherds at those tidings  
Rejoiced much in mind,  
And left their flocks a-feeding  
In tempest, storm and wind,  
And went to Bethlehem straightway,  
This blessed Babe to find:  
*O tidings of comfort and joy.*

But when to Bethlehem they came,  
Whereat this Infant lay,  
They found Him in a manger,  
Where oxen feed on hay;  
His mother Mary kneeling,  
Unto the Lord did pray:  
*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: English traditional carol  
arranged by David Willcocks  
Descant by David Willcocks (1919-2015)  
Words: Anon*

## **Choir**

### **AVE MARIA**

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum,  
benedicta tu in mulieribus,  
et benedictus fructus ventris tui. Amen.

*Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you,  
you are blessed among women,  
and blessed is the fruit of your womb. Amen.*

*Robert Parsons (c.1530-1571/2)  
Words: Luke 1: 28b, 42b*

## **Reading by Shaun Evans**

### **CAROL SINGING (THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE TO JOSEPH)**

As always it was late; as always this was our final call.  
The snow had a fine crust upon it, and the old trees sparkled like tinsel.  
We grouped ourselves around the farmhouse porch.

The sky cleared, and broad streams of stars ran down over the valley and away to Wales. On Slad's white slopes, seen through the black sticks of its woods, some red lamps still burned in the windows.

Everything was quiet; everywhere there was the faint crackling silence of the winter night. We started singing, and we were all moved by the words and the sudden trueness of our voices.

Pure, very clear, and breathless we sang:



As Joseph was a-walking  
He heard an angel sing,  
'This night shall be the birth-time  
Of Christ the heavenly king.

'He neither shall be borned  
In housen nor in hall,  
Nor in a place of paradise  
But in an ox's stall...'

And 2000 Christmases became real to us then; the houses, the halls, the places of paradise had all been visited; the stars were bright to guide the Kings through the snow; and across the farmyard we could hear the beasts in their stalls. We were given roast apples and hot mince pies, in our nostrils were spices like myrrh, and in our wooden box, as we headed back from the village, there were golden gifts for all.

*Laurie Lee MBE (1914-1997)*  
*Extract from Cider with Rosie*

## Choir

### IN DULCI JUBILO

<i>In dulci júbilo</i>	[In sweet rejoicing]
Let us our homage shew; Our heart's joy reclineth	
<i>In praesepio;</i>	[In a manger]
And like a bright star shineth	
<i>Matris in gremio,</i>	[In his mother's lap]
<i>Alpha es et O!</i>	[You are the alpha and omega]
<i>O Jesu parvule!</i>	[O tiny Jesus]
I yearn for thee alway! Hear me, I beseech thee,	
<i>O puer optime!</i>	[O best of boys]
My prayer let it reach thee,	
<i>O princeps gloriae!</i>	[O prince of glory]
<i>Trahe me post te!</i>	[Draw me to you]
<i>O patris caritas,</i>	[O love of the Father]
<i>O Nati lenitas!</i>	[O gentleness of birth]
Deeply were we stained	
<i>Per nostra crimina:</i>	[By our crimes]



But Thou for us hast gained <i>Coelorum gaudia</i> , O that we were there!	[The joys of heaven]
<i>Ubi sunt gaudia</i> , If that they be not there? There are Angels singing <i>Nova cantica</i> ,	[Where are joys?] [New songs]
There the bells are ringing <i>In Regis curia</i> ; O that we were there!	[In the courts of the King]

*Old German carol arranged by Robert Pearsall (1795-1856)*

### **Reading by Sally Phillips**

#### **MR & MRS R AND THE CHRISTMAS CARD LIST**

Shall I cross them off?  
It's twenty years since we last met.

Of course Mr R and I once thought  
we were made for each other –

Ah, that heart-stopping moment  
by the kitchen sink, when he took off

his spectacles and fiercely kissed me.  
But all that lasted less than a week

and what I recall more vividly  
is Mrs R's good advice:

*Always plunge your lemons in hot water*

*before you squeeze them.*

One more year perhaps.

*Connie Bensley (1929)*  
*Finding a Leg to Stand On: New & Selected Poems (Bloodaxe Books, 2012)*  
[www.bloodaxebooks.com](http://www.bloodaxebooks.com)



## PLEASE STAND

### GOOD KING WENCESLAS

- All  
Good King Wenceslas looked out  
On the Feast of Stephen,  
When the snow lay round about,  
Deep, and crisp, and even:  
Brightly shone the moon that night,  
Though the frost was cruel,  
When a poor man came in sight,  
Gath'ring winter fuel.
- Gentlemen  
'Hither, page, and stand by me,  
If thou knowst it, telling,  
Yonder peasant, who is he?  
Where and what his dwelling?
- Ladies and children  
'Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
Underneath the mountain,  
Right against the forest fence,  
By Saint Agnes' fountain.'
- Gentlemen  
'Bring me flesh and bring me wine,  
Bring me pine logs hither  
Thou and I will see him dine,  
When we bear him thither.'
- All  
Page and monarch, forth they went,  
Forth they went together:  
Through the rude wind's wild lament  
And the bitter weather.
- Ladies and children  
'Sire, the night is darker now;  
And the wind blows stronger;  
Fails my heart, I know not how;  
I can go no longer.'
- Gentlemen  
'Mark my footsteps, good my page;  
Tread thou in them boldly:  
Thou shall find the winter's rage  
Freeze thy blood less coldly.'



All

In his master's step he trod,  
Where the snow lay dinted;  
Heat was in the very sod  
Which the Saint had printed.  
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,  
Wealth or rank possessing,  
Ye, who now will bless the poor  
Shall yourselves find blessing.

*Music: from Piaae Cantiones (1582)  
arranged by David Willcocks (1919-215)  
Words: JM Neal (1818-1866)*

## **THANK YOU**

**Roxane Heaton, Chief Information Officer, Macmillan Cancer Support**

**Reading by Sally Phillips and Toby Jones**

## **THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS PAST**

Remember that P. G. Wodehouse story where Jeeves shimmers into the presence on Christmas morning in a Santa suit, waking Bertie with a steaming cup and a sonorous “What ho-ho-ho, sir! God bless us, everyone”?

Neither do I. Never happened.

As seasons go, Yuletide did not recommend itself to Wodehouse.

“My favourite carol is *Christmas Comes But Once a Year*.”

He tended not to write about Christmas, but around it. In “Christmas Presents,” an essay written in 1915, Wodehouse makes his case succinctly:

“Presents must be bought, and the only thing to do is to try to get off as lightly as possible.”

So how is this dodge to be managed?

“The first rule in buying Christmas presents is to select something shiny.”

This advice seems puzzling but makes more sense in light of rule number two,



which follows:

“Select something which shall be capable of being passed on to somebody else.”

Aha! Here we have the keystone of the Wodehouse system. Ungenerous?

“Not in the least! Gift-giving is all about humaneness and consideration for others. And what could be more humane, more considerate, than enabling a friend or relative to present a future gift without that expenditure which it is always so pleasant to avoid?”

While Wodehouse doesn't explain the “shiny” rule, I get it. A shiny gift is easier to pass on. After a year in the cupboard, it can be buffed to look new. It won't go bad, like fancy edibles. And one size fits all. If it's successfully regifted often enough, it may even come back to you,

“Consider the *Smoker's Ideal Comrade* which I received on Christmas Day, 1922. It was given me by one of my uncles, and it had everything, including a brass cigar-cutter, which makes smoking distasteful to the right-thinking man. I hesitate, for I am not quite sure of my facts, to make such an accusation, but I rather think the thing included a velvet smoking-cap.

I gave it away in the autumn of 1923 to an old school friend as a wedding present, and thought no more of it. What was my surprise, on Christmas morning, 1924, to receive it back from a distant cousin. I gave it away once again, Christmas, 1925, only to unpack it in my home on the twenty-fourth of December, 1930 – this time as the gift of the very uncle who had first given it to me in 1922. The thing had completed full circle, and looked as good as new, though it contained no smoking-cap. It may be that it never had contained a smoking-cap, or possibly the passage of time had wrought more heavily on the velvet than on the brass.

I confess to a not unmanly wave of sentiment when I beheld it once more and thought of all the good men whom it had enabled to give a handsome Christmas present without expense. In a month from now it will be starting out on its travels again, but on a different route, for I am sending it to a friend in Australia, whither, I feel sure, it has never yet penetrated.

Much misery has been caused in an infinite number of homes by the practice of giving presents which cannot be treated in this way.”

He does not exaggerate.





A case in point: at the first Christmas following our marriage, Stewart and I received a gift that failed to meet the Wodehouse criteria. While it was more loathsome than even the “Smoker’s Ideal Companion,” it was neither shiny nor regiftable. It was sent by distant friends who’d been travelling in Asia and missed the nuptials, so this was both wedding and Christmas gift. It arrived in a big box, surrounded by foam peanuts and layered in tissue paper. As we began peeling away the layers, we were met with an odd smell, musty and a bit smoky. Dust rose from the tissue depths. Coughing slightly, I opened a window. What eventually emerged was a roundish, globular lump of something that looked like dried mud, about a foot in diameter, flattish on the bottom, with a hole on top.

“What is it? There must be a note.”

There was: a small printed card explained that this was a vase of rare black clay, handcrafted by contemporary artisans using 10,000-year-old pottery techniques and fired, unglazed, in an earthen pit. “Bumps and irregularities are part of its natural beauty. Do not wash. Dust with dry cloth.”

I picked it up. Then I put it down. My hands were covered in rare black clay dust. The thing was shedding. A small pool of grit had settled around its base.

Stewart started fanning the air.

“What do we do with it? Do we have to keep it? What are the chances they’ll come to visit?”

“Stay calm. We’ll think of something.”  
Our eyes began to water.

“You know them better than I do. Could it be a joke?”  
“No, they’re artsy-craftsy types. They probably think it’s gorgeous. Maybe we can just tuck it away somewhere indefinitely. But in the meantime I don’t care what the instructions say, I’m washing it.”

I went into the kitchen for apron and gloves.

“How slippery is it?”

“Not at all, why?”

“Well, when you’re washing it, with your hands soapy and all, you might happen



to ... um ... accidentally drop it.”

We looked at each other for a while.....

“That could happen,” I said.

*From 'The Ghost of Christmas Presents Past' by Patricia T O'Conner (b. 1949)  
Literary Review, December 2021/January 2022  
(adapted for this event by Roger Deats)*

## Choir

### WASSAIL SONG

Wassail, Wassail, all over the town,  
Our bread it is white and ale it is brown;  
Our bowl it is made of the green maple tree;  
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Here's a health to the ox and to his right eye,  
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie,  
A good Christmas pie as e'er I did see.  
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Here's a health to the ox and to his right horn,  
Pray God send our master a good crop of corn,  
A good crop of corn as e'er I did see,  
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Here's a health to the ox and to his long tail,  
Pray God send our master a good cask of ale,  
A good cask of ale as e'er I did see,  
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Come, butler, come fill us a bowl of the best;  
Then I pray that your soul in heaven may rest;  
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,  
May the Devil take butler, bowl and all!

Then here's to the maid in the lily white smock,  
Who tripp'd to the door and lip'd back the lock;



Who tripp'd to the door and pull'd back the pin,  
For to let these jolly Wassailers walk in.

*English traditional carol arranged by  
Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)*

**Reading by Kirsty Young**

**LET THERE BE PEACE**

Let there be peace  
So frowns fly away like albatross  
And skeletons foxtrot from cupboards,  
So war correspondants become travel show presenters  
And magpies bring back lost property,  
Children, engagement rings, broken things.  
Let there be peace  
So storms can go out to sea to be  
Angry and return to me calm,  
So the broken can rise up and dance in the hospitals.  
Let the aged Ethiopian man in the grey block of flats  
Peer through his window and see Addis before him,  
So his thrilled outstretched arms become frames  
For his dreams.  
Let there be peace  
Let tears evaporate to form clouds, cleanse themselves  
And fall into reservoirs of drinking water.  
Let harsh memories burst into fireworks that melt  
In the dark pupils of a child's eyes  
And disappear like shoals of silver darting fish,  
And let the waves reach the shore with a  
Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

*Lemn Sissay OBE (b. 1967)*



**PLEASE STAND**

**HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING**

ALL

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 the incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as man with man to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

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.

*Music: Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)  
v. 3 arranged by David Willcocks (1919-2015)  
Melody, and harmony for vv. 1 and 2, adapted by WH Cummings (1831-1915)  
from a chorus by Mendelssohn  
Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)*



**PLEASE SIT**

**Final prayers and blessing by the Bishop**

**Organ Voluntary**

In dulci jubilo, BWV 729  
*Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)*

Nun Danket alle Gott  
*S. Karg-Elert (1877-1933)*

*Please remain in your places until the Bishop's procession has left.*

*There will be a retiring collection -  
buckets and contactless payment machines*

*or*

*go to our [JustGiving.com](https://www.justgiving.com) page and search:*

*Follow the Stars - Macmillan Carols*

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to claim an additional 25p for every pound you donate.**

**The details must include:**

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**And most importantly *don't forget to tick the Gift Aid box.***

**THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT**

On behalf of Macmillan Cancer Support and the Follow the Stars Committee,  
we hope you have had a wonderfully uplifting evening.

**We wish you a very Merry Christmas  
and a Happy New Year**



### **The Rt Revd Dr Steven Croft, Bishop of Oxford**



The Rt Revd Dr Steven Croft became Bishop of Oxford in 2016 and was previously the Bishop of Sheffield. He has been a member of the House of Lords since 2013, is a member of the Lords Select Committee on Artificial Intelligence, the Board of the Centre for Data Ethics and Innovation and of the Advisory Board of the Oxford Environmental Change Institute. Co-author of *Emmaus: the Way of Faith* (1996-2003), and one of four lead authors of the *Pilgrim* resource to help adults explore faith. He is author of a number of books including *Ministry in Three Dimensions* (1999 and 2008). His most recent book is *Rooted and Grounded: Faith Formation and the Christian Tradition*. (2019) Bishop Steven's blog is at <https://blogs.oxford.anglican.org> and Twitter (@Steven\_Croft).

### **Victoria Coren Mitchell**

Victoria Coren Mitchell is a writer, broadcaster and poker player. She is the host of *Only Connect* on BBC Two, and *Heresy* and *Women Talking About Cars* on BBC Radio Four, and an occasional host of *Have I Got News For You*. She currently writes a weekly column about television for the Daily Telegraph and has written three books. Victoria was the first woman to win a title on the European Poker Tour, and the first (and still, currently, only) person to have won two.



Photo by Rory Lindsay

### **Shaun Evans**



Shaun Evans is best known for his portrayal of DS Endeavour Morse in ITV's *Endeavour*; the show has run for 9 series and is one of the highest rated programmes on the channel. Shaun's other TV credits include *Vigil* (BBC), *The Scandalous Lady W* (BBC) *The Take* (Sky), *The Virgin Queen* and *Teachers* (Channel 4).

Shaun has starred in a number of films including: Jack Thorne's *War Book*; *Being Julia*; *Gone*; *Boy A* - directed by John



Crowley and *Wreckers* opposite Claire Foy and Benedict Cumberbatch. On stage Shaun has appeared at The National Theatre in *Manor*, Hampstead Theatre in *Hello/Goodbye*, *Kurt & Sid* for Trafalgar Studios, *Miss Julie & Black Comedy* at Chichester Festival Theatre and *Blue/Orange* directed by Kathy Burke.

## **Toby Jones**

Toby Jones is an award-winning actor of stage and screen. Known as one of Britain's most recognisable and versatile actors, Toby's many acclaimed film credits include the Oscar-nominated and BAFTA-winning *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy*, the BAFTA-winning *Berberian Sound Studio*, *The Hunger Games* series and his Emmy-nominated performance as Alfred Hitchcock in *The Girl*. His notable television credits include the BAFTA-winning *Detectorists*, *Danny Boy*, the BAFTA and Emmy-winning *Sherlock* and *Don't Forget The Driver*.



© Photo by Seamus Ryan

He is also an accomplished stage actor; his Olivier Award-winning performance in the London production of *The Play What I Wrote* and its subsequent Broadway run and his Olivier Award-nominated turn in *Uncle Vanya* are among his impressive list of stage performances.

Toby has most recently been seen in Kelly Reichardt's acclaimed film *First Cow*, Gil Kenan's *A Boy Called Christmas* and Will Sharpe's *The Electrical Life of Louis Wain*.

Next he will be seen in Jon S Baird's *Tetris*, Sebastian Lelio's *The Wonder*, Sam Mendes' *Empire Of Light* and the upcoming *Indiana Jones* film. He has recently finished filming the ITV drama, *The Long Shadow*.



## **Sally Phillips**

Sally Phillips is a multi-award-winning British actress, comedian, and producer. She is known for her work in comedy television series including *I'm Alan Partridge* and *Miranda*.

Sally developed, co-wrote and starred in the ground breaking female led series '*Smack the Pony*' winning



several awards including two international Emmys. Sally has had many television roles and appeared in over 40 films, possibly most famously as Shazzer in the three *Bridget Jones* movies.

In 2016 she fronted the multi award winning documentary ‘*A World Without Down’s Syndrome?*’ (BBC2), exploring our national screening policy’s ethical implications. It was shown worldwide and Sally continues to be a vocal disability advocate.

Sally is a popular guest on ‘*QI*’ and other British panel shows and in 2017 curated BBC Radio 4’s ‘*Museum of Curiosity*’ with John Lloyd. She has also hosted *The One Show* from time to time.

In 2019, with Ronni Ancona and Nick Hamson, Sally founded the production company Captain Dolly, a subsidiary of Film Soho. Their first film is currently in pre-production to shoot in 2023.

Most recently Sally played the lead in writer-director Renee Webster’s debut, ‘*How to Please A Woman*’ released earlier this year.

### **Kirsty Young**



Kirsty is one of the most respected broadcasters in the UK. In September 2022 she presented the BBC coverage of *The Funeral of Queen Elizabeth II* from St George’s Chapel in Windsor, where her closing remarks were widely recognised as having perfectly captured the mood of the nation.

Earlier in the year she returned from a four-year hiatus in broadcasting to anchor four days of coverage for the *Queen’s Platinum Jubilee*.

She presented *Desert Island Discs* on Radio 4 for over a decade, during which time she interviewed guests from Theresa May to Bill Gates and from Tom Hanks to Bruce Springsteen. She stood down in 2018 following a diagnosis of fibromyalgia.

Her previous roles for BBC Special Events included hosting *VE Day 70* (BBC1), *The 75th Anniversary of the Battle of Britain*, *The Queen’s 90th Birthday* and the centenary commemoration of *The Battle of the Somme*. She





has also presented the BBC's tribute to the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh's 70th wedding anniversary – *Elizabeth & Philip: Love and Duty* (BBC 1) and fronted the award-winning coverage of *The Royal Wedding of Prince Harry & Megan Markle* (BBC1). In 2017 she anchored two days of coverage around the 100th anniversary of the Battle of Passchendale, which went on to win the BAFTA for Best Live Event.

Alongside her work with Live Events Kirsty was the presenter of *Crimewatch* (BBC1) for seven years, fronted a number of documentary series including *The British Family* and *The British At Work* and has regularly hosted *Have I Got News For You*.

She was President of UNICEF UK from 2016 – 2018.

### **Tom Hammond-Davies Conductor**

Tom is the Founder and Artistic Director of the *Oxford Bach Soloists*. Since graduating in music from the *University of Oxford*, Tom has become a leading specialist in choral conducting. He studied with *Paul Spicer* at the *Royal Birmingham Conservatoire* and has gone on to gain a reputation as one of the top choral conductors in the world. In 2015, he founded the Oxford Bach Soloists a unique ensemble with a mission to perform the complete works of J. S. Bach in chronological sequence, programmed in real-time, and in the context in which they were originally received. Tom leads the baroque ensemble and singers in performances that have captured the imagination of all who witness their concerts.



© Photo by Nick Rutter  
nickrutter.co.uk

Tom is a Trustee of the *Sir George Dyson Trust* and has appeared on the *BBC Proms* at the Royal Albert Hall, the *Three Choirs Festival*, and the *Oxford Lieder Festival*. Tom is also currently the Director of Music at the *City Church of St Michael* at the North Gate, Oxford, Director of Music at *Mansfield College, Oxford*, and has recently been appointed as a member of Faculty for the *Oxford Cultural Leaders* programme.

[www.tomhammonddavies.com](http://www.tomhammonddavies.com)



## Choir - The Oxford Bach Soloists



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Bringing together performers and audiences in an immersive experience of the complete vocal works of Johann Sebastian Bach.

The Oxford Bach Soloists (OBS) is a Baroque ensemble whose ambition is to perform, in sequence, the complete canon of J. S. Bach's vocal works over twelve years. Uniquely, we offer a musical experience that converges composer, performer, and audience.

Our mission is distinctive and pioneering: while there have been many recordings and performances of the complete vocal works of J. S. Bach, no ensemble has ever mounted a cycle of performances in chronological order, programmed in real-time, and in the context for which they were conceived. OBS has set out to perform Bach's works as he himself would have realised them with performers, instruments, and venues that echo the university and churches of Bach's hometown of Leipzig.

[www.oxfordbachsoloists.com](http://www.oxfordbachsoloists.com)

## Organist – Steven Grahl

Steven Grahl is Organist and Tutor in Music at Christ Church, Oxford. He is also an Associate Professor of Music at Oxford University, and Conductor of Schola Cantorum of Oxford. Steven served as Director of Music at Peterborough Cathedral from 2014 to 2018, where he was responsible for training the Cathedral Choir, and for the re-pitching of the Hill Organ, on which instrument he has recorded a solo CD. Peterborough Cathedral Choir's recording of Cheryl Frances-Hoad's *Even You Song*, made under Steven's direction, was released to critical acclaim in December 2017. Steven was an interpretation finalist in the International Organ Competitions at St Albans (UK) in 2011, and in Dudelange (Luxembourg) in 2013, and completed his term as President of the Incorporated Association of Organists in 2019. He is a prize-winning graduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, and the Royal Academy of Music, where he gained the top prizes in the FRCO examination, and is also a holder of the Worshipful Company of Musicians'





Silver Medallion. In 2010, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music.

### **Magdalen College School Brass Ensemble**



With its collegiate connections, Magdalen College School has a long tradition of nurturing musicians and music making of a very high standard. Music is an important aspect of the school's life and in the past few years, the entire school has given rousing performances of Orff's *Carmina Burana* and Rutter's *Gloria*. Large numbers of pupils are involved in some way in the Music Department's activities

with most pupils learning at least one instrument during their time at the school.

The Senior School has two full symphony orchestras (the more advanced one plays standard orchestral repertoire such as Tchaikovsky's *Symphony no.5* and Dvorak's *Symphony no.9*). There is also a String Orchestra, two jazz bands, three choirs, close harmony groups and numerous chamber ensembles, including string quartets, piano trios, guitar, 'cello, wind, brass and percussion ensembles. There are over 70 concerts held during the course of the school year in SJE Arts, The Sheldonian Theatre, Magdalen College Chapel and various venues across the city. The school is also committed to working musically in the community and we regularly team up with local charities such as the Parasol Project, Moving Music and Macmillan Cancer Support. In addition, we have regular partnerships with Primary Schools in the form of our weekly Concert Party and our recent Multilingual Concert with 500 primary school children as part of the Oxford Festival of the Arts in collaboration with the University's Creative Multilingualism project.

Our most talented brass players make up the The Brass Ensemble. They perform a range of music from Renaissance masterpieces to contemporary arrangements at concerts throughout the year, including on the last night of the school year at the 'Madrigals on the River' event. The pupils, aged from 14 to 18, form the brass section of the school Symphony Orchestra and many of the players also perform in the County Orchestras, the National Youth Jazz Orchestra, and various local Brass groups.



## WHY WE NEED YOU

Cancer is not going anywhere. And neither are we. Macmillan is needed now more than ever. There are around 3 million people living with cancer in the UK today, and over 360,000 more are diagnosed every year. Right now, millions of people with cancer are counting on us for physical, financial and emotional support.

At Macmillan, we won't rest, and we won't settle for anything other than the best possible support for people living with cancer. We do whatever it takes – in 2021, we estimate that nearly 2.4m people were reached by Macmillan services. We also helped millions more through our information and support resources.

But we can't do it alone. Because 97% of our work is funded by people like you, we need your support now more than ever.



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© Photo by Andrew Ogilvy

# A Christmas gift for the future

What does a gift in your will to Macmillan Cancer Support mean to someone living with cancer? It's physical support, making sure they get the best cancer treatment possible. It's financial guidance to help pay the bills. It's providing a sympathetic ear in a time of need. It's helping us do whatever it takes to support people living with cancer.

Over a third of our vital services are funded by gifts in wills. We hope that, after making sure your loved ones are taken care of, you'll consider leaving a gift in your will to us as well.

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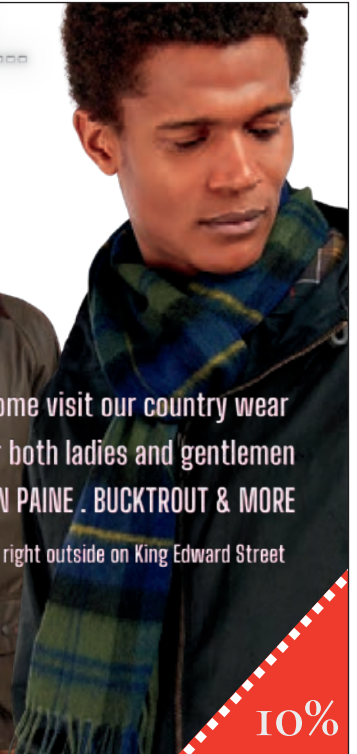
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