

Winchester College Chapel



Domum Service for Leavers

Saturday 1st July 2023
4.30 p.m.

¶ Music before the Service

Prelude and Fugue in E flat major 'St Anne' BWV 552 – J.S. Bach (1685-1750)
Played by Christopher Brain (Coll.)

Please STAND when invited to do so

All people that on earth do dwell *(Congregation & Choir)*

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

²The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

⁴For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

³O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

⁵To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heav'n and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

Text: Psalm 100 (Old Version of 1560)
Music: OLD HUNDRETH from Day's Psalter (1562)

¶ The Welcome

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God,
and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you:
All: **and with thy spirit.**

After this they went home, singing a song of thanksgiving, and praising the
Lord in heaven.

1 Maccabees 4

¶ Bidding and Lord's Prayer

Dear friends, we are come together in the presence of Almighty God our heavenly Father, to give thanks for the gifts of education and of friendship, and to ask for His blessing on our paths to come. We pray in particular for those preparing to leave this College, and for one another, as we prepare to say farewell.

We pray for Christ's holy catholic Church, that is, for the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the whole earth, for the royal family, for our Houses of Parliament and for all the people of this nation.

We pray for all those known to us who suffer at this time, in body, mind or spirit. And we pray for all those who have died recently; and for our founder, William of Wykeham, and all other our benefactors.

May they rest in peace **and rise in glory.**

We offer these prayers today, in the name of Christ, our Lord, praying together:

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. For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Please SIT

THE FOUNDATION

Magnificat: The Song of Mary

(Choir and Organ)

My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded the lowliness of his hand-maiden.

For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is his Name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him throughout all generations.

He hath shewed strength with his arm: he hath scattered the proud in the
imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble and
meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, for ever.

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.

Text: Luke 1 vv.46-55

Music: Setting in G major by C.V. Stanford (1852-1924)

¶ Reading

‘The Opening of Winchester College’ by Roundell Palmer *read by The Aulæ Præ*

In the days of our forefathers, the gallant days of old,
When Cressy’s wondrous tale in Europe’s ears was told;
When the brave and gentle Prince, with his heroic peers,
Met France and all her knighthood in the vineyards of Poitiers;
When captive kings on Edward’s state right humbly did attend;
When England’s chivalry began the gartered knee to bend;
Then, in the foremost place, among the noblest of the land,
Stood Wykeham, the great bishop, upon the King’s right hand.

But when gracious Edward slept, and Richard wore the crown,
Forth came good William Wykeham, and meekly knelt him down,
Then outspake young king Richard: “What boon can Wykeham ask,
Which can surpass his worth, or our bounty overtask?
For art thou not our Chancellor? And where in all the realm
Is a wiser man or better, to guide the labouring helm?
And knowst the holy lore, and the mason’s cunning skill:
So speak the word, good Wykeham, for thou shalt have thy will.”

Four hundred years and fifty their rolling course have sped
Since the first serge-clad scholar to Wykeham’s feet was led;
And still his seventy faithful boys, in these presumptuous days,
Learn the old truths, speak the old words, tread in the ancient ways;
Still for their daily orisons resounds the matin chime;
Still linked in bands of brotherhood St Catherine’s steep they climb;
Still to their Sabbath worship they troop by Wykeham’s tomb;
Still in the summer twilight sing their sweet song of Home.

Please STAND

Domum
(Congregation & Choir)

¹Concinamus, O sodales
Eja! quid silemus?
Nobile canticum
Dulce melos Domum.
Dulce Domum resonemus

²Concinamus ad penates!
Vox et audiatur:
Phosphore! Quid jubar,
Segnius emicans,
Gaudia nostra moratur?

*Domum, dulce domum, dulce domum,
dulce domum, dulce domum resonemus!*

*Domum, dulce domum, dulce domum,
dulce domum, dulce domum resonemus!*

*Words: Traditional
Music: DOMUM by Malcolm Archer (b. 1952)*

Please SIT

REFLECTION

¶ Reading

‘Walking Away’ by Cecil Day-Lewis
read by the Parent of a Leaver

It is eighteen years ago, almost to the day –
A sunny day with leaves just turning,
The touch-lines new-ruled – since I watched you play
Your first game of football, then, like a satellite
Wrenched from its orbit, go drifting away

Behind a scatter of boys, I can see
You walking away from me towards the school
With the pathos of a half-fledged thing set free
Into a wilderness, the gait of one
Who finds no path where the path should be.

That hesitant figure, eddying away
Like a winged seed loosened from its parent stem,
Has something I never quite grasp to convey
About nature’s give-and-take – the small, the scorching
Ordeals which fire one’s irresolute clay.

I have had worse partings, but none that so
Gnaws at my mind still. Perhaps it is roughly
Saying what God alone could perfectly show –
How selfhood begins with a walking away,
And love is proved in the letting go.

¶ Organ

Chorale Prelude *on* 'Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier'

Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier,
dich und dein Wort anzuhören;
lenke Sinnen und Begier
hin zu deinem Himmelslehren,
daß die Herzen von der Erden
ganz zu dir gezogen werden.

*Blessed Jesus, at your word
we are gathered all to hear you.
Let our hearts and souls be stirred
now to seek and love and fear you.
By your gospel pure and holy,
teach us, Lord, to love you solely.*

Text: Tobias Clausnitzer (1619-84) trans. Catherine Winkworth (1827-78)

Music: J.S. Bach, BWV 633

Please STAND

¶ Hymn

Come down, O love divine

(Congregation & Choir)

¹Come down, O Love divine,
Seek Thou this soul of mine,
And visit it with Thine own ardour
 glowing;
O Comforter, draw near,
Within my heart appear,
And kindle it,
Thy holy flame bestowing.

³Let holy charity
Mine outward vesture be,
And lowliness become mine inner
 clothing;
True lowliness of heart,
Which takes the humbler part,
And o'er its own shortcomings weeps
 with loathing.

²O let it freely burn,
Till earthly passions turn
To dust and ashes in its heat
 consuming;
And let Thy glorious light
Shine ever on my sight,
And clothe me round, the while my
 path illuming.

⁴And so the yearning strong,
With which the soul will long,
Shall far outpass the power of human
 telling;
For none can guess its grace,
Till He become the place
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes His
 dwelling.

Text: Bianco da Siena (d.1434) tr. Richard F. Littledale (1833-90)
Music: DOWN AMPNEY by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Please SIT

CELEBRATION

¶ Anthem

O clap your hands *(Choir, Brass & Organ)*

O clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph.
For the Lord most high is terrible; he is a great King over all the earth.
God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.
Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises.
For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.
God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.

Text: Psalm 47 vv. 1-2, 5-8

Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams arr. for this service by Benjamin Cunningham (b.1994)

¶ Address *The Headmaster*

Please STAND

¶ Hymn

Glorious things of thee are spoken *(Congregation & Choir)*

¹Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

²See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

³Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name.
Fading is the world's best pleasure,
All its boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

Text: John Newton (1725-1807)

Music: ABBOT'S LEIGH by C. V. Taylor (1907-91)

Please SIT or KNEEL

INTERCESSIONS

Let us pray:

Read by a Quirister

God, who created me,
nimble and light of limb,
in three elements free,
to run, to ride, to swim:
not when the sense is dim,
but now from the heart of joy
I would remember Him,
Take the thanks of a boy.

All: Amen

H. C. Beeching (1859-1919)

Read by the Sen Co Prae

Lord let it be Thy good pleasure, to Bless my Parents, my Brothers and Sisters, and
All my Relations, All my Friends, All my Governours in this Colledge, All my
Fellow-Scholars, All who have commended themselves to my Prayers. Lord Thou
best Knowest all our Conditions, All our Desires, All our Wants, O do Thou
therefore sute Thy graces and blessings, to our several necessities of Body or Soul.

All: Amen

Bishop Thomas Ken (OW) (1637-1711)

Read by a Leaver

We beseech thee, merciful Lord, that the designs of a new and better life, which by
Thy grace we may have formed, shall not pass away without effect. Incite and
enable us by Thy Holy Spirit to improve the time which Thou shalt grant us; to
avoid all evil thoughts, words, and actions, and to do all the duties which Thou
shalt set before us. Hear our prayer, O Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

All: Amen

Samuel Johnson (1709-84)

Read by The Warden

O, Eternal God, the life and the resurrection of all them that believe in thee, always to be praised as well for the dead as for those that be alive, we give thee most hearty thanks for our Founder, William of Wykeham, and all other our benefactors, by whose benefits we are here brought up to godliness and the studies of good learning; beseeching thee that we, well using all these thy blessings to the praise and honour of thy Holy Name, may at length be brought to the immortal glory of the Resurrection, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

All: Amen

Please STAND

DISMISSAL

¶ Hymn

How shall I sing that majesty

(Congregation & Choir)

¹How shall I sing that majesty
Which angels do admire?
Let dust in dust and silence lie;
Sing, sing, ye heavenly choir.
Thousands of thousands stand around
Thy throne, O God most high;
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
Thy praise; but who am I?

²Thy brightness unto them appears,
Whilst I Thy footsteps trace;
A sound of God comes to my ears,
But they behold Thy face.
They sing because Thou art their Sun;
Lord, send a beam on me;
For where heaven is but once begun
There alleluias be.

³Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
Inflame it with love's fear;
Then shall I sing and bear a part
With that celestial choir.
I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
With all my fire and light;
Yet when Thou dost accept their gold,
Lord, treasure up my mite.

⁴How great a being, Lord, is Thine,
Which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line
To sound so vast a deep.
Thou art a sea without a shore,
A sun without a sphere;
Thy time is now and evermore,
Thy place is everywhere.

Text: John Mason (c.1645-94)

Music: COE FEN by Ken Naylor (1931-91)

¶ Blessing

A blessing given by the Dean of Chapel

Go forth into the world in peace;
be of good courage; hold fast to that which is good;
render to no one evil for evil;
strengthen the fainthearted; support the weak;
help the afflicted; honour everyone;
love and serve the Lord
rejoicing in the power of the Holy Spirit;
and the blessing of almighty God,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit, be with you,
and all whom you love, now and always.

All: **Amen.**

¶ Hymn

Jerusalem

(Congregation & Choir)

¹And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

³Bring me my bow of burning gold:
Bring me my arrows of desire:
Bring me my spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire.

²And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark Satanic mills?

⁴I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Text: William Blake (1757-1827)

Music: Sir C.H.H. Parry (1848-1918) arr. G.T. Thalben Ball (1896-1987)

Go in peace to love and serve the Lord.

All: **Thanks be to God.**

¶ Voluntary

Finale *from* Symphonie I op. 14 – *Louis Vierne (1870-1937)*

WINCHESTER - 1946

Empty and still: not an echo of a footstep;
Silently the hours slip by untold by any bell.
Not a song from Tub-Room, not a sound from Galleries,
Not a note of 'London Pride' the end of toil to tell.

Yet through the silence the murmur comes of voices,
Yet through the darkness steal phantoms grave and gay:
Yet, as night deepens, where they slept once, they are sleeping,
Smiling, through dream-time, a welcome to the day.

What is it they welcome as the darkening hours lengthen?
What is it youth glimpses, peering darkly through a glass?
What is it the boldest and the weakest and the oldest
Receive, sustain, and strengthen, as the generations pass?

Something that is rooted in the stones and earth of England,
Ever mirrored in Cathedral, Chapel Tower and Water Meads,
Where the shadow and the sunshine chequer Itchen's gliding waters,
Where to 'Hills' on dew-drenched mornings still the age-trod pathway leads.

And the help for their tomorrow which each one of them shall borrow
From the loyalty, the courage, of their brothers who were here,
Their brothers often failing, yet through failure still prevailing,
To pass the torch to others and to make the road more clear.

So each generation passes, as a shadow o'er the grasses,
But leaves something sure abiding amid all life's shifting sands,
For those who follow after, of their hearts, their hopes, their laughter,
The foundation of the spirit, in a house not made with hands.

Harry Altham CBE, DSO, MC (1888 – 1965)
Housemaster of Furley's (1927 – 47)