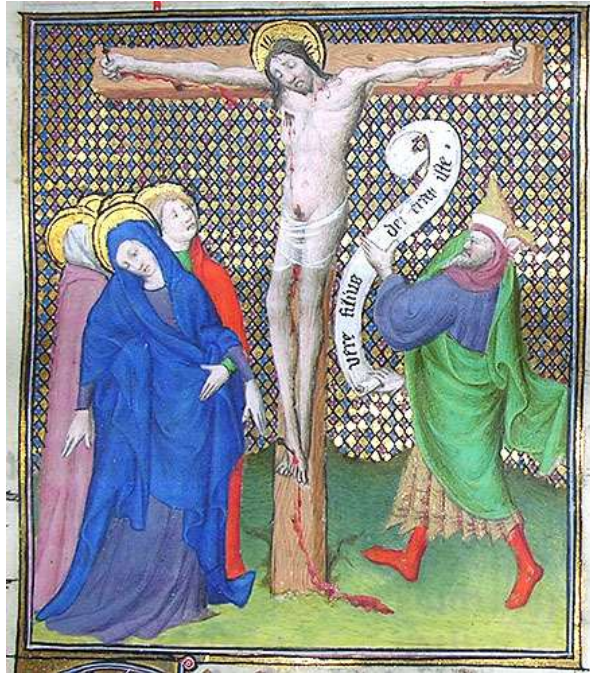


# ST JOHN'S COLLEGE CHAPEL



## A MEDITATION *on the* PASSION OF CHRIST

Saturday 4<sup>th</sup> March 2023

## INTRODUCTION

There is no sugar-coating the theme of this service. The suffering and death of Jesus were vicious, agonizing and cruel. They were accompanied by mockery and derision. We believe that what Jesus endured was more than the very real physical and psychological battering described in the gospels, though. Beyond that human experience of horror was a divine sharing in every act of violence and hate perpetrated in the whole of human history. Jesus knew all our usual temptations but never gave in to them; and in submitting to the unjust and murderous rage of the religious leaders of his day, he opened his arms to the whole of sinful humanity. When the soldiers pinioned him to the wood of the cross, they did not realise the irony of displaying his indomitable and eternal gesture of welcome. 'When I am lifted up,' Jesus had said, 'I will draw all people to me'. All!

Jesus' work encompassed more than the suffering and death, of course. His resurrection and ascension completed his 'glorification', as St John puts it; and we are invited to venture towards him. This evening we will have only the tiniest glimmer of that glory, in the final poem and prayer. This is a time to stop and ponder the reality and meaning of his passion.

## ST JOHN'S COLLEGE CHAPEL

Our Chapel is home to a lively and inclusive community. You are most welcome here, whatever your beliefs or background. Please join in the service as you feel comfortable.

Since the 1670s St John's has maintained a College Choir. We also have another choir, St John's Voices, who sing Evensong on Monday.

For members of College, this is your Chapel, and we hope that you will come here for refreshment, encouragement, peace and perhaps occasionally even challenge. It is usually open from 8am until 7.30pm.

The Rev'd Dr Mark Oakley  
Dean

The Rev'd Andrew Hammond  
Chaplain

## ORGAN MUSIC BEFORE THE SERVICE

*Played by George Herbert, Assistant Organist*

Toccata and Fugue 'The Wanderer'

*C. Hubert H. Parry  
(1848–1918)*

*Played by Alex Robson, Herbert Howells Organ Scholar*

Aus tiefer Not schrei ich zu dir (BWV 686)

*Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685–1750)*

Prelude and Fugue on 'O Traurigkeit, O Herzeleid'

*Ethel Smythe  
(1858–1944)*

Herzlich tut mich verlangen

*Johannes Brahms  
(1833–1897)*

Attende Domine

*Jeanne Demessieux  
(1921–1968)*

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*Please note that rubrics asking you to stand are only for those who are able to; and you are invited to join in the texts printed in **bold**.*



*The Chapel is fitted with a hearing induction loop for those who are hearing-impaired.*

# ORDER OF SERVICE

*Please remain seated, as the Choir sings the Introit in the Ante-chapel.*

## INTROIT

God so loved the world,  
that he gave his only begotten Son,  
that whoso 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.

Words *John 3, 16–17*

Music *John Stainer (1840–1901)*

*Please stand for the processional hymn.*

*All glory, laud and honour  
to thee, Redeemer, King,  
to whom the lips of children  
made sweet hosannas ring.*

Thou art the King of Israel,  
thou David's royal Son,  
who in the Lord's name comest,  
the King and blessèd One.

The company of angels  
are praising thee on high,  
and mortal men and all things  
created make reply.

The people of the Hebrews  
with palms before thee went;  
our praise and prayer and anthems  
before thee we present.

To thee before thy passion  
they sang their hymns of praise;  
to thee, now high exalted,  
our melody we raise.

Thou didst accept their praises,  
accept the prayers we bring,  
who in all good delightest,  
thou good and gracious King.

*All glory, laud and honour  
to thee, Redeemer, King,  
to whom the lips of children  
made sweet hosannas ring.*

Words *translated from the Latin*  
*hymn of St Theodulph of Orleans*  
*John Mason Neale (1818–1866)*

Tune ST THEODULPH  
*Melchior Tescher (c.1613)*  
*adapted Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)*

## I: GETHSEMANE

### SENTENCE

*Minister* Burnt-offerings and sacrifice for sin hast thou not required: then said I, Lo, I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me, that I should fulfill thy will, O my God.

I will receive the cup of salvation.

*All* **And call upon the name of the Lord.**

### ANTIPHON

On the Mount of Olives he prayed to the Father: Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me. The spirit is indeed willing, but the flesh is weak. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.



*Please sit.*

## READING

### HYMN TO GOD MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS

by John Donne (1572–1631)

Since I am coming to that holy room,  
Where, with thy choir of saints for evermore,  
I shall be made thy music; as I come  
I tune the instrument here at the door,  
And what I must do then, think here before.

Whilst my physicians by their love are grown  
Cosmographers, and I their map, who lie  
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown  
That this is my south-west discovery,  
*Per fretum febris,\** by these straits to die,

I joy, that in these straits I see my west;  
For, though their currents yield return to none,  
What shall my west hurt me? As west and east  
In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,  
So death doth touch the resurrection.

Is the Pacific Sea my home? Or are  
The eastern riches? Is Jerusalem?  
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar,  
All straits, and none but straits, are ways to them,  
Whether where Japhet dwelt, or Cham, or Shem.

We think that Paradise and Calvary,  
Christ's cross, and Adam's tree, stood in one place;  
Look, Lord, and find both Adams met in me;  
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,  
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So, in his purple wrapp'd, receive me, Lord;  
By these his thorns, give me his other crown;  
And as to others' souls I preach'd thy word,  
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own:  
*Therefore that he may raise, the Lord throws down.*

\* *'Through the strait of fever'. The word for fever can also mean 'heat'.*

## ANTHEM

Civitas sancti tui facta est deserta.  
Sion deserta facta est,  
Jerusalem desolata est.

*Thy holy cities are a wilderness,  
Zion is a wilderness,  
Jerusalem a desolation.*

Words *Isaiah 64. 10*

Music *William Byrd (c.1540–1623)*

## GOSPEL (I)

LUKE 22. 39–54  
*Sung by the Choir*

And Jesus came out, and went, as he was wont, to the mount of Olives; and his disciples also followed him. And when he was at the place, he said unto them, Pray that ye enter not into temptation. And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.



And when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow, and said unto them, Why sleep ye? Rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.

And while he yet spake, behold a multitude, and he that was called Judas, one of the twelve, went before them, and drew near unto Jesus to kiss him. But Jesus said unto him, Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss? When they which were about him saw what would follow, they said unto him, Lord, shall we smite with the sword?

And one of them smote the servant of the high priest, and cut off his right ear. And Jesus answered and said, Suffer ye thus far. And he touched his ear, and healed him. Then Jesus said unto the chief priests, and captains of the temple, and the elders, which were come to him, Be ye come out, as against a thief, with swords and staves? When I was daily with you in the temple, ye stretched forth no hands against me: but this is your hour, and the power of darkness.

Then took they him, and led him, and brought him into the high priest's house.

## COLLECT

*Minister* Lord Jesus Christ, who in the Garden of Gethsemane didst pray with agony and bloody sweat that thy Father's will be done; grant that the same mind be formed also in us, that dying to sin and selfishness we may rise to life with thee: who now livest and reignest with the same Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end.

*All* Amen.

## ANTHEM

Laß dich nur nichts  
nicht dauren mit Trauren,  
sei stille, wie Gott es fügt,  
so sei vergnügt mein Wille!

Was willst du heute sorgen  
auf morgen?  
Der Eine steht allem für,  
der gibt auch dir das Deine.

Sei nur in allem Handel  
ohn Wandel,  
steh feste, was Gott beschleußt,  
das ist und heißt das Beste.  
Amen.

Words *Paul Flemming (1609–1640)*

*Do not be sorrowful  
or regretful;  
be calm, as God has ordained,  
and thus my will shall be content.*

*What do you want to worry about  
from day to day?  
There is One who stands above all  
who gives you, too, what is yours.*

*Only be steadfast  
in all you do,  
stand firm; what God has decided,  
that is and must be the best.  
Amen.*

Music *Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)*

*Please stand.*

## HYMN

My song is love unknown,  
my Saviour's love to me,  
love to the loveless shown,  
that they might lovely be.  
O, who am I,  
that for my sake  
my Lord should take  
frail flesh, and die?

He came from his blest throne,  
salvation to bestow:  
but men made strange, and none  
the longed-for Christ would know.  
But O, my Friend,  
my Friend indeed,  
who at my need  
his life did spend!

Sometimes they strew his way,  
and his sweet praises sing:  
resounding all the day  
hosannas to their King.  
Then 'Crucify!'  
is all their breath,  
and for his death  
they thirst and cry.

They rise, and needs will have  
my dear Lord made away;  
a murderer they save,  
the Prince of Life they slay.  
Yet cheerful he  
to suffering goes,  
that he his foes  
from thence might free.

Here might I stay and sing,  
no story so divine;  
never was love, dear King,  
never was grief like thine!  
This is my Friend,  
in whose sweet praise  
I all my days  
could gladly spend.

Words *Samuel Crossman (1624–1683)*

Tune LOVE UNKNOWN

*John Ireland (1879–1962)*

*Descant by Christopher Robinson (b. 1936)*



## II: THE TRIAL

### SENTENCE

*Minister* I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting.

Give sentence with me, O God, and defend my cause against the ungodly people.

*All* **O deliver me from the deceitful and wicked man.**

### ANTIPHON

They delivered me into the hands of the ungodly and numbered me amongst the workers of wickedness. They have not spared my soul. Mighty men are gathered together as my enemies and giants have taken their stand against me. Foreigners have risen against me, and the mighty seek my life.

*Please sit.*

## READING

### HOLY SONNET IV

by John Donne

At the round earth's imagin'd corners, blow  
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise  
From death, you numberless infinities  
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,  
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,  
All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,  
Despair, law, chance hath slain, and you whose eyes  
Shall behold God and never taste death's woe.  
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,  
For if above all these my sins abound,  
'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace  
When we are there; here on this lowly ground  
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good  
As if thou hadst sealed my pardon, with thy blood.

## ANTHEM

Sicut cervus desiderat  
ad fontes aquarum,  
ita desiderat anima mea  
ad te, Deus.

*Like as the hart desireth  
the water-brooks:  
so longeth my soul  
after thee, O God.*

Words *Psalm 42. 1*

Music *Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525–1594)*

## GOSPEL (II)

MATTHEW 27. 11–26

*Sung by the Choir*

And Jesus stood before the governor: and the governor asked him, saying, Art thou the King of the Jews? And Jesus said unto him, Thou sayest. And when he was accused of the chief priests and elders, he answered nothing. Then said Pilate unto him, Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee? And he answered him to never a word; insomuch that the governor marvelled greatly.

Now at that feast the governor was wont to release unto the people a prisoner, whom they would. And they had then a notable prisoner, called Barabbas. Therefore when they were gathered together, Pilate said unto them, Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ? For he knew that for envy they had delivered him.

When he was set down on the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him, saying, Have thou nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him. But the chief priests and elders persuaded the multitude that they should ask Barabbas, and destroy Jesus. The governor answered and said unto them, Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you? They said, Barabbas. Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let him be crucified. And the governor said, Why, what evil hath he done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crucified.

When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it.

Then released he Barabbas unto them: and when he had scourged Jesus, he delivered him to be crucified.

## COLLECT

*Minister* Almighty and everlasting God, who, of thy tender love towards mankind, hast sent thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross, that all mankind should follow the example of his great humility: mercifully grant, that we may both follow the example of his patience, and also be made partakers of his resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord.

*All* Amen.

## ANTHEM

Popule meus, quid feci tibi?  
Aut in quo contristavi te?  
Responde mihi.  
Quia eduxi te de terra Aegypti:  
parasti crucem salvatori tuo.  
Agius o Theos. Sanctus Deus.  
Agius ischyros. Sanctus fortis.  
Agius athanatos, eleison hymas.  
Sanctus immortalis,  
miserere nobis.  
Quia eduxi te per desertum  
quadraginta annis,  
et manna cibavi te, et introduxi  
in terram satis optimam:  
parasti crucem salvatori tuo.  
Agius o Theos. Sanctus Deus.  
Agius ischyros. Sanctus fortis.  
Agius athanatos, eleison hymas.  
Sanctus immortalis,  
miserere nobis.

*O my people, what have I done to thee? Or in what way have I afflicted thee? Answer me.*

*For I led thee out of the land of Egypt: and thou preparedst a cross for thy saviour. Holy God. Holy God. Holy and mighty. Holy and mighty. Holy and immortal, have mercy on us. Holy and immortal, have mercy on us.*

*For I led thee through the desert for forty years, and fed thee with manna and led thee to a land of all delights: and thou preparedst a cross for thy saviour.*

*Holy God. Holy God. Holy and mighty. Holy and mighty. Holy and immortal, have mercy on us. Holy and immortal, have mercy on us.*



*Please stand.*

## HYMN

When I survey the wondrous Cross,  
on which the Prince of glory died,  
my richest gain I count but loss,  
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
save in the death of Christ my God;  
all the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson like a robe,  
spreads o'er his body on the Tree;  
then am I dead to all the globe,  
and all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
that were a present far too small;  
love so amazing, so divine,  
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Words *Isaac Watts (1674–1748)*

Tune ROCKINGHAM  
*Edward Miller (1731–1807)*  
*Descant by George Guest (1924–2002)*

### III: THE CRUCIFIXION

#### SENTENCE

*Minister* And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

My God, my God, look upon me.

*All* Why hast thou forsaken me?

#### ANTIPHON

What more could I have done that I have not done? I planted thee as my choicest vine but thou hast become exceeding bitter to me. When I was thirsty thou gavest me vinegar to drink and thou hast pierced with a spear the side of thy saviour.

*Please sit.*



## READING

GOOD FRIDAY 1613: RIDING WESTWARD.

*by* John Donne

Let man's soul be a sphere, and then, in this,  
The intelligence that moves, devotion is,  
And as the other spheres, by being grown  
Subject to foreign motions, lose their own,  
And being by others hurried every day,  
Scarce in a year their natural form obey:  
Pleasure or business, so, our souls admit  
For their first mover, and are whirled by it.  
Hence is't, that I am carried towards the west  
This day, when my soul's form bends toward the east.  
There I should see a sun, by rising set,  
And by that setting endless day beget;  
But that Christ on this Cross, did rise and fall,  
Sin had eternally benighted all.  
Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see  
That spectacle of too much weight for me.  
Who sees God's face, that is self life, must die;  
What a death were it then to see God die?  
It made his own lieutenant Nature shrink,  
It made his footstool crack, and the sun wink.  
Could I behold those hands which span the poles,  
And tune all spheres at once, pierced with those holes?  
Could I behold that endless height which is  
Zenith to us, and to our antipodes,  
Humbled below us? or that blood which is  
The seat of all our souls, if not of his,  
Made dirt of dust, or that flesh which was worn  
By God, for his apparel, ragg'd, and torn?  
If on these things I durst not look, durst I  
Upon his miserable mother cast mine eye,  
Who was God's partner here, and furnished thus  
Half of that Sacrifice, which ransomed us?

Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,  
They are present yet unto my memory,  
For that looks towards them; and thou look'st towards me,  
O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree;  
I turn my back to thee, but to receive  
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.  
O think me worth thine anger, punish me,  
Burn off my rusts, and my deformity,  
Restore thine image, so much, by thy grace,  
That thou may'st know me, and I'll turn my face.

## ANTHEM

In ieiunio et fletu  
orabant sacerdotes:  
Parce, Domine, parce  
populo tuo;  
et ne des haereditatem  
tuam in perditionem.  
Inter vestibulum  
et altare plorabant  
sacerdotes, dicentes:  
Parce populo tuo.

*In fasting and weeping  
the priests prayed:  
Spare, Lord, spare  
thy people;  
and give not thine heritage  
over to perdition.  
Between the porch  
and the altar the priests  
lamented, saying:  
Spare thy people.*

Words *Joel 2. 12, 17*

Music *Thomas Tallis (c.1505–1585)*

## GOSPEL (III)

JOHN 19. 16–42

*Sung by the Choir*

Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus, and led him away. And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the Place of a Skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha: Where they crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.

And Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross. And the writing was, JESUS OF NAZARETH THE KING OF THE JEWS. This title then read many of the Jews: for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city: and it was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin. Then said the chief priests of the Jews to Pilate, Write not, The King of the Jews; but that he said, I am King of the Jews. Pilate answered, What I have written I have written.

Then the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments, and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also his coat: now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore among themselves, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be: that the scripture might be fulfilled, which saith, They parted my raiment among them, and for my vesture they did cast lots. These things therefore the soldiers did.

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.

After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst. Now there was set a vessel full of vinegar: and they filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it upon hyssop, and put it to his mouth. When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.

The Jews therefore, because it was the Preparation, that the bodies should not remain upon the cross on the Sabbath Day (for that Sabbath Day was an high day), besought Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away. Then came the soldiers, and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with him. But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs. But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water. And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true: and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe. For these things were done, that the scripture should be fulfilled, A bone of him shall not be broken. And again another scripture saith, They shall look on him whom they pierced.

And after this Joseph of Arimathaea, being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews, besought Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus: and Pilate gave him leave. He came therefore, and took the body of Jesus. And there came also Nicodemus, which at the first came to Jesus by night, and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight. Then took they the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury. Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus therefore because of the Jews' preparation day; for the sepulchre was nigh at hand.

## COLLECT

*Minister* Almighty God, we beseech thee graciously to behold this thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed, and given up into the hands of wicked men, and to suffer death upon the cross, who now liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end.

*All* Amen.

## ANTHEM

Miserere mei Deus,  
miserere mei, quoniam in te  
confidit anima mea  
et in umbra alarum tuarum  
sperabo donec  
transeat iniquitas.  
Clamabo ad Deum altissimum,  
Deum qui benefecit mihi.

*Have mercy on me, O God,  
have mercy, for my soul trusts in you  
and in the shadow of your wings  
I will have hope until  
the iniquity should pass.  
I will call to the most high God,  
the God who has done good things  
for me.*

Words *Psalm 57. 1-3*

Music *Philippe de Monte (1521-1603)*

## READING

### HOLY SONNET VI

*by* John Donne

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;  
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow  
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me.  
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,  
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,  
And soonest our best men with thee do go,  
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.  
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,  
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well  
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?  
One short sleep past, we wake eternally  
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

## COLLECT FOR EASTER EVEN

*Minister* Grant, O Lord, that as we are baptised into the death of thy blessed Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, so by continual mortifying our corrupt affections we may be buried with him; and that through the grave, and gate of death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection; for his merits, who died, and was buried, and rose again for us, thy Son Jesus Christ, our Lord.

*All* Amen.

*Please stand as the Choir and Clergy leave the Chapel.*



## ORGAN VOLUNTARY

O Mensch, bewein dein Sünde groß (BWV 622)

*Johann Sebastian Bach*  
(1685–1750)

## COLLECTION

We are able to receive both cash donations  
and contactless payments  
using the CollecTin machine in the Ante-Chapel



OXFAM, a DEC Charity member, and other charities and their local partners are responding, working with locally-led relief efforts and need your support to reach people affected by the earthquakes in Turkey and Syria.

In the early hours of 6 February, a 7.8 magnitude earthquake hit Turkey and Syria, followed by another earthquake soon afterwards and others since. Many thousands of people have been killed.

## ST JOHN'S COLLEGE CHOIR

The Interim Director of Music is pleased to receive enquiries from people interested in joining the choir as chorister, choral scholar or organ scholar.

He is always happy to meet them informally to offer advice.

Please contact him at  
choir@joh.cam.ac.uk

or contact the Choir Administrator on 01223 338718

## CHORISTER VOICE TRIALS

Voice trials are held for boys and girls  
aged 6–9 years old.

For further details please contact the Registrar, Maria Mosher,  
at St John's College School on  
01223 353652  
or by email – admissions@sjcs.co.uk

## ST JOHN'S VOICES

Those interested in singing in the College's  
adult mixed-voice choir are encouraged to contact  
Graham Walker, the Director, on ghw22@cam.ac.uk

Priority is generally given to students of St John's,  
but singers from outside the College are very welcome to apply.

# ST JOHN'S COLLEGE CHAPEL

## **Dean**

The Rev'd Dr Mark Oakley

## **Interim Director of Music**

Dr Stephen Darlington MBE

## **Chaplain**

The Rev'd Andrew Hammond

## **Director of St John's Voices**

Graham Walker

## **Assistant Organist**

George Herbert

## **Herbert Howells Organ Scholar**

Alex Robson

## **St John's Voices Organists**

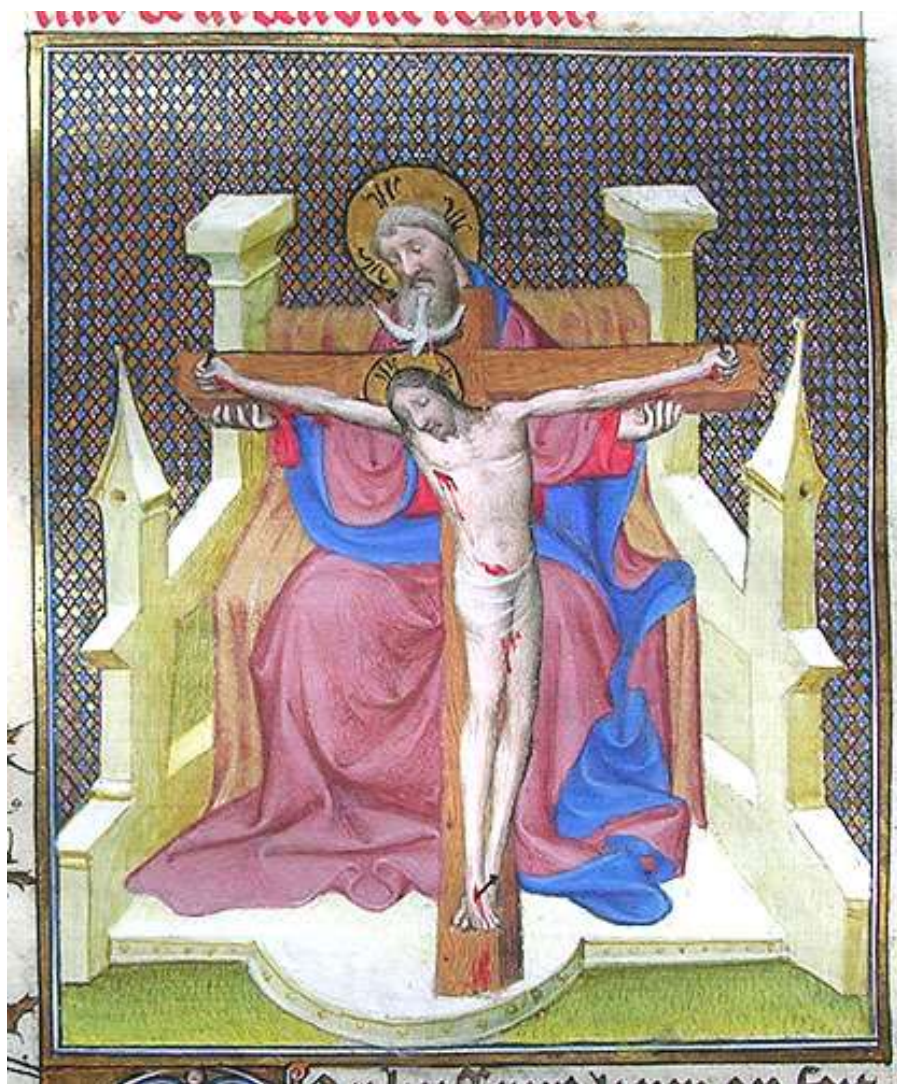
Jack McCabe & Benedict Turner-Berry

## **Chapel Clerk**

Stephen Stokes

## **Assistant Verger**

John Boulter



*The images in this order of service are from illuminated manuscripts in the College's archives.*