

**CIRENCESTER
CHORAL
SOCIETY**

In support of Save the Children Fund

**A CHRISTMAS
CELEBRATION**

Festive music for choir and audience

Cirencester Choral Society
Conductor: Carleton Etherington

The Cirencester Band
Bandmaster: Ian Hartnell

Christopher Monk (Baritone)

7.30 pm, Tuesday 18 December 2007
The Bingham Hall, Cirencester

PROGRAMME

A Bingham Flourish (<i>Ian Hartnell</i>)	Band
O come all ye faithful	Audience, Choir & Band
Deck the Hall	Choir
Suite Gothique (<i>Boelmann</i>)	Band
It came upon a midnight clear	Audience, Choir & Band
The Nativity Play (<i>Joyce Grenfell</i>)	Aileen Anderson
Nativity Carol (<i>John Rutter</i>)	Choir
Sans Day Carol (<i>Cornish Trad., arr. John Rutter</i>)	Choir
Five Airs and Dances (<i>Lully</i>)	Band
Good King Wenceslas	Audience, Choir & Band

INTERVAL

(20 minutes. Refreshments on sale in the Bingham Suite)

While shepherds watched	Audience, Choir & Band
Fantasia on Christmas Carols (<i>Vaughan Williams</i>)	Choir and Baritone solo
Christmas Poems (<i>U A Fanthorpe</i>)	Teresa Davies
The first Nowell	Audience, Choir & Band
Sonata Pian'e Forte (<i>Gabrieli</i>)	Band
The Angel Carol (<i>John Rutter</i>)	Band
Gaudete	Band
Ding dong merrily on high (16 th century, French)	Choir
Coventry Carol (<i>arr Martin Shaw</i>)	Choir
The twelve days of Christmas (<i>English trad., arr. Rutter</i>)	Choir
Hark the herald angels sing	Audience, Choir & Band

O come all ye faithful

O come all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, o come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him, Born the King of Angels:
O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

God of God, Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God, begotten, not created:
O come, etc.

Child for us sinners poor and in the manger,
Fain we embrace thee, with awe and love;
Who would not love thee, Loving us so dearly?
O come, etc.

Sing choirs of angels, Sing in exultation,
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God in the highest:
O come, etc.

It came upon the midnight clear

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
'Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heav'n's all-gracious King!
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on hov'ring wing;
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,

When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Good King Wenceslas

Good King Wenceslas look'd 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.

Men: 'Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it telling'
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?

Women: 'Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain.'

Men: 'Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither.'

All: Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

Women: 'Sire the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer.'

Men: 'Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.'

All: In his master's steps 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.

While shepherds watched

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

'Fear not', said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

'To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
to human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'

Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

'All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'

The first Nowell

The first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep:
*Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel!*

They looked up and saw a star,
Shining in the east, beyond them far;
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night:
Nowell, etc.

This star drew nigh to the north-west;
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay:
Nowell, etc.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heav'nly Lord,
That hath made heav'n and earth of naught,
And with his blood mankind hath bought:
Nowell, etc.

Hark! the herald angels sing

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King
Peace on earth and mercy mild
God and sinners reconciled:
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th'angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
*Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.*

Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th'incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald, etc.

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald, etc.

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