

**CIRENCESTER  
CHORAL  
SOCIETY**

**Conductor: Carleton Etherington**

**A CHRISTMAS  
CELEBRATION**

**Festive music for choir and audience in support of  
Acorns Children's Hospice Trust**

**Alison Shone *Soprano***

**Jenny Rees *Piano***

**Cirencester Choral Society**

**The Cirencester Band**

**Ian Hartnell *Bandmaster***

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**7.30 pm, Saturday 13 December 2008**

**The Bingham Hall, Cirencester**

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# PROGRAMME

- Once in royal David's city** Audience, Choir & Band
- Movements from Christmas Cantata - *Bush* Soprano and Choir  
*The seven joys of Mary*  
*When Jesus Christ was four years old*  
*Little Jesus, sweetly sleep*
- Reading for St Lucy's Day Jonathan Vickers
- Ding dong merrily on high - *arr Newsome* Band
- It came upon the midnight clear** Audience, Choir & Band
- The little road to Bethlehem - *Head* Soprano  
*Ave Maria - Bach/Gounod*
- Poem Jonathan Vickers
- Past three a clock - *traditional arr Wood* Choir
- Nativity Carol - *Rutter*
- Torches - *Joubert*
- Good King Wenceslas** Audience, Choir & Band

## INTERVAL

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

- O little town of Bethlehem** Audience, Choir & Band
- Movements from Christmas Cantata - *Bush* Soprano and Choir  
*This endris night I saw*  
*I sing of a maiden*  
*By by lullay, thou little tiny child*
- Poem Jonathan Vickers
- The Virgin's slumber song - *Reger* Soprano solo
- O holy night - *Adam*
- God rest you merry, gentlemen** Audience, Choir & Band
- Schneewaltzer - *traditional arr Richards* Band
- The twelve days of Christmas - *traditional arr Rutter* Choir
- Hark! the herald angels sing** Audience, Choir & Band

## Once in royal David's city

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.

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.

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.

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.

## 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.

## O little town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.  
Yet in the dark streets shineth  
The everlasting light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.

O morning starts together  
Proclaim the holy birth,  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth;  
For Christ is born of Mary;  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wond'ring love.

How silently, how silently  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of his heav'n.  
No ear may hear his coming;  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive him, still  
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell:  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel.

## God rest you merry, gentlemen

God rest you merry, gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour  
Was born upon this day,  
To save us all from Satan's power  
When we were gone astray:  
*O tidings of comfort and joy,  
Comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy.*

From God our heav'nly 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, etc*

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 others doth deface:  
*O tidings of comfort and joy, 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.*

Programme copying kindly donated by

### Busy Fingers Copying

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The Society also gratefully acknowledges  
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