

St Christopher's Christmas Concert
with
Dulwich Choral Society
William Vann - conductor
Joshua Ryan - organ & piano
and
Kingsdale Gospel Choir

Thursday 12 December 2024, 7pm
St Stephen's Church, College Road, Dulwich

Programme

Dulwich Choral Society
Silent Night - Franz Xaver Gruber (1787-1863), arr. William Vann
Up! Good Christen folk and listen - George Woodward (1848-1934)
Sussex Carol - English trad., arr. David Willcocks (1919-2015)

Audience Carol
God Rest you Merry, Gentlemen - English trad., arr. David Willcocks

Dulwich Choral Society
I sing of a Maiden - Patrick Hadley (1899-1973)
Coventry Carol - Martin Shaw (1875-1958)
Lute-book Lullaby - Geoffrey Shaw (1879-1943)
Myn lyking - Richard Runciman Terry (1864-1938)

Audience Carol
While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night - English trad., arr. David Willcocks

Kingsdale Gospel Choir
Alpha and Omega
O come all ye faithful

Audience Carol
Good King Wenceslas - from Piaie Cantiones, arr. Reginald Jaques (1894-1969)

Dulwich Choral Society
Nativity Carol - John Rutter (b. 1945)
I sing the birth - Edward Elgar (1857-1934)
Sir Christémas - William Mathias (1934-1992)

Audience Carol
Hark! The Herald Angels Sing - Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847), arr. David Willcocks

Dulwich Choral Society
We wish you a Merry Christmas - West Country arr. Arthur Warrell (1882-1939)
Audience Carols

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,
comfort and joy,
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 ...

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 ...

Choir only:
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 ...

All:
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 ...

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night

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 simply wrapped in swaddling clothes
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 to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heav'n to men
Begin and never cease."

Good King Wenceslas

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 know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

Ladies & 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 them thither."

All:

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

Ladies & 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 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.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Hark! The herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn 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 newborn 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.
Hark! The herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King!"

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.
Hark! The herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King!"