

1 The Faringdon Singers with Louise Let all mortal flesh keep silence arr. Dom Gregory Murray

2 **Audience** **In the bleak mid-winter**

3 Louise Woodgate

4 The Faringdon Singers Up! Good Christen folk arr. Noel Rawsthorne
Love came down at Christmas Malcolm Archer
Hush! my dear, lie still Malcolm Archer
The holly and the ivy arr. Richard Lloyd
Torches John Joubert

5 **Audience** **O little town of Bethlehem**

6 Louise Woodgate

7 **Audience** **Good King Wenceslas**

8 The Faringdon Singers with Louise Sleep, holy Child arr. Alan Ridout
Silent Night arr. Colin Mawby
See, to us a child is born Alan Ridout
O Holy Night Adolphe Adam

9 **Audience** **Hark! The herald angels sing**

Choir The Faringdon Singers
Conductor Terence Carter
Soprano Louise Woodgate
Accompanist John Oxlade

In the bleak mid-winter

In the bleak mid-winter frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;
Snow had fallen snow on snow, snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter, long ago.

Our God, heav'n cannot hold him nor earth sustain;
Heav'n and earth shall flee away when he comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter a stable place sufficed
The Lord God almighty Jesus Christ.

What can I give him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man I would do my part;
Yet what I can I give him, give my heart.

Gustav Holst/Christopher Gower

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 thy dark streets shineth the everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight.

O morning stars, together proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth;

Good King Wenceslas

v1 All 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.

v2 Men Hither, page, and stand by me, if thou know'st it, telling:
Yonder peasant, who is he, where and what his dwelling?'

For Christ is born of Mary; and, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep their watch of wond'ring love

Choir only

How silently, how silently, the wondrous gift is giv'n!
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 our 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.

Vaughan Williams/Malcolm Archer/Thomas Armstrong

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 th'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 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 angels sing glory to the newborn king.

Mendelssohn/ David Willcocks

Ladies Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence by Saint Agnes' fountain.'

v3 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.

v4 Ladies Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go not 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.'

v5 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.

arr. Reginald Jacques