

Great Sacred Music

Christmas Day 2022

Henry John Gauntlett: *Once in royal David's city*

Saint Thomas Choir, New York, John Scott

1 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.

2 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 Savior holy.

3 And our eyes at last shall see him,
through his own redeeming love,
for that child, so dear and gentle,
is our Lord in heav'n above,
and he leads his children on
to the place where he is gone.

4 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.
Then like stars his children crowned,
all in white, his praise will sound.

Harold Darke: *In the bleak midwinter*

Choir and Orchestra of Clare College, Cambridge, John Rutter

1 In the bleak midwinter
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 midwinter,
long ago.

2 Our God, heaven cannot hold him,
nor earth sustain;
heaven and earth shall flee away
when he comes to reign:
in the bleak midwinter
a stable place sufficed
the Lord God Almighty,
Jesus Christ.

3 Enough for him whom cherubim
worship night and day,
a breastful of milk
and a mangerful of hay:

enough for him
whom angels fall down before,
the ox and ass and camel
which adore.

4 Angels and archangels
may have gathered there,
cherubim and seraphim
thronged the air,
but only his mother,
in her maiden bliss,
worshiped the Beloved
with a kiss.

5 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.

Traditional, arr. Richard Purvis: *Greensleeves*

J. David Williams, organ

Aeolian-Skinner organ in Riverside Church, New York City

Three Christmas Carols

Choir of Tewkesbury Abbey School, Andrew Sackett

I saw a maiden

1 I saw a maiden sitten and sing:
She lulled a child, a sweete Lording.

*Lullay, lullay, my dear son, my sweeting.
Lullay, lullay, my dear heart, my own dear darling.*

2 This very Lord he made alle thing:
Of lordes the Lord, of kinges the King.

3 There was mickle melody at that childes birth:
And all in heaven's bliss, they made mickle mirth.

4 Angels sang that night and saiden to that child:
Now blest be thou and she, both meek and mild.

5 Pray we to that child and to His mother dear,
His blessing to them that maken now cheer.

The Little Road To Bethlehem

As I walked down the road at set of sun
The lambs were coming homeward one by one
I heard a sheepbell softly calling them
Along the little road to Bethlehem

Beside an open door as I drew nigh
I heard sweet Mary sing a lullaby
She sang about the lambs at close of day
And rocked her tiny Boy among the hay

Across the air the silver sheepbells rang
"The lambs are coming home," sweet Mary Sang
"Your star of gold, your star of
Gold is shining in the sky
So sleep, my little Boy, go lullaby."

As I walked down the road at set of sun
The lambs were coming homeward one by one
I heard a sheepbell softly calling them
Along the little road to Bethlehem

God rest you merry, gentlemen

1 God rest you merry, gentlemen,
let nothing you dismay;
remember Christ, our Savior
was born on Christmas Day
to save us all from Satan's pow'r
when we were gone astray.

Refrain:

O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

2 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. [Refrain]

3 "Fear not," then said the angel,
"let nothing you affright;
this day is born a Savior,
the true and radiant light,
to free all those who trust in him
from Satan's pow'r and might." [Refrain]

4 Now to the Lord sing praises,
all you within this place,
and in true love and fellowship
each other now embrace;
this holy tide of Christmas
is filled with heav'nly grace. [Refrain]

Commentary: The Reverend Canon Jean Vail

George Frideric Handel: *For unto us a child is born*

Les Arts Florissants, William Christie

For unto us a child is born,
Unto us a son is given;
And the government shall be upon
His shoulder;

And His name shall be called Wonderful,
Counselor, the mighty God,
The everlasting Father,
And the Prince of Peace is He

Source: Isaiah 9:5

Franz Biebl: *Ave Maria* Chanticleer

Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariae
Et concepit de Spiritu sancto.
Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum.
Benedicta tu in mulieribus,

Et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus, Jesus.
Maria dixit: Ecce ancilla Domini.
Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum.
Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum.

Benedicta tu in mulieribus,
Et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus, Jesus.
Et Verbum caro factum est
Et habitavit in nobis.
Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum.

Benedicta tu in mulieribus,
Et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus, Jesus.
Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus,
Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis, nunc et in hora mortis nostrae.
Amen. Amen. Amen. Source: Angelus

Ivo Antognini: *Christe, Redemptor omnium*

Choral Scholars of University College Dublin; Irish Chamber Orchestra, Desmond Earley

1. Jesu, Redemptor omnium,
Quem lucis ante originem
Parem paternæ gloriæ
Pater supremus edidit.

Quod solus e sinu Patris
Mundi salus adveneris.

2. Tu lumen, et splendor Patris,
Tu spes perennis omnium,
Intende quas fundunt preces
Tui per orbem servuli.

5. Hunc astra, tellus, æquora,
Hunc omne quod cœlo subest,
Salutis Auctorem novæ
Novo salutat cantico.

3. Memento, rerum Conditor,
Nostri quod olim corporis,
Sacrata ab alvo Virginis
Nascendo, formam sumpseris.

6. Et nos, beata quos sacri
Rigavit unda sanguinis;
Natalis ob diem tui
Hymni tributum solvimus.

4. Testatur hoc præsens dies,
Currrens per anni circulum,

7. Jesus, tibi sit gloria,
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre, et almo Spiritu
In sempiterna sæcula.

Author: Urban VII

Felix Mendelssohn: *Hark! the herald angels sing*

Choir of King's College, Cambridge, Daniel Hyde
Matthew Martin, organ

1 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 hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

late in time behold him come,
offspring of the Virgin's womb:
veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
hail th'incarnate Deity,
pleased with us in flesh to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel. [Refrain]

Refrain:
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King"

3 Hail the heaven-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 we no more may die,
born to raise us from the earth,
born to give us second birth. [Refrain]

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,

J.S. Bach: *Chorale Prelude on "In dulci jubilo", BWV 729*

Kevin Bowyer, organ

1962 Marcussen organ in Sct. Hans Kirke, Odense, Denmark

J.S. Bach: *Cantata "Gloria in excelsis Deo", BWV 191*

Bach Choir of Bethlehem, Greg Funfgeld

Julia Doyle, soprano; Benjamin Butterfield, tenor

GLORIA in excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.

GLORY to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will.

LAUDAMUS te, benedicimus te, adoramus te, glorificamus te, gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam, Domine Deus, Rex caelestis, Deus Pater omnipotens.

WE praise Thee, we bless Thee, we adore Thee, we glorify Thee, we give Thee thanks for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

DOMINE Fili unigenite, Iesu Christe, Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis; qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram. Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere nobis.

O Lord Jesus Christ, only begotten Son, Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, Thou who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us; Thou who takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou who sittest at the right hand of the Father, have mercy on us.

QUONIAM tu solus Sanctus, tu solus Dominus, tu solus Altissimus, Iesu Christe, cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei Patris. Amen

FOR Thou alone art the Holy One, Thou alone art the Lord, Thou alone art the Most High, Jesus Christ, with the Holy Spirit, in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Traditional: *Of the Father's heart begotten*

Choir of Wells Cathedral, Malcolm Archer

Rupert Gough, organ

Adolphe Adam: *O Holy Night*

Cambridge Singers w/the City of London Sinfonia, John Rutter

1. O holy night, the stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth;
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
'Till he appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn;

Chorus

Fall on your knees, Oh hear the angel voices!
O night divine! O night when Christ was born.
O night, O holy night, O night divine.

2. Led by the light of Faith serenely beaming;
With glowing hearts by his cradle we stand:
So, led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,
Here come the wise men from Orient land,
The King of Kings lay thus in lowly manger,
In all our trials born to be our friend;

Chorus

He knows our need, To our weakness no stranger!
Behold your King! Before Him lowly bend!
Behold your King! your King! before him bend!

3. Truly He taught us to love one another;
His law is Love and His gospel is Peace;
Chains shall he break, for the slave is our brother,
And in his name all oppression shall cease,
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful Chorus raise we;
Let all within us praise his Holy name!

Chorus

Christ is the Lord, then ever! ever praise we!
His pow'r and glory, evermore proclaim!
His pow'r and glory, evermore proclaim!

Author: Placide Cappeau

J.S. Bach: *Christmas Oratorio, BWV 248 Part One*

The Sixteen Choir and Orchestra, Harry Christophers

Catherine Wyn-Rogers, contralto; Mark Padmore, tenor, as the Evangelist

Christmas Oratorio I

1. Chorus (S, A, T, B)

Triumph, rejoicing, rise, praising these days now,
Tell ye what this day the Highest hath done!
Fear now abandon and banish complaining,
Join, filled with triumph and gladness, our song!

Serve ye the Highest in glorious chorus,
Let us the name of our ruler now honor!

2. Recit. (T) Evangelist

It occurred, however, at the time that a decree from the Emperor Augustus went out that all the world should be enrolled. And everyone then went forth to be enrolled, each person unto his own city. And then as well went up Joseph from Galilee from the city of Nazareth into the land of Judea to David's city which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and of the lineage of David to be enrolled there with Mary, who was betrothed to be his wife, and she was pregnant. And while they were in that place, there came the time for her to be delivered.

3. Recit. (A)

Now is my dearest bridegroom rare,
Now is the prince of David's stem
As earth's redeeming comfort
Here born in time amongst us.
Now will shine bright the star of Jacob,
Its beam e'en now breaks forth.
Rise, Zion, and abandon now thy weeping,
Thy fortune soars aloft.

4. Aria (A)

Prepare thyself, Zion, with tender affection,
The fairest, the dearest soon midst thee to see!
Thy cheeks' beauty
Must today shine much more brightly,
Hasten, the bridegroom to love with deep passion.

5. Chorale (S,A,T,B)

How shall I then receive thee
And how thy presence find?
Desire of every nation,

O glory of my soul!

O Jesus, Jesus,
Set out for me thy torch,
That all that brings thee pleasure
By me be clearly known.

6. Recit. (T) Evangelist

And she brought forth her first-born son and wrapped him in swaddling cloths and laid him within a manger, for they had no other room in the inn for them.

7. Chorale (S) and Recit. (B)

He is to earth now come so poor,

Who will the love then rightly praise
Which this our Savior for us keeps?

That he us his mercy show

Yea, is there one who understandeth
How he by mankind's woe is moved?

And in heaven make us rich

The Most High's Son comes in the world
Whose health to him so dear is held,

And to his own dear angels like.

So will he as a man himself be born now.

Kyrieleis!

8. Aria (B)

Mighty Lord, O strongest sovereign,
Dearest Savior, O how little
Heedest thou all earthly pomp!

He who all the world doth keep,
All its pomp and grace hath fashioned,
Must within the hard crib slumber.

9. Chorale (S, A, T, B)

Ah my beloved Jesus-child,
Make here thy bed, clean, soft and mild
For rest within my heart's own shrine,
That I no more fail to be thine!

Louis-Claude Daquin: *Noel Suisse (Noel No. 12, Swiss Carol for Organ)*

Masato Suzuki, organ

1983 Marc Garnier organ of the Shoin Chapel, Kobe, Japan

Benjamin Britten: *A Ceremony of Carols, Op. 28*

Choir of St. John's College, Cambridge, George Guest

Michael Turner, John Bennett and Michael Matthews, trebles

Marisa Robles, harp

1. Procession

Hodie Christus natus est:
hodie Salvator apparuit:
hodie in terra canunt angeli:
laetantur archangeli:
hodie exsultant justi dicentes:
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Wolcum for whom we sall sing!
Wolcum be ye, Stevene and Jon,

Wolcum, Innocentes every one,
Wolcum, Thomas marter one,
Wolcum be ye, good Newe Yere,
Wolcum, Twelfthe Day both in fere,
Wolcum, seintes lefe and dere,
Wolcum Yole, Wolcum Yole, Wolcum!
Candelmesse, Quene of bliss,
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.

2. Wolcum Yole!

Wolcum, Wolcum, Wolcum be thou hevenè king,
Wolcum Yole! Wolcum, born in one morning,

Wolcum, Wolcum, Wolcum be ye that are here,
Wolcum Yole, Wolcum alle and make good cheer,
Wolcum alle another yere, Wolcum Yole, Wolcum!

3. There is no Rose

There is no rose of such vertu as is the rose that bare Jesu.
Alleluia, alleluia.
For in this rose containèd was heaven and earth in litel space,
Res miranda, res miranda.
By that rose we may well see there be one God in persons three,
Pares forma, pares forma,
The aungels sungen the shepherds to:
Gloria in excelsis,
gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gaudeamus, gaudeamus.
Leave we all this werldly mirth, and follow we this joyful birth.
Transeamus, transeamus, transeamus.
Alleluia, res miranda, pares forma, gaudeamus,
Transeamus, transeamus, transeamus.

4. That yongē childe and Bulalow

That yonge child when it gan weep with song she lulled him asleep:
That was so sweet a melody it passèd alle minstrelsy.
The nightingalē sang also: Her song is hoarse . . . and nought thereto:
Whoso attendeth to her song and leaveth the first. . . then doth he wrong.

. . .

O my deare hert, young Jesu sweit, Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee to my hert, And never mair from thee depart.
But I sall praise thee evermoir With sanges sweit unto thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow, And sing that richt Balulalow.

5. As dew in Aprille

I sing of a maiden that is makèles:
King of all kings to her son she ches
He came also stille there his moder was,
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the grass.
He came also stille to his moder's bour,

As dew in Aprille that falleth on the flour.
He came also stille there his moder lay,
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the spray.
Moder and mayden was never none but she:
Well may such a lady Goddes moder be.

6. This little Babe

This little Babe so few days old, is come to rifle Satan's fold;
All hell doth at his presence quake, though he himself for cold do shake;
For in this weak unarmed wise the gates of hell he will surprise.
With tears he fights and wins the field, His naked breast stands for a shield;
His battering shot are babish cries, His arrows looks of weeping eyes,
His martial ensigns Cold and Need, and feeble Flesh his warrior's steed.
His camp is pitched in a stall, His bulwark but a broken wall;
The crib his trench, haystalks his stakes; of shepherds he his muster makes;
And thus, as sure his foe to wound, the angels' trumps alarum sound.
My soul, with Christ join thou in fight; stick to the tents that he hath pight.
Within his crib is surest ward; this little Babe will be thy guard.
If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy, then flit not from this heavenly Boy.

7. Interlude (harp solo)

8. In Freezing Winter Night

Behold, a silly tender babe, in freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies. Alas, a piteous sight!
The inns are full; no man will yield This little pilgrim bed.
But forced he is with silly beasts in crib to shroud his head.
This stable is a Prince's court, this crib his chair of State;
The beasts are parcel of his pomp, the wooden dish his plate.
The persons in that poor attire His royal liveries wear;
The Prince himself is come from heaven; This pomp is prized there.
With joy approach, O Christian wight, Do homage to thy King,
And highly praise his humble pomp, wick he from Heaven doth bring.

9. Spring Carol

Pleasure it is to hear iwis, the Birdes sing,
The deer in the dale, the sheep in the vale, the corn springing.
God's purveyance for sustenance, It is for man, it is for man.
Then we always to give him praise, And thank him than.

Ne had the appil take ben, the appil take ben,
Ne hadde never our lady a ben hevене quene.
Blessed be the time that appil take was.
Therefore we moun singen.
Deo gracias! Deo gracias! Deo gracias! Deo gracias!

10. Deo Gracias

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
Adam lay ibounden, bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter thought he not to long.
Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
And all was for an appil, an appil that he tok,
As clerkes finden written in their book.
Deo gracias! Deo gracias!

11. Recessional

Hodie Christus natus est:
hodie Salvator apparuit:
hodie in terra canunt angeli:
laetantur archangeli:
hodie exsultant justii dicentes:
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Traditional: Three Christmas carols

BBC Welsh Chorus; Fanfare Trumpeters of the Welsh Guards, John Hugh Thomas
Huw Tregelles Williams, organ

Still, still, still, He sleeps this night so chill!

Christmas Carols from King's
Choir of King's College, Cambridge, Daniel Hyde
Matthew Martin, organ



The Staff and Volunteers of The Classical Station
wish you a very Merry Christmas!

