The Winkleigh Singers

CHRISTMAS CONCERT

Soloists from the choir

Organ: Tom Bayliss

Directed by: Roland Smith

Saturday 15th December 2018 at 7.30pm

All Saints Parish Church, Winkleigh

The Winkleigh Singers
Registered Charity No. 1171210

making music

PROGRAMME

O come all ye faithful	18th C./David Willcocks.
Gloria in D	Antonio Vivaldi
Unto Us is Born a Son	from *Piae Cantiones*/David Willcocks
Away in a manger	Trad. Normandy Tune/Reginald Jacques
O little town of Bethlehem	English trad./Vaughan Williams/T Armstrong
Deck the hall with boughs of holly	Welsh trad./David Willcocks

INTERVAL

Once in Royal David's City	H J Gauntlett/A H Mann/David Willcocks
The angel Gabriel	Basque/Edgar Pettman
See Amid the Winter Snow	John Goss/David Willcocks
There is no rose	John Joubert
It came upon a midnight clear	English trad./Arthur Sullivan/Hill
A boy was born	Benjamin Britten
Sussex Carol	English trad./David Willcocks
Infant holly	Polish/David Willcocks
Still, still, still	Andrew Gant
God rest you merry, gentlemen	English trad./David Willcocks
Lully, lulla	Kenneth Leighton
Bethlehem Down	Peter Warlock
Good King Wenceslas	from *Piae Cantiones*/Reginald Jacques
O holy night	Adolphe Adam/John Rutter

Please join in the carols highlighted in bold type.
The words will be found starting on page 4

Gloria in D, RV589 Antonio Vivaldi (1678 – 1741)

1. Gloria in excelsis Deo (chorus)
2. Et in terra pax hominibus (chorus)
3. Laudamus te (two sopranos)
4. Gratias agimus tibi (chorus)
5. Propter magnam gloriam (chorus)
6. Domine Deus, Rex coelestis (soprano)
7. Domine Fili unigenite (chorus)
8. Domine Deus, Agnus Dei (alto and chorus)
9. Qui tollis peccata mundi (chorus)
10. Qui sedes ad dexteram (alto)
11. Quoniam tu solus sanctus (chorus)
12. Cum Sancto Spiritu (chorus)

Glory be to God on high, // and in earth peace, good will towards men. // We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, // we give thanks // to thee for thy great glory, // O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty. //
O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesu Christ; //. O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. // Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. // Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.//
For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord; thou only, O Christ, // with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Apart from the fact that he was the eldest of six children of a violinist in the orchestra of St. Mark's, Venice, little is known of Vivaldi's early life. A novice from the age of 15, he entered the full priesthood in 1703, when he began service with the Conservatorio della Pietà, an orphanage for girls in Venice which placed special emphasis on musical education and had an excellent choir and orchestra. His first duties were as a violin teacher, but he was also to compose a good deal of music for the orphanage, including some Lenten oratorios.

Vivaldi's growing reputation as a composer received a notable boost with the publication in 1711 of L'estro armonico, 12 concertos for one, two or four solo violins. The fame of this collection spread abroad, not least to Germany, where J S Bach copied and arranged several of them. Vivaldi from then on spent much of his time writing operas and travelling throughout Italy to supervise their production, whilst retaining his links with the Pietà.

Although Vivaldi's popular reputation rests largely on his numerous instrumental compositions (notably the Four Seasons), his vocal music is of considerable importance. The boundaries between the Church and secular society were flexible in the 18th century, and it is therefore not surprising that Vivaldi – an ordained priest – should have excelled as a composer of both operas and sacred music. Ever since its first modern revival in Siena in 1939, this setting of the Gloria has been by far the most popular of Vivaldi's choral works.

Programme notes by Thomas Radice, August 2010, © Making Music.

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, let us adore him…

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;
Glory to God
In the highest:
O come, let us adore him…

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born on Christmas morning,
Jesu, to thee be glory giv'n;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore him…



Unto us is born a Son,
King of quires supernal:
See on earth his life begun,
Of lords the Lord eternal,
Of lords the Lord eternal.

Christ, from heav'n descending low,
Comes on earth a stranger;
Ox and ass their owner know,
Becradled in the manger,
Becradled in the manger.

This did Herod sore affray,
And grievously bewilder,
So he gave the word to slay,
And slew the little childer,
And slew the little childer.

Of his love and mercy mild
This the Christmas story;
And O that Mary's gentle child
Might lead us up to glory,
Might lead us up to glory!

O and A, and A and O,
Cum cantibus in choro,
Let our merry organ go,
Benedicamus Domino,
Benedicamus Domino.



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;
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 giv'n!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heav'n.
No ear may his 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.

Solo

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.

Choir only
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.

All
And through all his wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms he lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

For he is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us he grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew;
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

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;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

See amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below,
See the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.
Hail, thou ever blessed morn;
Hail, redemption's happy dawn;
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies,
He who throned in height sublime
Sits amid the cherubim.
Hail, thou ever blessed morn…

Say, ye holy shepherds, say
What your joyful news today;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?
Hail, thou ever blessed morn…

'As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing 'Peace on earth'
Told us of the Saviour's birth'.
Hail, thou ever blessed morn…

Sacred infant, all divine,
What a tender love was thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!
Hail, thou ever blessed morn…

Teach, O teach us Holy Child,
By thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble thee,
In thy sweet humility.
Hail, thou ever blessed morn…

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 lowly 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!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
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 give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Sussex Carol
High voices
On Christmas night all Christians sing,
To hear the news the angels bring,
Low voices
On Christmas night all Christians sing,
To hear the new the angels bring –
High voices
News of great joy, news of great mirth,
All
News of our merciful King's birth.

Low voices
Then why should men on earth be so sad,
Since our Redeemer made us glad,
High voices
Then why should men on earth be so sad,
Since our Redeemer made us glad,
All
When from our sin he set us free,
All for to gain our liberty?

All
When sin departs before his grace,
Then life and health come in its place;
When sin departs before his grace,
Then life and health come in its place:
Angels and men with joy may sing,
All for to see the new-born King.

All out of darkness we have light,
Which made the angels sing this night,
All out of darkness we have light,
Which made the angels sing this night:
'Glory to God and peace to men,
Now and for evermore. Amen.'

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…

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoicèd much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
This blessèd babe to find:
O tidings of comfort and joy…

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 of comfort and joy…

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…



All

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.

Low voices
'Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?'
High voices
'Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By St Agnes' fountain.'

Low voices
'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.

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



Soloists from the choir:

Sue Cooke

Tina Gibbons

Tina Gladwin

Rachel Griffiths

Tracey Mitchell

Acknowledgements:

Thanks to:

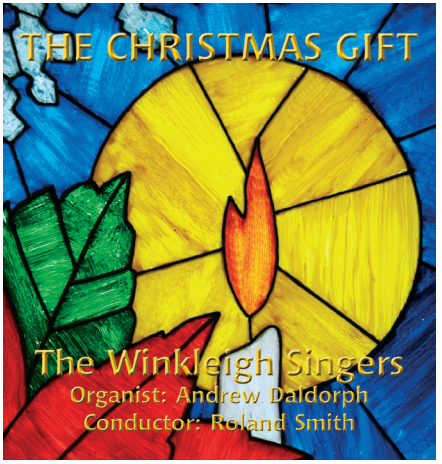
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Roy Purcell: page turner

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Winkleigh Singers members for the mince pies



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OPEN REHEARSAL WITH THE WINKLEIGH SINGERS

Monday 7th January 2018
7.30pm-9.30pm at The Umberleigh Christian Fellowship Hall (on the A377 conveniently opposite The Rising Sun Pub). An opportunity to have a taster evening with the choir when we will be taking a first look at the music for our 23rd March 2019 concert, which includes Poulenc's *Gloria* and works by Bach and Arvo Pärt. There is a break during the evening for refreshments and socialising.
There is no charge for this open rehearsal which counts towards a three week trial period before joining the choir.

SPRING CONCERT

Saturday 23rd March 2019 at 7.30pm|
St Michael's Church, Great Torrington
Poulenc: ***Gloria;***
Bach: *Cantata 84*
Arvo Pärt: *Littlemore Tractus*
with
Donna-Marie Broomfield, soprano
David Davies, organ

SUMMER CONCERT

Monday 24th June 2019 at 8.00pm
Umberleigh Village Hall
Concert performance of Purcell's: *King Arthur* – a dramatic semi-opera, the sung parts being those of the supernatural, pastoral and, in one case, drunk!

TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS CONCERT

Saturday 14th December 2019
Winkleigh

More about the choir at
www.winkleighsingers.org.uk