

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 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.

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...

See how the shepherds,
 Summoned to his cradle,
 Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly
 fear;
 We too will thither
 Bend our joyful footsteps:
 O come...

Lo! star-led chieftains,
 Magi, Christ adoring,
 Offer him incense, gold and myrrh;
 We to the Christ Child
 Bring our hearts' oblations:
 O come...

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

Hexham Orpheus Choir

Charity Christmas Concert

in aid of 'Crisis at Christmas'

Trinity Church, Hexham

12 December 2018

Musical Director - Mark Edwards

Accompanist - Warren Smith

Choir Sussex Carol arr. David Willcocks

Audience carol Hark the Herald arr. David Willcocks

Choir Infant Child Fiona Lander

[illegible]

Audience carol Good King Wenceslas arr. Reginald Jacques

Reading Relating to Bach...

Warren Smith Solo (Bach Chorale)

Choir *Away in a Manger* arr. David Willcocks

Audience Carol Once in Royal David's City H. J. Gauntlett

Choir The First Nowell arr. David Willcocks

Reading relating to Jesus

[illegible]

Audience Carol O Come, all ye faithful arr. David Willcocks

Choir 12 Days of Christmas arr. John Rutter

Choir We wish you a Merry Christmas arr. Arthur Warrell

---- Please join us for refreshments after the concert ----

Tippett - 'A Child of our Time'

Saturday 11th May 2019 Hexham Abbey

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 the 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.
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!

Pleased as Man with man to dwell,

Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

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 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 new-born King.

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,
Gathering 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?

Ladies 'Sire he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By St. 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 winds wild lament
 And the bitter weather.

Ladies 'Sire the night is darker now,
And the wind grows stronger:
Fails my heart I know not how;
I can go no longer.'

Men 'Mark my footsteps, good my page:
Tread though in them boldy:
Thou shalt find the winters rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.'

All In his masters 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.