

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 verses 1 and 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 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

Welcome to our Christmas Concert in aid of 'Crisis at Christmas'. We have some choir carols as well as opportunities to join in with four carols.

Choir	Sussex Carol	arr. David Willcocks
Audience carol	Hark the Herald	arr. David Willcocks
Choir	Infant Child	Fiona Lander
Choir	The Snow	Edward Elgar
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		
Choir	For Upon Us a Child is Born (from the <i>Messiah</i>)	G.F. Handel
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 ----

Next Concert

Tippett - 'A Child of our Time'

Saturday 11th May 2019

Hexham Abbey

Hark! the herald-angels sing
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,
Jesus, our Emmanuel:

'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.