

The Choir:

Watership Cantabile, with their Musical Director, Michael Howell, are a local mixed-voice choir who sing a wide variety of music from all over the world.

Based in Newbury, they have performed many concerts in the surrounding areas and are well known to audiences there. They are delighted to return again to St Gabriel's, to present their selection of carols, songs and readings for Christmas.

The Choir are always interested in recruiting new members. If anyone is interested in singing and would like further information about the choir, they should visit their website at www.watershipcantabile.co.uk or contact the Chairman, Chris Druce on 01635 820718.

We hope you enjoy the concert this evening and wish you all a very happy Christmas!

Infant Holy



a concert for Christmas

with

Watership Cantabile

St Gabriel's Church, Popley

Sat. 9th December

Proceeds in aid of St Gabriel's Building Project

Programme

Psallite Unigenito.....Michael Praetorius

Myn Lyking.....R R Terry

All My Heart This Night Rejoices.....Johann Georg Ebeling

Infant Holy, Infant Lowly.....arr. David Willcocks

Gabriel's Message.....arr. David Willcocks

Rejoice and be Merry.....arr. Reginald Jacques

Away in a manger..... arr. Reginald Jacques

O Little Town of Bethlehem.....Walford Davies

Carol: God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

Reading: "Carol Singers" from 'Cider With Rosie' by Laurie Lee

Christmas-tide.....Bob Chilcott

I Sing of a Maiden.....Patrick Hadley

Hail! Blessed Virgin Mary.....arr. Charles Wood

Flemish Carol.....arr. John Rutter

St Joseph's Carol.....Richard Lloyd

The Huron Carol..... arr. Eleanor Daley

Christmas Lullaby.....John Rutter

Carol: Once in Royal David's City

Reading: "A Politically Correct Christmas" by Harvey Ehrlich

Ding Dong! Merrily on High.....harmonised Charles Wood

Gloucestershire Wassail.....arr. R Vaughan Williams

Deck the Hall..... arr. David Willcocks

Christmas is Coming.....Walford Davies

Winter Wonderland.....Felix Bernard, arr. Philip Colls

Carol: O Come All Ye Faithful

God rest you merry, gentlemen

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, 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, and joy.....

The shepherds, at those tidings, rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding, in tempest, storm and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway, this blessed babe to find:

O, tidings of comfort and joy, 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, 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, and joy,
O, tidings of comfort and joy*

Once in Royal David's City

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.

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

O Come All Ye Faithful

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.....

See how the shepherds, summoned to his cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw near with lowly fear;
We too will thither bend our joyful footsteps;
O come, let us adore Him.....

Lo! star-led chieftains, Magi, Christ adoring,
Offer him incense, gold and myrrh;
We to the Christ Child bring our hearts' oblations:
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 that happy morning,
Jesu, to thee be glory giv'n;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore Him.....