

Watership Cantabile are a small mixed-voice choir, based in Newbury, led by their Musical Director, Michael Howell. They have been singing for about 35 years, participating in concerts, tours and competitions at home and in Europe. Because of reducing numbers in recent years, they have specialised in close-harmony, chamber music and are well known to local audiences. They are delighted to sing once again in St James' Church, Eastbury, bringing a selection of music with special relevance this year to the armistice and Christmas of 1918.

Eastbury Christmas Notes.....

“Echoes” at Advent

Remembering 1918

with

Watership Cantabile

at (and in aid of)

St James' Church, Eastbury

Sunday 25th November

Doors open 5.00pm for seasonal gifts and food stalls

Performance start 6.00pm

Programme

We Will Remember Them..... *Sir Edward Elgar*

O For a Closer Walk..... *Charles Villiers Stanford*

The Lord is My Shepherd.....*Howard Goodall*

Ave Verum Corpus.....*Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart*

Reading: (to be announced)

Hymn: Dear Lord and Father of Mankind.....*C H H Parry*

They Are At Rest..... *Sir Edward Elgar*

Irish Blessing..... *Bob Chilcott*

In Paradisum..... *Gabriel Fauré*

Reading: (to be announced)

Love Divine..... *Howard Goodall*

My Soul, There is a Country..... *C H H Parry*

Hymn: Jerusalem.....*C H H Parry*

Matin Responsory.....*G P da Palestrina*

Adam Lay Ybounden..... *Boris Ord*

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

Hail, Blessed Virgin Mary..... *Charles Wood*

Reading: (to be announced)

Up! Good Christen Folk, and Listen*G R Woodward*

In the Bleak Midwinter.....*Harold Darke*

Carol: O Little Town of Bethlehem.....*R Vaughan Williams*

In Dulci Jubilo..... *R L Pearsall*

Silent Night.....*Gruber, arr. Michael Howell*

Reading: (to be announced)

The Infant King.....*arr. David Willcocks*

Zither Carol.....*arr. Malcolm Sargent*

Carol: O Come, All Ye Faithful..... *arr. David Willcocks*

INTERVAL

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind ,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,
O still small voice of calm.

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark, satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land

O Little Town of Bethlehem

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 wondering love.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear 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.

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,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!*

