

Carols by Candlelight

The Association of Friends of Lincoln Cathedral



LINCOLN
CATHEDRAL



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 should 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.

Words: Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-95)

Welcome by The Very Revd Christine Wilson, Dean of Lincoln

Ding Dong! Merrily on High (*arr. Mack Wilberg*)

No small wonder (*Paul Edwards*)

In the Bleak Mid-Winter (*Harold Darke*)

Joys Seven (*arr. Sir Stephen Cleobury*)

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

From God our heavenly 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
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm and wind:
And went to Bethlehem straightway
The Son of God to find.
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 other doth deface.

O tidings of comfort and joy. . .

*Words: Traditional
Tune: God rest you merry*

Organ - Sleigh Ride (Leroy Anderson arr. Thomas Trotter)

The Holly and the Ivy (June Nixon)

The Shepherd's Farewell (Hector Berlioz)

What Sweeter Music (John Rutter)

I Saw Three Ships (arr. Richard Lloyd)

It came upon the midnight clear

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, goodwill to men,
From heaven'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 heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;

Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed 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.

The Chocolate Bar Nativity

The Very Revd Christine Wilson, Dean of Lincoln

The Three Kings (arr. Peter Cornelius)

O Little Town of Bethlehem (Bob Chilcott)

The Angel Gabriel (arr. Edgar Pettman)

The Shepherd's Pipe Carol (John Rutter)

Joy to the World

Joy to the world, the Lord has come
Let earth receive her King
Let every heart prepare Him room
And heaven and nature sing, and heaven and
nature sing
And heaven, and heaven and nature sing

Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns
Let men their songs employ
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains

Repeat the sounding joy, repeat the sounding
joy
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy

He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love, and wonders of His
love
And wonders, wonders of His love

Annual Report from The Secretary to the Friends

Tomorrow Shall Be My Dancing Day (Carl Rütli)

O Holy Night (Adolphe Adam)

Sussex Carol (arr. Philip Ledger)

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 . . .

Sing, choirs of angels,
sing in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
in the highest.
O come, let us adore him . . .

Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born that happy
morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory given!
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing!
O come, let us adore Him . . .

tr. Frederick Oakeley (1802-80) and others

Organ - Final to Symphonie 1 (Louis Vierne)

