



Carol Concert

17th December 2020

**Chapel Royal of St Peter
ad Vincula**

**The Choir of the Chapels Royal,
HM Tower of London**

Christian Wilson (Organ)
Colm Carey (Director)

Programme

Arr. Stuart Nicholson Dates (b.1974)

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day

Mark Sirett (b.1952)

Huron Carol

Advent (Mary Jo Salter, b.1954)

Audience Carol - God rest you merry gentlemen

arr. David Willcocks (1919 - 2015)

Sing lullaby

arr. Mack Wilberg (b. 1955)

Ding dong! Merrily on high

In the Bleak Midwinter (Christina Rossetti, 1830 - 1894)

Harold Darke (1888 - 1976)

In the Bleak Midwinter

Jim Clements (b.1983)

Gabriel's Message

Christ's Nativity (Henry Vaughan, 1621 - 95)

Audience Carol - Good King Wenceslas

Randall Thompson (1899 - 1984)

Alleluia

Christmas (John Betjamen, 1906 - 1984)

Audience Carol - Away in a manger

Wolfram Buchenberg (b.1962)

I saw three ships come sailing in

John Rutter (b.1945)

Candlelight Carol

Colm Carey (b.1970)

**Verbum caro factum est (written in 2019 for
the Choir of the Chapels Royal, HM Tower of
London)**

Audience Carol - Hark! the herald angels sing

The Choir of the Chapels Royal, HM Tower of London

Soprano: Ali Hill, Zoë Brookshaw, Victoria Meteyard Hannah King

Alto: Felicity Turner, Nancy Cole, Eleanor Harries

Tenor: Steven Harrold, William Searle

Bass: Owain Park, David le Prevost, Caspar Barrie, Jamie Wright

Organ: Christian Wilson

Director: Colm Carey

The Choir of the Chapels Royal, HM Tower of London is widely regarded as one of Britain's leading chapel choirs and occupies a place at the heart of the nation's royal heritage. Formed of twelve professional singers - who also perform regularly with distinguished consorts and opera companies in the UK and abroad - the choir continues the tradition of musical excellence central to the English royal court.

The choir sings regularly at the Tower of London's two Chapels Royal, the Chapel of St Peter ad Vincula, built by Henry VIII in 1520, and the Chapel of St John the Evangelist, historically the monarchs' private chapel. Their services have a reputation for excellence, with a thriving congregation which includes visiting dignitaries, members of the Tower community, including Yeoman Warders ('Beefeaters') and their families, and some of the Tower's three million annual tourists.

The Choir of the Chapels Royal is often invited to sing at high-profile public and private occasions. In addition it has performed on numerous occasions at the City of London Festival and at the Stratford-on-Avon and Chelmsford Festivals. Television and radio highlights include broadcasts for BBC television and Radios 3 and 4 (most notably to the all the countries in the Commonwealth on Christmas Day 2011), Channel 4 television and Classic FM. It has also recorded two CDs.

The repertoire performed by the choir encompasses choral music from all ages, including music written specially for the English Chapel Royal, and more recently works that have been commissioned by the Chapels Royal in the Tower. The English royal court has been an exceptional patron of music over the centuries, rivaled only by the Vatican. Musicians that have written and performed for English monarchs and their court include Handel, Tallis, Byrd, Gibbons, Purcell, Elgar, Howells, Tippett, MacMillan, and Maxwell Davies, and the choir is proud to continue this distinguished tradition today.

Texts and translations

Arr. Stuart Nicholson

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day;
I would my true love did so chance

To see the legend of my play,
To call my true love to my dance;

Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

Then was I born of a virgin pure,
Of her I took fleshly substance
Thus was I knit to man's nature
To call my true love to my dance.

Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

In a manger laid, and wrapped I was
So very poor, this was my chance
Betwixt an ox and a silly poor ass
To call my true love to my dance.

Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

Mark Sirett (b.1952)

Huron Carol

'Twas in the moon of winter-time
When all the birds had fled,
When mighty Gitchi Manitou
Sent angel choirs instead;

Before their light the stars grew dim,
And wandering hunters heard the hymn:
"Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born,
In excelsis gloria."

Within a lodge of broken bark
The tender Babe was found,
A ragged robe of rabbit skin
Enwrapp'd His beauty round;
But as the hunter braves drew nigh,
The angel song rang loud and high...
"Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born,
In excelsis gloria."

The earliest moon of wintertime
Is not so round and fair
As was the ring of glory
On the helpless infant there.
The chiefs from far before him knelt
With gifts of fox and beaver pelt.
Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born,
In excelsis gloria.

O children of the forest free,
O sons of Manitou,
The Holy Child of earth and heaven
Is born today for you.
Come kneel before the radiant Boy
Who brings you beauty, peace and joy.
"Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born,
In excelsis gloria."

Audience Carol

God rest you merry, gentlemen

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas 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
Rejoicèd much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
This blessèd babe to find:
O tidings of comfort and joy . . .

And when they came to Bethlehem
Where our dear Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray:
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 efface:
O tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy!
O tidings of comfort and joy!

arr. David Willcocks
Sing lullaby

Sing lullaby!
Lullaby baby, now reclining,
Sing lullaby!
Hush, do not wake the infant King.
Angels are watching, stars are shining
Over the place where He is lying:
Sing lullaby!

Sing lullaby!
Lullaby baby, sweetly asleeping,
Sing lullaby!
Hush, do not wake the infant King.
Soon will come sorrow with the morning,
Soon will come bitter grief and weeping:
Sing lullaby!

Sing lullaby!
Lullaby baby, now a-dozing,
Sing lullaby!
Hush, do not wake the infant King.
Soon comes the cross, the nails, the piercing,
Then in the grave at last reposing;
Sing lullaby!

Sing lullaby!
Lullaby! is the babe awaking?
Sing lullaby!
Hush, do not stir the infant King.
Dreaming of Easter, gladsome morning.
Conquering death, its bondage breaking:
Sing lullaby!

arr. Mack Wilberg (b. 1955)
Ding dong! Merrily on high

Ding dong merrily on high,
In heav'n the bells are ringing:
Ding dong! verily the sky
Is riv'n with angel singing.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,
Let steeple bells be swungen,
And "Io, io, io!"
By priest and people sungen.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime
Your matin chime, ye ringers,
May you beautifully rhyme
Your eve'time song, ye singers.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

Harold Darke
In the Bleak Midwinter

In the bleak midwinter frosty winds made
moan,
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on
snow,
In the bleak midwinter long ago.

Our God, Heav'n cannot hold him nor earth
sustain;
Heav'n and earth shall flee away when he
comes to reign:
In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed.
The Lord God Almighty Jesus Christ.

Enough for him, whom cherubim worship night
and day,
A breastful of milk and a mangerful of hay:
Enough for him, whom angels fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel which adore.

What can I give him poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd I would bring a lamb,
If I were a Wise Man I would do my part,
Yet what I can I give him, give my heart.

arr. Jim Clements
Gabriel's Message

The angel Gabriel from heaven came,
His wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame;
"All hail," said he, "thou lowly maiden Mary,
Most highly favoured lady," Gloria!

"For known a blessed Mother thou shalt be,
All generations laud and honour thee,
Thy Son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold,
Most highly favoured lady," Gloria!

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head,
"To me be as it pleaseth God," she said,
"My soul shall laud and magnify his holy Name."
Most highly favoured lady, Gloria!

Of her, Emmanuel, the Christ, was born
In Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn,
And Christian folk throughout the world will
ever say
"Most highly favoured lady," Gloria!

**Audience Carol
Good King Wenceslas**

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,
Gath'ring 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 Saint 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 him thither."

All: Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

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

Men: "Mark my footsteps, my good page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

All: In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christians all, be sure
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing

**Randall Thompson
Alleluia**

Alleluia

**Adolphe Adam
O Holy Night**

O holy night, the stars are brightly shining;
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth!
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope, the weary soul rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.
Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was born!
O night, O holy night, O night divine!

Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,
With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand.
So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,
Here came the wise men from Orient land.
The King of kings lay thus in lowly manger,
In all our trials born to be our Friend!
He knows our need—he guardeth us from
danger.

Behold your King; before Him lowly bend!
Behold your King; before Him lowly bend!

**arr. David Hill
Silent night**

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and Child.
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight;
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!
Christ the Saviour is born,
Christ the Saviour is born!

Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light;
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Stuart Thompson
The holly and the ivy

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.

The rising of the sun
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a blossom,
As white as the lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.

The rising of the sun
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to do us sinners good.

The rising of the sun
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas Day in the morn.

The rising of the sun
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.

The rising of the sun
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

Audience Carol
Away in a manger

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down
where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the
sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask thee to stay
Close by me forever, and love me I pray.
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
And take us to heaven to live with thee there.

Wolfram Buchenberg
I saw three ships come sailing in

I saw three ships come sailing to Bethlehem!

I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day in the morning.

O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the bells on Earth shall ring,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the bells on Earth shall ring,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the souls on Earth shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the souls on Earth shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice again,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Then let us rejoice again,
On Christmas day in the morning.

John Rutter
Candlelight Carol

How do you capture the wind on the water?
How do you count all the stars in the sky?
How can you measure the love of a mother,
Or how can you write down a baby's first cry?
Candlelight, angel light, firelight and star glow
Shine on his cradle till breaking of dawn.
Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo!
Angels are singing; the Christ child is born.

Shepherds and wise men will kneel and adore
him,
Seraphim round him their vigil will keep;
Nations proclaim him their Lord and their
Saviour,
But Mary will hold him and sing him to sleep.
Find him at Bethlehem laid in a manger:
Christ our Redeemer asleep in the hay.
Godhead incarnate and hope of salvation:
A child with his mother that first Christmas
Day.

Colm Carey
Verbum caro factum est

Verbum caro factum est de Virgine Maria.
Alleluia.

In hoc anni circulo,
vita datur saeculo,
Nato nobis parvulo de Virgine Maria.

O beata femina,
Cuius ventris Gloria
Mundo lavat crimina de Virgine Maria.

Stella Solem protulit,
Sol salute contulit,
Carnem veram abstulit de Virgine Maria.

Fons de suo rivulo
Nascitur pro populo
Quem tulit de vinculo de Virgine Maria.

Verbum caro factum est de Virgine Maria.
Alleluia.

The word is made flesh through the Virgin
Mary.
Alleluia.

At this turning of the year,
Life is given to the world;
A little boy is born to us of the Virgin Mary.

O blessed Woman,
The Glory of whose womb
Cleanses the sins of the world by the Virgin
Mary.

A star brings forth the sun,
The sun brings salvation,
And takes unto itself very flesh by the Virgin
Mary.

A Source from its own river
Is born for the people,
Whom it has brought from prison by the Virgin
Mary.

The word is made flesh through the Virgin
Mary.
Alleluia.

Audience Carol
Hark! the herald angels sing

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 hosts 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.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel:
Hark! the herald angels sing . . .

Hail, the heav'n born Prince of peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n 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.