Bath Minerva Choir
Christmas Carols & Readings

Saturday 12th December 2020
7:30pm
**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, O come let us adore him, O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.  

**The Angel Gabriel**

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 favour’d 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 favour’d lady, Gloria!  

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, O come, let us adore him, O come let us adore him, Christ the Lord.  

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, O come, let us adore him, O come let us adore him, Christ the Lord.  

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 favour’d 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!
'The Dog Watches' by Gavin Carr

for Milo

The little black dog watches in alarm
as new life emerges into its dusty, cow-breath world,
bringing with it smells of pain, blood, sweat and happiness,
and promising much of a new thing to lick, to love, to cuddle up to
and protect from the fearsome world beyond the door –

A world now filling up with strange people all crowding in to see,
and some of them weightless and flying about and singing like birds –

Those ones do not smell of anything so much as purity - not an interesting smell! -
but those others crowding low on the sill bring the promise of sheep with them:
shall I chase?

No, I shall sit here and guard:
I do not trust those heavy, spice-dressed ones -
their gifts smell strange, and what good is metal on a night like this?
That babe needs licking, and who knows in a world of wolves how this
new life can survive without my help.

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 wond’ring love.

How silently, how silently the wondrous gift is giv’n!
So God imparts to human hearts the blessing of his heav’n.
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 to us today.
We hear the Christmas angels the great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us, our Lord Emmanuel.
Here We Come A-Wassailing

**Basses**
Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wandering so fair to be seen:
Love and joy come to you, and to you your wassail too,
And God bless you and send you a happy New Year,
And God send you a happy New Year.

**Tenors and basses**
Our wassail cup is made of the rosemary tree,
And so is your beer of the best barley:

**All voices**
Love and joy come to you, and to you your wassail too,
And God bless you and send you a happy New Year,
And God send you a happy New Year.

**Sopranos and altos**
We have got a little purse of stretching leather skin;
We want a little of your money to line it well within;

**Sopranos, altos and tenors**
Love and joy come to you, and to you your wassail too,
And God bless you and send you a happy New Year,
And God send you a happy New Year.

**All voices**
Bring us out a table, and spread it with a cloth;
Bring us out a mouldy cheese, and some of your Christmas loaf,

**All voices**
Love and joy come to you, and to you your wassail too,
And God bless you and send you a happy New Year,
And God send you a happy New Year.

**All voices**
God bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress too;
And all the little children that round the table go;

**All voices**
Love and joy come to you, and to you your wassail too,
And God bless you, and send you a happy New Year,
And God send you a happy New Year.

**Tenors and basses**
Good master and good mistress, while you’re sitting by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children who are wand’ring in the mire:

**Love and joy come to you, and to you your wassail too,**
And God bless you and send you a happy New Year,
And God send you a happy New Year.
Nativity Carol

Born in a stable so bare,
born so long ago;
Born 'neath light of star
he who loved us so.
Far away silent he lay,
born today, your homage pay,
For Christ is born for aye,
Born on Christmas Day.

Cradled by mother so fair,
Tender her lullaby;
Over her son so dear
Angel hosts fill the sky.
Far away silent he lay,
Born today your homage pay;
Christ is born for aye,
Born on Christmas Day.

Good King Wenceslas

All Voices
Good King Wenceslas look’d 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.

Sopranos & altos
‘Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By St Agnes’ fountain.’

Tenors & basses
‘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 voices
Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together:
Through the rude wind’s wild lament
And the bitter weather.
\textit{Sopranos & altos}

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

\textit{Tenors and basses}

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

\textit{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.

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.

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is Lord and God 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

Not in that poor lonely 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.

\textit{All voices}

In his master’s 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.

\textit{‘Trio’ by Edwin Morgan}

Coming up Buchanan Street, quickly,
on a sharp winter evening
a young man and two girls, under the
Christmas lights –
The young man carries a new guitar in
his arms,
the girl on the inside carries a very
young baby,
and the girl on the outside carries a
chihuahua.

And the three of them are laughing,
their breath rises in a cloud of
happiness, and as they pass the boy
says,
‘Wait till he sees this but!’
The chihuahua has a tiny Royal
Stewart tartan coat like a teapot-holder,
the baby in its white shawl is all bright
eyes and mouth like favours
in a fresh sweet cake,
the guitar swells out under its milky plastic cover, tied at the neck with silver tinsel tape and a brisk sprig of mistletoe.
Orphean sprig! Melting baby! Warm chihuahua!
The vale of tears is powerless before you.
Whether Christ is born, or is not born, you put paid to fate, it abdicates under the Christmas lights.

Monsters of the year go blank, are scattered back, can’t bear this march of three.

-And the three have passed, vanished in the crowd (yet not vanished, for in their arms they wind the life of men and beasts, and music, laughter ringing round like a guard) at the end of this winter’s day.

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,
’Til he appeared, and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn!

Fall on your knees!
Oh, hear the angel voices!
O night divine!
O night, when Christ was born!
O night divine, O 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 the 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 the Lowly bend!
Behold your King! Before the Lowly bend!

He knows our need,
He guardeth us from danger;
Behold your King!
Before the Lowly bend!
Behold your King! Before the Lowly bend!
I’m Dreaming of a White Christmas

I’m dreaming of a white Christmas
Just like the ones I used to know,
Where the tree tops glisten,
And children listen to hear sleigh bells in the snow.

I’m dreaming of a white Christmas
With ev’ry Christmas card I write.
May your dreams be merry and bright,
And may all your Christmases be white.

Dilys the Dachshund’ by Jeremy Floyd

Dilys the dachshund hated snow
Because her middle was so low.
And once when it was really snowing
She only had her tail showing.
So in her woolly winter clothes
She practised walking on her toes,
And with an anxious little grin
Went for a stroll with stomach in,
And in the middle of her walk
Was spotted by a talent hawk,
Who cried, as soon as he had seen her,
He knew she’d make a ballerina.
He’d christen her Dilys Barkover
One day she’d dance with Rudi Rover.
Dilys thrilled at thoughts of fame
Could hardly wait to change her name,
And quickly had the contract signed
Before the hawk could change his mind.
She rushed back home to break the news
And bought some tiny ballet shoes.
She went to London on the train
In search of fortune and acclaim,
And after weeks of leaps and bounds
And back legs stretch with taller hounds,
Dilys got a lucky break
To play a cygnet in Swan Lake.
She danced so well, with grace and speed,
Some said she should have got the lead.
And when she did a paw de deux
Everyone applauded her.
‘Til Dilys, heady with success
Performed impromptu arabesques
Underneath the royal box
Where sat the Prince, a handsome fox.
Then jumping up on pointed toes
She spun away across the snow.
The Prince leapt forward with surprise
And raised some glasses to his eyes,
For Dilys, spinning like a top
Had spun so far she couldn’t stop.
Musicians paused and frowned uncertain
Stage hounds whispered ‘drop the curtain’
But wait, the Prince stood up and clapped
And then, her shoe elastic snapped.
Disaster!
As high up in the air there flew
A tiny, silken ballet shoe.
Up towards the royal box
Where stood the Prince, the handsome fox

He caught it in mid-air,
Still warm,
Kissed it,
And a star was born.

And so dear dachshunds be of cheer,
It may well snow for you next year.

The Twelve Days of Lockdown

On the first day of lockdown, my true love sent to me some hand sanitiser, whoopee!

On the second day of Lockdown my true love sent to me, two latex gloves, and some hand sanitiser, whoopee!

On the third day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, three testing kits, two latex gloves, and some hand sanitiser, whoopee!

On the fourth day of Christmas my true love sent to me, four singers’ masks, three testing kits, two latex gloves, and some hand sanitiser, whoopee!

On the fifth day of Christmas my true love sent to me, five loo rolls, four singers’ masks, three testing kits, two latex gloves, and some hand sanitiser, whoopee!

On the sixth day of Christmas my true love sent to me, six cakes a-baking, five loo rolls, four singers’ masks, three testing kits, two latex gloves, and some hand sanitiser, whoopee!

On the seventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me, seven choirs a-zooming, six cakes a-baking, five loo rolls, four singers’ masks, three testing kits, two latex gloves, and some hand sanitiser, whoopee!

On the eighth day of Christmas my true love sent to me, eight maids a-making, seven choirs a-zooming, six cakes a-baking, five loo rolls, four singers’ masks, three testing kits, two latex gloves, and some hand sanitiser, whoopee!

On the ninth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, nine nurses nursing, eight maids a-making, seven choirs a-zooming, six cakes a-baking, five loo rolls, four singers’ masks, three testing kits, two latex gloves, and some hand sanitiser, whoopee!

On the tenth day of Christmas my true love sent to me, ten apps for tracing, nine nurses nursing, eight maids a-making, seven choirs a-zooming, six cakes a-baking, five loo rolls, four singers’ masks, three testing kits, two latex gloves, and some hand sanitiser, whoopee!
On the eleventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me, eleven wipes for wiping, ten apps for tracing, nine nurses nursing, eight maids a-making, seven choirs a-zooming, six cakes a-baking, five frozen screens! Four singers’ masks, three testing kits, two latex gloves, and some hand sanitiser, whoopee!

On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love sent to me, twelve trial vaccines, eleven wipes for wiping, ten apps for tracing, nine nurses nursing, eight maids a-making, seven choirs a-zooming, six cakes a-baking, five double gins! Four singers’ masks, three testing kits, two latex gloves, and some hand sanitiser, whoopee!

Hark the Herald Angels Sing

Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled:
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th’angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! The herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn 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,
Glory to the newborn King.
We wish you a Merry Christmas

We wish you a merry Christmas,  
We wish you a merry Christmas,  
We wish you a Merry Christmas  
and a happy New Year  
For we all like figgy pudding,  
For we all like figgy pudding,  
For we all like figgy pudding,  
So bring some out here.

Good tidings we bring to you and your kin;  
We wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year.

Good tidings we bring to you and your kin;  
We wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year.

Now bring us some figgy pudding,  
now bring us some figgy pudding,  
now bring us some figgy pudding and bring it out here.  
And we won’t go ‘til we’ve got some,  
And we won’t go ‘til we’ve got some,  
And we won’t go ‘til we’ve got some,  
So bring some out here.

Good tidings we bring to you and your kin;  
We wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year.

Good tidings we bring to you and your kin;  
We wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year.