

Bath Minerva Choir  
Christmas Carols & Readings

Saturday 12th December 2020

7:30pm

**BATH MINERVA CHOIR**  
**'Have yourself a Merry Minerva Christmas'**  
**Saturday 12 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.

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.

**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!,

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 are not daily beggars that beg from  
door to door,  
But we are neighbours' children whom  
you have seen before:  
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*

Call up the butler of this house, put on  
his golden ring;  
Let him bring us up a glass of beer and  
better we shall sing  
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,  
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;  
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.

Wise men from distant far land,  
Shepherds from starry hills  
Worship this babe so rare,  
Hearts with his warmth he fills.  
Far away silent he lay,  
born today your homage pay,  
For Christ is born for aye,  
Born on Christmas Day.

Love in that stable was born  
into our hearts to flow;  
Innocent dreaming babe,  
Make me thy love to know.  
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.

### *Tenors & basses*

'Hither page, and stand by me,  
If thou know'st it, telling.  
Yonder peasant who is he?  
Where and what his dwelling?'

### *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.

*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.'

*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.'

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**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 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

**'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.

*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.

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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 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.

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.

### **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!

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!

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.

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,

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

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

### **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!

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.

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 nineth 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!

### **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.

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!

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the son 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 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

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.

Good tidings we bring to you and your  
kin;  
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.

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.