CAROLS OF THE SEASON SING-A-LONG

Hark! the Herald-Angels Sing

Verse 1 : Choir
Verse 2 : Choir and Audience

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 th'incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Verse 3 : Choir and Audience

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 give them second birth.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the newborn King!

Joy to the World!

Verse 1 : Choir and Audience

Joy to the World! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King.
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.
And heav'n and heav'n and nature sing.

Verse 2 : Choir and Audience

Joy to the World! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ.
While fields and flets, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

Verse 3 : Choir

Deck the Hall

Verse 1 : Choir
Verse 2 :

Choir : See the flowing bowl before us,
Audience : Fa la la...
Choir : Strike the harp and join the chorus,
Audience : Fa la la...
Choir : Follow me in merry measure,
Audience : Fa la la...
Choir : While I sing of beauty's treasure,
Audience : Fa la la...

Verse 3 : Choir and Audience :

Fast away the old year passes,
Fa la la...
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses,
Fa la la...
Laughing, quaffing all together,
Fa la la...
Headless of the wind and weather,
Fa la la...

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Chantez à Dieu
Jan Pieters Sweelinck

O sing to the Lord a new song; sing to the Lord, all the earth! Sing to the Lord,
bless his name; tell of his salvation from day to day.

Three Choruses from e.e.cummings
Peter Schickele

dominic has
domestic has

a doll wired
to the radiator of his
ZOOM DOOM
icecoalwood truck a
wistful little
clove
whom somebody buried
upsidedown in an ashbarrel so
of course dominic
took him
home
&mrs dominic washed his sweet
dirty
face & mended
his bright torn trousers
(quite as if he were really her &
her)
so that
't's how dominic has a doll &
every now & then my
wonderful
friend dominic depaula
gives me a most tremendous hug
knowing
i feel
that
we & worlds
are
less alive
than dolls and

dream

maggie and milly and molly and may

maggie and milly and molly and may
went down to the beach (to play one day)
and maggie discovered a shell that sang
so sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles, and
milly befriended a stranded star
whose rays five languid fingers were;
and molly was chased by a horrible thing
which raced sideways while blowing bubbles; and
may came home with a smooth round stone
as small as a world and as large as alone.

For whatever we lose (like a you or a me)
it's always ourselves we find in the sea
Four Secular Songs
Thomas Tallis

These four songs are some of the only surviving secular songs of Tallis. In addition to the music, we will perform two Renaissance court dances with the outer two songs: a Pavan to Like as the doleful dove, and a Scottish Bransle to Fond youth is a bubble.

Thunder from the blue (Cantonese Folk Song)
arr. Jerry Hui

Originally a Cantonese traditional melody, this instrumental song has been adapted for four-part chorus and piano.

She Walks In Beauty
Terry McQuilkin

Terry McQuilkin of the University of Oregon wrote this piece for four-part women's voices. The text is by Lord Byron.

Guantanamera (Cuban Folk Song)
José Fernandez (arr. Gene Glickman)

Cuban poet, José Martí, wrote the text of this Cuban folk song in the late 19th century in the midst of the Cuban fight against Spanish oppression. Though the refrain is based on traditional words and melody, composer José Fernandez later wove Martí's verses into the song.

Refrain
Woman from Guantanamo
Woman from Guantanamo
Woman from Guantanamo, for our people.
I am an honest man from where the palm tree grows;
And before I die, I want to release my soul's poetry. 
Refrain.

My verse is of pale green and of flaming crimson;
My verse is a wounded stag that seeks sanctuary in the woods. 
Refrain.

I know of one profound sorrow among the nameless tragedies:
The slavery of human beings is the great tragedy of the world! 
Refrain.

With the humble of the earth I want to cast my lot;
A mountain stream means more to me than the ocean. 
Refrain.

Dörven Dalai (Inner Mongolian Folk Song)
arr. Yongrub

Translated as “The Four Seas,” this folk song from Eastern Inner Mongolia invites everyone from the four corners of the earth to join together in song and drink to celebrate a moment of happiness.

As clear as the water of the West Sea,
As gentle as the areca leaves.
With happiness and good fortune we have met.
Let's drink the best of wine, rejoice and sing.
And enjoy this joyful moment together.

Hallelujah from the Mount of Olives
Ludwig von Beethoven

Halleluja unto God's Almighty Son.
Praise the Lord, ye bright angelic choirs, in holy songs of joy.
Man, proclaim his grace and glory, Hallelujah.

O Magnum Mysterium
Francis Poulenc

O magnum mysterium
et admirable sacramentum
ut animalia viderent
Dominum natum
jacentem in praesepio!
Beata Virgo,
cujus viscera meruerunt
portare Dominum Christum.
Alleluia!

Sinfonia Sacra
Daniel Pinkham

I  Quem vidistis, pastores, dicite
annunciate nobis, in terris quis apparuit
Natum vidimus et choros angelorum
collaudantes Dominum
Alleluia.

II O magnum mysterium,
et admirable sacramentum,
that animals should see the new-born Lord,
lying in a manger.
Blessed is the Virgin whose womb was worthy
to bear Lord Jesus Christ.

III Gloria in excelsis Deo
Glory be to God in the Highest
et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.
Sing joyfully to God, all the earth;
serve the Lord with gladness.
Gloria in excelsis…

Scitote quoniam Dominus ipse est Deus;
he has made us, and not we ourselves.
Gloria in excelsis…

O great mystery
and wondrous sacrament
that animals should see
the Lord born
lying in a manger!
Blessed Virgin,
whose womb was worthy
To bear Lord Christ.
Alleluia!

Whoa did you see? Shepherds, tell us!
We saw the new-born child and choirs of angels
praising the Lord.
Alleluia.

O great mystery,
and wondrous sacrament,
that animals should see the new-born Lord,
lying in a manger.
Blessed is the Virgin whose womb was worthy
to bear the Lord Jesus Christ.

Glory be to God in the Highest
and on earth peace to all those of good will.
Serve the Lord with gladness.
Gloria in excelsis…

Enter into his presence with great joy.
Glory be to God…
Know that the Lord alone is God;
he has made us, and not we ourselves.
Glory be to God…