



SING ALONG SONG SHEET

Welcome to our Sweet 16th Carols on Norton concert!

The Leichhardt Espresso Chorus, Tinsel Orchestra,
Inner West Children's Choir and Maxed Out (Moorambilla Voices) led by

Michelle Leonard OAM

*and our 2019 Master of Ceremonies ABC presenter **Simon Marnie***

PROGRAM

Welcome to Country – Gamarada troupe

Yinjamarra
The Word is Peace
The Gift

What Can You See?
Going Home
That's Why I Really Like Christmas

In Dulcie Jubilo
O Little Town of Bethlehem*
Hark! The Herald*
We Three Kings*
Noel Nouvelet

**The Three Drovers
Carol of the Birds
Christmas Bush
The Silver Stars
Ave Maria**

**It Came Upon a Midnight Clear*
Good King Wenceslas*
See Amid the Winter's Snow*
Ding Dong Merrily*
O Come All Ye Faithful***

**Be We Merry in this feast
Christe, redeptor
Welcome Yule
The First Noel**

**Sure On This Shining Night
There is no Rose
Hallelujah (Cohen)*
All is Well
Silent Night***

***SONG SHEET WORDS**

JOIN us in 2020!

Do you love to sing? We welcome all singers to join the Leichhardt Espresso Chorus - we are a non-auditioned choir. We particularly welcome new male singers and singers under 25 can join for the student rate of only \$50 per term. We're a choir of more than 80 people from across the Inner West. We commission Australian composers to write new music as well as performing classic choral works. We sing with orchestras, chamber ensembles and love collaborations.

We also have a chamber choir, Ristretto. We've been around since 1998 under the Artistic Direction of Michelle Leonard OAM and are accompanied by Benjamin Burton. We rehearse every Wednesday evening at Leichhardt Public School. See our website www.espressochorus.com.au for details. Rehearsals commence in the last week of January and run generally around school terms.





O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see the 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 to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive
him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessed Child,
Where misery cries out to thee,
Son of the mother mild;
Where charity stands watching
And faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,

And Christmas comes once more.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

HARK! THE HERALD

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 the favored one.
Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see;
Hail, th'incarnate Deity:
Pleased, as man, with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Hail! the heav'n born Prince of peace!
Hail! the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen 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 THREE KINGS

We three kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse afar.
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

We three kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse afar.
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect Light.

Born a king on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

We three kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse afar.
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

Frankincense to offer have I.
Incense owns a Deity nigh.
Prayer and praising all men raising,
Worship Him, God on high.

We three kings of Orient are

Bearing gifts we traverse afar.
Field and fountain, moor and
mountain,
Following yonder star.

Myrrh is mine: Its bitter
perfume
Breaths a life of gathering
gloom.
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding
dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

We three kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse afar.
Field and fountain, moor and
mountain,
Following yonder star.

Glorious now behold Him
arise,
King and God and Sacrifice.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Sounds through the earth and
skies.

We three kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse afar.
Field and fountain, moor and
mountain,
Following yonder star.

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, good will
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.

Yet with the woes of sin and
strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the heavenly strain
have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man,
hears not
The tidings which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of
strife,
And hear the angels sing!

O ye, beneath life's crushing
load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing
way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden
hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening
on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling
years
Shall come the time foretold,
When peace shall over all the
earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back
the song
Which now the angels sing

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas looked
out
on the feast of Stephen,
when the snow lay round
about,
deep and crisp and even.
Brightly shown the moon that
night,
though the frost was cruel,
when a poor man came in
sight,

gathering winter fuel.

Hither, page, and stand by me.
If thou know it telling:
yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?
Sire, he lives a good league
hence,
underneath the mountain,
right against the forest fence
by Saint Agnes fountain.

Bring me flesh, and bring me
wine.
Bring me pine logs hither.
Thou and I will see him dine
when we bear the thither.
Page and monarch, forth they
went,
forth they went together
through the rude wind's wild
lament
and the bitter weather.

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

Mark my footsteps, good my
page
Tread thou in them boldly
Thou shall find the winter's
rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly

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

SEE AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW

Chorus (repeated after each verse):

Hail, thou ever blessed morn,
Hail, redemption's happy dawn,
Sing through all Jerusalem:
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

See amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below,
See, the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.

Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies;
He who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the cherubim.

Say, ye holy shepherds say,
What your joyful news today?
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?

As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous sight;
Angels singing "Peace on Earth"
Told us of our Saviour's birth.

Sacred infant, all divine,
What a tender love was thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this.

Teach, O teach us, holy Child,
By thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble thee
In thy sweet humility.

DING DONG MERRILY ON HIGH

Ding-dong! Merrily on high
in heaven the bells are ringing.
Ding-dong! Verily the sky
is riven with angels singing:
Gloria, hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so, here below, below,
let steeple bells be swung;
and *i-o, i-o, i-o,*
by priest and people sung!
Gloria, hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime
your matin chime, you ringers;
may you beautifully rhyme
your evetime song, you singers:
Gloria, hosanna in excelsis

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.

See how the shepherds
Summoned to his cradle
Leaving their flocks draw nigh
With lowly fear
We too with hither bend our
joyful footsteps

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 heav'n
above
Gloria

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 this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be the glory
giv'n;
Word of the Father,
Now in the flesh appearing,

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

HALLELUJAH

Now, I've heard there was a
secret chord
That David played, and it
pleased the Lord
But you don't really care for
music, do ya?
It goes like this, the fourth, the
fifth
The minor fall, the major lift
The baffled king composing
hallelujah

Hallelujah x 4

Your faith was strong but you
needed proof
You saw her bathing on the
roof
Her beauty and the moonlight
overthrew ya
She tied you to a kitchen chair
She broke your throne, and
she cut your hair
And from your lips she drew
the hallelujah

Hallelujah x 4

Well, maybe there's a God
above
But all you really learned from
love was
How to shoot somebody who
outdrew ya

And it's not the cry that you
hear at night
It's not somebody who's seen
the light
It's a cold and it's a broken
hallelujah

Hallelujah x 4 (Rpt)

SEE AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW

See amid the winter's snow
Born for us on earth below
See the tender Lamb appears
Promised from eternal years
Hail, thou ever-blessed morn
Hail, redemption's happy dawn
Sing through all Jerusalem
Christ is born in Bethlehem
Say, ye holy shepherds, say
What your joyful news today
Wherefore have ye left your
sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?
Hail, thou ever-blessed morn
Hail, redemption's happy dawn
Sing through all Jerusalem
Christ is born in Bethlehem
Sacred infant, all divine
What a tender love was thine
Thus to come from highest
bliss
Down to such a world as this
Hail, thou ever-blessed morn
Hail, redemption's happy dawn
Sing through all Jerusalem
Christ is born in Bethlehem
Hail, thou ever-blessed morn
Hail, redemption's happy dawn
Sing through all Jerusalem
Christ is born in Bethlehem

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 dawn of redeeming
grace,
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth

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