

The Rose – Ola Gjeilo (1978)

The lily has a smooth stalk,
Will never hurt your hand;
But the rose upon her brier
Is lady of the land.

There's sweetness in an apple tree,
And profit in the corn;
But lady of all beauty
Is a rose upon a thorn.

When with moss and honey
She tips her bending brier,
And half unfolds her glowing heart,
She sets the world on fire

Tekst: Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

Across The Vast Eternal Sky – Ola Gjeilo

Weary, I fly
Across the vast eternal sky
High in the heavens,
Where awaits my destiny.

Grey skies are thickening;
Soon now my time will come,
Time to return home
'Cross the vast eternal sky.

When I was young I flew in the velvet night;
Shining by day, a firebird bathed in light!
Grey now my feathers, which once were red and gold;
My destiny to soar up to the sunlight!

Sunlight shines on my face;
This is my grace, to be
Restored, born again,
In flame!

Do not despair that I am gone away;
I will appear again
When sunset paints
Flames across the vast eternal sky!

Tekst: Charles Anthony Silvestri (1965)

Kings of Orient – John Henry Hopkins

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

1. We three kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.
2. Born a king on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring, to crown him again
King for ever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.
3. Frank incense to offer have I,
Incense owns a deity nigh
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship him, God most high.
4. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume,
Breathes a life of gathering gloom
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
5. Glorious now, behold him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice!
Heav'n sings alleluya,
Alleluya, the earth replies

Oh Holy Night – arr. Sally Deford

Oh holy night!
The stars are brightly shining
It is the night of the dear Savior's birth!
Long lay the world in sin and error pining
Till he appear'd 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
Oh night divine
Oh night when Christ is born
Oh 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
There 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,
To our weakness is no stranger,
Behold your King, Before Him lowly bend.
Behold your King, Before Him lowly bend

Truly He taught us to love one another
His law is love and His gospel is peace
Chains shall He break for the slave is our brother
And in His name all oppression shall cease
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,
Let all within us praise His holy name.

Christ is the Lord,
Oh praise His name forever,
His pow'r and glory ever more proclaim!

Wenceslas - Bob Chilcott

1. Wintertide

Listen to the storm!

When snow's this deep it's good to sleep and keep yourself warm. (2x)

Have another drink. Don't think of going outside.

Frost and moon sing a winter tune,

So stay by my side.

<p>Pity any poor soul out in the cold, Frost for a blanket, ice in their bones. Pity for the wretch who sleeps outside By themselves at wintertide</p>	<p>Verse</p> <p>Good King Wenceslas looked out On the feast of Stephen, When the snow lay round about, Deep, and crisp, and even.</p>
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Stay by my side,

Stay by my side at wintertide. (2x)

Warm as toast, as chestnuts roast, we're satisfied.

Let's hibernate till a later date, so close your eyes.

<p>Pity any poor soul out in the cold, Frost for a blanket, ice in their bones. Pity for the wretch who sleeps outside By themselves at wintertide.</p>	<p>Verse</p> <p>Brightly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cruel, When a poor man came in sight, Gath'ring winter fuel.</p>
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Close your eyes. Frost and moon sing a winter tune. It's cold outside.

Have another drink. Let's not think, just keep ourselves warm.

When snow's this deep it's good to sleep.

Listen to the storm...

2. Who can that be

Wenceslas: Who can that be? A man in the snow with nowhere to go.

Can you see?

Page: I think I know, if I might say so, he's familiar to me. From the cut of his cloth. Under the hill by St. Agnes' well. From hand to mouth he lives as he may from day to day. A league or two south.

Wenceslas: Come with me, we'll take him cheer this time of year and see if we can make things Bright on Stephen's Night for charity.

<p>Wenceslas & Page: There's a man in the snow with nowhere to go. Come with me. The man in the snow, he's familiar to me. Come with me- Under the hill by St. Agnes' well. We'll take him cheer at this time of year For charity.</p>	<p>Verse choir: "Hither Page, and stand by me, If thou know'st 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 St. Agnes' fountain.</p>
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3. Forth they went

We'll take a blanket soft and warm

To wrap him up against the storm.

We'll take him shoes so watertight

To wrap his feet against the night.

<p>We'll take a loaf so good and fresh To feed his soul and feed the flesh. We'll take him tinder and a spark To make a blaze against the dark.</p> <p>We'll take him laughter in a jest, To ease his heart and bring him rest. We'll take him warmth and show we care Saint Stephen's Night shall last all Year! ..</p>	<p>Verse Wenceslas: Bring me flesh and bring me wine, Bring me pinelogs hither: Thou and I will see him dine, When we bear them thither.</p> <p>+ Page: Page and monarch, forth they went, Forth they went together: Through the rude wind's wild lament And the bitter weather.</p>
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4. Interlude – Winter Dark

5. Sleeping in Winter's Arms

As I lay me down to sleep on winter's bed,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep and hold my head.
How much further can it be?
One more step.
Snow will be the death of me.
Nearly there yet?
When all's said and done and icicles come
To freeze my tongue with winters's song,
I'll be dead and gone,
Come to harm,
Sleeping in winters arms.

Page: (Verse)

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

Wenceslas:

Mark my footsteps, good my Page,
Thread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy bloodless coldly.

If I should fall amongst the snow,
Say that I was just a frozen sparrow,
Too cold to fly.
If I should die before I wake,
Wrong or right,
I pray the Lord my soul to take
And say goodnight.

<p>When all's said and done and icicles come To freeze my tongue with winter's song, I'll be dead and gone, Come to harm, Sleeping in winters arms.</p>	<p>Page: (Verse) Sire, the night is darker now And the wind blows stronger Fails my heart, I know not how I can go no longer.</p>	<p>Wenceslas: Mark my footsteps, good my Page, Thread thou in them boldly: Thou shalt find the winter's rage Freeze thy bloodless coldly.</p>
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6. Thank You

Page:

1 Never thought, I'd make this far,
Bless my lucky star.
Didn't think I could feel
Anything this real.
Never thought I'd find myself here
At the end of another year.
Didn't think that this could come true.

Thank you.

Refrain:

For whatever you've been told, young or old,
It's time to come in from the cold. (2x)

2 Never thought I'd find the time
To give all that's mine.
Didn't think I'd lose my fear.
You made it disappear.
Never thought we come that close.
It happens, I suppose.
Didn't think I lose my fear,
You made it disappear.

Refrain: ...

Never thought I'd touch the sky.
How surprised am I?
Didn't think that dreams come true.
Thank you....
Never thought I'd find myself here
At the end of another year.
Didn't think that this could come true..
Thank you...

7. Fanfare- Winter Bright

8. On Saint Stephen's Night

A log on the fire was a tree in the forest,
A tree in the forest, grew so high.
Now beneath his roof it's burning
It's burning on Saint Stephen's Night.

Wenceslas and choir:

And this poor man, who was lost in the forest,
Lost in the forest so far away.
Now beneath my roof he's smiling
Smiling on Saint Stephen's Day.

But all poor souls who live in the forest,
Sleep in the forest alone.
Tonight beneath his roof they're welcome,
Welcome to a home from home.

<p>Choir:</p> <p>But there is a King with a heart so warm, He melts the ice and calms the storm. He brings us fire and drinks and food, Everything to make life good.</p>	<p>Verse : Audience and soloists</p> <p>In his master's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dinted; Heat was in the very sod Wich the Saint had printed.</p> <p>Therefore, ev'ry one, be sure, Wealth or rank possessing, Ye who now wil bless the poor, Shall yourseves find blessing.</p>
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On Saint Stephen's Night our thanks we give
To the King who makes us live.