

PINSUTI

The Ilkley and Skipton Chamber Choir
Conductor Robert Webb

A Choral Christmas!



With seasonal choral favourites and carols for everyone,
Including

Howells: A Spotless Rose

Lauridsen: O Magnum Mysterium

Pearsall: In Dulci Jubilo

7.30pm Saturday 12th December

St Oswalds Church

Leathley, nr. Otley LS21 2LD

Tickets: £7.50 on the door

www.Pinsuti.org.uk

Pinsuti

Pinsuti is a small chamber choir based in the Ilkley area. We perform five or six concerts a year, specialising in unaccompanied sacred and secular music ranging from sixteenth century motets and anthems to twentieth century part songs.

Musical Director



ROBERT WEBB is a singer, conductor and teacher from Leeds.

He read Music at Merton College, Oxford, during which time he was principal trumpet in the Oxford University Philharmonic Orchestra and Musical Director of the Donut Kings Big Band.

Robert was one of the first choral scholars in the new Choral Foundation, singing Baritone under the tutelage of Giles Underwood and the direction of Peter Phillips (Tallis Scholars) and Ben Nicholas (Reed Rubin Director of Music, Merton).

Robert has toured to Vienna and Paris, giving concerts in the Musikverein and Stephansdom, as well as singing Sunday morning mass at Notre Dame Cathedral.

Singing became one of Robert's passions at University and as well as singing with his wife, Jenny, he is also Director of The Ascension Singers, a vocal consort formed in 2011 specialising in Renaissance polyphony and contemporary music (ascensionsingers.com).

Robert is the choirmaster and singing teacher at Hipperholme Grammar School and has recently been appointed Musical Director of Vocal Expressions, a ladies choir based in the Holme valley.

PROGRAMME

Gabriel's Message

Carol of the Bells

Ding Dong

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

In the Bleak Midwinter

Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal

(Mealor)

A Spotless Rose

(Mealor)

Trumpet Voluntary

(Stanley)

A Spotless Rose

(Howells)

Hark the Herald Angels Sing

INTERVAL

O Little Town of Bethlehem

Es ist ein Ros

(Praetorius)

Es ist Ein Ros

(Sandstrom)

In Dulci Jubilo

Three Kings

(Cornelius)

When to the Temple

(Eccard)

Nunc Dimitis

(Burgon)

O Magnum Mysterium

(Lauridsen)

Softly

(Will Todd)

Lo He Comes

We wish you a merry Christmas

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, goodwill to men
From heavens 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 angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;

And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

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 the angelic host proclaim:
"Christ is born in Bethlehem"

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!"

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!"

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 wondering love

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.

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

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
God appears on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, deeply wailing deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Those dear tokens of His passion
Still His dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers;
With what rapture, with what rapture, with
what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own;
O come quickly! O come quickly!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Come, Lord, come!