

# 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 12<sup>th</sup> December**

**St Oswalds Church**

**Leathley, nr. Otley LS21 2LD**

**Tickets: £7.50 on the door**

[www.Pinsuti.org.uk](http://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](http://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!