

STONEBRIAR COMMUNITY CHURCH
SANCTUARY CHOIR & ORCHESTRA
PRESENT

Gloria
in Excelsis

Deo

A LIVE CONCERT EVENT

LYRICS BOOKLET

The Nativity

Mea culpa. Mea culpa.
Mea culpa, Domine Deus.

Glory to God in the highest!
Glory to God in the highest.
And peace on earth, goodwill to men.

Narrator: David Gaschen • TEXT: Paul Thompson • MUSIC: Paul Thompson
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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 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 a virgin’s womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th’incarnate Deity,
Pleased with us in flesh 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 Sun 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!"

TEXT: Charles Wesley (1707–1788) • MUSIC: Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847)
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“And the Glory of the Lord” from *Messiah*

And the glory, the glory of the Lord,
 (and the glory, the glory of the Lord)
Shall be revealed,
 (shall be revealed, shall be revealed)
And the glory, the glory of the Lord,
Shall be reveal'd,
 (the glory, the glory of the Lord)
Shall be reveal'd, shall be revealed,
And the glory, the glory of the Lord,
Shall be revealed.

And all flesh shall see it together.
 (and all flesh shall see it together)
For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it,
And all flesh shall see it together,
 (and all flesh, and all flesh, and all flesh,
 shall see it together)
And all flesh shall see it together.

And the glory, the glory of the Lord,
And all flesh shall see it together.
The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it,
And all flesh
 (and all flesh, and all flesh)
Shall see it together.
For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it,
 (hath spoken it)
And all flesh
 (and all flesh, and all flesh)
Shall see it together.
The glory, the glory of the Lord
Shall be revealed,
 (shall be revealed)
And all flesh, all flesh shall see it together, together.
For the mouth (for the mouth) of the Lord hath spoken it,
For the mouth of the Lord
 (the mouth of the Lord, the mouth of the Lord)
Hath spoken it.

TEXT: George F. Handel (1685–1759) • MUSIC: George F. Handel (1685–1759)
Arrangement by Watkins Shaw, Copyright © 1992 by Novelle & Company, Limited
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Still, Still, Still

Still, still, still,
One can hear the falling snow.
For all is hushed,
The world is sleeping,
Holy star its vigil keeping,
Still, still, still,
One can hear the falling snow.

Sleep, sleep, sleep
Tis the eve of our Savior's birth,
Sleep, sleep, sleep.
The night is peaceful all around you,
Close your eyes,
let sleep surround you,
Sleep, sleep, sleep,
Tis the eve of our Savior's birth.

Dream, dream, dream,
of the joyous day to come.
While guardian angels without number
Watch you as you sweetly slumber,
Dream, dream, dream,
Of the joyous day to come.

Ah, Ah, Mmm.

TEXT: Traditional Austrian carol • MUSIC: Joey Hoelscher • Arrangement by Joey Hoelscher, Copyright © 2013 by Beckenhorst Press, Inc. • All rights are reserved worldwide. Used by permission.

Sussex Carol

On Christmas night all Christians sing
To hear the news the angels bring;
On Christmas night all Christians sing,
To hear the news the angels bring:
News of great joy, news of great mirth,
News of our merciful King's birth.

Then why should men on earth be so sad,
Since our redeemer made us glad,
Then why should men on earth be so sad,
Since our redeemer made us glad,
When from our sin he set us free,
All for to gain our liberty?

When sin departs before his grace,
Then life and health come in its place;
When sin departs before his grace,
Then life and health come in its place.
Angels and men with joy may sing, angels sing,
All for to see the newborn King.

All out of darkness we have light,
Which made the angels sing this night:
All out of darkness we have light,
Which made the angels sing this night:
Glory to God and peace to men,
Now and forevermore. Amen.
Forevermore, forevermore. Amen!

TEXT: Traditional English carol • MUSIC: Ralph Vaughn Williams (1872–1958)
Arrangement by Neil Harmon, Copyright © 2011 by Hinshaw Music, Inc. • All rights are reserved worldwide. Used by permission.

Welcome to Our World

Tears are falling, hearts are breaking;
How we need to hear from God.
You've been promised, we've been waiting,
Welcome, holy Child,
Welcome, holy Child.

Hope that you don't mind our manger,
How I wish we would have known.
Long awaited, holy Stranger,
Make Yourself at home,
Make Yourself at home.

Bring Your peace into our violence,
Bid our hungry souls be filled.
Word now breaking heaven's silence,
Welcome to our world,
Welcome to our world.

Fragile finger sent to heal us,
Tender brow prepared for thorn,
Tiny heart whose blood will save us,
Unto us is born,
Unto us is born.

Wrap our injured flesh around You,
Breathe our air and walk our sod.
Rob our sin and make us holy,
Perfect Son of God,
Perfect Son of God,
Welcome to our world.

Youth Ensemble, Sandi Altstaetter, director • TEXT: Chris Rice • MUSIC: Chris Rice
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Go, Tell It on the Mountain

Go tell it!
Go tell it!
Go tell it!
Go tell it!
Go tell it. Ah.

While shepherds kept their watching
O'er silent flocks by night.
Behold! thru out the heavens
There shone a holy light.

The shepherds feared and trembled
When lo! above the earth
Rang out the angel chorus
That hailed our Savior's birth.

Go, go tell it on the mountain.
Go, go tell it on the mountain.
Go, go tell it on the mount
That Jesus Christ is born.
Hallelujah, tell it!

Go and tell it, tell it on the mountain.
Go and tell it, tell it on the mountain.
Go and tell it, tell it on the mount
That Jesus Christ is born.
Hallelujah, tell it!

Go tell it! (Tell it on the mountain.)
Go tell it! Tell it on the mountain.
Go and tell it! (Tell it on the mount.)
That Jesus Christ is born.
Hallelujah, tell it!

Go, tell it, (Tell it on the mountain.)
Over the hills and ev'rywhere.
Go, tell it, (Tell it on the mount.)
That Jesus Christ is born.
Hallelujah, tell it!

Go, go tell it, tell it on the mountain.
Over the hills and ev'rywhere.
Go, tell it, tell it on the mount
That Jesus Christ is born.

Down in a lowly manger
The humble Christ was born,
And brought us God's salvation
That blessed Christmas morn.

Go, tell it, tell it on the mountain.
Over the hills and ev'rywhere.
Go, tell it, tell it on the mount
That Jesus Christ is born.
Jesus Christ is born.
Jesus Christ is born!
(Go tell it on the mountain!)

Soloists: Stephanie Lewey and Danna Rushing • TEXT: African-American spiritual song
MUSIC: African-American spiritual song; Compiled by John Wesley Work, Jr. (1871–1925)
Arrangement and orchestration by Paul Thompson, Copyright © 2014 by PT Music
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Congregational Carol Medley

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!

The First Noel

The first Noel, the angel did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Noel, Noel,
Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

Silent Night! Holy 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.

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 th’angelic host proclaim,
“Christ is born in Bethlehem!”
Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the newborn King.”

O Come, All Ye Faithful • TEXT: Latin hymn; ascribed to John Francis Wade; Translated by Frederick Oakeley • MUSIC: John Reading

The First Noel • TEXT: Traditional English carol • MUSIC: W. Sandys' *Christmas Carols*, 1833; arranged by John Stainer

Silent Night! Holy Night! • TEXT: Joseph Mohr; translated by John F. Young, stanzas 1, 2, 4; Anonymous, stanza 3 • MUSIC: Franz Grüber

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing • TEXT: Charles Wesley (1707–1788) • MUSIC: Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847)

Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

Oo, oo.

Infant holy, infant lowly
For his bed a cattle stall;
Oxen lowing, little knowing
Christ the child is Lord of all.

Swiftly winging, angels singing
Bells are ringing, tidings bringing:
Christ the child is Lord of all!
Christ the child is Lord of all.

Oo, oo.

Flocks were sleeping, shepherds keeping
Vigil 'til the morning new
Saw the glory, heard the story,
Tidings of a gospel true.

Thus rejoicing, free from sorrow,
Praises voicing, greet the morrow:
Christ the child is born for you!
Christ, the child is born for you!

Oo, oo.

Is born for you, is born for you, born for you.
Oo, oo. (oo)

Ensemble, Misty Miller, director • TEXT: Traditional Polish carol, revised by Edith M.G. Reed (1885–1993) • MUSIC: W. Zlobie Lezy • Arrangement by Matthew Cullton, Copyright © 2015 by Birnamwood Publications (ASCAP), a division of MorningStar Music Publishers, Inc. Contact: copyright@morningstarmusic.com • All rights are reserved worldwide. Used by permission.

It Came Upon a 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 heav’n’s all-gracious King!”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the 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;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

And 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!
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 splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing,
Which now the angels sing.

Vocalists: Misty Miller, Priscilla Murphy, and Nicole Daniel • TEXT: Richard Storrs Willis (1819–1900) • MUSIC: Richard Storrs Willis (1819–1900) • Arrangement and orchestration by Paul Thompson, Copyright © 2014 by PT Music • All rights are reserved worldwide. Used by permission.

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming from tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming, as those of old have sung.
It came, a blossom bright, amid the cold of winter,
When half spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it, the Rose I have in mind;
With Mary we behold it, the Virgin Mother kind.
To show God's love aright, she bore to us a Savior,
When half spent was the night.

O Flower, whose fragrance tender with sweetness fills the air,
Dispel in glorious splendor the darkness everywhere;
True man, yet very God, from sin and death now save us,
And share our every load; and share our every load.

TEXT: Stanzas 1–2, traditional 15th century carol; Stanza 3 by Freidrich Layritz (1808–1859) • MUSIC: Es ist ein Ros (1599) • Arrangement by Howard Helvey, Copyright © 2015 by Beckenhorst Press, Inc. • All rights are reserved worldwide. Used by permission.

The First Noel

The first Noel, the angel did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Noel, Noel,
Noel, Noel,
Born is the King
Born is the King
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the east, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

Noel, Noel,
Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

This star drew nigh to the northwest,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Noel, Noel,
Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

Born is the King!
Born is the King!
Born is the King of Israel!

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heav'nly Lord,
That hath made heav'n and earth of naught,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

Noel, Noel,
Noel, Noel,
Born is the King,
Born is the King,
Born is the King of Israel!
Born is the King,
Born is the King,
Born is the King of Israel!

Soloist: David Gaschen • TEXT: Traditional English carol • MUSIC: W. Sandys' *Christmas Carols* (1833) • Arrangement by Paul Thompson, Copyright © 2015 by PT Music
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Glory Be to God on High

Glory be to God on High,
And to the Earth be Peace:
God comes down:
He bows the Sky;
He shows himself our Friend!
God th' Invisible appears,
God the Blest, the Great I AM
Sojourns in this Vale of Tears,
And JESUS is his Name.

Him the Angels all ador'd,
Their Maker and their King:
Tidings of their Humbled LORD
They now to Morals bring:
Emptied of his Majesty,
Of His dazzling Glories shorn,
Being's Source begins to BE,
And God himself is BORN!

See th' Eternal Son of GOD
A Mortal Son below,
Dwelling in an Earthly Clod,
Whom Heav'n cannot contain!
Stand amaz'd ye Heav'ns at This!
The LORD of Earth and Skies
Humbled to the Dust He is,
And in a Manger lies!

We the Folk on Earth rejoice,
The Prince of Peace proclaim,
With Heaven's Host lift up our Voice,
And shout Immanuel's Name;
Knees and Hearts to Him we bow;
Of our Flesh, and of our Bone,
JESUS is our Brother now,
And GOD is All our own,
And GOD is All our own!

TEXT: Charles Wesley (1707–1788) • MUSIC: Charles Wesley (1707–1788) • Arrangement
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