

# *Vivaldi: Gloria*

with carols and readings  
musical director David Fligg  
organist Christian Spence  
All Hallows Leeds 9th December 2000

1 <sup>Glory</sup> *Gloria* <sup>to God</sup> in excelsis Deo  
in the highest

2 And on earth peace,  
Et in terra pax

<sup>good will</sup>  
hominibus bonae voluntatis  
<sup>to all</sup>

3 <sup>We praise you,</sup> <sup>we bless you,</sup>  
Laudamus te, benedicimus te,

<sup>we worship you,</sup> <sup>we glorify you</sup>  
adoramus te, glorificamus te

4 <sup>We give</sup>  
Gratias agimus tibi  
<sup>thanks</sup> <sup>to you</sup>

5 <sup>For</sup> <sup>your</sup>  
Propter magnam gloriam tuam  
<sup>great glory.</sup>

6 <sup>O Lord</sup> <sup>God,</sup> <sup>heavenly</sup>  
Domine Deus, rex coelestis,  
<sup>king,</sup>  
<sup>God the father almighty</sup>  
Deus pater omnipotens

7 <sup>O Lord,</sup> <sup>only begotten</sup>  
Domine fili unigenite Jesu Christe  
<sup>son</sup> <sup>Jesus Christ</sup>

O Lord God, Lamb of God,  
8 **Domine Deus, Agnus Dei,**

Son of the  
**filius patris qui tollis**  
Father, Who takes away  
the sins of the  
**peccata mundi, misere nobis**  
world, have mercy on us

Who takes away the sins of the  
9 **Qui tollis peccata mundi,**  
world,

hear our  
**suscipe, deprecationem nostram**  
prayer

Who sits at the right hand of the  
10 **Qui sedes ad dexteram patris,**  
Father,

have mercy on us  
**miserere nobis**

For you alone  
11 **Quoniam tu solus sanctus,**  
are the holy one,

you alone  
**tu solus dominus,**  
are the Lord,

you alone  
**tu solus altissimus Jesu Christe**  
are the most high, Jesus Christ

With the  
12 **Cum sancto spiritu,**  
Holy Spirit,

in the glory of  
**in gloria dei patris, Amen**  
God the Father, Amen.

# *Carols and Readings*

## Once in Royal David's City

Once in Royal David's city  
Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
Where a mother laid her baby  
In a manger for his bed:  
Mary was that mother mild,  
Jesus Christ her little child

He came down to earth from Heaven  
Who is God and Lord of all,  
And his shelter was a stable,  
And his cradle was a stall;  
With the poor and mean and lowly  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And our eyes at last shall seem him,  
Through his own redeeming love,  
For that child so dear and gentle  
Is our Lord in Heaven above;  
And he leads his children on  
To the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see him; but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high;  
Where like stars his children crowned  
All in white shall wait around.

Daring to Speak Love's Name Elizabeth Stuart

## 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 the dark streets shineth  
The everlasting light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.

How silently, how silently  
The wondrous gift is giv'n!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessing of his heav'n  
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 in us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell:  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Christmas, the 'Family' Way Carolina Denning

Myn Lyking

Statement of Faith

Metropolitan  
Community Church

## In the Bleak Midwinter

In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,  
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone.  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,  
In the bleak midwinter long ago.

Our God, Heav'n cannot hold him, nor earth sustain  
Heaven and earth shall flee away, when he comes to reign.  
In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed  
The Lord God Almighty Jesus Christ.

Enough for him, whom cherubim worship night and day,  
A heart full of mirth and a manger full of hay.  
Enough for Him, whom angels fall down before,  
The ox and ass and camel, which adore.

What can I give Him, poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb.  
If I were a wise man, I would do my part.  
Yet what I can I give Him? Give my heart.

Poems

Jean Barker

## Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Hark! The herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born 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 new-born 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 as one with us to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel.  
Hark! The herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

Hail the heav'n born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Risen with healing in his wings;  
Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that we no more may die,  
Born to raise us from the earth,  
Born to give us second birth.  
Hark! The herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

Letter to Theodore

Clement of Alexandria

## 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 swungen,  
And *i-o, i-o, i-o,*  
By priest and people sungen.  
*Gloria Hosanna in Excelsis!*

Pray you dutifully prime  
Your matin chime, ye ringers;  
May you beautifully rhyme  
Your eve time song, ye singers.  
*Gloria Hosanna in Excelsis!*

Coming out for Christmas

Craig Sturgis

First Letter to the Corinthians, ch 13

St Paul

## Oh Come, All Ye Faithful

Oh come all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant,  
Oh come ye, Oh come ye to Bethlehem;  
Come and behold him  
Born the King of Angels:  
Oh come, let us adore him,  
Oh come, let us adore him,  
Oh 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,  
Christ, the Lord!

Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;  
Glory to God  
In the highest:  
O come, let us adore him,  
Christ, the Lord!