

December 9, 2018 6:00 p.m.

The Choirs of
Lewinsville Presbyterian
Church Present:

★ Amahl
and the NIGHT VISITORS



by Gian Carlo Menotti



CHOIRS OF LEWINSVILLE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

CHANCEL CHOIR

Alitia Cross
Lisa Greenfield
Megan Leslie
Sarah Saturnino
Laura Snyderman
Sue Thomas
Susan Bartram
Mary Frase
Judith Herseth
Libby McConnell
Sally McKeown
Jeannette Muhlerin
Cathy Saunders
Cindy Speas
Evan Ayars
Scott Bartram
Noah Calderon
Doug Colley
David Foster
Bob Bastian
Jack Calhoun
John Clewett
Mike Deese
Bob Gottke
Clay McConnell
Doug McGuire
Rick Neldon

GENESIS CHOIR

Henry Foster
Andrew Foster
Susanna Foster
Catherine Howell
Manerah Malike
Siyeol Nam
Bella Pareti
Cole Pareti
Eimi Tuttle

WESTMINSTER CHOIR

Emma Gamble
Jackie Hager
Charlie Jacoby
Kiley Mabus
Sophia Pareti
Emma Staeger

JUBILATE RINGERS

Amirtha Besant
Pat Buss
Marcia Chaplin
Connie Church
Vern Gale
Elaine Guth
Mary Frase
Sharon Gamble
Mike Hinton
Betty Jean Shihda-Kloster
Leslie Kohler
Lori Mabus
Harriet Neldon
Rick Neldon
Sue Thomas
Amirtha Besant

ALLELUIA RINGERS

Emma Gamble
Jackie Hager
Kiley Mabus
Daeun Nam
Sophia Pareti
Katrina Rakusan
Lauren Santoro
Emma Staeger
Parker Stas
Chris Stuebner

HANDBELL DIRECTOR

Laura Hinton

Prelude

Three Kings

Music: Peter Cornelius, arr. Sir Ivor Atkins

Chorale: Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern, Philipp Nicolai, 1597

Soloist - Clay McConnell

Three Kings from Persian lands afar
To Jordan follow the pointing star:
And this the quest of the travellers three,
Where the new-born King of the Jews may be.
Full royal gifts they bear for the King;
Gold, incense, myrrh are their offering.

Chorale: How brightly shines the morning star!
With grace and truth from heaven afar
Our Jesse tree now bloweth.

The star shines out with a steadfast ray;
The kings to Bethlehem make their way,
And there in worship they bend the knee,
As Mary's child in her lap they see;
Their royal gifts they show to the King;
Gold, incense, myrrh are their offering.

Chorale: Of Jacob's stem and David's line,
For thee, my Bridegroom, King divine,
My soul with love o'erfloweth.

Thou child of man, lo, to Bethlehem
The Kings are travelling, travel with them!
The star of mercy, the star of grace,
Shall lead thy heart to its resting place.
Gold, incense, myrrh thou canst not bring;
Offer thy heart to the infant King.
Chorale: Thy word, Jesu, Inly feeds us,
Rightly leads us, Life bestowing.
Praise, O praise such love o'erflowing.

We Three Kings of Orient Are

John H. Hopkins - Arr. Rudy L. Rodriguez
performed by Alleluia Ringers



Shepherd's Pipe Carol

Words and music by John Rutter

Going through the hills on a night all starry
On the way to Bethlehem,
Far away I heard a shepherd boy piping
On the way to Bethlehem.

Angels in the sky brought this message nigh:
Dance and sing for joy that Christ the newborn
King
Is come to bring us peace on earth,
And He's lying cradled there at Bethlehem.

Tell me, shepherd boy piping tunes so merrily
On the way to Bethlehem,
Who will hear your tunes on these hills so
lonely
On the way to Bethlehem?

None may hear my pipes on these hills so
lonely
On the way to Bethlehem;
But a King will hear me play sweet lullabies
When I get to Bethlehem.

Angels in the sky came down from on high,
Hovered over the manger where the babe was
lying
Cradled in the arms of his mother Mary,
Sleeping now at Bethlehem.

Where is the new King, shepherd boy piping
merrily,
Is He there at Bethlehem?
I will find Him soon by the star shining brightly
In the sky o'vr Bethlehem.

Angels in the sky brought this message nigh:
Dance and sing for joy that Christ the king of
Kings
Is come to bring us peace on earth,
And He's lying cradled there at Bethlehem.

May I come with you, shepherd boy piping
merrily,
Come with you to Bethlehem?
Pay my homage too at the new King's cradle,
Is it far to Bethlehem?

Angels in the sky brought this message nigh:
Dance and sing for joy that Christ the newborn
King
Is born in the stable yonder, born for you and
me.



What Is This Lovely Fragrance?

Words: 17th Century French Traditional

Music: Quelle est cette odeur agréable | 17th Century French Traditional

Arr. Healey Willan and Nicholas Earl Quardokus

Soloist - Eimi Tuttle

What is this lovely fragrance wafting
Like to the scents of flow'rs in spring?
Shepherds, O tell us, whence such beauty
Hear you not heav'nly caroling?
What is this lovely fragrance wafting
Like to the scents of flow'rs in spring?

What is this light so fair, so tender
Breaking upon our wond'ring eyes?
Never the Morning Star so radiant
Followed his course o'er eastern skies.
What is this light so fair, so tender
Breaking upon our wond'ring eyes?

Shepherds, O haste with eager footsteps
Seek the Saviour, born today.
Low at His feet we lay our treasure,
Heart's adoration, love for aye.
Shepherds, O haste with eager footsteps
Seek the Saviour, born today.



Riu, Riu, Chiu

Traditional Spanish Villancico

Arr. Noah Greenberg

Soloists - Bob Bastian, Jeannette Muhlerin, Evan Ayars

Refrain:

Riu, riu, chiu

la guarda ribera

Dios guardó el lobo

de nuestra cordera

Dios guardó el lobo

de nuestra cordera.

El lobo rabioso

la quiso morder

Mas Dios Poderoso

la supo defender

Quizo la hacer que

no pudiese pecar

Ni aun original

esta virgen no tuviera.

Riu, riu, chiu...

Este que es nascido

es El Gran Monarca

Cristo Patriarca

de carne vestido

Ha nos redimido

con se hacer chiquito

Aunque era infinito

finito se hiciera.

Riu, riu, chiu ...

Este viene a dar

a los muertos vida

Y viene a reparar

de todos la caida

Es la luz del dia

aqueste Moçuelo

Este es el Cordero

que San Juan dijera

Refrain:

Riu, riu, chiu

the river bank protects it

God kept our lamb (Our Lady)

from the wolf (the Devil)

God kept our lamb (Our Lady)

from the wolf.

The rabid wolf

wanted to bite her

But Almighty God knew

how to defend her

He decided to make Her

impervious to sin

Even original sin

this Virgin did not have.

Riu, riu, chiu....

This One who is born

is the Grand Monarch

The Patriarch Christ

dressed in human flesh

He has redeemed us

by making Himself small

Although He is infinite

He made Himself finite.

Riu, riu, chiu ...

He comes to give life

to those who were dead

And to repair

the fall of all

This Child is the light

of the day

He is the Lamb of whom

St. John the Baptist spoke.

We Three Kings

John H. Hopkins - Arr. Bill Ingram
performed by Jubilate Ringers

There shall a Star come out of Jacob

Words: Original German text compiled by Christian Charles Josias von Bunsen

Music: Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy from Christus Op.97 Mvt. 1

There shall a Star come out of Jacob,
And a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel,
And dash in pieces princes and nations,
There shall a Star come out of Jacob.

How brightly beams the morning star!
What sudden radiance from afar
With light and comfort glowing!
Thy Word, O LORD, radiance darting,
Truth imparting, gives salvation;
Thine be praise and adoration!

People look East!

Words and Music: Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965), 1928

Arr. Craig Phillips

Congregational Carol

Glory to God Hymnal #105

1. People, look East. The time is near
Of the crowning of the year.
Make your house fair as you are able,
Trim the hearth and set the table.
People, look East and sing today:
Love, the guest, is on the way.

2. Furrows, be glad. Though earth is bare,
One more seed is planted there:
Give up your strength the seed to nourish,
That in course the flower may flourish.
People, look East, and sing today:
Love, the rose, is on the way.

3. Birds, though ye long have ceased to build,
Guard the nest that must be filled.
Even the hour when wings are frozen
God for fledging time has chosen.
People, look east and sing today:
Love, the bird, is on the way.

4. Stars, keep the watch. When night is dim
One more light the bowl shall brim,
Shining beyond the frosty weather,
Bright as sun and moon together.
People, look east and sing today:
Love, the star, is on the way.

5. Angels, announce with shouts of mirth
Christ who brings new life to earth.
Set every peak and valley humming
With the word, the Lord is coming.
People, look East and sing today:
Love, the Lord, is on the way.



Amahl and the Night Visitors

Performed by The Lewinsville Players

(By arrangement with G. Schirmer, INC. publisher and copyright owner)

The Cast in order of appearance:

Amahl: Emma Gamble and Emma Staeger

Mother: Laura Snyderman

Kaspar: Evan Ayars

Melchior: John Clewett

Balthazar: Jim Scopelitis

Page: Charlie Jacoby

Shepherd's Chorus: Lewinsville's Chancel Choir, Westminster Choir, Genesis Choir

Dancers: Lewinsville's Westminster and Genesis Choir

Music Director: John Nothaft

Assistant Musician: Laura Marchisotto

Staging: Allison Lineberger

Costumes: Jenny Pareti & Allison Lineberger

Choreographer: Sally McKeown

Sets & Props: Allison & Meggie Lineberger

Sound: Rob Ransom, Ed Kenney

Following tonight's program, a freewill offering will be received as you leave the sanctuary. The proceeds from this offering will go to support the Music Program at Lewinsville Presbyterian Church.



Amahl and the Night Visitors

Amahl! Amahl!

Laura Snyderman

Oh, Mother, you should go out and see!

Emma Gamble, Laura Snyderman

Oh Mother! You should go out and see! There's never been such a sky! Damp clouds have shined it, and soft winds have swept it, as if to make it ready for a King's ball. All its lanterns are lit, all its torches are burning, and its dark floor is shining like crystal. Hanging over our roof, there is a star as large as a window, and the star has a tail, and it moves across the sky like a chariot on fire.

Poor Amahl!

Laura Snyderman

Don't cry, Mother dear

Emma Gamble

Don't cry mother dear; don't worry for me. If we must go begging, a good beggar I'll be. I know sweet tunes to set people dancing. We'll walk and walk from village to town, you dressed as a gypsy and I as a clown. We'll walk and walk from village to town. At noon, we shall eat roast goose and sweet almonds. At night we shall sleep with the sheep and the stars. I'll play my pipes, you'll sing and you'll shout. The windows will open and people lean out. The King will ride by and hear your loud voice, and throw us some gold to stop all the noise. At noon we shall eat roast goose and sweet almonds; at night we shall sleep with the sheep and the stars.

From far away we come

Evan Ayars, John Clewett, Jim Scopelitis

From far away we come and farther we must go. How far... how far... my crystal star? The shepherd dreams inside the fold. Cold are the sands by the silent sea. Frozen the incense in our frozen hands, heavy the gold. How far... how far... my crystal star? By silence-sunken lakes, the antelope leaps. In paper-painted oasis, the drunken gypsy weeps. The hungry lion wanders, the cobra sleeps. How far... how far... my crystal star?

This is my box

Evan Ayars

This is my box, this is my box. I never travel without my box. In the first drawer I keep my magic stones. One carnelian against all evil and envy. One moonstone to make you sleep. One red coral to heal your wounds. One lapis lazuli against quartern fever. One small jasper to help you find water. One small topaz to soothe your eyes. One red ruby to protect you from lightning. This is my box, this is my box. I never travel without my box. In the second drawer I keep all my beads. Oh, how I love to play with beads, all kinds of beads! This is my box, this is my box. I never travel without my box. In the third drawer... in the third drawer... Oh, little boy!... Oh, little boy!... In the third drawer I keep... Licorice! Licorice! Black sweet licorice, black sweet licorice! Have some.

Oh, these beautiful things

Laura Snyderman, John Clewett

Have you seen a Child

John Clewett, Laura Snyderman, Evan Ayars, Jim Scopelitis

Have you seen a Child the color of wheat, the color of dawn? His eyes are mild, His hands are those of a King, as King He was born. Incense, myrrh, and gold we bring to His side, and the Eastern Star is our guide.

Yes, I know a child the color of wheat, the color of dawn. His eyes are mild, his hands are those of a King, as King he was born. But no one will bring him incense or gold, though sick and poor and hungry and cold. He's my child, my son, my darling, my own.

Have you seen a Child the color of earth, the color of thorn? His eyes are sad, His hands are those of the poor, as poor He was born. Incense, myrrh, and gold we bring to His side, and the Eastern Star is our guide.

Yes, I know a child the color of earth, the color of thorn. His eyes are sad, his hands are those of the poor, as poor he was born. But no one will bring him incense or gold, though sick and poor and hungry and cold. He's my child, my son, my darling, my own.

The Child we seek holds the seas and the winds on His palm.

The Child we seek has the moon and the stars at His feet.

Before Him, the eagle is gentle, the lion is meek.

Choirs of angels hover over His roof and sing Him to sleep. He's warmed by breath, He's fed by Mother who is both Virgin and Queen. Incense, myrrh, and gold we bring to His side, and the Eastern Star is our guide.

The child I know on his palm holds my heart. The child I know at his feet has my life. He's my child, my son, my darling, my own, and his name is Amahl.

Emily, Emily

Chancel, Westminster, and Genesis Choirs

Olives and quinces

Chancel, Westminster, and Genesis Choirs

Shepherds' Dance

Westminster and Genesis Choir

All that gold!

Laura Snyderman

All that gold! All that gold! I wonder if rich people know what to do with their gold? Do they know how a child could be fed? Do rich people know? Do they know that a house can be kept warm all day with burning logs? Do rich people know? Do they know how to roast sweet corn on the fire? Do they know? Do they know how to fill a courtyard with doves? Do they know? Do they know?

Do they know how to milk a clover fed goat? Do they know? Do they know how to spice hot wine on cold winter nights? Do they know? Do they know? All that gold! All that gold! Oh, what I could do for my child with that gold! Why should it all go to a child they don't even know?

They are asleep. Do I dare? If I take some, they'll never miss it.

For my child... for my child... for my child... for my child...

Thief! Thief!

Charlie Jacoby

Don't you dare!

Emma Staeger

Oh, woman, you can keep the gold

John Clewett

Oh woman, you may keep the gold. The Child we seek doesn't need our gold. On love, on love alone He will build His Kingdom. His pierced hand will hold no scepter. His haloed head will wear no crown. His might will not be built on your toil. Swifter than lightning, he will soon walk among us. He will bring us new life, and receive our death, and the keys to His city belong to the poor. Let us leave, my friends.

I walk, Mother

Emma Staeger, John Clewett, Evan Ayars, Jim Scopelitis, Laura Snyderman

Do you really want to go?

Emma Staeger, Laura Snyderman

Shepherds, arise!

The Chancel, Westminster and Genesis Choirs

ORCHESTRA

Violin

Sarah Berger

Adie Baban

Mica Page

William Baxley

Viola

Michael Sinni

Andrew Jones

Cello

Katie McCarthy

Brittany Peng

Bass

Lucas Zurburchen

Flute

Claire Smith

Laura Hinton

Oboe

Noelle Drewes

Libby Abbott

Clarinet

Amy Yurkewitch

French Horn

Benjamin Yehle

Trumpet

Francis Franqui

Percussion

Ethan Himes

Keyboard/ Piano/ Organ

Laura Marchisotto

Bassoon

Anne Curley

Conductor

John Nothaft

PLEASE JOIN US

Longest Night Worship Service* A Service of Hope

Friday, December 21 * 7:00 P.M.

Christmas Eve Services

Monday, December 24 * Family Service at 4:30 P.M.

Candlelight Communion at 7:00 and 9:30 P.M.



Lewinsville
Presbyterian Church

1724 Chain Bridge Road * McLean, Virginia 22101 * lewinsville.org