

Friday, December 15, 2023, 7:30 PM
Messiah Lutheran Church, Eau Claire, WI



The Music Department of
Immanuel Lutheran College,
Seminary, and High School

STRINGS

¶ *Samantha Kelly, director*

Silent Night, *Franz Gruber, arr.: Robert S. Frost*

What Child Is This?, *Traditional, arr. Robert S. Frost*

FLUTE CHOIR

¶ *Laurie Lau, director*

Angels We Have Heard on High, *traditional French*

Carol of the Bells, *arr. James Christensen*

CONCERT BAND

¶ *Joel Gullerud and Mark Kranz, directors*

Carol of the Drum, *Katherine K. Davis, arr. John Higgins*

Two Christmas Miniatures, *Alfred Burt, arr. Dave Black*

Stille Nacht, *Franz Gruber, arr. Chip Davis and Robert Longfield*

Trumpeter's Lullaby, *Leroy Anderson, arr. Philip J. Lang*

Christmas Classics, *Traditional, arr. James Swearingen*

The King in the Cradle

A Christmas Choral Service

The choirs of Immanuel Lutheran, David Schaller, director

ORDER OF SERVICE

Please refrain from applause during the service.

Silence all electronic devices. No flash photography.

CONGREGATION

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, 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!

Yea, Lord we greet thee, Born this happy morning,
Jesus, to thee be glory giv'n;
Word of the Father, Now in flesh appearing:
O come let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

Words: John Francis Wade (1711–1786)

Music: arr.: David Willcocks (1919-2015), 1961

Make a joyful sound, all people on earth!
 With gladness serve the Lord,
 Serve Him with gladness. Praise His name forever!
 For the Lord is gracious. Alleluia!

Words: Psalm 100

Music: W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)

DEVOTION	KING INCARNATE
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CHOIR

SON OF GOD, WHICH CHRISTMAS IS IT?

Son of God, which Christmas is it that we share this year?
 Will it glow with new reflections, will it bring You near?
 Will I marvel: What a favor! What a gift
 Only God can give!

Jesus bless the ones who told me how You came to earth,
 Why You left Your heav'nly dwelling for a human birth.
 Do I marvel: What a favor! What a gift
 Only God can give!

Jesus, bless the ones who taught me all the songs I sing;
 Of the angels and of Mary and the Infant King.
 Do I marvel: What a favor! What a gift
 Only God can give!

Jesus, bless the ones who hurry from the stable light
 With the story of your glory brightening the night
 Share the marvel: Love's best favor! Love's best gift
 Anyone can give!

Words: Jaroslav J. Vajda (1919-2008)

Music: Carl Schalk (1929-2021)

Oh, come, little children, oh, come, one and all,
 To Bethlehem's stable, in Bethlehem's stall,
 And see with rejoicing this glorious sight
 Our Father in heaven has sent us this night.

Oh, see in the manger, in hallowed light
 A star throws its beams on this holiest sight.
 In clean swaddling clothes lies the heavenly child,
 More lovely than angels, this baby so mild.

Come, all you shepherds, now come, follow me.
 Run to the manger, the Christ Child to see.
 There sleeps the little child born of Mary.
 Come, see Him quickly. Why do you tarry?
 Don't be afraid!

Let us go find Him in Bethlehem's stall,
 See Him whom angels proclaimed to us all.
 This tiny child now brings us salvation;
 Kneel down before Him in adoration. Alleluia!

Still, still, still, weil's Kindlein schlafen will.
 Die Englein tun schön jubilieren,
 Bei dem Kripplein musizieren.
 Still, still, still, weil's Kindlein schlafen will.
*Still, still, still, because the little child wants to sleep.
 The angels are rejoicing, making music by the cradle.*

Sleep, sleep, sleep, my dearest Child, now sleep.
 The angels hover round rejoicing,
 Anthems lovely they are voicing.
 Sleep, sleep, sleep, my dearest Child, now sleep.

Words: trans.: Kenneth T. Kosche

Music: arr.: Kenneth T. Kosche

CHOIR

ALL PRAISE TO THEE

All praise to Thee, Eternal God
Who clothed in garb of flesh and blood,
Dost take a manger for Thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are thine alone. Alleluia.

Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light,
To make us in the realms divine,
Like Thine own angels, round Thee shine. Alleluia.

A little Child, Thou art our guest,
That weary ones in Thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth
That we may rise to heav'n from earth.
Alleluia. Amen.

Words: Martin Luther (1483-1546)

Music: Elaine Hagenberg (b. 1979)

DEVOTION

KING OF GLORY

CHOIR

EXCERPTS FROM MESSIAH

Trinity Mayhew, soprano

There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

(please turn page quietly)

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heav'nly host praising God and saying:

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

Words: The Holy Bible

Music: G. F. Handel (1685-1759)

CONGREGATION

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 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 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.**

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Music: F. Mendelssohn (1809-1847), arr.: David Willcocks (1919-2015), 1961

CHOIR

INFANT HOLY, INFANT LOWLY

Infant holy, infant lowly, for His bed a cattle stall.
 Oxen lowing, little knowing, Christ the Babe is Lord of all.
 Swift are winging, Angels singing, Nowells ringing, Tidings bringing
 Christ the Babe is Lord of all.

Flocks were sleeping, shepherds keeping vigil till 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 Babe was born for you!

Words: Traditional Polish

Music: arr.: David Willcocks (1919-2015), 1961

CHOIR

JESUS, PRICELESS TREASURE

Jesus, priceless treasure, Fount of purest pleasure,
 Truest Friend to me!
 Ah, how long in anguish, Shall my spirit languish,
 Yearning, Lord, for thee?
 Thou art mine, Oh, Lamb divine! I will suffer naught to hide Thee,
 Naught I ask beside Thee.

In thine arm I rest me, Foes who would oppress me,
 Cannot reach me here,
 Though the earth be shaking, Ev'ry heart be quaking,
 Jesus calms my fear;
 Lightnings flash and thunders crash, Yea, tho sin and hell assail me,
 Jesus will not fail me.

Hence with earthly treasure, Thou art all my pleasure,
 Jesus, all my choice.
 Hence thou empty glory, Naught to me thy story,
 Told with tempting voice;
 Pain, or loss, or shame, or cross, Shall not from my Savior move me,
 Since He deigns to love me.

(please turn page quietly)

Hence, all fears and sadness, For the Lord of gladness,
Jesus, enters in;
They who love the Father, Though the storms may gather,
Still have peace within;
Yea, whate'er I here must bear, Thou art still my purest pleasure,
"Jesus, priceless treasure."

Words: Johann Franck (1618-1677)

Music: Motet No. 3 (BWV 227), J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

CHOIR

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, good will to men, From heav'n's 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 heav'nly music floats O'er all the weary world;
Above it's sad and lowly plains They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds The blessed angels sing.

For lo! The days are hastening on By prophet seen of old,
When with the ever circling years Shall come the time foretold
When peace shall over all the earth It's ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song Which now the angels sing!

Words: Edmund Sears (1810-1876)

Music: arr.: Daniel Ficcari, 2022

What sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol, for to sing
The birth of this our heav'nly King?
Awake the voice! Awake the string!
Dark and dull night, fly hence away,
And give the honor to this day
That sees December turned to May.

Why does the chilling winter's morn
Smile, like a field beset with corn?
Or smell like a meadow newly shorn
Thus on the sudden? Come and see
The cause, why things thus fragrant be:
Tis He is born, whose quick'ning birth
Gives life and lustre, public mirth
To heaven and the under earth.

We see him come, and know him ours,
Who, with his sunshine and his show'rs,
Turns all the patient ground to flow'rs.
The darling of the world is come,
And fit it is, we find a room
To welcome Him.

The nobler part of all the house here is the heart,
Which we will give him; and bequeath
This holly, and this ivy wreath,
To do him honour, who's our King,
And Lord of all this reveling.

What sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol for to sing,
The birth of this: Our Heavenly King?

Words: Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

Music: John Rutter (b. 1945), 1988

ORGAN

FROM HEAVEN ABOVE TO EARTH I COME
J. S. Bach (BWV 606)

DEVOTION

KING OF LOVE

CONGREGATION

RIDE ON, RIDE ON, IN MAJESTY

Ride on, ride on, in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry.
O Savior meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on, ride on, in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die.
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on, in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes
To see th'approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on, in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on, in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die.
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O Christ, Thy power and reign.

Words: Henry H. Milman (1791-1868)

Music: Musikalisches Handbuch, Hamburg, 1690, arr.: John Cullen

It's not just about the manger where the Baby lay.
It's not all about the angels who sang for Him that day.
It's not all about the shepherds, or the bright and shining star.
It's not all about the wise men, who traveled from afar.
It's about the cross. It's about my sin.
It's about how Jesus came to be born once,
So that we could be born again.
It's about the stone that was rolled away,
So that you and I could have real life some day,
It's about the cross.

It's not just about the good things in this life I've done.
It's not all about the treasures and trophies that I've won.
It's not about the righteousness that I find within.
It's all about His precious blood that saved me from my sin!
It's about the cross. It's about my sin.
It's about how Jesus came to be born once,
So that we could be born again.
It's about the stone that was rolled away,
So that you and I could have real life some day.
It's about the cross.

The beginning of the story is wonderful and great.
But it's the ending that can save you and that's why we celebrate!

It's about the cross. It's about my sin.
It's about how Jesus came to be born once,
So that we could be born again.
It's about God's Son, nailed to a tree.
It's about how every drop of blood
That flowed from Him, when it should have been me.
It's about the stone that was rolled away,
So that you and I could have real life some day.
It's about the cross!

Words and Music: Jamison J. Statema, arr.: Dennis Allen

CHOIR

THOU DIDST LEAVE THY THRONE

Thou didst leave thy throne And Thy kingly crown
 When thou camest to earth for me; But in Bethlehem's home
 There was found no room For Thy holy nativity.
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, There is room in my heart for Thee.

Heaven's arches rang When the angels sang,
 Proclaiming thy royal degree; But in lowly birth
 Thou didst come to earth, And in great humility.
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, There is room in my heart for Thee.

When the heavens shall ring And the angels sing
 At Thy coming to victory, Let Thy voice call me home,
 Saying, "Yet there is room, There is room at my side for thee."
 My heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus, When thou comest and callest for
 me.

Words: Emily Steele Elliott (1836-1897)

Music: Timothy Matthews (1826-1910), arr.: Molly Ijames, 2015

CHOIR

SOON AND VERY SOON

Soon and very soon, We are going to see the King! Hallelujah!
 No more crying there, We are going to see the King! Hallelujah!

Should there be any rivers we must cross,
 Should there be any mountain we must climb,
 God will supply all the strength that we need,
 Give us strength 'til we reach the other side.
 We have come from every nation,
 God knows each of us by name;
 Jesus took His blood and washed our sins away.

Yes, there are some of us Who have laid down our lives,
But we all shall meet again on the other side.

No more dying there, We are going to see the King! Hallelujah!

Words and Music: Andraé Crouch (1942-2015), arr.: Rollo A. Dilworth (b. 1970)

DEVOTION

KING OF KINGS

CHOIR

O HOLY NIGHT

O, holy night, the stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of our dear Savior's birth.
Long lay the world in sin and error pining
Till he appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.
Fall on your knees! O hear the angel voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was born.

With humble hearts we bow in adoration
Before this Child, gift of God's matchless love.
Sent from on high to purchase our salvation
That we might dwell with Him ever above.
What grace untold to leave the bliss of glory
And die for sinners guilty and forlorn.
Christ is the Lord! O praise His name forever!
His power and glory evermore proclaim!

*Words: v. 1: J. S. Dwight (1813-1893), v. 2: Anonymous
Music: Adolphe Adam (1803-1856), arr.: Philip Le Bas*

PRAYER FOR CHRISTMASTIDE

CONGREGATION

CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS

Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon His throne:
Hark, how the heav'nly anthem drowns All music but it's own!
Awake my soul and sing Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Virgin's Son, The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won Which now His brow
adorn;
Fruit of the mystic rose, As of that rose the stem;
The root whence mercy ever flows, The Babe of Bethlehem.

(CHOIR) Crown Him the Lord of Love, Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends His wond'ring eye At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of Life, Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing, Who died and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring, And lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of Heaven, Enthroned in worlds above,
Crown Him the King to whom is given The wondrous name of
Love.
Crown Him with many crowns As thrones before Him fall;
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns, For He is King of all.

Words: Matthew Bridges (1800-1894), Godfrey Thring (1823-1903)

Music: George J. Elvey (1816-1893), arr.: Walter Pelz (b. 1926), 1963

ORGAN

FANTASIA ON "FROM HEAVEN ABOVE"

Marko Hakanpää



SELECT PROGRAM NOTES

Excerpts from *Messiah*. *Messiah* by G. F. Handel is famous for its great choruses such as *For Unto Us a Child Is Born*, *Hallelujah*, and others. The portion of the oratorio heard here is from the Christmas account. The soprano soloist sings the words of Luke 2 recounting the shepherds in the fields keeping watch over their flock by night. When the time comes for the angel chorus to sing “glory to God in the highest,” the composer brings in the whole choir. Listen to how Handel wrote the music to reflect this specific Biblical text and hear how the sound of the angels fades away, returning back into heaven at the end.

Jesus, Priceless Treasure. *Jesu meine Freude (Jesus, my Joy)* is a choral motet by Johann Sebastian Bach. In its entirety, it has eleven movements. The odd numbered movements are stanzas of the Lutheran hymn “Jesus, Priceless Treasure” (TLH 347). These are the ones presented here. The even-numbered movements are settings of texts from Romans 8. While not strictly a Christmas anthem (it’s possible this motet was written for a funeral), the text clearly fits the season’s thoughts. Jesus, the greatest gift from our Father in heaven, is truly our priceless Treasure.

Soon and Very Soon. Andraé Edward Crouch (1942-2015) was born in San Francisco and raised in Los Angeles. He began playing music in church at the age of 11 when his father was called as a guest preacher to a small rural church that had no musicians. He wrote his first gospel song at 14. *Soon and Very Soon* (1976) is his best known work and joyfully anticipates Jesus’ second coming.

What Sweeter Music. This carol by poet-priest Robert Herrick (1591-1674) was first published in *His Noble Numbers: or, His Pious Pieces* (1647) with six stanzas and three sections labeled as choruses. Herrick served a parish in Dean Prior, Devonshire, for about twenty years before being forced into retirement on account of his loyalty to King Charles I. The original music written for this text has been lost. John Rutter’s memorable melody and arrangement was written in 1988.

ACCOMPANISTS TO THE CHOIR

Caleb Eichstadt, organ
Joel Gullerud, trumpet
Samantha Kelly, violin
Mark Kranz, bass

Evan Kuehne, trumpet, piano
Joe LeDuc, trumpet
Olivia Plath, piano

LECTORS

Paul Agenten, seminary senior
Samuel Radermacher, college senior

VENUE

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ABOUT OUR SCHOOL

Immanuel Lutheran College is the higher educational institution of the Church of the Lutheran Confession (CLC). It consists of three departments. In the high school, young people can transition into adulthood by being a part of the Immanuel experience. The college offers four-year degrees in education and theology, as well as a two-year Associate of Arts degree. The seminary prepares young men to serve as well-prepared candidates for the preaching ministry in our CLC congregations and in various domestic and world missions. Visit us online at ilc.edu

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