

Sugar Hill LDS Choir 10th Anniversary Celebration As Long As We Have Music

And he did hear a sound rising over the snow. It started in low, then it started to grow. But this sound wasn't sad! Why, this sound sounded glad! Every Who down in Whoville, the tall and the small, was singing without any presents at all! He hadn't stopped Christmas from coming! It came! Somehow or other, it came just the same!

The Grinch discovered that you can't stop Christmas as long as you have music and it has been the privilege of the Sugar Hill LDS Choir to bring you that music for a decade now. Tonight we will be performing some of our favorites from the last 10 years, as well as what is sure to become new favorites.

Prepare the Way of the Lord

18th Century poet and essayist, Samuel Johnson once said "The Church does not superstitiously observe days, merely as days, but as memorials of important facts. Christmas might be kept as well upon one day of the year as another; but there should be a stated day for commemorating the birth of our Savior, because there is danger that what may be done on any day, will be neglected."

Far be it from us to neglect this most important celebration, and what better way to observe it than with music. How appropriate for us now to join with Shepherds and Wise Men and Angels in the procession, a musical procession, to Bethlehem.

Bethlehem Procession:

Run to the Manger

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
Then let us all rejoice amen!
On Christmas Day in the morning

Bells were among the first instruments used to celebrate Christmas. Long ago church bells rang out the arrival of Christmas at midnight and young children delighted in ringing small bells throughout the village truly believing they were giving angels their wings. What a bright and cheery sound that must have been long ago, and still is today.

Carol of the Bells

"Late on a sleepy, star-spangled night, those angels peeled back the sky just like you would tear open a sparkling Christmas present. Then, with light and joy pouring out of Heaven like water

through a broken dam, they began to shout and sing the message that baby Jesus had been born. The world had a Savior! The angels called it "Good News, " and it was.--Larry Libby

Before bells rang out their merry tones, there was a heavenly choir. Even that first Christmas, that very first Christmas there was Music, as if God himself understood that the joy of this magnificent event could never be contained in word alone, but must be expressed in notes.

Pacabel Canon/The First Noel

We've come to think of the angel's choir as the first music of Christmas, but maybe not, for when Mary held her baby boy for the first time surely she sang him a lullaby. The first singing our beloved savior most likely heard following his birth was the gentle crooning of his mother's voice, perhaps something similar to this traditional hebrew lullaby:

Durme durme izhiko de Madre
Durme durme sin ansia y dolor
Sienti joya palavrikas de tu Madre
Durme durme izhiko de Madre

Sleep, sleep Mother's little boy
Sleep free from worry and pain
Listen my joy to your Mother's words
Sleep, Mother's little boy.

One can only image what Mary's thoughts must have been as she sang to him and contemplated the future that waited for her little boy.

Baby, What You Goin' To Be

While attending BYU I was fortunate enough to find an excellent job. While the pay was good it also meant that I would have to forgo returning home for Christmas. And so I found myself waiting for the bus on a dark cold winter's night after work. Homesick I couldn't help but think of how empty my apartment would be with all my roommates away visiting their own families.

The bus finally arrived and it was packed to the gills. I couldn't even find a seat. Crammed between merry shoppers I suggested, casually we should sing Christmas Carols. "What's your favorite?", a young man next to me asked. "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" I said.

He burst into that song with one of the most beautiful baritone voices I've ever heard. It filled the bus and soon everyone was singing. It filled my heart and warmed me throughout that Christmas season. It warms me to the this day.

God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen

Joy to the World

Listening for Santa by Anabel Sheila

A squeak on the stairs.
Could Santa be here?
Better pull my blankets,
Up to my ears.

He comes down the chimney,
That's how he gets in.
Santa uses magic,
To make himself thin.

I better keep still,
Can't make a peep.
He doesn't leave toys,
Unless you're asleep.

My door just opened
Someone's by my bed.
It wasn't Santa after all,
Cause Mom just kissed my head.

Believe

I heard the bells on Christmas day, their old familiar carols play and wild and sweet the words repeat of peace on earth good will to men.

Then in despair I bowed my head. There is no peace on earth I said for hate is strong and mocks the song of peace on earth good will to men.

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep. God is not dead, nor doth he sleep. The wrong shall fail, the right prevail with peace on earth good will to men.

Till ringing singing on its way the world revolved from night to day. A voice, a chime, a chant sublime of peace on earth, good will to men.

Can You Hear the Christmas Bells

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.

O 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;
Oh rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace, their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Violin Solo - It Came Upon a Midnight Clear:

Because of the reverent nature of the evening, a prayer given by _____ will immediately follow our next song. Our choir will then continue to it's final selection of the evening. Following the conclusion of our program we invite the audience to show their appreciation for the performance at that time. (Sugar Hill Sunday Only) Immediately following you are all invited to join us in a cookie reception help in the back hall.

Matthew, Chapter 2.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the King, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, “Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.” And lo, the star which they saw in the east went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him.

Carol of the Magi

Phillips Brooks, writer of “O, Little Town of Bethlehem” also penned, “The earth has grown old with its burden of care but at Christmas it always is young. The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair and its soul full of music breaks the air, when the song of angels is sung.”

Have we not heard angels sing tonight? Thank you for making our music part of your Christmas tonight, over the last 10 years and God willing, many more to come —For as long as we have music we will always have Christmas!

Christ is born! Sing glory to God in the highest. Let the heavens and earth rejoice and sing.
Christ is born, sing gloria!

Christ is Born, Sing Glory to God!

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