

**St
Martin
in
the
Fields**

Carols at Home



Festive Family Carols

St Martin's Voices

Ben Giddens Organ

Andrew Earis Director

Zeb Soanes Presenter

Available until 31st December 2020

*St Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square London WC2N 4JJ
020 7766 1100*

www.smitf.org

St Martin's Carols at Home

Welcome to St Martin-in-the-Fields and our online Christmas concerts for 2020. In this uncertain time for our country and our world, we are delighted to be able to bring a little bit of St Martin's into your homes.

There are three uplifting concerts as part of our Christmas online series – Carols for Christmas, Festive Family Carols and A Baroque Christmas Celebration. Each feature our wonderful professional choir, St Martin's Voices. We are also delighted to welcome BBC Radio 4 newsreader and children's author Zeb Soanes to introduce some of the concerts.

Please do visit the St Martin's website at www.smitf.org to find out more of what we have to offer this Christmas – from our in-person socially distanced carol concerts and services, to our new online shop, and much exciting digital content. For other online Christmas concerts in this series, please visit shop.smitf.org.

From all of us at St Martin's, we would like to wish you a very happy Christmas!



Dr Andrew Earis
Director of Music

PROGRAMME

Carol of the Bells – Mykola Leontovych

Once in Royal David's City

Away in a Manger

What The Donkey Saw – Ursula Askham Fanthorpe

Little Donkey

In the Bleak Midwinter – Gustav Holst

O Little Town of Bethlehem

A Visit from St. Nicholas – Clement Clarke Moore

We Three Kings of Orient are

Follow that Star – Peter Gritton

The Virgin Mary had a Baby Boy – arr. Ken Burton

Mary's Boy Child – Jester Hairston, arr. Peter Gritton

The Twelve Days of Christmas – arr. John Rutter

On the Thirteenth Day of Christmas my True Love Phoned me up – Dave Calder

Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer – arr. Paul Ayres

Jingle Bells – Pierpont, arr. David Willcocks

We Wish you a Merry Christmas – arr. Warrell

TEXTS

Carol of the Bells

Hark how the bells
Sweet silver bells
All seem to say
Throw cares away

Christmas is here
Bringing good cheer
To young and old
Meek and the bold

Ding-dong, ding-dong
That is the song
With joyful ring
All carolling

One seems to hear
Words of good cheer
From everywhere
Filling the air

Oh, how they pound
Raising their sound
O'er hill and dale
Telling their tale

Gaily they ring
While people sing songs of good cheer
Christmas is here

Merry, Merry, Merry, Merry Christmas
Merry, Merry, Merry, Merry Christmas

On on they send
On without end
Their joyful tone
To every home

Ding-dong, ding-dong.

*Text: Peter J. Wilhousky (1902-1978), © Carl Fischer Music
Music: Mykola Leontovych (1877-1921)*

- 1 **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.
- 2 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.
- 3 And through all his wondrous childhood
he would honour and obey,
love and watch the lowly Maiden,
in whose gentle arms he lay:
Christian children all must be
mild, obedient, good as he.
- 4 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.

Text: Cecil Frances Alexander (née Humphreys) (1818-1895)

Music: H. J. Gauntlett (1805-1876), harmonised A. H. Mann

- 1 **Away in a manger**, no crib for a bed,
the little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head;
the stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
the little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.
- 2 The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
but little Lord Jesus no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,
and stay by my side until morning is nigh.
- 3 Be near me, Lord Jesus: I ask thee to stay
close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
and fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.

Text: Anon, sometimes attributed to John Thomas Macfarland (1851-1913)

Music: W. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921), arr. David Willcocks (1919-2015)

What The Donkey Saw

No room in the inn, of course,
And not that much in the stable
What with the shepherds, Magi, Mary,
Joseph, the heavenly host –
Not to mention the baby
Using our manger as a cot.
You couldn't have squeezed another cherub in
For love or money.
Still, in spite of the overcrowding,
I did my best to make them feel wanted.
I could see the baby and I
Would be going places together.

Ursula Askham Fanthorpe (1929-2009)

- 1 **Little donkey**, little donkey, on the dusty road.
Got to keep on plodding onwards with your precious load.
Been a long time, little donkey, thro' the winter's night.
Dont give up now, little donkey, Bethlehem's in sight.
Ring out those bells tonight, Bethlehem, Bethlehem.
Follow that star tonight, Bethlehem, Bethlehem.

- 2 Little donkey, little donkey, journey's end is near.
There are wise men, waiting for a sign to bring them here.
Do not falter, little donkey, there's a star ahead.
It will guide you, little donkey, to a cattle shed.
Refrain

- 3 Little donkey, little donkey, had a heavt day.
Little donkey, carry Mary safely on her way.

Text and Music: Eric Boswell (1921-2009), arr. Kevin Norbury

© Chappell Music Ltd

- 1 **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 mid-winter,
Long ago.

2 Our God, heaven cannot hold Him,
Nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty,
Jesus Christ.

3 Enough for him, whom cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk
And a mangerful of hay:
Enough for him, whom angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

4 Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Throngèd the air;
But His mother only,
In her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the Beloved
With a kiss.

5 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.

Text: Christina G Rossetti (1830-1894)

Music: Gustav Holst (1874-1934)

1 **O little town of Bethlehem,**
how still we see thee lie!
above thy deep and dreamless sleep
the silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
the everlasting light;
the hopes and fears of all the years
are met in thee to-night.

- 2 O morning stars, together
proclaim the holy birth
and praises sing to God the King,
and peace to men on earth;
for Christ is born of Mary;
and, gathered all above,
while mortals sleep, the angels keep
their watch of wondering love.
- 3 How silently, how silently,
the wondrous gift is given!
so God imparts to human hearts
the blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming;
but in this world of sin,
where meek souls will receive him, still
the dear Christ enters in.
- 4 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.

Text: Phillips Brooks (1835-1893)

Music: English Traditional, arr. Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

A Visit from St. Nicholas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!”

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of Toys, and St. Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night.”

Clement Clarke Moore (1779-1863)

1 **We three kings of Orient are;**
bearing gifts we traverse afar
field and fountain, moor and mountain,
following yonder star:
*O star of wonder, star of night,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.*

Melchior

2 Born a king on Bethlehem plain,
gold I bring, to crown him again-
King for ever, ceasing never,
over us all to reign:
Chorus

Caspar

3 Frankincense to offer have I;
incense owns a deity nigh:
prayer and praising, all men raising,
worship him, God most high:
Chorus

Balthazar

4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
breathes a life of gathering gloom;
sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
sealed in the stone-cold tomb:
Chorus

All

5 Glorious now, behold him arise,
King and God, and sacrifice!
heaven sings alleluia,
alleluia the earth replies:
Chorus

Text and Music: John Henry Hopkins (1820-1891), arr. David Willcocks (1919-2015)

Follow That Star

One dark and stormy evening,
Through the wind and rain,
There came a sight worth seeing
'cause it wasn't gonna happen again:
Three Kings.

They'd seen the bright light in the sky,
Without knowing who, what, when, where, why,
They grabbed their gifts and off they went,
Three Kings.

They don't know what they do,
Just follow that star.
They had to find the little town,
It was not easy to be found.

They don't know what they do,
Just follow that star.

Text and Music: Peter Gritton (b.1963)

- 1 **The Virgin Mary had a baby boy,**
the Virgin Mary had a baby boy,
the Virgin Mary had a baby boy,
and they say that his name was Jesus.
*He come from the glory,
He come from the glorious kingdom.
He come from the glory,
He come from the glorious kingdom:
O yes, believer! O yes, believer!
He come from the glory,
He come from the glorious kingdom!*
- 2 The shepherds came where the baby, He born,
the shepherds came where the baby, He born,
the shepherds came where the baby, he born,
and they say that his name was Jesus.
Chorus
- 3 The angels sang when the baby, He born,
the angels sang when the baby born, He born,
the angels sang when the baby born, He born,
and they say that his name was Jesus.
Chorus

Text and Music: Anonymous Trinidadian, arr. Ken Burton (b.1970)

Mary's Boy Child

Long time ago in Bethlehem, so the Holy Bible say,
Mary's boy child, Jesus Christ, was born on Christmas Day.
*Hark now hear the angels sing, a new King born today,
And man will live for evermore, because of Christmas Day.*

Trumpets sound and angels sing, listen to what they say,
That man will live for evermore, because of Christmas Day.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, them see a bright new shining star,
Them hear a choir sing, the music seemed to come from afar.

Now Joseph and his wife Mary come to Bethlehem that night,
Them find no place to born she child, not a single room was in sight.

*Hark now hear the angels sing, a new King born today,
And man will live for evermore, because of Christmas Day.*

By and by they find a little nook in a stable all forlorn,
And in a manger cold and dark Mary's little boy was born.

Long time ago in Bethlehem, so the Holy Bible say,
Mary's boy child, Jesus Christ, was born on Christmas Day.
*Hark now hear the angels sing, a new King born today,
And man will live for evermore, because of Christmas Day.*

*Text and Music: Jester Hairston (1901-2000), arr. Peter Gritton (b.1963)
Soloists: Will Wright (tenor) and Hilary Cronin (soprano)*

The Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas my true love sent to me
a partridge in a pear tree.

On the second day of Christmas my true love sent to me
two turtle doves
and a partridge in a pear tree.

On the third day of Christmas my true love sent to me
three French hens, two turtle doves
and a partridge in a pear tree.

On the fourth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle doves
and a partridge in a pear tree.

On the fifth day of Christmas my true love sent to me five gold rings,
four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle doves
and a partridge in a pear tree.

On the sixth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
six geese a -laying, five gold rings,
four calling birds, three French hens,
two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree.

On the seventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me
seven swans a-swimming, six geese a -laying, five gold rings,
four calling birds, three French hens,
two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree.

On the eighth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming,
six geese a -laying, five gold rings,
four calling birds, three French hens,
two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree.

On the ninth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
nine ladies dancing, eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming,
six geese a -laying, five gold rings,
four calling birds, three French hens,
two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree.

On the tenth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
ten lords a-leaping, nine ladies dancing, eight maids a-milking,
seven swans a-swimming, six geese a -laying, five gold rings,
four calling birds, three French hens,
two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree.

On the eleventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me
eleven pipers piping, ten lords a-leaping,
nine ladies dancing, eight maids a-milking,
seven swans a-swimming, six geese a -laying, five gold rings,
four calling birds, three French hens,
two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree.

On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
twelve drummers drumming, eleven pipers piping,
ten lords a-leaping, nine ladies dancing,
eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming,
six geese a -laying, five gold rings,
four calling birds, three French hens,
two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree.

Text and Music: English Traditional, arr. John Rutter (b.1945)

On the thirteenth day of Christmas my true love phoned me up

Well, I suppose I should be grateful, you've obviously gone to a lot of trouble and expense – or maybe off your head. Yes, I did like the birds – the small ones anyway were fun if rather messy, but now the hens have roosted on my bed and the rest are nested on the wardrobe. It's hard to sleep with all that cooing, let alone the cackling of the geese whose eggs are everywhere, but mostly in a broken smelly heap on the sofa. No, why should I mind? I can't get any peace anywhere – the lounge is full of drummers thumping tom-toms and sprawling lords crashed out from manic leaping. The kitchen is crammed with cows and milkmaids and smells of a million stink-bombs and enough sour milk to last a year. The pipers? I'd forgotten them – they were no trouble, I paid them and they went. But I can't get rid of these young ladies. They won't stop dancing or turn the music down and they're always in the bathroom, squealing as they skid across the flooded floor. No, I don't need a plumber round, it's just the swans – where else can they swim? Poor things, I think they're going mad, like me. When I went to wash my hands one ate the soap, another swallowed the gold rings. And the pear tree died. Too dry. So thanks for nothing, love. Goodbye.

Dave Calder © 1971-2010

Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer

You know Dasher and Dancer and Prancer and Vixen
Comet and Cupid and Donner and Blitzen,
but do you recall the most famous reindeer of all?

Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer had a very shiny nose
and if you ever saw it you would even say it glows.
All of the other reindeer used to laugh and call him names,
they wouldn't let poor Rudolph, join in any reindeer games.

Then one foggy Christmas Eve, Santa came to say,
"Rudolph, with your nose so bright, won't you guide my sleigh tonight?"
Then how the reindeer loved him as they shouted out with glee
"Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer, you'll go down in history!"

Text and Music: Johnny Marks (1909-1985), arr. Paul Ayres (b.1970)

Jingle Bells

- 1 Dashing through the snow
in a one-horse open sleigh
o'er the fields we go
laughing all the way.
Bells on bobtail ring
making spirits bright
what fun it is to ride and sing
a sleighing song tonight!
*Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way.
Oh, what fun it is to ride
in a one-horse open sleigh.*
- 2 Now the ground is white
Go it while you're young,
Take the girls tonight
and sing this sleighing song;
Just get a bobtailed bay
Two forty as his speed
Hitch him to an open sleigh
And crack! you'll take the lead.
*Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way.
Oh, what fun it is to ride
in a one-horse open sleigh.*

Text and Music: James Lord Pierpont (1822–1893), arr. David Willcocks

- 1 **We wish you a merry Christmas,**
we wish you a merry Christmas,
we wish you a merry Christmas,
and a happy new year!
*Glad tidings we bring
To you and your kin:
We wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy new year!*
- 2 Now bring us some figgy pudding,
now bring us some figgy pudding,
now bring us some figgy pudding,
and bring some out here!
Chorus
- 3 For we all like figgy pudding,
we all like figgy pudding,
for we all like figgy pudding,
so bring some out here!
Chorus
- 4 And we won't go 'til we've got some,
we won't go 'til we've got some,
and we won't go 'til we've got some,
so bring some out here!
Chorus

Text: Anonymous English

Music: Traditional English (West Country), arr. Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

PERFORMERS

St Martin's Voices
Ben Giddens Organ
Andrew Earis Director
Zeb Soanes Presenter

St Martin's Voices

Soprano Hilary Cronin, Gabriella Noble and Victoria Meteyard
Alto Jess Haig and Sophie Timms
Tenor Thomas Perkins and William Wright
Bass George Cook and Nathan Harrison

St Martin's Voices is an exciting and dynamic professional vocal ensemble, primarily made up of talented past and present choral scholars who come together to sing concerts and special events at St Martin-in-the-Fields and beyond. Recent performances have included Mozart Requiem and Vaughan Williams *Serenade to Music* with the Academy of St Martin in the Fields, and Beethoven *Mass in C* with Southbank Sinfonia. St Martin's Voices regularly broadcast on the BBC, including Radio 3 Choral Evensong and BBC Radio 4 Sunday Worship and Daily Service. They also make regular national and international tours, including recent performances at Greenbelt Festival and visits to the USA – Minneapolis, Washington DC, New York – and Johannesburg, South Africa.



Ben Giddens is currently Associate Organist at St Martin-in-the-Fields, London. His duties involve accompanying the various choirs and performing at services, concerts and broadcasts. Ben combines this with a portfolio of freelance work of teaching and performing in London and Berkshire. Between 2015-2017, Ben held the post of Director of Music at Queen Anne's School, Caversham.

Between 2014-2015 Ben held the post of Organist at St Bartholomew the Great, London. Whilst at St Bart's, Ben had the opportunity to work closely with Nigel Short and the professional choir.

From 2009-2012 Ben held the post of Sub-Organist at Magdalen College, Oxford where he featured on recordings and toured to Belgium and the Netherlands with the Chapel Choir. Prior to this Ben held the position of Acting Assistant Organist at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, where he performed live on BBC Radio 3 and performed at many Royal occasions.

In 2008 Ben graduated from the University of East Anglia with a first class honours degree in Music. Whilst studying for his degree, he held the organ scholarship at Norwich Cathedral. Here his notable performances included recording for ITV with the Cathedral Choirs and touring to Malta (2005) and the USA (2006).

Ben currently maintains an active schedule of freelance performing and holds the post of accompanist at the University of Reading as well as deputising regularly at The Tower of London, St Bride's Fleet Street, St James', Sussex Gardens and St Paul's Knightsbridge.



Andrew Earis is Director of Music at St Martin-in-the-Fields where he oversees the music programme at this busy London church. Andrew is a graduate of the Royal College of Music and Imperial College, London, and holds a PhD from the University of Manchester.

Recent performances include Mozart's Mass in C Minor with the Academy of St Martin in the Fields and Beethoven Mass in C with Southbank Sinfonia. He has given organ recitals in venues including King's College Chapel, Cambridge, Westminster Cathedral, Westminster Abbey and Washington National Cathedral, and has performed as soloist in performances of Poulenc's Organ Concerto and Saint-Saëns' Organ Symphony.

In addition to his duties at St Martin's, Andrew is a regular contributor to BBC Radio's religious output as a producer of programmes including Radio 4 Sunday Worship and Radio 3 Choral Evensong.



Zeb Soanes is a trusted newsreader and reassuring voice of the Shipping Forecast to millions of listeners on BBC Radio 4. He is a regular on *The News Quiz*, has reported for *From Our Own Correspondent*, presented BBC Radio 3's *Saturday Classics* and read for *Poetry Please*. Sunday Times readers voted him their favourite male voice on UK radio. On television he launched BBC Four, where he presented the BBC Proms.

He studied Creative Writing and Drama at UEA and has written for *The Observer*, *Country Life* and *The Literary Review*. His best-selling first book for children, *Gaspard the Fox*, illustrated by James Mayhew began a series of stories based on a real urban fox that visited him at home in London.

He trained as an actor and has earned a reputation as 'the go-to person for music narration' (Daily Telegraph) performing favourite orchestral works for children including *Peter and the Wolf*, *Babar the Elephant* and *Paddington*; his third book in the Gaspard series, *Gaspard's Foxtrot*, has been adapted as a major new concert work by Jonathan Dove and will be touring the UK in 2021.

In recognition of his efforts to culturally rehabilitate the urban fox he was made the first patron of the Mammal Society.

St Martin's Online Christmas Concert Series

Join us for the other two concerts in this series:

Carols for Christmas

[Watch online](#) until Thursday 31 December

Join St Martin's Voices and presenter, Zeb Soanes for an hour of your favourite carols and readings in an uplifting celebration of the Christmas season.

A Baroque Christmas Celebration

[Watch online](#) until Thursday 31 December

A beautiful sequence of baroque music for Christmas from St Martin's Voices and St Martin's Players including much-loved choruses from Handel's *Messiah*.

Other available online concerts from St Martin-in-the-Fields

Allegrì Miserere

[Watch online](#) until Saturday 5 December

Allegrì's sublime *Miserere mei, Deus* is complimented perfectly with works by Purcell, Byrd, Pärt, James MacMillan and Owain Park.

Vivaldi Magnificat: Music for Advent

[Watch online](#) from Thursday 3 December

A programme of some of the finest Baroque choral music ever written. J.S.Bach's cantata *Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland* was written for Advent Sunday in 1714, and sits alongside works by Heinrich Schütz, Vivaldi, Monteverdi and Isabella Leonarda – one of the most prolific female composers of the period.

Haydn Nelson Mass

[Watch online](#) from Saturday 5 December

Haydn's Mass for Troubled Times received its premiere on the same day that Austria heard that Horatio Nelson had led a stunning defeat over Napoleon, and the great Admiral later heard the piece for himself on a later visit to Vienna himself, thus cementing the work's nickname – the 'Nelson' Mass. Whilst we can't offer you naval fireworks on the banks of the Nile, we can offer you choral fireworks near the banks of the Thames, courtesy of St Martin's Voices and St Martin's Players.

A Renaissance Christmas

[Watch online](#) from Thursday 17 December

A beautiful sequence of renaissance music for Christmas from St Martin's Voices.

Our thanks to The National Lottery Heritage Fund, for supporting the Online Christmas Concert series at St Martin-in-the-Fields.

As the impact of COVID-19 takes hold, we need people like you to keep supporting us and helping the musicians we work with. To help us keep playing on, please consider [making a donation today](#).

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 St Martin's Music
 @stmartins_music

Merry Christmas from us all at St Martin-in-the-Fields!