

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH | HARVARD SQUARE



Ceremony of Carols, op. 28

Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

Thursday, December 24th, 2020, 3.30pm

Rev'd William T. Kelly S.T.D., *Officiant*

The Choristers of St Paul's Choir School

James Kennerley *Director*

Angelina Savoia *Harp*

\

I. Processional

Hodie Christus natus est:
hodie Salvator apparuit:
hodie in terra canunt angeli:
laetantur archangeli:
hodie exsultant iusti dicentes:
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Alleluia!

*Today Christ was born:
today the Saviour appeared:
today on earth the angels sing:
the archangels rejoice:
today the righteous celebrate saying:
Glory to God in the highest.
Alleluia!*

Bidding Prayer

The Lord's Prayer

II. Wolcum Yole

Wolcum, Wolcum,
Wolcum be thou hevenè king,
Wolcum Yole!
Wolcum, born in one morning,
Wolcum for whom we sall sing!

Wolcum be ye, Stevene and Jon,
Wolcum, Innocentes every one,
Wolcum, Thomas marter one,
Wolcum be ye, good Newe Yere,
Wolcum Twelfth Day both in fere,
Wolcum seintes lefe and dare,
Wolcum Yole, Wolcum Yole,
Wolcum!

Candelmesse, Quene of bliss,
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.
Wolcum, Wolcum,
Wolcum be ye that are here,
Wolcum Yole,
Wolcum alle and make good cheer.
Wolcum alle another yere,
Wolcum Yole. Wolcum!

Text: *Anon.*

III. There is no rose

There is no rose of such vertu
As is the rose that bare Jesu.
Alleluia, Alleluia,
For in this rose containèd was
Heaven and earth in litel space,
Res miranda, Res miranda.

A wonderful thing.

By that rose we may well see
There be one God in persons three,
Pares forma, pares forma.
The aungels sungen the shepherds to:
Gloria in excelsis, gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gaudeamus, gaudeamus.

Of equal form

*Glory in the highest!
Let us rejoice!.*

Leave we all this werldly mirth,
And follow we this joyful birth.
Transeamus, Transeamus, Transeamus.
Alleluia, Res miranda, Pares forma,
Gaudeamus,
Transeamus.

Let us travel on.

Text: *Anon.*

III. That yonge childe

That yongë child when it gan weep
With song she lulled him asleep:
That was so sweet a melody
It passèd alle minstrelsy.

The nightingalë sang also:
Her song is hoarse and nought thereto:
Whose attendeth to her song
and leaveth the first then doth he
wrong.

Text: *Anon.*

IV. Balulalow

O my deare hert, young Jesu sweit
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee to my hert,
And never mair from thee depart.

But I sall praise thee evermoir
With sanges sweit unto thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt Balulalow!

Text: James, John, and Robert
Wedderburn (1561).

V. As dew in Aprille

I sing of a maiden
That is makèles:
King of all kings
To her son she ches.

He came al so stille
There his moder was,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the grass.

He came al so stille
To his moder's bour,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the flour.

He came al so stille
There his moder lay,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the spray.

Moder and mayden
Was never none but she:
Well may such a lady
Goddes moder be.

Text: *Anon.*

VI. This little babe

This little babe so few days old,
Is come to rifle Satan's fold;
All hell doth at his presence quake,
Though he himself for cold do
shake;
For in this weak unarmèd wise
The gates of hell he will surprise.

With tears he fights and wins the
field,
His naked breast stands for a
shield;
His battering shot are babish cries,
His arrows looks of weeping eyes,
His martial ensigns Cold and
Need,
And feeble Flesh his warrior's
steed.

His camp is pitchèd in a stall,
His bulwark but a broken wall;
The crib his trench, haystalks his
stakes,
Of shepherds he his muster makes;
And thus, as sure his foe to wound,
The angels' trumps alarum sound.

My soul, with Christ join thou in
fight;
Stick to the tents that he hath pight.
Within his crib his surest ward;
This little Babe will be thy guard.
If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy,
Then flit not from this heavenly
Boy.

Text: Robert Southwell (1561-95)

VII. Interlude

VIII. In Freezing Winter Night

Behold, a silly tender babe,
In freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies.
Alas, a piteous sight!

The persons in that poor attire
His royal liveries wear;
The Prince himself is come from
heav'n;
This pomp is prizèd there.

The inns are full; no man will yield
This little pilgrim bed.
But forced he is with silly beasts
In crib to shroud his head.

With joy approach, O Christian wight,
Do homage to thy King.
And highly praise his humble pomp,
Which he from Heav'n doth bring.

This stable is a Prince's court,
This crib his chair of State;
The beasts are parcel of his pomp,
The wooden dish his plate.

Text: Robert Southwell (1561-95)

IX. Spring Carol

Pleasure it is
To hear, iwis,
The Birdès sing.
The deer in the dale,
The sheep in the vale,
The corn springing.

God's purveyance
For sustenance,
It is for man.
Then we always
To give him praise,
And thank him than.

Text: William Cornysh (d. 1523)

Concluding Prayer & Blessing

X. Deo Gracias

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
Adam lay i-bounden, bounden in a
bond;
Four thousand winter thought he
not too long.

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
And all was for an appil, an appil
that he tok.
As clerkès finden written in their
book.

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
Ne had the appil takè ben, the appil
takè ben,
Ne hadde never our lady a ben hevenè
quene.

Blessèd be the time that appil takè
was.
Therefore we moun singen.
Deo gracias!

Text: *Anon.*

XI. Recession

Hodie Christus natus est:
hodie Salvator apparuit:
hodie in terra canunt angeli:
laetantur archangeli:
hodie exsultant iusti dicentes:
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Alleluia!

*Today Christ was born:
today the Saviour appeared:
today on earth the angels sing:
the archangels rejoice:
today the righteous celebrate saying:
Glory to God in the highest.
Alleluia!*

Parish Website: www.stpaulparish.org

Music Blog: sppharvardmusic.blogspot.com



@stpaulparishcambridge



St. Paul's Harvard Square