A CEREMONY OF CAROLS – BENJAMIN BRITTEN - (1943)

1. Procession (p1)

Hodie Christus natus est,  
Hodie Salvator apparuit,  
Hodie in terra canunt angeli;  
Laetantur archangeli,  
Hodie exsultant justi dicentes:  
Gloria in excelsis Deo, Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

*Today Christ is born*  
*Today the Saviour appears*  
*Today the angels sing on earth;*  
*The archangels rejoice.*  
*Today the righteous exult, saying:*  
*Glory to God in the highest.*  
*Halleluia*

2. 'Wolcum yole' (p3) – Anonymous

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

\[\begin{align*} 
S & \quad \text{Wolcum, Thomas marter one,} \\
 & \quad \text{Wolcum, seintes lefe and dere,} \\
M & \quad \text{Wolcum, Innocentes every one,} \\
 & \quad \text{Wolcum, Twelfthe Day both in fere,} \\
A & \quad \text{Wolcum be ye, Stevene and Jon,} \\
 & \quad \text{Wolcum be ye, good Newe Yere,} \\
\end{align*}\]

Wolcum Yole, Wolcum Yole, Wolcum  
Candelmesse, Queene 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, another yere.  
Wolcum Yole! Wolcum!
3. There is no Rose (p11) – Anonymous

There is no rose of such vertu  
As is the rose that bare Jesu.  
Alleluia, alleluia.

For in this rose conteinèd was  
Heaven and earth in litel space,  
Res miranda, res miranda.

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.

Leave we all this werldly mirth, \(\text{(joie mondaine)}\)  
And follow we this joyful birth. \(\text{(heureuse naissance)}\)  
Transeamus, transeamus, transeamus.

Alleluia, res miranda, pares forma, gaudeamus,  
Transeamus, transeamus, transeamus.

4a. That Yongë Child (p17) – Anonymous \(\text{(solo 2)}\)

Solo 2:  
That yongë child when it gan weep \(\text{(ce petit enfant lorsqu’il pleure)}\)  
With song she lulled him asleep: \(\text{(avec chanson elle le berçait)}\)  
That was so sweet a melody  
It passèd alle minstrelsy.

The nightingalë sang also: \(\text{(le rossignol chantait aussi)}\)  
Her song is hoarse and nought thereto: \(\text{(sa chanson est rude et incomparable)}\)  
Whoso attendeth to her song  
And leaveth the first then doth he wrong. \(\text{(quiconque entend sa chanson)}\) \(\text{(et part le premier fait tort)}\)
4b. Balulalow - (p19) James, John and Robert Wedderburn

Solo 1:
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. (essence intangible) (sal [shall] hert [hart])

Tutti
But I sall praise thee evermoir With sanges sweit unto thy gloir; The knees of my hert sall I bow, sall I bow

S And sing that richt Balulalow.
M And sing that, and sing lulalow, and sing
A And sing that richt Balulalow, and sing, and sing.

Solo 1: And sing that richt Balulalow

Tutti: lulalow lulalow lulalow

5. As dew in Aprille (p23) – Anonymous

I sing of a maiden that is makèles: King of all kings to her son she ches

S There his moder was That falleth on the grass
He came also stille As dew in Aprille
He came also stille there his moder lay
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the spray

M He came also stille As dew in Aprille
He came also stille to his moder's bour
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the flour
He came also stille As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the spray

A He came also stille there his moder was,
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the grass
To his moder's bour That falleth on the flour
There his moder lay That falleth on the spray.

Moder and mayden was never none but she:
Well may such a lady Goddes moder be.
6. This little Babe (p29) - Robert Southwell (1561-1595)

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 unarmed 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 is surest ward;
This little Babe will be thy guard.
If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy,
Then flit not from this heavenly Boy.

7. Interlude (p37) - Harpe
8. In freezing winter night (p39) - Robert Southwell (1561-1595)

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

\[ S + M \]
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.

\[ A \]
No man will yield
This little pilgrim bed.
But forced he is with silly beasts
To shroud, to shroud his head.

\[ S + M \]
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.
The persons in that poor attire
His royal liveries wear;
The Prince himself is come from heaven;
This pomp is prized there.

\[ A \]
This stable is court, this crib his state
The beasts are parcel of his pomp,
This dish is palte
The persons poor
His liveries wear
The Prince is come from heaven
This pomp, this pomp is prized there

Solo 1: With joy approach, O Christian wight, Do homage to thy King

Tutti mmm

Solo 2: And highly praise his humble pomp, Which he from Heaven doth bring.

Tutti mmm

9. Spring Carol (p47) - William Cornish

Solo 1: Pleasure it is to hear iwis, the Birdes sing

Solo 2: The deer in the dale, the sheep in the vale, the corn springing.

Les 2: God's purveyance for sustenance,
It is for man. It is for man

Solo 1: Then we always to give him praise,
And thank him than.

Les 2: And thank him than And thank him than And thank him than

Solo 2: him than
10. Deo Gracias (p51) – Anonymous

Deo Gracias! Deo Gracias!
Adam lay ibounden,
Bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter
Thought he not to 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 haddè never our lady
A ben hevenè quene.

Blessèd be the time
That appil takè was.
Therefore we moun singen
we moun singen we moun singen, singen, singen, singen:

S  Deo gracias! Gracias! Deo gracias!
   Deo gracias! Deo gracias! Gracias!

M  Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
   Deo gracias! Deo gracias!

A  Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
   Deo gracias! Deo gracias! Deo gracias!

11. Recession (p59)

Hodie Christus natus est,                 Today Christ is born
Hodie Salvator apparuit,                   Today the Saviour appears
Hodie in terra canunt angeli;              Today the angels sing on earth;
Lætantur archangeli,                       The archangels rejoice.
Hodie exsultant justi dicentes:           Today the righteous exult, saying:
Gloria in excelsis Deo, Alleluia!          Glory to God in the highest.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Hodie Christus natus est,                 Today Christ is born
Hodie Salvator apparuit,                   Today the Saviour appears
Hodie in terra canunt angeli;              Today the angels sing on earth;
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