



# CLARE COLLEGE CHAPEL

## Vocal & Harp Recital

Sunday 21 January 2024 at 5.25 p.m.

Jessica Folwell (Clare) | soprano I  
Maggie Tam (Clare) | soprano I  
Emily Coatsworth (Clare) | soprano II  
Emma Caroe (Clare) | soprano II  
Evie Perfect (Clare) | alto  
Isabella Theodosius (Clare) | alto  
Ella Wood (Trinity) | harp

*A Ceremony of Carols*, Op.28

Benjamin Britten (1913–76)

- i. *Procession*
- ii. *Wolcum Yole!*
- iii. *There is no rose*
- iv.a *That yongē child*
- iv.b *Balulalow*
- v. *As dew in Aprille*
- vi. *This little babe*
- vii. *Interlude*
- viii. *In freezīng winter night*
- ix. *Spring Carol*
- x. *Deo gracias*
- xi. *Recession*

### **i. Procession: Hodie Christus natus est**

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!*

### **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,

### **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.

By that rose we may well see  
There be one God in persons three,  
Pares forma, pares forma.

Wolcum Twelfthe 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!

The aungels sungen the shepherds to:  
Gloria in excelsis, gloria in excelsis Deo.  
Gaudeamus, gaudeamus.

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

*Old English*

*Old English*

#### **iv.a That yongë child**

That yongë child when it gan weep  
With song she lullèd 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.

#### **iv.b 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!

*Old English*

*Old English*

#### **v. As dew in Aprille**

I sing of a maiden  
That is makëles:  
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.

#### **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.

*Robert Southwell (1561–95)*

**viii. In freezing winter night**

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

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 heav'n;  
This pomp is prizèd there.

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

*Robert Southwell*

**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!

**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,  
And thank him than.

*William Cornysb (d. 1523)*

**xi. Recession: Hodie Christus natus est**

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hodie Salvator apparuit:  
hodie in terra canunt angeli:  
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