

**iur**b****

Indiana University  
at South Bend

# *A Ceremony of Carols*

by

Benjamin Britten

**BRUCE R. HEMINGWAY**

*conductor*

**Christine Douberteen**

*accompanist*

*A Presentation of*  
**INDIANA UNIVERSITY AT SOUTH BEND**

**LESTER M. WOLFSON**

*Chancellor*

**ROBERT W. DEMAREE, JR.**

*Chairman, Division of Music*

DECEMBER 10, 1976

PROGRAM

1. PROCESSION (AND 11. RECESSION)

HODIE CHRISTUS NATUS EST: HODIE SALVATOR APPARUIT:  
HODIE IN TERRA CANUNT ANGELI: LAETANTUR ARCHANGELI:  
HODIE EXSULTANT JUSTI DICENTES: GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO. ALLELUIA!

2. WOLCUM YOLE!

WOLCUM, WOLCUM, WOLCUM BE THOU HEVENÈ KING,  
WOLCUM YOLE! WOLCUM, BORN IN ONE MORNING,  
WOLCUM FOR WHOM WE SALL SING!  
WOLCUM, THOMAS MARTER ONE, WOLCUM, SEINTES LEFE AND DERE,  
WOLCUM YOLE, WOLCUM YOLE, WOLCUM!  
CANDELMESSE, QUENE OF BLISS, WOLCUM BOTHE TO MORE AND LESSE.  
WOLCUM, WOLCUM, BE YE THAT ARE WERE, WOLCUM YOLE,  
WOLCUM YOLE, WOLCUM ALLE AND MAKE GOOD CHEER.  
WOLCUM ALLE ANOTHER YERE.  
WOLCUM YOLE..... WOLCUM!

3. THERE IS NO ROSE

THERE IS NO ROSE OF SUCH VERTU AS IS THE ROSE THAT BARE JESU.  
ALLELUIA,  
FOR IN THIS ROSE CONTAINED WAS HEAVEN AND EARTH IN LITEL SPACE,  
RES MIRANDA.  
BY THAT ROSE WE MAY WELL SEE THERE BE ONE GOD IN PERSONS THREE,  
PARES FORMA.  
THE ANGELS SUNGEN THE SHEPHERDS TO: GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.  
GAUDEAMUS.  
LEAVE WE ALL THIS WERLDLY MIRTH, AND FOLLOW WE THIS JOYFUL BIRTH.  
TRANSEAMUS.  
ALLELUIA, RES MIRANDA, PARES FORMA, GAUDEAMUS, TRANSEAMUS.

4. THAT YONGÈ CHIL

THAN YONGÈ CHIL WHEN IT CAN WEEP... WITH SONG SHE LULLED HIM ASLEEP!  
THAT WAS SO SWEET A MELODY IT PASSED ALLE MINSTRELSY.  
THE NIGHTINGALÈ SANG ALSO! HER SONG IS HOARSE AND NOUGHT THERETO:  
WHOSO ATTENDETH TO HER SONG AND LEAVETH THE FIRST THEN DOTHE HE WRONG.

JOAN TWEEDEL, SOLOIST

4B 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 DÉPART.  
BUT I SALL PRAISE THEE EVERMO: WITH SANGES SWEIT UNTO THY GLOIR!  
THE KNEES OF MY HERT SALL I BOW, AND SING THAT RIGHT BALULALOW.

PAT MILLER, SOLOIST

5. AS DEW IN APRILLE

I SING OF A MAIDEN THAT IS MAKELES: 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 SNET  
WELL MAY SUCH A LADY GODDES MODER BE.

6. 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 UNARMED WISE THE GATES OF HELL HE WILL SURPRISE.  
WITH TEARS HE FIGHTS AND WINS THE FIELD, HIS NAKED BREST STANDS FOR A SHIELD;  
HIS BATTERING SHOT ARE BABISH CRIES, HIS ARROWS LOOKS OF WEEPING EYES,  
HIS MARIAL ENSIGNS COLD AND NEED, AND FEEBLE FLESH HIS WARRIOR'S STEED.  
HIS CAMP IS PITCHED 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 FIGHT.  
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.

8. 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 PRIZED THERE.  
WITH JOY APPROACH, O CHRISTIAN WIGHT, DO HOMAGE TO THY KING,  
AND HIGHLY PRAISE HIS HUMBLE POMP, WICH HE FROM HEAV'N DOTHE BRING.

CYNDI AMEN AND LORI HENRY, SOLOISTS

9. SPRING CAROL

PLEASURE IT IS TO HEAR IWIS, THE BIRDES SING,  
THE DEER IN THE DALE, THE SHEEP IN THE VALE, THE CORN SPRINGING.  
GOD'S PURVAYANCE FOR SUSTENANCE, IT IS FOR MAN.  
THEN WE ALWAYS TO GIVE HIM PRAISE, AND THANK HIM THAN.

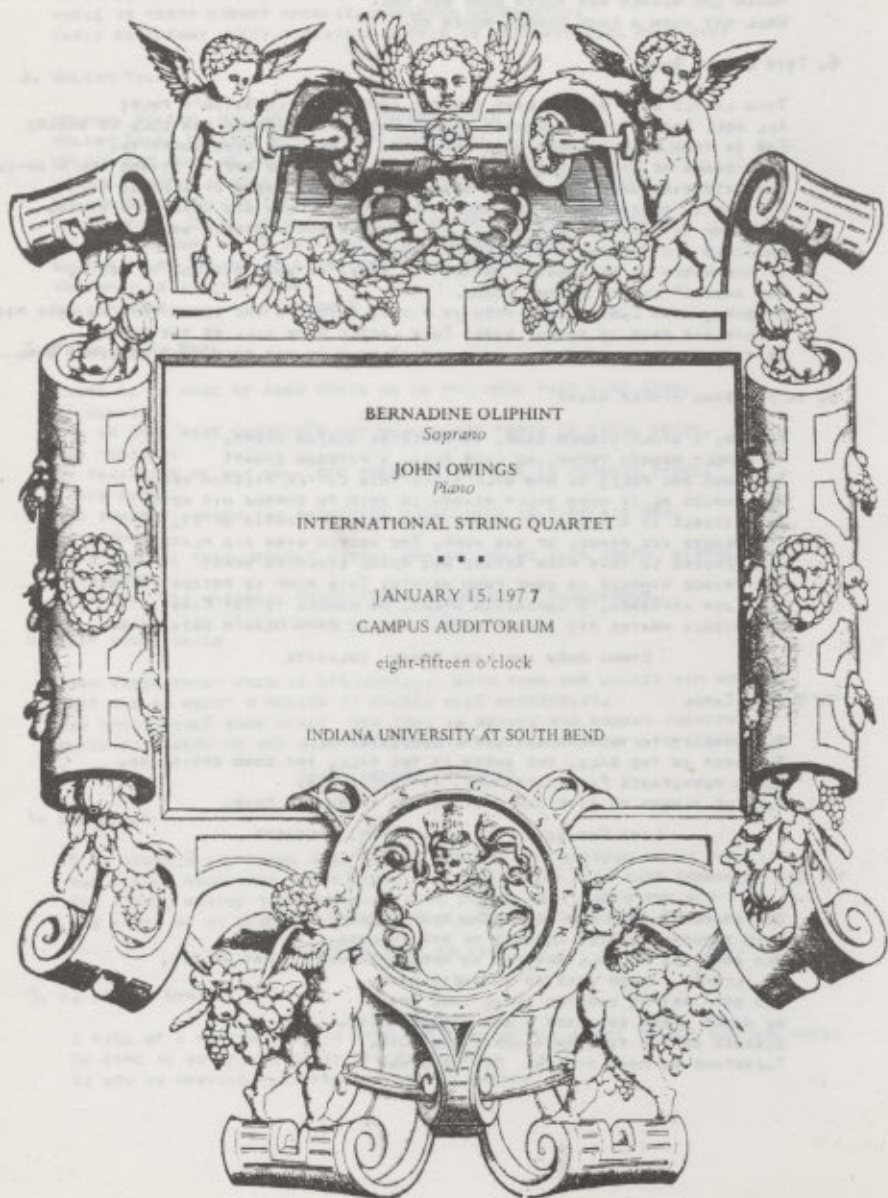
LISA COVINGTON AND LORI HENRY, SOLOISTS

10. DEO GRACIAS

DEO GRACIAS! ADAM LAY IBOUNDEN, BOUNDEN IN A BOND;  
FOUR THOUSAND WINTER THOUGHT HE NOT TO LONG.  
DEO GRACIAS! AND ALL WAS FOR AN APPIL, AN APPIL THAT HE TOK,  
AS CLERKS FINDEN WRITTEN IN THEIR BOOK.  
DEO GRACIAS! HE HAD THE APPIL TAKÈ BEN,  
NE HADDÈ NEVER OUR LADY A BEN HEVENÈ QUENE.  
BLESSÈD BE THE TIME THAT APPIL TAKÈ WAS,  
THEREFORE WE HOUN SINGEN. DEO GRACIAS!

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