



**A Ceremony of Carols  
The Third Sunday of Advent  
December 13, 2020 · 5:00 pm**

**An Introduction**

**cer•e•mo•ny** [*noun*] 1. an act or series of acts performed according to a prescribed form

Introducing his letter to the Romans, Paul sets out the background to his calling, and broadly defines the canvas of our salvation. The gospel of God is promised beforehand through his prophets in the Holy Scriptures. In part one of the drama, Jesus descends from David according to the flesh. In part two, Jesus is declared to be Son of God with power according to the spirit of holiness by resurrection from the dead. The incarnation of Christ is a necessary prerequisite to his suffering, death and resurrection. It's a prescribed form, a cosmic ceremony.

Benjamin Britten wrote *A Ceremony of Carols* while on a dangerous sea journey from the United States to Great Britain, during the height of World War II. The work is a musical setting of Middle English poetry. A procession of plainsong themes, dance-like rhythms and delicate counterpoint, the piece affords the listener several unique perspectives on the mystery of the incarnation. Theologically, the Ceremony culminates in a ferocious battle between good and evil, the music expanding to paint a vivid picture of apocalyptic conflict – resonating palpably with Britten's plight at sea.

As we journey from Advent to Christmas, we are called to align ourselves with God's prescribed form, and through the Holy Spirit allow His divine purpose to work through our lives. God risks everything in sending His Son to live among us. Benjamin Britten overcomes danger to create a work of enduring beauty. And now we are invited to step out into the perfect ceremony of new life in Christ, a divine dance that begins today, and lasts forever.

Take a deep breath, and listen to the music...

Jamie Hitel

*Director of Music*



**A Ceremony of Carols**  
by Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

**Greeting & Notices**

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*Let us with gladness present the alms and oblations of our life and labor to the Lord.*

**Processional**

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

**Wolcum Yole**

Wolcum, Wolcum, Wolcum be thou heavenè king,  
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 New Yere, Wolcum Twelfth Day both in fere,  
Wolcum seintes lefe and dere.

Candelmesse, Queene of Bliss,  
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.  
Wolcum be ye that are here, Wolcum alle and make good cheer.  
Wolcum alle another yere.



### **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.  
The aungels sungen the shepherds to: Gloria in excelsis Deo.  
Gaudeamus, Gaudeamus.  
Leave we all this werdly mirth, and follow we this joyful mirth.  
Transeamus, Transeamus.

### **That yongë child**

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

The nightingale sang also:  
Her song is hoarse and nought therto:  
Whoso attendeth to her song  
And leaveth the first then doth he wrong

### **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!

### **As dew in Aprille**

I sing of a maiden that is makelès:  
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 also stille to his moder's bour,  
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the flour.

He came also stille there his moder lay  
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the spray.

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

### **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 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.

### **Interlude** [*harp solo*]

#### **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 beast, in crib to shroud his head.

This stable is a Prince's court, this crib his chair of State;  
The beast are parcel of his pomp, this 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 doth bring.

### **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 purvayance for sustenance, it is for man, it is for man.  
Then we always to give him praise, and thank him than.

### **Deo Gracias!**

Deo Gracias! Deo Gracias!  
Adam lay ibounden, bound in a bond,  
For thousand winter thought he not too long.

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

Ne had the appil takè been, the appil takè been,  
Ne haddè never our lady a ben hevenè queen.

Blessed be the time that appil takè was.  
Therefore we moun singen,  
Deo Gracias! Deo Gracias!

### **Blessing**

Go forth into the world in peace; be of good courage; hold fast that which is good; render to no man evil for evil; strengthen the faint-hearted; support the weak; help the afflicted; honor all the children of God; love and serve the Lord, rejoicing in the power of the Holy Spirit. And the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, Be upon you, and remain with you for ever. **Amen.**

### **Recessional**

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



When exiting the sanctuary, please use the transept (side) doors and shown in the map below:



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### Serving Today

<i>Officiant</i>	The Rev. Dr. Cheryl McFadden
<i>Choir</i>	St. Cecilia Choir of Girls
<i>Director of Music</i>	Jamie Hitel
<i>Associate Director of Music</i>	Jonathan Vaughn
<i>Harpist</i>	Lynette Wardle
<i>Head Usher</i>	Lucy Rinaldi
<i>Ushers</i>	Marc Rinaldi

*The altar greens are given to the Glory of God  
by Karen Royce, in memory of her aunt, Phyllis Fox;  
in memory of Thomas W. Wasson III, by Baxter Wasson and Erin Waterman;  
by the Renfrew family in memory of their son, Dwight H. Renfrew III,  
and his friend, John E. Schmeltzer IV.*