BENJAMIN BRITTEN

A Ceremony of Carols

(1943)
Pour 3 voix égales et harpe

A Ceremony of Carols
(1943)

BENJAMIN BRITTEN
(1913-1976)

1. Procession

Senza misura (\( \frac{1}{2} \) = \( \frac{5}{4} \) = 138 sempre)

Tutti voce

Tutti sempre

Sopranos

Piano

\( \text{Ho-di-e}_1 \text{ Chris-tus na-tus est : ho-di-e Sal-va-tor ap-pa-rue-it :} \)

\( \text{Ho-di-e}_2 \text{ in ter-ra ca-nunt an-ge-li lae-tan-tur arch-an-ge-li :} \)

\( \text{Ho-di-e}_3 \text{ ex-sul-tant jus-ti-di-cen-tes : glo-ri-a in ex-} \)

\( \text{cel-sis}_4 \text{ De-o, Al-le-lu-ia ! Al-le-lu-ia ! Al-le-lu-ia !} \)

Répéter jusqu’à la fin de la procession

Copyright © Charton Mathias 2013

www.maitrisedeseinemaritime.com

Yvetot - France
Wolcum Yole!

Allegro con brio (\( \cdot = 126 \))

\begin{align*}
\text{Sopranos} & \quad f \quad \text{Allegro con brio} \\
\text{Mezzos} & \quad f \quad \text{Allegro con brio} \\
\text{Altos} & \quad f \quad \text{Allegro con brio} \\
\text{Piano} & \quad f \quad \text{Allegro con brio} \\
\end{align*}

Wol-cum, Wol-cum, Wol-cum be thou heve-né king,

Wol-cum, Wol-cum, Wol-cum be thou heve-né king,

Wol-cum, Wol-cum, Wol-cum be thou heve-né king,

Wol-cum, Wol-cum, Wol-cum be thou heve-né king,

S. Wol-cum Yole! Wol-cum, born in one morning, Wol-cum for whom we-sall sing!

M. Wol-cum Yole! Wol-cum, born in one morning, Wol-cum for whom we-sall sing!

A. Wol-cum Yole! Wol-cum, born in one morning, Wol-cum for whom we-sall sing!

P. cresc. Wol-cum, Thomas mater one,

Wol-cum, Innocentes every one, Wol-cum,

Wol-cum be ye, Ste-vene and Jon, Wol-cum be ye,

Wol-cum Yole! Wol-cum, born in one morning, Wol-cum for whom we-sall sing!

Wol-cum, Wol-cum, Wol-cum be thou heve-né king,

Wol-cum, Wol-cum, Wol-cum be thou heve-né king,
Wolcum, sein tes lefe and dere, Wolcum Yole, Wolcum Yole,

Twelfthe Day both in fere, Wolcum Yole, Wolcum Yole,

good Newe Yere, O good Newe Yere, Wolcum Yole, Wolcum Yole,

moltodim. pp
cum ! Can del

cum ! Can del

cum ! Can del

messe, Quene of bliss,

messe, Quene of bliss,

messe, Quene of bliss,
Wol-cum bothe to more

and lesse.

and lesse.

and lesse.

ppp ma pesante

pp poco a poco cres.

Wol-cum be ye that are here, Wol-cum Yole,

Wol-cum be ye that are here, Wol-cum Yole,

Wol-cum be ye that are here, Wol-cum Yole,

poco animato

o-ther yere, an-o-ther yere, Wol-cum

ff

Yole.

Wol-cum! Wol-cum! Wol-cum!
3. There is no Rose

Anonyme du 14e siècle

Allegretto (♩=60)

There is no rose of such virtue
As is the rose that bare Je-su

There is no rose of such virtue
As is the rose that bare Je-su

There is no rose of such virtue
As is the rose that bare Je-su

For in this rose con-ter-nèd was
Hea-ven and earth in li-tel space,

Al-le-lu-ia,  Al-le-lu-ia,
Al-le-lu-ia,  Al-le-lu-ia,
Al-le-lu-ia,  Al-le-lu-ia,
Al-le-lu-ia,  Al-le-lu-ia,
Al-le-lu-ia,  Al-le-lu-ia,
Al-le-lu-ia,  Al-le-lu-ia,

Benjamin Britten: A Ceremony of Carols
There be one God in persons three, Par-res for-ma, pa-res for-ma.

The an-gels sung-en the shep-herds to: Glo-ri-a in ex-cel-sis,
Benjamin Britten: A Ceremony of Carols

30

S.

M.

A.

P.

glo-ri-a in ex-cel-sis De-o! Gau-de-a-mus, Gau-de-a-mus,

glo-ri-a in ex-cel-sis De-o! Gau-de-a-mus, Gau-de-a-mus,

glo-ri-a in ex-cel-sis De-o! Gau-de-a-mus, Gau-de-a-mus,

glo-ri-a in ex-cel-sis De-o! Gau-de-a-mus, Gau-de-a-mus,

36

S.

M.

A.

P.

Leave we all this wed-ly mirth, and fol-low we this joy-ful birth.

Leave we all this wed-ly mirth, and fol-low we this joy-ful birth.

Leave we all this wed-ly mirth, and fol-low we this joy-ful birth.

Leave we all this wed-ly mirth, and fol-low we this joy-ful birth.

42

S.

M.

A.

P.

Trans-e-a-mus, Trans-e-a-mus, Trans-e-

Trans-e-a-mus, Trans-e-a-mus, Trans-e-

Trans-e-a-mus, Trans-e-a-mus, Trans-e-

Trans-e-a-mus, Trans-e-a-mus, Trans-e-
4a. That yongë child

Anonyme du 14e siècle

Andante quasi recitativo (\( \approx 48 \))

Sopranos

Mezzos

Altos

Piano

That yon-gë child when it gan weep
With song she lul - led him a-sleep :

That was so sweet a mel - o - dy
It pass-ëd al - le min-strel-sy.

The night-in-galé sang:

al so:
Her song is hoarse and noughtthere- to:

Who-so at-ten - deth to her

song And leav-eth the first, then doth he wrong.

Benjamin Britten: A Ceremony of Carols
4b. Balulalow

James, John et
Robert Wedderburn (1548), 1561

Andante piacevole (\( \dot{=} 48 \))

Sopranos

Mezzos

Altos

Piano

\( p \)

Solo

O my deare hert, young Jesu sweet, Pre-pare thy cred-dil in my spreit, And

I sall rock thee to my hert, And ne-ver mair from thee de-part.

Tutti

But I sall praise thee

But I sall praise thee

But I sall praise thee

Benjamin Britten : A Ceremony of Carols
evermoir With sanges sweet unto thy gloir; The

knees of my hert sall I bow, sall I bow,

And sing that richt Balu - la - low, and
5. As dew in Aprille

Anonyme du 14e siècle

**Allegro \( \approx 56 \)**

* poco f

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sopranos</th>
<th>Mezzos</th>
<th>Alts</th>
<th>Piano</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I sing of a maiden That is ma-kè-les: King of all kings To her</td>
<td>I sing of a maiden That is ma-kè-les: King of all kings To her</td>
<td>I sing of a maiden That is ma-kè-les: King of all kings To her</td>
<td>p e marc.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Benjamin Britten: *A Ceremony of Carols*
Benjamin Britten: A Ceremony of Carols
6. This little Babe

Robert Southwell
(1561-1595)

Presto con fuoco (≈180)

Sopranos

Mezzos

Altos

Piano

This little Babe so few days old, Is come to rifle

This little Babe so few days old, Is come to rifle

This little Babe so few days old, Is come to rifle

Satan's fold: All hell doth at his presence quake, Though he him-self for cold do shake; For in this weak un-

Satan's fold: All hell doth at his presence quake, Though he him-self for cold do shake; For in this weak un-

Satan's fold: All hell doth at his presence quake, Though he him-self for cold do shake; For in this weak un-

arm-ed wise The gates of hell will sur prise. With tears he fights

arm-ed wise The gates of hell will sur prise. With tears he fights

arm-ed wise The gates of hell will sur prise. With tears he fights

With tears he fights
wins the field, His naked breast stands for a shield; His batte-ring shot are babish cries, His

and wins the field, His naked breaststands for a shield; His batte-ring shot are babish cries,

arrows looks of wee-ping eyes, His mar- tial en-signs Col-dand Need, And fee-ble Flesh his

arrows looks of wee-ping eyes, His mar- tial en-signs Col-dand Need, And fee-ble Flesh his

war-rior's steed. His camp is pitch-ed in a stall, His

war-rior's steed. His camp is pitch-ed in a stall,

his war-rior's steed. His camp is pitch-ed in a
bul-wark but a bro-ken wall; The crib his trench, hays-talks his stakes; Of

His bul-wark but a bro-ken wall; The crib his trench, hays-talks his stakes;

stall, His bul-wark but a bro-ken wall; The crib his trench, hays-talks his stakes;

she-pherds he his mus-ter makes; And thus, as sure his foe to wound, The

Of she-pherds he his mus-ter makes; And thus, as sure his foe to wound,

stakes; Of she-pherds he his mus-ter makes; And thus, as sure his foe to

angels' trumps a-la-rum sound. My soul, with Christ join

The angels' trumps a-la-rum sound. My soul, with Christ join

wound, The angels' trumps a-la-rum sound. My soul, with Christ join

Benjamin Britten: A Ceremony of Carols
7. Interlude

Andante pastorale (\( \dot{=}_44 \))

Piano

\[ \text{pp} \quad \text{pp} \quad \text{poco cresc.} \]

Benjamin Britten: A Ceremony of Carols
8. In Freezing Winter Night

Robert Southwell
(1561-1595)

Andante con moto (\( \dot{=} \cdot \dot{=} \)) (\( \dot{=}84 \))

Sopranos

Piano

Mezzos

Altos

Benjamin Britten
A Ceremony of Carols
sight!
The inns are full; no man will yield This little pilgrim
pi - teous sight!
The inns are full; no man will yield

las, a pi - teous sight! No man will yield, This pil - grim

bed. But forced he is with sil - ly beasts In crib to shroud

This lit - tle pil - grim bed. But forced he is with sil - ly

bed. But forced he is with sil - ly

his head.

crib to shroud his head.

beasts to shroud, 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 liv'ries wear;
The Prince himself is come from heav'n;

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 liv'ries wear;
The Prince himself is come from heav'n;
Sopranos:

With pomp is prized there.

With pomp is prized there.

With pomp is prized there.

M liftdim.
With pomp is prized there.

M liftdim.

This pomp is prized there.

This pomp is prized there.

This pomp is prized there.

Altos:

Heaven; This pomp, this pomp is prized there.

Heaven; This pomp, this pomp is prized there.

Heaven; This pomp, this pomp is prized there.

Pianos:

Joy approach, O Christian wight, Do homage to thy King.

Joy approach, O Christian wight, Do homage to thy King.

Joy approach, O Christian wight, Do homage to thy King.

Benjamin Britten: A Ceremony of Carols
highly praise his humble pomp, which he from Heav’n doth bring.
9. Spring Carol

(Version avec piano)

William Cornish
(147 - 1523)

Allegretto (.=52)

Solo

Piano

Sopranos

Mezzos

Pleasure it is to hear i-wis, the

Bir-dés sing,

The deer in the dale, the sheep in the vale, the

Corn, springing

Pleasure it is to hear i-wis, the Bir-dés sing,

The

Benjamin Britten: A Ceremony of Carols
God's provision For sustenance. It is for man.  

It is for man.
Then we always to him give praise, And thank him than,

And

and thank him than, and thank him than, and thank him than,

And

and thank him than, and thank him than, and thank him than, him

than.

than.

Benjamin Britten: A Ceremony of Carols
10. Deo Gracias

Anonyme du XVe siècle

Presto (♩=84)

Sopranos

Mezzos

Altos

Piano

De-o gra-ci-as! De-o gra-ci-as!

De-o gra-ci-as! De-o gra-ci-as!

De-o gra-ci-as! De-o gra-ci-as!

De-o gra-ci-as! De-o gra-ci-as!

Sopranos

Mezzos

Altos

Piano

A-dam lay i-boun-den, boun-den in a bond;
Four thou-sand win-ter thought he not to long.

A-dam lay i-boun-den, boun-den in a bond;
Four thou-sand win-ter thought he not to long.

A-dam lay i-boun-den, boun-den in a bond;
Four thou-sand win-ter thought he not to long.

A-dam lay i-boun-den, boun-den in a bond;
Four thou-sand win-ter thought he not to long.

A-dam lay i-boun-den, boun-den in a bond;
Four thou-sand win-ter thought he not to long.

A-dam lay i-boun-den, boun-den in a bond;
Four thou-sand win-ter thought he not to long.

De-o gra-ci-as! De-o gra-ci-as!

De-o gra-ci-as! De-o gra-ci-as!

De-o gra-ci-as! De-o gra-ci-as!

De-o gra-ci-as! De-o gra-ci-as!

De-o gra-ci-as! De-o gra-ci-as!

De-o gra-ci-as! De-o gra-ci-as!

De-o gra-ci-as! De-o gra-ci-as!

De-o gra-ci-as! De-o gra-ci-as!

De-o gra-ci-as! De-o gra-ci-as!

De-o gra-ci-as! De-o gra-ci-as!

De-o gra-ci-as! De-o gra-ci-as!

De-o gra-ci-as! De-o gra-ci-as!

De-o gra-ci-as! De-o gra-ci-as!

A Ceremony of Carols

Benjamin Britten: A Ceremony of Carols
And all was for an ap-pil, an ap pil that he tok,
As cler-kês fin-den writ-ten in their book.

And all was for an ap-pil, an ap pil that he tok,
As cler-kês fin-den writ-ten in their book.

And all was for an ap-pil, an ap pil that he tok,
As cler-kês fin-den writ-ten in their book.

De-o gra-ci- as! De-o gra-ci- as!

De-o gra-ci- as! De-o gra-ci- as!

De-o gra-ci- as! De-o gra-ci- as!

Ne had the ap-pil ta-kè ben,
The ap-pil ta-kè ben,
Ne had the ap-pil ta-kè ben,
The ap-pil ta-kè ben,
Ne had the ap-pil ta-kè ben,
The ap-pil ta-kè ben,
Ne hadden ne-ver our la-dy A ben-he-nè quene.

Blessèd be the time That ap-pil ta-kè was. There-fore we moun sing-en,


Benjamin Britten: A Ceremony of Carols
Benjamin Britten: *A Ceremony of Carols*
11. Recession

Senza misura \( \alpha = \beta = 138 \) sempre

Tutti vocce

\( \text{sempre} \)

Soprano

Ho-di-e__ | Chr-is-tus_na-tus_est: | ho-di-e Sal-va-tor ap-pa-ru-it:

Piano

\( \text{ff} \)

ho-di-e_in ter-ra ca-nunt an-ge-li | lae-tur arch-an-ge-li:

\( \text{ff} \)

ho-di-e__ | ex-sul-tant jus-ti__ | di-cen-tes__ | glo-ri-a in ex-

\( \text{più ff} \)

\( \text{f} \)

Répéter jusqu'à la fin de la récession

\( \text{più lento} \)

Cel-sis__ | De-o. Al-le-lu-ia! | Al-le-lu-ia! | Al-le-lu-ia!