

# The Chapel of the Incarnation

240 East 31st Street

New York, N. Y.

THE REVEREND HOWARD O. BINGLEY

THE REVEREND JOHN M. TAYLOR, JR.



## Whitsuntide Festival Service



TUESDAY, JUNE 3, 1952

Eight o'clock

## Order of Service

PRELUDE: Ricercare (1951) ..... *Searle Wright*  
Dirge (Passacaglia) (1941) ..... *Douglas Moore*  
Hymn Canon on "Aughton" (1951) ..... *Seth Bingham*

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 281 ..... "Hyfrydol"

PSALM 46 (Prayer Book, page 397) ..... Anglican Chant

THE LESSON: Acts 2: 1-17, 21-33

CANTATE DOMINO ..... *David McK. Williams*

CREED AND PRAYERS

ANTHEMS:

SERENADE TO MUSIC (1938)

*Ralph Vaughan Williams*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears:

Soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Look how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid  
with patines of bright gold:

There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in—we cannot hear it.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
And draw her home with music.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus;  
Let no such man be trusted.

Music! Hark! It is your music of the house.  
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day—  
Silence bestows that virtue on it.

How many things by season seasoned are  
To their right praise and true perfection!

Peace, ho! The moon sleeps with Endymion  
And would not be awak'd!

Soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

The words from *Shakespeare*

(*The Merchant of Venice*,  
Act V, Scene I)

PSALM SIXTY-SEVEN (1900)

*Charles E. Ives*

God be merciful unto us, and bless us;  
and cause his face to shine upon us;  
That thy way may be known upon earth,  
thy saving health among all nations.

Let the peoples praise thee, O God; yea  
let all the peoples praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy:  
for thou shalt judge the people righteously,  
and govern the nations upon the earth.

Let the peoples praise thee, O God; let all  
the peoples praise thee.

Then shall the earth yield her increase; and  
God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us; and all the ends of the  
earth shall fear him.

## THE GREEN BLADE RISETH (1951)

*Searle Wright*

### I. RESURRECTION PAEAN

Christ the Lord is risen! Alleluia!  
Now is the hour of darkness past:  
Christ hath assumed his reigning power.  
Behold the great accuser cast  
Down from the skies, to rise no more;  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Now the green blade riseth from the buried grain,  
Wheat that in dark earth many days has lain;  
Love lives again, that with the dead has been;

Love is come again,  
Like wheat that springeth green.

In the grave they laid Him, Love whom men had slain,  
Thinking that never He would wake again,  
Laid in earth like grain that sleeps unseen:

Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,  
He that for three days in the grave had lain,  
Quick from the dead my risen Lord is seen. Alleluia!

When our hearts are wintry, grieving, or in pain,  
Thy touch, O Lord, can call us back to life again,  
Fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been;

All His truth and beauty,  
All His righteousness,  
Are our joy and duty,  
Bearing His impress;  
Look! the earth waits breathless  
After winter's strife;  
Easter shows man deathless,  
Spring leads death to life.

'Twas by thy blood, Immortal Lamb,  
Thine armies trod the tempter down:  
'Twas by thy word and powerful name  
They gained the battle and renown;  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

### II. PASCHAL DANCE

The whole bright world rejoices now,  
Hilariter, hilariter;  
The birds do sing on every bough,  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Then shout beneath the racing skies,  
Hilariter, hilariter;  
To Him that rose that we might rise,  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

And all you living things make praise,  
Hilariter, hilariter;  
He guideth you on all your ways,  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

He—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—  
Hilariter, hilariter;  
Our God most high, our joy and boast,  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

### III. CHORALE

Through Him alone can we be blest:  
Then deep be on our hearts imprest  
The love that He hath borne us:  
So make we ready to fulfill  
With burning zeal His holy will,  
Though men may vex and scorn us:  
Saviour, let us never lose Thee,  
For we choose Thee, thirst to know Thee:  
All we are and have we owe Thee!  
  
O praise Him who came to save,  
Who conquered death and burst the grave:  
Each day new praise resoundeth  
To Him the Lamb who once was slain,  
The friend whom none shall trust in vain,  
Whose grace for aye aboundeth. Alleluia!

### IV. ALLELUIA!

Christ being raised from the dead  
dieth no more.  
Death hath no more dominion over Him.  
Alleluia!  
  
Jesus Christ the Lord is risen! Alleluia!  
Lift up your hearts, sing and rejoice.  
  
Rejoice, ye heavens! let every star  
Shine with new glories round the sky,  
Saints while ye sing the heavenly war,  
Raise your Redeemer's name on high.  
Alleluia, Alleluia!  
  
All praise O risen Lord we give  
To Thee who dead again dost live:  
To God the Father equal praise  
And God the Holy Ghost we raise.  
Alleluia,  
Praise the Lord,  
Alleluia!

(Text selected from ancient  
and traditional carols—  
Oxford Book of Carols)

OFFERTORY HYMN 352....."Diademata"

ORISON HYMN.....*Wallace M. Coursen, Jr.*

Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,  
Upon our souls descend,  
From midnight fears and perils, Thou  
Our trembling hearts defend.  
Give us a respite from our fears,  
Calm and subdue our woes.  
Through the long day we labour, Lord,  
O give us now repose.

RECESSIONAL HYMN 491....."Old Hundred Twentieth"

POSTLUDE: Joie et Clarté des Corps Glorieux  
(Les Corps Glorieux) (1942) *Oliver Messiaen*

THE WHITSUNTIDE FESTIVAL CHOIR

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*Sopranos*

Joan Gorgodian	Doris Monthie
Katherine Meyer	Jeanne Privette
Louise Meyer	Jean Putnam

Elizabeth Williams

*Altos*

Louise Burnard	Thelma Meyer
Mary Coursen	Nancy Polizzi
Barbara Hopkins	Doris Vercoe
Marie Meyer	Vera Wilson

*Tenors*

David Conviser	Harry Spencer
Allan Martin	David Williams

*Basses*

John Kling	Borden Putnam, Jr.
Brayton Lewis	Thomas Pyle
Benjamin Plotkin	Michael Westfield

*Soloists:*

Jeanne Privette, Soprano  
Vera Wilson, Alto  
David Williams, Tenor  
Thomas Pyle, Baritone  
Brayton Lewis, Bass

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The Prelude and Postlude played by Marilyn Mason,  
member of music faculty — University of Michigan.

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Searle Wright, F.A.G.O., Organist and Choirmaster