

Full text and translation

1. Procession

Hodie Christus natus est:

hodie Salvator apparuit:

hodie in terra canunt angeli:

laetantur archangeli:

hodie exsultant justi dicentes:

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Alleluia! Alleluia! 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 be ye, Stevene and Jon,

Wolcum, Innocentes every one,

Wolcum, Thomas marter one,

Wolcum be ye, good Newe Yere,

Wolcum, Twelfth Day both in fere,

Wolcum, seintes lefe and dere,

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!

3. 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,

gloria in excelsis Deo.

Gaudeamus, gaudeamus.

Leave we all this worldly mirth, and follow we this joyful birth.

Transeamus, transeamus, transeamus.

Alleluia, res miranda, pares forma, gaudeamus,

Transeamus, transeamus, transeamus.

4. That yongë childe and Bulalow

That yonge child when it gan weep with song she lulled him asleep:

That was so sweet a melody it passèd alle minstrelsy.

The nightingalë sang also: Her song is hoarse . . and nought thereto:

Whoso attendeth to her song and leaveth the first. . then doth he wrong.

. . .

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.

5. As dew in Aprille

I sing of a maiden that is makèles:
King of all kings to her son she ches
He came also 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 may such a lady Goddes moder be.

6. This little Babe

This little Babe so few days old, is come to rife 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 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 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 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.

7. Interlude (harp solo)

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 heaven; 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 Heaven doth bring.

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

10. Deo Gracias

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!

Adam lay ibounden, bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter thought he not to long.

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!

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

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!

Ne had the appil take ben, the appil take ben,
Ne hadde never our lady a ben hevene quene.

Blessed be the time that appil take was.

Therefore we moun singen.

Deo gracias! Deo gracias! Deo gracias! Deo gracias!

11. Recessional

Hodie Christus natus est:

hodie Salvator apparuit:

hodie in terra canunt angeli:

laetantur archangeli:

hodie exsultant justi dicentes:

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

TRANSLATION

1. Procession

Today Christ is born;
Today the Saviour has appeared;
Today the angels sing,
The archangels rejoice;
Today the righteous rejoice, saying,
Glory to God in the highest, Alleluia!

2. Welcome Yule

Welcome, Welcome,
Welcome to You, our heavenly King.
Welcome, you who was born one morning,
Welcome, for You, shall we sing!

Welcome, to you, Steven and John,
Welcome all innocent children,
Welcome, Thomas, the martyred one,
Welcome, good new year,
Welcome Twelfth Day, both in fear . . .
Welcome Saints left and dear.

Candle Mass, Queen of bliss,
Welcome both to more and less.
Welcome you that are here,

Welcome all and make good cheer.

Welcome all another year.

3. There is no rose

There is no rose of such virtue

As is the rose that bore Jesus.

Alleluia.

For inside the Rose (called Mary)

Were heaven and earth in a single, little space.

Miraculous thing.

By that rose, we now may see,

There be one God in persons three.

Created in the Parent's image.

The angels sang to the shepherds,

Glory to God in the highest!

We rejoice.

Leave we all this wordly mirth,

And follow we this joyful birth.

We cross over to Christ's world.

4a. That Young Child

When that young child began to weep

With song, she lulled him to sleep
It was such a sweet melody,
It was so very merry.

The nightingale sang also,
But her song was hoarse, it was not the same:
Whoever listens to the nightingale's song
Instead of Mary's, does wrong.

4b. Balulalow

O love of my heart, young Jesus sweet,
Prepare your place in my heart,
And I shall rock thee with great love,
And I shall never leave your side.

I shall praise you forever,
With sweet songs of your glory
The knees of my heart shall I bow
And sing the right "Lullaby."

5. As dew in April

I sing of a maiden that is mateless,
Her son was the King of all Kings.

From his mother he came to us quietly
As dew in April that falls on the grass.

His mother's labor was painless and quiet,
As dew in April that falls on the grass.

As His mother lay there, he came quietly,
As dew in April that falls on the flower branches.

Never has there been such a mother and maiden;
How fitting it is that this be God's mother.

6. This little Babe

This little Babe so few days old
Has come to rifle Satan's fold.
All hell quakes at his presence,
Though he himself shivers.
For in this weak, unarmed guise
He will surprise the very gates of Hell!

With tears he fights and wins the field,
His naked breast stands for a shield;
His shots are his cries,
His arrows, the looks of his weeping eyes.
His martial ensigns are cold and need,
And his feeble flesh, his warrior's steed.

His camp is pitched in a stall,
His bulwark is a broken wall;
The crib his trench, haystacks are his stakes,
Of shepherds, he enlists the troops.
And sure of wounding the foe,
The angels sound the trumpets alarm.

My soul joins Christ in the fight,
Stay by the tents that he has pitched;
Within his crib is sure protection
The little babe will be your guard;
If Christ can foil your foes with joy,
Stay near the heavenly boy.

7. Interlude (Harp Solo)

8. In freezing winter night
Behold, a helpless 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 is he 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 heaven;
This pomp is prized there.

With joy approach, O Christian being,
Do homage to thy King,
And highly praise his humble pomp,
which he from heaven doth bring.

9. Spring carol

It is always a pleasure to hear the birds sing,
To see the deer in the dale, the sheep in the vale, the corn springing
from the earth.

God supplies sustenance
For us all.

Then we should always give him praise
And give him thanks.

11. Give Thanks to God

Give thanks to God!

Adam was bound in sin for four thousand years, although he thought this not too long.

It was all for an apple
that he took,
As clerics find written in their books.

Had the apple never
been taken,
Then our Lady would have
Never been a heavenly queen.

Blessed be the time
The apple was taken.
Therefore we must sing
Thanks be to God!

11. Recession

Today Christ is born;
Today the Saviour has appeared;
Today the angels sing,
The archangels rejoice;
Today the righteous rejoice, saying,
Glory to God in the highest, Alleluia!