

VENIS, O SAPIENTIA

ANON, France, 15thC.

<p>Veni, O sapientia, quae hic disponis omnia, veni, viam prudentiae ut doceas et gloriae.</p> <p>Gaude! Gaude! Emmanuel nascetur pro te Israel!</p> <p>Veni, O lesse virgula, ex hostis tuos ungula, de specu tuos tartari educ et antro barathri.</p> <p>Gaude! Gaude! Emmanuel nascetur pro te Israel!</p> <p>Veni, clavis Davidica, regna reclude caelica, fac iter tutum superum, et claude vias inferum.</p> <p>Gaude! Gaude! Emmanuel nascetur pro te Israel!</p> <p>Veni, veni Emmanuel, captivum solve Israel, qui gemit in exilio, privatus Dei filio.</p> <p>Gaude! Gaude! Emmanuel nascetur pro te Israel!</p>	<p><i>Come, O wisdom, you who here put everything in order, come, the path of knowledge to teach us, and that of glory.</i></p> <p><i>Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel will be born for you O Israel!</i></p> <p><i>Come, O rod of Jesse, from the claw of your enemies, from the chasm of your tartarus lead away, and from the pit of hell.</i></p> <p><i>Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel will be born for you O Israel!</i></p> <p><i>Come, O key of David, reveal the celestial realms, make the journey safe to the heights, and bar the paths to the underworld.</i></p> <p><i>Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel will be born for you O Israel!</i></p> <p><i>Come, come, O Emmanuel, release the captive Israel, who groans in exile, deprived of God's son.</i></p> <p><i>Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel will be born for you O Israel!</i></p>
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ANGELUS AD VIRGINEM

ANON, England, 14thC.

<p>Angelus ad virginem subintrans in conclave, virginis formidinem demulcens, inquit "Ave! Ave regina virginum! Caeli terreque dominum concipies et paries intacta salutem hominum, tu, porta caeli facta, medela criminum."</p> <p>"Quomodo conciperem</p>	<p><i>The angel, to the maiden tiptoeing, into her room, the virgin's fear calming, said "Hail! Hail, queen of maidens! The lord of heaven and earth you shall conceive and bear, undefiled, the salvation of mankind, you who the gate of heaven are made, the remedy for sins."</i></p> <p><i>"In what way should I conceive,</i></p>
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<p> quae virum non cognovi? Qualiter infringerem quod firma mente vovi?" . "Spiritus sancti gratia perficiet hec omnia. Ne timeas sed gaudeas segura, quod castimonia manebit in te pura Dei potentia." </p> <p> Ad hec, virgo nobilis, respondens, inquit ei, "servula sum humilis omnipotenti Dei, tibi, celesti nuncio, tanti secreti conscio, consentiens et cupiens videre factum quod audio parata sum parere Dei consilio." </p> <p> Angelus disparuit et statim puellaris uterus intumuit vi partus salutaris. Qui, circumdatus utero novem mensium numero, hinc exiit et iniit conflictum, affigens humero crucem qua dedit ictum hosti mortifero. </p> <p> Eya, mater domini, que pacem reddidisti angelis et homini cum Christum genuisti, tuum exoro filium ut se nobis propicium exhibeat et deleat peccata, preastans auxilium, vita frui beata, post hoc exilium. </p>	<p> <i> who have not known a man? How should I have broken what I have vowed with constant mind?" "The grace of the Holy Spirit will perform all these things. Fear not, but rejoice untroubled, for purity will remain in you undefiled, by the power of God." </i> </p> <p> <i> To these words the noble maiden, replying, said to him, "I am the humble handmaid of the almighty God, to you, heavenly messenger, who are privy to so great a secret, I give my consent and desire to see the thing of which I hear, I am ready to submit to the will of God." </i> </p> <p> <i> The angel disappeared and at once the virgin's womb swelled up by virtue of the saviour child. Who, being enclosed in the womb for the number of nine months, issued from it and entered the conflict, taking on his shoulder the cross with which he gave a blow to the deadly enemy. </i> </p> <p> <i> O mother of the Lord, who gave back peace to the angels and mankind when you bore Christ, pray to your son that he himself to us grace show and he cancel our sins, granting a refuge, to enjoy a blessed life, after this exile. </i> </p>
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ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER: AS I LAY

ANON, England, 15thC.

<p> Alma redemptoris mater. As I lay upon a nyth, my thowth was on a borde so brith, that men clepyn Mary ful of myth, </p>	<p> <i> O nourishing mother of the saviour. As I lay upon a night my thought was on a lady so bright, that men call Mary, full of virtue, </i> </p>
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redemptoris mater.	<i>mother of the saviour</i>
Alma redemptoris mater.	<i>O nourishing mother of the saviour.</i>
To hyr cam Gabriel wyth lyth and seyde, "Heyl be thou, blysfyl wyth to ben clepyd now art thou dyth" redemptoris mater.	<i>To her came Gabriel with light and said, "Hail to you, blissful wight, to prayer you are now well called" mother of the saviour.</i>
Alma redemptoris mater.	<i>O nourishing mother of the saviour.</i>

GAUDE VIRGO SALUTATA

JOHN DUNSTAPLE, C.1390-1453.

[Triplum] Gaude virgo salutata angelico relatu, mox es gravida libera omni rea tu, in te deitas humanata caelesti flatu, virgo manens illibata re et cogitatu.	<i>Rejoice, O virgin, greeted by angelic mission, now you are pregnant, liberate all sinners, in you divinity is made human by heavenly breath, O virgin, remaining chaste by a concept.</i>
Quod mirum si paveas, dum conceptus pandit quanto magis caveas, cum ad partum scandit.	<i>Of this marvel you would be afraid, when shown a conception, how much more would you beware when to childbirth it extends.</i>
Dum virgo permanes, mens haec verba pandit, dicens "ne timeas", te mulcendo blandit.	<i>As long as you remain a virgin, the mind these words extends, saying "be not afraid", gently comforting you.</i>
Nondum contentaris, cum dicit parituram, quomodo miraris fietque curam.	<i>Not yet are you contented when he says you are to give birth, how you will wonder when the duty is actually carried out.</i>
Nescisse virum flaris, sed semper esse puram, credo, quod miraris, mutasse naturam.	<i>Not having known the breath of men, but always being pure, I believe, you marvel at that which would have changed nature.</i>
Angelus: concipies de superis caelestem Deum et tu paries filium terrestrem.	<i>Angel: you will conceive by the highest the heavenly God and you will give birth to an earthly son.</i>
In te non est caries, natum habes testem leviatam insanies, hic fert tibi pestem.	<i>In you there is no decay, you have born a witness to raising the insane, this takes away your own sickness.</i>
[Duplum]	

Gaude virgo singularis,
mater nostri salvatoris,
radix vitae popularis,
germen novi floris.

Ex te sumpsit hinc tu paris
ampullam liquoris
quae virtute aquas maris
tenes stilla roris.

Dic, quo verbo concepisti,
angeli vultui
"Dominus tecum" audisti,
dicens "fui tui".

Praesentem conclusisti,
tunc naturam sui,
Messiam invenisti
de natura tui.

O caelestis armonia,
in hac iunctione,
caro nostrae cum sophia
in unum persone.

Qualiter ex qua via
studeas colonae,
haec sola mater novit pia
et tu lesu bone.

Mater heris Dei
mundi redemptoris,
pia tu memento mei
in extremis horis,

ne coartent mei rei,
secum suis horis
et praesentas faciei
mei plasmatoris.

[Contratenor]

Virgo mater comprobaris
matrem partus indicat,
claustrum ventris virginalis
intactam te iudicat.

Virginem cum divinalis
natus ille benedicat,
caelum tellus unda maris
laudes tuas praedicat.

Non est partus hic poenalis
qui matrem laetificat,
Christus factus fraternalis

*Rejoice, O virgin without equal,
our mother of the saviour,
root of the life of the people,
shoot of a new flower.*

*From you he has taken, hence you gave birth to,
the vessel of liquid refreshment,
by its strength the waters of the sea
you hold like a drop of dew.*

*Speak, by what word did you conceive,
at the angels' face
"The lord is is with you" having heard,
saying "I was yours".*

*Now you have seen
then his nature,
the Messiah you have found
being of your nature.*

*O heavenly harmony,
in this union
our flesh and wisdom
is in one person.*

*Just as in this way
you would take care of the country woman,
this sole mother knows grace
and you, O good Jesus.*

*Mother, over ages, of God,
of the redeemer of the world,
O pious one remember me
in the extreme hour,*

*that the guilty may not confine me,
with them, at their time of choosing,
and present me to the face
of my creator.*

*O virgin mother you would be favoured
as mother, the born child shows,
the gate to your virginal womb
appraises you as untouched.*

*As a divine virgin
he, born, blesses you,
heaven the earth with the waves of the sea
your praises would proclaim.*

*This born one here is not shameful,
who delights the mother,
Christ is made as a fellow man*

<p>sicut exemplificat.</p> <p>[Tenor]</p> <p>Ave gemma caeli luminarium. Ave sancti spiritus sacrarium.</p>	<p><i>as he exemplifies.</i></p> <p><i>Hail O jewel, brightness of the sky. Hail sanctuary of the holy spirit.</i></p>
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NOWELL, NOWELL, NOWELL

ANON, England, 15thC.

<p>Nowell, nowell, nowell this is the salutation of th'aungell Gabriell.</p> <p>Tydynges trew ther be cum new, sent frome the trinite Be Gabriel to Nazaret, cite off Galile.</p> <p>A clene mayden and pure virgyn, thorow hyre humilite, concyvid the secund person in divinite.</p> <p>Nowell, nowell, nowell this is the salutation of th' aungell Gabriell.</p> <p>Whan he fyrst presentid was before hyre fayer visage, in the most demuere and goodly wys he ded to hyre omage, and seid, "lady, frome heven so hy, that lordes herytage, the wich off the born wold be I am sent on message".</p> <p>Nowell, nowell, nowell this is the salutation of th' aungell Gabriell.</p> <p>"Hayle, virgyne celestiall, the mekest that ever was, hayle temple off deitie and myrrour off all grace, hayle virgyne puer, I the ensure, within full lytyl space shalt receyve and him conceyve that shal bryng gret solace".</p> <p>Nowell, nowell, nowell this is the salutation of th' aungell Gabriell.</p> <p>Sodenly she abashid truly, but not al thyng dysmaid, with mynd dyscret and spyryt mek to the aungell she said, "With what maner shuld I chylde bere</p>	<p><i>Nowell, nowell, nowell, this is the salutation of the angel, Gabriel.</i></p> <p><i>Tidings true have come of late, sent from the trinity, By Gabriel to Nazareth, city of Galilee. A clean maiden and pure virgin through her humility has conceived the person second in deity.</i></p> <p><i>Nowell, nowell, nowell, this is the salutation of the angel, Gabriel.</i></p> <p><i>When he first presented was before her fair face, In the most demure and goodly manner he paid to her homage, And said: "lady, from heaven so high, about the lord's heritage, which by you will be born, I am sent as messenger."</i></p> <p><i>Nowell, nowell, nowell, this is the salutation of the angel, Gabriel.</i></p> <p><i>"Hail virgin celestial, the meekest that ever was, hail temple of deity and mirror of all grace, hail virgin pure, I you ensure, within a short time you shall receive and conceive that which shall bring great solace."</i></p> <p><i>Nowell, nowell, nowell, this is the salutation of the angel, Gabriel.</i></p> <p><i>Suddenly she abashed truly, but not at all dismayed, with mind discreet and spirit meek, to the angel she said, "how should I a child bear,</i></p>
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<p>the wiche ever a maid haue lyvid chast al my lyf past and never man asaid".</p> <p>Nowell, nowell, nowell this is the salutacion of th' aungell Gabriell.</p> <p>Then ageyne to hire certeyn, answered the aungell, "O lady dere be off good chere, and dred the never a dell, shalt conceve in thi body, mayden, very God hymself, in whos byrth heven and erth shal joy, called Emmanuel".</p> <p>Nowell, nowell, nowell this is the salutacion of th' aungell Gabriell.</p>	<p><i>who, ever a maid, have lived chaste all my life past and never a man assayed".</i></p> <p><i>Nowell, nowell, nowell, this is the salutation of the angel, Gabriel.</i></p> <p><i>Then again, to assure her, the angel answered: "O lady precious, be of good cheer, and dread not one thing, you shall conceive in your body, maiden, the very God himself, in whose birth heaven and earth shall rejoice, called Emmanuel".</i></p> <p><i>Nowell, nowell, nowell, this is the salutation of the angel, Gabriel.</i></p>
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AVE REGINA CAELORUM

JOHN COOKE, 1385?-1442?.

<p>Ave regina caelorum. Ave domina angelorum. Salve radix sancta ex qua mundo lux est orta.</p> <p>Ave gloriosa super omnes speciosa. Vale valde decora, et pro nobis semper Christum exora.</p>	<p><i>Hail, queen of the heavens. Hail, lady of angels. Hail, holy root from which the light to the world has come.</i></p> <p><i>Hail, O glorious one, above all others beautiful. Farewell, O graceful one, and for us always to Christ pray.</i></p>
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IN NATALI NOVI REGIS

ANON, England, 14thC.

<p>In natali novi regis quisquis cantas sive legis omni gaude gaudio, castitatis nam de domo prodit Deus factus homo mundi pro remedio.</p> <p>Casta natum de puella novum regem nova stella novo monstrat radio vindicati qua Caldei cunas querunt nati Dei magno desiderio.</p>	<p><i>On the birthday of the new king, whoever you are who sing or read, rejoice with all joy! For from the house of chastity God comes forth made man, for the remedy of the world.</i></p> <p><i>Born from a chaste maiden is a new king, by a new star shown, with a new ray. Converted by this, the Chaldeans seek the cradle of the son of God, with great eagerness.</i></p>
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<p>Prophetia Danielis promissumque Gabrielis complentur in virgine. Lapis ille preelectus monte sine manu sectus mons crevit in homine.</p> <p>Ad hunc ergo montem magnum detractando mundi stagnum mortisque periculum velum mentis transportemus et securi navigemus lenitum naviculum.</p> <p>Sed lecturus de hoc monte laeto corde laeta fronte librum, lector, accipe mentis cum devotione. Data benedictione lectionem incipe.</p>	<p><i>The prophecy of Daniel and the promise of Gabriel are fulfilled in the Virgin. The preelected stone, cut from the mountain without a hand, itself grew to be a mountain in a human body.</i></p> <p><i>Therefore, to this great mountain, rejecting the stagnant mire of the world and the danger of death, let us move the sail of the mind and, fearlessly, let us navigate our tranquil ship.</i></p> <p><i>But, about to read about this mountain with a glad heart and a glad countenance, the book, reader, take up with a devout mind. Once the benediction has been given, begin the lesson.</i></p>
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MERVELE NOT, JOSEPH

ANON, England, 15thC.

<p>Mervele not, Joseph, on Mary mylde, forsake hyr not tho she be with chylde.</p> <p>I, Joseph, wonder how this may be, that Mary wex gret when I and she ever have levyd in chastite, iff she be with chylde, it ys not by me.</p> <p>Mervele not, Joseph, on Mary mylde, forsake hyr not tho she be with chylde.</p> <p>What the angell of God to me dothe say, I, Joseph, muste and will umble obay, ellys prively I wolde have stole a way, but now will I serve hyr tille that I day.</p> <p>Mervele not, Joseph, on Mary mylde, forsake hyr not tho she be with chylde.</p>	<p><i>Marvel not, Joseph, about Mary mild, forsake her not, even though she is with child.</i></p> <p><i>I, Joseph, wonder how this may be, that Mary grows big when I and she have always lived in chastity, if she is with child, it is not by me.</i></p> <p><i>Marvel not, Joseph, about Mary mild, forsake her not, even though she is with child.</i></p> <p><i>What the angel of God says to me, I, Joseph, must and will humbly obey, else secretly I would have stolen away, but now will I serve her till I die.</i></p> <p><i>Marvel not, Joseph, about Mary mild, forsake her not, even though she is with child.</i></p>
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EDI BE THU, HEVEN QUEENE

ANON, England, 13thC.

<p>Edi be thu, heven queene, folkes froovre and engles blis, maid unwemmed, moder cleene,</p>	<p><i>Blessed be you, queen of heaven, people's comfort and angels' bliss, maid unblemished, mother pure,</i></p>
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<p>swych in world non other nis. On thee hit is wel ethseen of alle wimmen thu hast the pris. Mi sweete levdi, heer mi been and rew of me yif thi will is.</p> <p>Thu astiye so dairewe deleth from the derke night. Of thee sprong a leeme newe, al this world hit hath ilight. Nis no maid of thine hewe, so fair, so sheene, so rudi, so bright, mi levdi sweet, of me thu rew and have merci of thi knight.</p> <p>Sprunge blostm of one roote, th'oli gost thee rest upon, that was for mankinnes boote, and her soul aleese for on. Levdi milde, soft and swoot, ich crie merci, ich am thi mon, to honde bothen and to foot on alle wise that ich kon.</p> <p>Erth art tu to goode seede, on thee lighte th'evendew, of thee sprong thet edi bleede th'oli gost hit on thee sew. Bring us ut of kar, of dreede that Eve bitterlich us brew, thu shalt us into Hevne leede, wel sweet is us thet ilke dew.</p> <p>Moder ful of thewes heende, maide dreigh and wel itaught, ich am in thi lubebeende and to thee is al mi draught. Thu me schild, ye from the feend, as thu art free and wilt and maught, and help me to mi lives eend and make with thi sune saught.</p>	<p><i>such as no other is in the world. In you it is very evident that of all women you have the highest place. My sweet lady, hear my prayer and show pity on me if it be your will.</i></p> <p><i>You rose up like the dawn cutting away from the dark night. From you sprang a new sunbeam, it has lit all this world. There is no maid with your complexion, so fair, so beautiful, so ruddy, so bright, my lady sweet, on me show pity, and have mercy on your servant.</i></p> <p><i>Blossom sprung from a single root, the holy ghost rested upon you, that was for mankind's salvation, and to free their souls in exchange for one. Gentle lady, soft and sweet, I beg forgiveness, I am your man, both hand and foot, in every way that I can be.</i></p> <p><i>You are soil for good seed, on you the heavenly dew alighted, from you sprang that blessed fruit – the holy ghost sowed it in you. Bring us out of the misery and fear that Eve bitterly brewed for us, you shall lead us into heaven – very sweet to us is that same dew.</i></p> <p><i>Mother full of gracious virtues, maiden patient and well instructed, I am in the bonds of your love and all my attraction is towards you. Shield me, indeed, from the fiend, as you are generous and willing and able, and help me to my life's end and reconcile me with your son</i></p>
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O SAPIENTIA

GREGORIAN CHANT.

<p>O sapientia, quae ex ore altissimi prodiisti, attingens a fine usque ad finem, fortiter suaviterque disponens omnia. Veni ad docendum nos viam prudentiae.</p>	<p><i>O wisdom, who from the mouth of the highest came forth, reaching from one end to the other, powerfully and gently ordering all things. Come to teach us the path of knowledge</i></p>
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AVE REGINA CAELORUM

WALTER FRYE, 1450-1475.

<p>Ave regina caelorum, mater regis angelorum O Maria, flos virginum, velut rosa velut lilium.</p> <p>Funde preces ad Filium pro salute fidelium, O Maria, flos virginum, velut rosa velut lilium.</p>	<p><i>Hail, queen of the heavens, mother of the king of the angels, O Mary, flower of virgins, like as the rose, like as the lily.</i></p> <p><i>Pour out prayers to your son for the salvation of the faithful, Mary, flower of virgins, like as the rose and the lily.</i></p>
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LULLAY, LULLAY

ANON, England, 14th C.

<p>Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay Mi dere moder, sing lullay.</p> <p>Als I lay on Yoolis night alone in my longing me thought I saw a well fair sight, a may hir child rokking.</p> <p>Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay Mi dere moder, sing lullay.</p> <p>The maiden wold withouten song hir child o sleep to bring, the child him thought sche ded him wrong and bad his moder sing.</p> <p>Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay Mi dere moder, sing lullay.</p> <p>"Sing nou moder," said the child, "wat schal to me befall heerafter was I cum til eld, for so doon modres all."</p> <p>Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay Mi dere moder, sing lullay.</p> <p>"Ich a moder, trewely, that kan hir credel keep, is wun to lullen luvely and sing hir child o sleep."</p> <p>Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay Mi dere moder, sing lullay.</p>	<p><i>Lullay, lullay, lay, lay, lullay, My dear mother, sing lullay.</i></p> <p><i>As I lay on Christmas night, alone in my desire, it seemed to me I saw a very lovely sight, a girl rocking her child.</i></p> <p><i>Lullay, lullay, lay, lay, lullay, My dear mother, sing lullay. The maiden wished without sin ging to put her child to sleep, to the child it seemed she wronged him, and asked his mother to sing.</i></p> <p><i>Lullay, lullay, lay, lay, lullay, My dear mother, sing lullay.</i></p> <p><i>"Sing now, mother," said the child, "what is to befall me in the future when I am grown up, for all mothers do that."</i></p> <p><i>Lullay, lullay, lay, lay, lullay, My dear mother, sing lullay.</i></p> <p><i>"I, a mother, truly, that can keep her cradle, desires to lull lovingly and sing her child to sleep."</i></p> <p><i>Lullay, lullay, lay, lay, lullay, My dear mother, sing lullay.</i></p>
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"Sweete moder fair and free,
because that it is so,
I pray thee that lulle me
and sing sumwat thereto.

Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay
Mi dere moder, sing lullay.

"Sweete sune," saide sche,
"weroffe schuld I sing?
Ne wist I nere yet more of thee
but Gabriels greeting."

Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay
Mi dere moder, sing lullay.

"He grett me goodli on his knee
and saide, 'Hail, Marie!
Hail, full of grace, God is with thee,
beren schalt Messie.'"

Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay
Mi dere moder, sing lullay.

"I wundred michil in my thought,
for man wold I right none.
'Marie,' he saide, 'dred thee nought,
let God of hev'n alone.'"

Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay
Mi dere moder, sing lullay.

"The holi gost schal doon al this',
he said with-outen wun,
that I shuld beren mannis blis
and Godis owne sun."

Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay
Mi dere moder, sing lullay.

"He saide, ' schalt bere a king
in king Davitis see,
in al Jacobes wuni-ing
ther loverd schuld he be.'"

Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay
Mi dere moder, sing lullay.

"He saide that Elizabeth,
that barain was bifore,
'a knave child conceyved hath,'
to me leeve the more."

Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay

*"Sweet mother, fair and free,
because it is so,
I ask that you would lull me
and sing something at the same time."*

*Lullay, lullay, lay, lay, lullay,
My dear mother, sing lullay.*

*"Sweet son," said she,
"of what should I sing?
I never knew anything more about you
than Gabriel's greeting."*

*Lullay, lullay, lay, lay, lullay,
My dear mother, sing lullay.*

*"He greeted me courteously on his knee
and said 'Hail, Mary!
Hail, full of grace, God is with you,
you shall bear the Messiah.'"*

*Lullay, lullay, lay, lay, lullay,
My dear mother, sing lullay.*

*"I wondered greatly in my mind,
for I by no means desired a husband.
'Mary,' he said, 'do not fear,
leave the God of heaven to his ways.'"*

*Lullay, lullay, lay, lay, lullay,
My dear mother, sing lullay.*

*"The holy ghost shall do all this,'
he said without delay,
that I should bare man's bliss
and God's own son."*

*Lullay, lullay, lay, lay, lullay,
My dear mother, sing lullay.*

*"He said, 'you shall bare a king
in king David's seat,
in all of the house of Jacob
their lord shall he be.'"*

*Lullay, lullay, lay, lay, lullay,
My dear mother, sing lullay.*

*"He said that Elizabeth
that had been barren
'a boy child has conceived,'
to me, dear, you, much more."*

Lullay, lullay, lay, lay, lullay,

<p>Mi dere moder, sing lullay.</p> <p>"I answered blethely, for that his word me paid, 'lo Godis servant heer am I, be et as me said."</p> <p>Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay. Mi dere moder, sing lullay.</p> <p>"Ther, als he saide, I thee bare on midwenter night in maidenhede withouten kare be grace of God almight."</p> <p>Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay Mi dere moder, sing lullay.</p> <p>"Ther schepperds waked in the wold thei herd a wunder mirth of angles ther, as them thei told the tiding of thi birth."</p> <p>Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay Mi dere moder, sing lullay.</p> <p>"Sweete sune, sikerly, no more kan I say, and if I koude, fawn wold I, to doon al at thi pay."</p> <p>Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay Mi dere moder, sing lullay.</p> <p>Serteynly this sight I say, this song I herde sing, als I me lay this Yoolis day alone in my longing.</p> <p>Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay Mi dere moder, sing lullay.</p>	<p><i>My dear mother, sing lullay.</i></p> <p><i>"I answered blithely as his word pleased me, 'behold God's servant, here I am, be it as you have told me."</i></p> <p><i>Lullay, lullay, lay, lay, lullay, My dear mother, sing lullay.</i></p> <p><i>"There, as he said, I bore you on Midwinter's Night, in virginity without pain, by the grace of almighty God."</i></p> <p><i>Lullay, lullay, lay, lay, lullay, My dear mother, sing lullay.</i></p> <p><i>"While shepherds watched in the uplands they heard a wondrous song of angels there, as they told them the tidings of your birth."</i></p> <p><i>Lullay, lullay, lay, lay, lullay, My dear mother, sing lullay.</i></p> <p><i>"Sweet son, assuredly I can say no more, and if I could, I would gladly, to do all as would please you."</i></p> <p><i>Lullay, lullay, lay, lay, lullay, My dear mother, sing lullay.</i></p> <p><i>Certainly I saw this sight, I heard this song sung, as I lay this Christmas Day alone in my desire.</i></p> <p><i>Lullay, lullay, lay, lay, lullay, My dear mother, sing lullay</i></p>
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ECCE, QUOD NATURA

ANON, England, 15th C.

<p>Ecce, quod natura mutat sua iura, virgo parit pura Dei filium.</p>	<p><i>Behold, how nature changes its laws, a pure virgin gives birth to God's son.</i></p>
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<p>Ecce, novum gaudium, ecce, novum mirum, virgo parit filium, quae non novit virum, quae non novit virum, sed ut pirus pirus, glæba fert saphirum, rosa liliium.</p>	<p><i>Behold, a new joy, behold, a new marvel, a virgin gives birth to a son, who does not know a man, who does not know a man, but as the peartree the pear, the earth bears the sapphire, the petals the lily.</i></p>
<p>Ecce, quod natura mutat sua iura, virgo parit pura Dei filium.</p>	<p><i>Behold, how nature changes its laws, a pure virgin gives birth to God's son.</i></p>
<p>Mundum Deus flebilem videns in ruina, florem delectabilem produxit de spina, produxit de spina virgo quae regina, mundi medicina, salus gentium.</p>	<p><i>For the world a tearful God seeing in ruins, the delightful flower he creates out of a thorn, he creates out of a thorn a virgin queen, for the world a cure, the well-being of the people.</i></p>
<p>Ecce, quod natura mutat sua iura, virgo parit pura Dei filium.</p>	<p><i>Behold, how nature changes its laws, a pure virgin gives birth to God's son.</i></p>
<p>Nequivit divinitas plus humiliari, nec nostra fragilitas magis exaltari, magis exaltari quam caelo collocari Deoque equari per coniugium.</p>	<p><i>The divinity could no more be humbled, nor our fragility be further deepened, be further deepened than by heaven be restored and by God as well by union.</i></p>
<p>Ecce, quod natura mutat sua iura, virgo parit pura Dei filium.</p>	<p><i>Behold, how nature changes its laws, a pure virgin gives birth to God's son.</i></p>

GLORIA

QUELDRYK, FL. C. 1400.

<p>Gloria in excelsis Deo. Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis. Laudamus te. Benedicimus te. Adoramus te. Glorificamus te. Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam. Domine Deus, rex caelestis,</p>	<p><i>Glory to God on high, and on earth peace to the people of good will. We praise you. We bless you. We worship you. We glorify you. We give thanks to you because of your great glory, O lord God, heavenly king.</i></p>
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<p>Deus pater omnipotens. Domine fili unigenite Iesu Christe. Spiritus et alme orfanorum paraclite. Domine Deus, agnus Dei, filius patris. Primo genitus Mariae virginis matris. Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis. Qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram. Ad Mariae gloriam. Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere nobis. Quoniam tu solus sanctus. Mariam sanctificans. Tu solus dominus. Mariam gubernans. Tu solus altissimus, Mariam coronans. Iesu Christe. Cum sancto spiritu, in gloria Dei patris. Amen.</p>	<p><i>God father all powerful. O lord, the only begotten son Jesus Christ. Spirit and kind comforter of orphans. O lord God, lamb of God, son of the father. Firstly begotten of Mary, virgin mother. You who bear the sins of the world, have mercy. You who bear the sins of the world, receive our prayer. To the glory of Mary. You who sit at the right hand of the father, have mercy on us. For only you are holy, making Mary holy. only you are lord, making Mary a governor. Only you the most high, crowning Mary, O Jesus Christ. With the holy spirit, in the glory of God the father. Amen.</i></p>
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THEY IS NO ROSE OF SWYCH VIRTU

ANON, England, 15thC.

<p>Ther is no rose of swych vertu as is the rose that bar Jhesu.</p> <p>Ther is no rose of swych vertu as is the rose that bar Jhesu. Alleluia.</p> <p>Ther is no rose of swych vertu as is the rose that bar Jhesu.</p> <p>For in this rose conteyned was heuen and erthe in lytyl space. Res miranda.</p> <p>Ther is no rose of swych vertu as is the rose that bar Jhesu.</p> <p>Be that rose we may weel see that he is God in personys thre. Pari forma.</p> <p>Ther is no rose of swych vertu as is the rose that bar Jhesu.</p> <p>The aungelys sungyn the shepherdes to, "Gloria in excelsis Deo". Gaudeamus.</p>	<p><i>There is no rose of such virtue as is the rose that bore Jesu.</i></p> <p><i>There is no rose of such virtue as is the rose that bore Jesu. Alleluya.</i></p> <p><i>There is no rose of such virtue as is the rose that bore Jesu.</i></p> <p><i>For in that rose contained was heaven and earth in little space. A wondrous thing.</i></p> <p><i>There is no rose of such virtue as is the rose that bore Jesu.</i></p> <p><i>By that rose we may well see that he is God in persons three, Coequal in form.</i></p> <p><i>There is no rose of such virtue as is the rose that bore Jesu.</i></p> <p><i>The angels sung to the shepherds, "Glory to God in the highest". Let us rejoice.</i></p>
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<p>Ther is no rose of swych vertu as is the rose that bar Jhesu.</p>	<p><i>There is no rose of such virtue as is the rose that bore Jesu.</i></p>
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SANCTUS

LEONEL POWER, 1370/85-1445.

<p>Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus dominus Deus sabaoth. Pleni sunt caeli et terrae gloria tua. Hosanna in excelsis. Benedictus qui venit in nomine domini. Hosanna in excelsis.</p>	<p><i>Holy, holy, holy lord God of heavenly armies. Full are the heavens and earth with your glory. Our help at the highest. Blessed is he who comes in the name of the lord. Our help at the highest.</i></p>
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RESONET, INTONET

ANON, England, 12thC.

<p>Resonet, intonet fidelis concio mentibus vocibus, solemni gaudio.</p> <p>Eya! Nostra turma cum gaudio psallet, gaudet, plaudet altissimo!</p> <p>Novus rex, nova lex, novella gratia. Et regis et legis nova sunt omnia.</p> <p>Eya! Nostra turma cum gaudio psallet, gaudet, plaudet altissimo!</p> <p>Natus est, factus est particeps hominis, rex pius, filius Marie virginis.</p> <p>Eya! Nostra turma cum gaudio psallet, gaudet, plaudet altissimo!</p> <p>Magna sunt mira sunt</p>	<p><i>Let resound and thunder forth the congregation of the faithful in mind and voice, in ceremonial joy.</i></p> <p><i>Eia! Our company will sing joyfully, will rejoice, will clap hands to the most high.</i></p> <p><i>A new king, a new law, a new grace. Both of the king and of law all are new.</i></p> <p><i>Eia! Our company will sing joyfully, will rejoice, will clap hands to the most high.</i></p> <p><i>He is born, he is made a partaker of human nature, he the gracious king, son of the virgin Mary.</i></p> <p><i>Eia! Our company will sing joyfully, will rejoice, will clap hands to the most high.</i></p> <p><i>They are great, they are marvellous,</i></p>
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<p>Dei magnalia. Ipsius solius est posse talia.</p> <p>Eya! Nostra turma cum gaudio psallet, gaudet, plaudet altissimo!</p>	<p><i>the great deeds of God. His alone is such power.</i></p> <p><i>Eia! Our company will sing joyfully, will rejoice, will clap hands to the most high.</i></p>
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NOWELL SYNGE WE BOTHE AL AND SOM

ANON, England, 15thC.

<p>Nowell synge we bothe al and som, for rex pacificus is com.</p> <p>In Bethlem in that feyr cite, a chylde was born of a maidyn fre, that shal a lord and prynce be, a solis ortus cardine.</p> <p>Nowell synge we both al and som, for rex pacificus is com.</p> <p>Now God is comyn to worschepen us, now of Mary is born Jhesus, make we mery a mongys us, exultet caelum laudibus.</p> <p>Nowell synge we both al and som, for rex pacificus is com.</p>	<p><i>Noel sing we, each and everyone, for the peacemaking king has come.</i></p> <p><i>In Bethlehem in that fair city, a child was born of a maiden free, who will be a lord and prince, from the rising of the sun.</i></p> <p><i>Noel sing we, each and everyone, for the peacemaking king has come.</i></p> <p><i>Now God is come to worship us, now of Mary is born Jesus, let us be merry among us, may the heavens rejoice with praises.</i></p> <p><i>Noel sing we, each and everyone, for the peacemaking king has come.</i></p>
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PUER NATUS EST NOBIS

GREGORIAN CHANT.

<p>Puer natus est nobis, et filius datus est nobis, cuius imperium super humerum eius, et vocabitur nomen eius magni consilii angelus.</p>	<p><i>A boy is born to us, and a son is given to us, whose government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name will be called angel of the great counsel.</i></p>
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NOWELL, OWT OF YOUR SLEPE (verses 1-2)

ANON, England, 15thC.

<p>Nowell, nowell, nowell.</p> <p>Owt of your slepe aryse and wake, for God mankynd nowe hath ytake, al of a maide without eny make,</p>	<p><i>Out of your sleep arise and wake, for God mankind has now redeemed, all by a maid without any fault,</i></p>
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<p>of al women she bereth the belle.</p> <p>Nowell, nowell, nowell.</p> <p>And thirwe a maide faire and wys, now man is made of ful grete pris, now angelys knelen to mannys servys, and at this tyme al this byfel.</p> <p>Nowell, nowell, nowell.</p>	<p><i>of all women she is the fairest.</i></p> <p><i>And through a maid fair and wise, now is a man made of complete and great value, now angels kneel to man's service, and at this time all this happened.</i></p>
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CANTATE DOMINO

GREGORIAN CHANT.

<p>Cantate domino canticum novum, quia mirabilia fecit.</p> <p>Et vocabitur nomen eius magni consilii angelus.</p>	<p><i>Sing to the lord a new song who works miracles.</i></p> <p><i>And his name will be called angel of the great counsel.</i></p>
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NOWELL, NOW MAN IS BRIGHTER (verses 3-4)

ANON, England, 15thC.

<p>Now man is bryghter than the sonne, now man in heven an hye shal wone, blssyd be God this game is begonone, and his moder empresse of helle.</p> <p>Nowell, nowell, nowell.</p> <p>That ever was thralle, now ys he fre, that ever was smalle, now grete is she, now shal God deme bothe the and me unto his blysse yf we do wel.</p> <p>Nowell, nowell, nowell.</p>	<p><i>Now man is brighter than the sun, now man in heaven on high shall win, blessed be God, this game has begun, and his mother empress over hell.</i></p> <p><i>Whoever was in captivity, now is he free, whoever was small, now great is she, so shall God welcome both you and me to his joy if we de well.</i></p>
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