

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!

Today Christ is born;
today the Savior has appeared.
Today the angels sing on earth;
the archangels rejoice.
Today the righteous exult, saying:
Glory to God on high! Alleluia!

2. Wolcum Yole!

Wolcum be thou hevne king,
Wolcum Yole!
Wolcum, born in one morning,
Wolcum for whom we shall sing!
Wolcum be ye Stevne 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!
Candelmesse, Quene of bliss,
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.
Wolcum be ye that are here,
Wolcum, wolcum, make good cheer.
Wolcum alle another yere.
Wolcum!

3. There is no Rose

There is no rose of such vertu
As is the rose that bare Jesu.
Alleluia.
For in this rose contened was
Heaven and earth in litel space,
Res miranda. [Marvelous thing.]
By that rose we may well see

There be one God in persons three,
Pares forma. [Equal in nature.]
The aungels sungen the shepherds to
Gloria in excelsis Deo, [Glori to God in the highest.]
Gaudeamus. [Let us rejoice.]
Leave we all this werldly merth
And follow we this joyous birth,
Transeamus. [Let us pass over.]

4a. That yongē child

That yongē child when it gan weep
With song she lulled him asleep:
That was so sweet a melody
It passed alle minstrelsy.
The nightingalē sang also:
Her song is hoarse and nought thereto:
Whoso attendeth to her song
and leaveth the first then doth he wrong.

4b. 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.

5. As dew in Aprille

I sing of a maiden that is makèless [matchless]:
King of all kings to her son she ches [chose].
He came al so stille, there his moder was,
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the grass.
He came al so stille to his moder's bour [bower],
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the flour [flower].
He came al so 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 rifle 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 [pitched].
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

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 heav'n;
This pomp is prized there.
With joy approach, O Christian wight,
Do homage to thy King,
And highly praise his humble pomp,
which he from Heav'n doth bring.

9. Spring Carol

Pleasure it is to hear iwis [certainly], the Birdes sing,
The deer in the dale, the sheep in the vale, the corn
springing.
God's purvayance for sustenance,
It is for man; then we always
To give him praise, and thank him than.

10. *Deo Gracias*

Deo gracias! [Thanks be to God!]
Adam lay i-bounden, bounden in a bond
Four thousand winter thought he not to long.
And all was for an appil, an appil that he tok,
As clerkes finden written in their book.
Ne [never] had the appil take ben,
Ne hadde never our lady a ben hevene quene.
Blessed be the time that appil take was.
Therefore we moun [must] singen.

11. Recession

Hodie Christus natus est. .