

Ceremony of Carols
Texts and translations

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,
and the archangels rejoice;
Today the righteous rejoice, saying,
Glory to God in the highest.
Alleluia!

2. Wolcum Yole

Wolcum! Wolcum!
Wolcum be thou hevenè king,
Wolcum Yole!
Wolcum, born in one morning,
Wolcum for whom we sall sing!

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

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.
Welcome Yule, Welcome Yule, Welcome!

Candelmesse, Quene of bliss,
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.

Candle Mass, Queen of bliss,
Welcome both to more and less.

Wolcum! Wolcum!
Wolcum be ye that are here,
Wolcum Yole!
Wolcum alle and make good cheer,
Wolcum alle another yere,
Wolcum Yole!
Wolcum!

Welcome! Welcome!
Welcome you that are here,
Welcome Yule!
Welcome all and make good cheer.
Welcome all another year.
Welcome Yule!
Welcome!

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 litle 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 Deo!
Gaudeamus, gaudeamus.

Leave we all this werldly mirth,
and follow we this joyful birth.
Transeamus, transeamus, transeamus.

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.

There is no rose of such virtue
as is the rose that bore Jesus.
Alleluia.

For inside the Rose were
heaven and earth in a single, little space.
Miraculous thing.

By that rose, we now may see,
there is one God in three persons.
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.
Let us cross over!

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

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

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

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

Never was there such a mother and maiden;
How fitting that this be God's mother.

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.
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.

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.
Hi 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 is his trench, haystalks 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 liitle babe will be your guard;
If Christ can foil your foes with joy,
stay near the heavenly boy!

10. Deo Gracias

Deo gracias!

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

Deo gracias!

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

Deo gracias!

Ne had the appil takè ben, the appil takè ben,
Ne haddè never our lady a ben hevenè quene.

Blessèd be the time that appil takè was.
Therefore we moun singen.

Deo gracias!

Thanks be to God!

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

Thanks be to God!

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

Thanks be to God!

Had the apple never been taken,
Our Lady would never have been heavenly queen.

Blessed be the time the apple was taken.

Therefore we must sing

Thanks be to God!