

TRANSLATIONS

Als I Lay on Yoolis Night

John Grimestone
(14th Century)

Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay:
mi deere moder, sing lullay.
Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay:
mi deere moder, sing lullay.

*Lullaby, lullaby, lay, lay, lullaby:
my dear mother, sing a lullaby.
Lullaby, lullaby, lay, lay, lullaby:
my dear mother, sing a lullaby.*

Als I lay on Yoolis Night
alone in my longing
me thought I saw a well fair sight,
a may hiar child rokking.

*As I lay on Yule Night
alone in my longing,
I thought I saw a well fair sight,
a maiden rocking her child.*

The maiden wold withouten
song hir child o sleep to bring;
the child him thought sche ded him wrong
and bad his moder sing.

*The maiden would without song
bring her child to sleep,
the child thought she did him wrong
and bade his mother sing.*

'Sing nou moder,' said the child,
'wat schal tome befall
heerafter wan I cum til eld,
for so doon modres all.'

*"Sing now mother," said the child,
"what shall befall me
hereafter when I come to age,
for all mothers do this".*

'Ich a moder, trewely,
that kan hir credel keep,
is wun to lullen luvly
and sing hir child o sleep.'

*I am a mother, truly,
that keeps an eye on her cradle,
filled with want to lovingly lull
and sing to sleep her own child.*

'Sweete moder, fair and free,
because that it is so,
I pray thee that thou lulle me
and sing sumwat therto.'

*"Sweet mother, fair and free,
because it is so
I pray that you shall lull me
and sing somewhat thereto."*

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

*"Sweet son," she said,
"whatever should I sing?
I knew no more of you
but Gabriel's greeting."*

'Serteynly this sicht I say,
this song I herde sing,
als I me lay this Yoolis day
alone in my longing.'

*"Certainly this song I've seen,
this song I've heard sung,
as I lay this Yule day
alone in my longing."*

Veni, Veni Emmanuel

Unknown

Veni, veni, Emmanuel
captivum solve Israel,
qui gemit in exsilio,
privatus Dei Filio.

*O come, O come, Emmanuel,
and ransom captive Israel
that mourns in lonely exile here
until the Son of God appear.*

Refrain:
Gaude! Gaude! Emmanuel,
nascetur pro te Israel!

*Refrain:
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
shall come to thee, O Israel!*

Veni, O Sapientia,
quae hic disponis omnia,
veni, viam prudentiae
ut doceas et gloriae.

*O come, Thou Wisdom, from on high,
and order all things far and nigh;
to us the path of knowledge show,
and teach us in her ways to go.*

Veni, veni, Adonai,
qui populo in Sinai
legem dedisti vertice
in maiestate gloriae.

*O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height
in ancient times did give the law
in cloud and majesty and awe.*

Veni, Clavis Davidica,
regna reclude caelica,
fac iter tutum superum,
et claude vias inferum.

*O come, Thou Dayspring from on high,
and cheer us by thy drawing nigh;
disperse the gloomy clouds of night
and death's dark shadow put to flight.*

Отче наш

Liturgy of Saint John Chrysostom

Отче наш, Иже еси на небесех!
да святится имя Твое.
да приидет Царствие Твое,
да будет воля Твоя,
яко на небеси и на земли.
Хлеб наш на сущный даждь нам днесь
и остави нам долги наша,
якоже и мы оставляем должником нашим:
и не введи нас во искушение,
но избави нас от лукаваго. Аминь.

*Our Father, who is in heaven!
glory to Your name.
bring in Your kingdom,
cause Your will to be done,
both in heaven and on earth.
Give us today our daily bread,
and forgive us our debts,
as we also forgive those who owe us:
do not lead us into temptation,
but rescue us from evil. Amen.*

A Child's Prayer

Remembered by Composer from Childhood

Welcome Jesu,
Deep in my soul forever stay,

Joy and love my heart are filling
On this glad Communion day.

The Lamb

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee;

Coventry Carol

Lullay, lullay
My little tiny child
By-by, lullay, lullay

Oh, sisters two
How may we do
For to preserve this day?
This poor youngling
Of whom we do sing
By-by, lullay, lullay

Herod the King
In his raging
Charged he hath this day
His men of might
In his own sight
All children young to slay

Adam Lay Ybounden

Adam Lay ybounden bounden in a bond.
Four thousand winter thought he not too long.

And all was for an apple, and apple that he took.
As clerkes finden written in their book.

William Blake
(1757 – 1827)

He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and he is mild.
He became a little child.

I, a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

Robert Croo
(16th Century)

Then woe is me
Poor child for thee
And ever mourn and say
For thy parting
Nor say nor sing
By-by, lullay, lullay

Lullay, lullay
My little tiny child
By-by, lullay, lullay

Unknown
(15th Century)

Ne, ne, had the apple taken been.
Ne had never our ladie abeen heav'n queen.

Blessed be the time that apple taken was
therefore we moun singen Deo gracias.

This is the Truth Sent from Above

This is the truth sent from above,
The truth of God, the God of love;
Therefore don't turn me from your door,
But hearken all both rich and poor.

The first thing which I do relate
Is that God did man create;
The next thing which to you I'll tell
Woman was made with man to dwell.
And we were heirs to endless woes,
Till God the Lord did interpose;
And so a promise soon did run
That he would redeem us by his Son.

In Dulci Jubilo

In dulci jubilo,
Nun singet und seid froh!
Unsers Herzens Wonne liegt
in praesepio,
Und leuchtet als die Sonne
Matris in gremio,
Alpha es et O!

O Jesu parvule
Nach dir ist mir so weh!
Tröst' mir mein Gemüte
O puer optime
Durch alle deine Güte
O princeps gloriae.
Trahe me post te!
O Patris caritas!
O Nati lenitas!
Wir wären all verloren (verdorben)
Per nostra crimina
So hat er uns erworben
Coelorum gaudia
Eia, wären wir da!

Ubi sunt gaudia
Nirgend mehr denn da!
Da die Engel singen
Nova cantica,
Und die Schellen klingen
In regis curia.
Eia, wären wir da!

Unknown

Thus he in love to us behaved,
To show us how we must be saved;
And if you want to know the way,
Be pleased to hear what he did say.

And at that season of the year
Our blest Redeemer did appear;
He here did live, and here did preach,
And may thousands he did teach.
Thus he in love to us behaved,
To show us how we must be saved;
And if you want to know the way,
Be pleased to hear what he did say.

attrib. Heinrich Seuse
(1295 – 1366)

*In dulci jubilo [In quiet joy]
Now sing with hearts aglow!
Our delight and pleasure lies
in praesepio; [in a manger]
Like sunshine is our treasure
matris in gremio. [in the mother's lap]
Alpha es et O [Thou art Alpha and Omega]*

*O Jesu parvule [O tiny Jesus]
For thee I long away;
Comfort my heart's blindness,
O puer optima [O best of boys]
With all Thy loving kindness,
O princeps gloriae, [O Prince of glory]
Trahe me post te. [draw me unto thee]
O patris caritas [O love of the Father]
O nati lenitas [O gentleness of the Son]
Deeply were we stained
Per nostra crimina [through our sins]
But Thou for us hast gainèd
Coelorum gaudia [the joy of heaven]
O that we were there!*

*Ubi sunt gaudia [where are joys]
In any place but there?
There are angels singing
Nova cantina [new songs]
And there the bells are ringing
In regis curia [in the king's court]
O that we were there!*

There is No Rose of Such Virtue

There is no rose of such virtue
As is the rose that bare Jesu,
Alleluia.

For in this rose contained was
Heaven and earth in little space,
Res miranda. [*thing of wonder*]

By that rose we may well see
That he is God in persons three,
Pari forma. [*equal in form*]

Jesus Christ the Apple Tree

The tree of life my soul hath seen,
Laden with fruit, and always green:
The trees of nature fruitless be
Compared with Christ the apple tree.

His beauty doth all things excel:
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell
The glory which I now can see
In Jesus Christ the apple tree.

For happiness I long have sought,
And pleasure dearly I have bought:

Es ist ein Ros entsprungen

Es ist ein Ros entsprungen
aus einer Wurzel zart,
wie uns die Alten sungen,
von Jesse kam die Art
und hat ein Blümlein bracht
mitten im kalten Winter,
wohl zu der halben Nacht.
Das Röslein, das ich meine,
davon Jesaia sagt,
hat uns gebracht alleine
Marie die reine Magd.
Aus Gottes ewgem Rat
hat sie ein Kind geboren
wohl zu der halben Nacht.

Unknown
(15th Century)

The angels sungen the shepherds to:
Gloria in excelsis deo:
Gaudeamus. [*let us rejoice*]

Leave we all this worldly mirth,
And follow we this joyful birth,
Transeamus. [*let us go across*]

Alleluia, res miranda,
Pares forma, gaudeamus,
Transeamus.

Unknown
(18th Century)

I missed of all: but now I see
'Tis found in Christ the apple tree.

I'm weary with my former toil,
Here I will sit and rest awhile:
Under the shadow I will be
Of Jesus Christ the apple tree.

This fruit doth make my soul to thrive,
It keeps my dying faith alive;
Which makes my soul in haste to be
With Jesus Christ the apple tree.

Unknown
(17th Century)

*Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming
from tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
as men of old have sung.
It came, a floweret bright,
amid the cold of winter,
When half spent was the night.
Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
the Rose I have in mind;
With Mary we behold it,
the virgin mother kind.
To show God's love aright,
she bore to men a Savior,
When half spent was the night.*

Das Blümelein so kleine,
das duftet uns so süß,
mit seinem hellen Scheine
vertreibt's die Finsternis:
Wahr' Mensch und wahrer Gott,
hilft uns aus allem Leide,
rettet von Sünd und Tod.

Lob, Ehr sei Gott dem Vater,
dem Sohn und heiligen Geist!
Maria, Gottesmutter,
sei hoch gebenedeit!
Der in der Krippen lag,
der wendet Gottes Zoren,
wandelt die Nacht in Tag.

O Jesu, bis zum Scheiden
aus diesem Jamerthal
Laß dein Hilf uns geleiten
hin in der Engel Saal,
In deines Vaters Reich,
da wir dich ewig loben:
o Gott, uns das verlei

In the Bleak Mid-Winter

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan;
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold Him
Nor earth sustain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty —
Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him, whom Cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breast full of milk
And a manger full of hay.

*The shepherds heard the story
proclaimed by angels bright,
How Christ, the Lord of glory
was born on earth this night.
To Bethlehem they sped
and in the manger found Him,
As angel heralds said.*

*This Flow'r, whose fragrance tender
with sweetness fills the air,
Dispels with glorious splendor
the darkness everywhere;
True Man, yet very God,
from sin and death He saves us,
And lightens every load.*

*O Savior, Child of Mary,
who felt our human woe,
O Savior, King of glory,
who dost our weakness know;
Bring us at length we pray,
to the bright courts of Heaven,
And to the endless day!*

Christina Rossetti
(1830 – 1894)

Enough for Him, whom Angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

Angels and Archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Thronged the air;
But only His Mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Beloved
With a kiss.

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am? —
If I were a Shepherd
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a Wise Man
I would do my part, —
Yet what I can I give Him, —
Give my heart.

Hymn to the Virgin

Of one that is so fair and bright,
Velut maris stella, [*like a star of the sea*]
Brighter than the day is light,
Parens et puella, [*both mother and maiden*]
I cry to thee, thou see to me,
Lady, pray thy Son for me,
Tam pia, [*so pure*]
That I may come to thee,
Maria. [*Mary*]

All this world was forlorn,
Eva peccatrice, [*because of Eve, a sinner*]
Till our Lord was y-born
De te genitrice, [*through you, his mother*]
with ave it went away,
Darkest night, and comes the day
Salutis: [*of salvation*]
The well springeth out of thee
Virtutis. [*of virtue*]

Unknown
(14th Century)

Lady, flow'r of everything,
Rosa sine spina, [*Rose without thorn*]
Thou bare Jesu, heaven's king,
Gratia divina. [*by divine grace*]
Of all thou bear'st the prize,
Lady, queen of paradise;
Electa, [*chosen*]
Maid mild, mother
es Effecta. [*you are made*]