

## Texts and Translations

### **Hodie christus natus est**

*Hodie Christus natus est.  
Hodie salvator apparuit.  
Hodie in terra canunt angeli,  
letantur archangeli.  
Hodie exultant justi, dicentes  
gloria in excelsis deo.  
Alleluya.*

Today Christ is born;  
today the savior has appeared;  
today the angels sing on earth,  
the archangels rejoice;  
today good people exult, saying,  
"Glory to God in the highest."  
Alleluia!

### **A nywe werke**

*Alleluya, alleluya, alleluya.*

*A nywe werk is come on honde  
þorw myzt & grace of Godys sonde  
to save þe lost of euery londe,  
alleluya, alleluya  
for now is fre þat erst was bonde,  
we mowe wel synge alleluya.*

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

A new work has come on hand,  
through the might and grace of God's  
messenger,  
to save the lost of every land.  
*alleluia, alleluia*  
For he is now free who was once in bondage;  
we may well sing alleluia!

*By Gabriel by-gunne hit was  
ryzt as the sunne shone thorwe the glas.  
Ihesu Cryst conceyued was  
alleluya, alleluya  
of Mary moder ful of grace.  
Nowe synge we here alleluya.*

By Gabriel it was begun;  
just as the sun shone through the glass,  
Jesus Christ was conceived  
*alleluia, alleluia*  
of Mary, mother, full of grace.  
Now let us sing alleluia!

### **Ther is no rose of swych vertu**

*Ther is no rose of swych vertu  
as is the rose that bar Ihesu.*

*Ther is no rose of swych vertu  
as is the rose that bar Ihesu, alleluya.*

*For in this rose conteyned was  
heuen and erthe in lytyl space,  
res miranda.*

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

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

*Be that rose we may weel see  
that he is God in personys thre,  
pari forma.*

By that rose we may well see  
that he is God in persons three,  
but of equal form.

*The aungelys sungyn the sheperdes to,  
'Gloria in excelsis Deo. Gaudeamus.*

The angels sang to the shepherds,  
"Glory in the highest to God." Let us rejoice!

*Leue we al this worldly merthe,  
and folwe we this ioyful berthe.  
Transeamus.*

Let us leave this worldly mirth  
and follow this joyful birth.  
Let us go.

**Nowel: Owt of your slepe aryse**

*Nowel, nowel, nowel,  
nowel, nowel, nowel.*

*Owt of your slepe aryse & wake  
for God mankynd nowe hath ytake  
al of a maide without eny make,  
of al women she bereth the belle.  
Nowel.*

*And þorwe a maide fare & wyse  
now man is made of ful grete pris.  
Now angelys knelen to mannys seruys  
& at þis tyme al þis byfel.  
Nowel.*

*Now man is brizter þan þe sonne,  
Now man in heuen an hye shal wonne.  
Blessed be God þis game is begonne  
& his moder emperesse of helle.  
Nowel.*

**Solstice Carole**

A fire is burning  
The long night draws near  
All who need comfort  
Are welcome by here

We'll dance 'neath the stars  
And toast the past year  
For the spirit of solstice  
Is still living here

We'll count all our blessings  
While the Mother lays down  
With snow as her blanket  
Covering the ground

**Adam Lay Ybounden**

Adam lay ybounden  
Bounden in a bond;  
Four thousand winter,  
Thought he not too long.  
And all was for an apple  
An apple that he took.  
As clerkes finden,  
Written in their book.  
Ne had the apple taken been

Nowell, nowell, nowell,  
nowell, nowell, nowell.

Out of your sleep arise and awaken,  
for God has taken human form  
from a maid without any equal:  
of all women she is best.  
*Nowell!*

And through a fair and wise maiden  
humankind is now brought to its full worth;  
now the angels kneel in the service of humanity  
and at Christmas time, all this took place.  
*Nowell!*

Now man is brighter than the sun;  
Man shall now dwell on high;  
Blessed be God that this game is begun,  
And his mother the empress of hell.  
*Nowell!*

Thanks to the Mother  
For the life that she brings  
She'll waken to warm us  
Again in the spring

The poor and the hungry  
The sick and the lost  
These are our children  
No matter the cost

Come by the fire  
The harvest to share  
For the spirit of solstice  
Is still living here

The apple taken been,  
Ne had never our ladie,  
abeen heav'ne queen.  
Blessed be the time  
That apple taken was,  
Therefore we moun singen.  
Deo gracias!

— anonymous 15th century

### **O Frondens Virga**

*O frondens virga,  
in tua nobilitate stans  
sicut aurora procedit:  
nunc gaude et letare  
et nos debiles dignare  
a mala consuetudine liberare  
atque manum tuam porrige ad erigendum nos.*  
— Hildegard von Bingen (1098–1179)

O verdant branch,  
standing in your nobility  
as dawn advances:  
now rejoice and be glad,  
and deem us, helpless ones, worthy  
of freeing us from evil habits  
and even stretch forth your hand to lift us up.

### **There Is No Rose**

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

By that rose we may well see  
There be one God in persons three.  
Pares forma.

For in this rose contained was  
Heaven and earth in little space.  
Resmiranda.

Then leave we all this worldly mirth,  
And follow we this joyous birth.  
Transeamus.  
— Anonymous medieval text

### **Maoz Tzur**

*Ma'oz Tzur Yeshu'ati, lekha na'eh leshabe'ach.*  
*Tikon beit tefilati, vesham toda nezabe'ach.*  
*Le'et takhin matbe'ah mitzar hammabe'ach.*  
*Az egmor beshir mizmor chanukat*  
*hamizbe'ach.*  
— Anonymous 13th century

My Refuge, my Rock of Salvation! 'Tis pleasant to sing Your praises. Let our house of prayer be restored. And there we will offer You our thanks. When You will have slaughtered the barking foe. Then we will celebrate with song and psalm the altar's dedication.

### **Lead Gently, Lord**

Lead gently, Lord, and slow,  
For oh, my steps are weak,  
And ever as I go,  
Some soothing sentence speak;

Lead gently, Lord, and slow,  
For fear that I may fall;  
I know not where to go  
Unless I hear thy call.

That I may turn my face  
Through doubt's obscurity  
Toward thine abiding-place,  
E'en tho' I cannot see.

My fainting soul doth yearn  
For thy green hills afar;  
So let thy mercy burn –  
My greater, guiding star!

For lo, the way is dark;  
Through mist and cloud I grope,  
Save for that fitful spark,  
The little flame of hope.

— Paul Lawrence Dunbar (1872-1906)

### **This Little Light of Mine**

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine. Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.  
All through the night, I'm gonna let it shine. Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.  
My God gave it to me, I'm gonna let it shine, children. Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

## **The Legends of Saint Nicholas**

### **Intonent Hodie**

*Intonent hodie voces ecclesie  
Dies letitie  
refulsit in mundo ergo letabundo  
corde jubilemo et ore jucundo.*

*Sanctus hic inclitus domino subditus  
in cunis positus;  
ubera vitabat, corpus macerabat  
et ter in sabbato puer jejunabat.*

*Parenti misero submerso puero  
mari pestifero  
dedit quod petivit, preces exaudivit,  
submersum puerum patris custodivit.*

*Tribus virginibus victu carentibus  
[auri egentibus]  
reddidit honorem, subtraxit errorem  
reddens virginibus virgineum florem.*

### **Exultemus et letemur**

*Exultemus et letemur, nicholaum veneremur,  
eius laudes decantemus et suef aleiz,  
decantando perdicemus et si m'entendeiz.*

*Quidquid adest homo gaude, presul adest dignus laude.  
Omnis ordo gratulare et suef aleiz,  
novum dignum exultare et si m'entendeiz.*

*Vates tuus sit hic clamor nicholae noster amor,  
hec et noster qui sit rector et suef aleiz,  
jube domne dicat lector et si m'entendeiz.*

### **Gaudens in domino**

*Gaudens in domino in hoc sollempnio  
letetur omnium turba fidelium,*

*hymnis et organis ad laudem presulis,  
cuius miracula canit ecclesia.*

*Qui ab infantia divina gratia  
servivit domino devoto animo.*

*Et tu progredere o lector incipe  
in primo carmine dic iube domine.*

Let the voices of the church sing out today.  
Thus this joyful day  
shone forth in a rejoicing world  
with a jubilant heart and a merry mouth.

This famous saint, the lord's subject,  
was placed in a cradle;  
he avoided the breast, denied his flesh,  
and thrice on Saturday the little boy fasted.

To the wretched parent, his boy drowned  
in the dangerous sea,  
he granted what was asked; he heard his  
prayers,  
and gave the drowned boy back to his father.

To the three virgins lacking food and needing  
money, he restored honor, saving them from  
error, giving back to the maidens the flower of  
virginity.

Let us be glad and rejoice, let us honor Nicholas,  
let us sing his praises and go softly,  
let us praise him with singing and so hear me.

Everything here, rejoice: here is the praiseworthy  
patron. Every rank renders thanks and go softly,  
to exalt the new worthy one and so hear me.

Master, may this your paean be our love of  
Nicholas; may he be our guide and go softly,  
let the reader say: "command, o lord" and so hear  
me.

Praising the lord on this holy day,  
let the throng of all the faithful rejoice

with hymns and organs, in praise of the bishop  
whose miracles the church sings;

who from his infancy, by divine grace,  
served the lord with a devoted heart.

And thus, o reader, step forward and begin, and  
with your first notes, say: "Command, o lord."

### **Nicholai presulis**

*Nicholai presulis festum celebremus  
concrepando moduli letitie sonemus.  
Versibus almisonis diem decoremus  
vocibus altisonis intenti festinemus.*

*In tanto natalitio patrum docet traditio  
ut consonet in gaudio fidelium devotio,  
est ergo superstitio vacare a tripudio.*

*Nunc igitur iustorum suavitas cantorum  
per tymphanum et chorum et omne musicorum  
genus instrumentorum psallat deo decorum.*

### **Santa Claus is Coming to Town**

Oh, you better watch out, you better not cry.  
You better not pout, I'm tellin' you why:  
Santa Claus is comin' to town.

Oh, he's makin' a list, and checkin' it twice.  
Gonna find out who's naughty and nice.  
Santa Claus is comin to town.

He sees you when you're sleeping. He knows when you're awake.  
He knows if you've been bad or good, so be good for goodness sake.

Oh, you better watch out, you better not cry.  
You better not pout, I'm tellin' you why:  
Santa Claus is comin' to town.

Let us celebrate the feast of bishop Nicholas,  
singing happy melodies together.  
With sweet songs we'll ornament this day,  
letting our voices soar high and quick.

On such a natal feast, our ancestors' tradition  
teaches that the devotion of the faithful should  
harmonize in joy, so let fear give way to dancing.

Now, therefore let the sweet songs of the just —  
with drums and chorus and every kind  
of musical instruments — sing to the God of gods.

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