

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

SARUM CHANT: *A solis ortus cardine*

*A solis ortus cardine et usque terrae limitem
Christum canamu principem natum Maria virgine.*

*Beatus auctor saeculi scriuile corpus induit
ut carne carnem liberans ne perderet condidit*

*Castae parentis viscera Caelestis intrat gratia
Venter puellae bajulat secreta quae non noverat*

*Domus pudici pectoris templum repente fit Dei
Intacta nesciens virum concepit alvo Filium.*

*Enititur puerperal Quem Gabriel praedixerat
Quem ventre matris gestiens Baptista clausum senserat.*

*Foeno jacere pertulit Praesepe non abhoruit
Et lacte modico pasus est per quem nec ales esurit*

*Gaudet chorus caelestium Et Angeli canunt Deo
Palamque fit pastoribus Pastor, Creator omnium.*

*Jesu, tibi sit gloria qui natus es de Virgine
Cum Patre et almo Spiritu in sempiterna saecula.
Amen.*

MARCH 25: THE ANNUNCIATION

CAROL: Nowell, nowell . . . Tydings trew

Nowell, nowell, nowell!

This is the salutation off the aungell Gabriel.

*Tydings trew ther be cum new, sent frome the Trinite
Be Gabriel to Nazaret, cite off Galile.*

*A clene mayden and pure virgyn, thorow hyre humilite,
Conceyvoid the second person in divinite. Nowell . . .*

*Whan he fyrst presentid was before hyre fayere visag,
In the most demuere and goodly wys He ded to hyre
omag And seid, "Lady, frome heven so hy, that Lordes
berytag The wich off the borne wold be, I am sent on
messag." Nowell . . .*

*"Hayle, virgyne celestiall, the mekest that ever was;
Hayle, temple off deitie and myrroure off all grace;
Hayle virgyne puer, I the ensure, within full lytyl space
Thou shalt receyve and hymn conceyve
That shall bryng gret solace." Nowell . . .*

*Thane ageyne to the aungell she answered womanly,
"Whatever my Lord commaund me do
I wyll ebey mekely,
Ecce, sum humilima ancilla Domini;
Secundum verbum, "she seid," fiat mihi." Nowell . . .
(Luke 1:38)*

From where the sun first rises, even to the ends of earth,
our sovereign Christ we sing, born of the Virgin Mary.

The blessed Framer of the universe put on our servile flesh:
that in flesh He might make flesh free and not lose those He had made.

Into the body of His pure mother came heavenly grace:
the Virgin's womb carried mysteries, which remained divine therein.

The house of her chaste heart was suddenly made God's chosen temple:
untouched and knowing no man, she conceived in her womb a son.

She brought forth in labour whom Gabriel had prophesied,
whom the unborn Baptist sensed, and leapt within his mother's womb.

He suffered to be laid in straw, and did not abhor the cattle's feeding
trough: a little milk sufficed to feed the One who sees to it that even
birds should not go hungry.

The heavenly chorus rejoices, and angels sing to God: the
Shepherd of Israel is announced to the Shepherds, the Creator of all.

Jesus, to you be glory, who were born of the Virgin;
with the Father and the Holy Spirit, world without end. Amen.

Noel, noel, noel!

This is the salutation of the angel Gabriel.

Tidings true there be come new, sent from the Trinity
By Gabriel to Nazareth, city of Galilee.

A clean maiden and pure virgin, through her humility,
Conceived the Second Person in divinity. Noel . . .

When he first presented was before her fair visage,
In the most demure and goodly wise He did to her homage
And said, "Lady, from heaven so high, that Lord's heritage
The which of thee born would be, I am sent on message."
Noel . . .

"Hail, virgin celestial, the meekest that ever was;
Hail, temple of Deity and mirror of all grace;
Hail virgin pure, I thee ensure, within full little space
Thou shalt receive and him conceive
That shall bring great solace." Noel . . .

Then again to the angel she answered womanly,
"Whatever my Lord command me do
I will obey meekly,
Behold, I am the handmaid of the Lord;
Let it be unto me according to thy word." Noel . . .
(Luke 1:38)

CAROL:

Hayl Mary, ful of grace . . . The Holi Goste

Hayl Mary, ful of grace Moder in virginite.

*The Holi Gost is to the sent From the Fader
Omnipotent; Now is God withyn the went
While the angel seide, "Ave."*

Hayl Mary, ful of grace . . .

*So seith the gospel of Syn Johan: God and man is made
al one In flesh and blode, body and bone,
O God in personys thre.*

Hayl Mary, ful of grace . . .

*Mary, graunte us of the blys Thereas thy Sonys wonynges;
Of that we have done amys Pray for us pur charite.*

Hayl Mary, ful of grace . . .

Hail Mary, full of grace, Mother in virginity.

The Holy Ghost is to thee sent From the Father Omnipotent;
Now is God within thee went While the angel said, "Ave."

Hail Mary, full of grace . . .

So saith the Gospel of Saint John: God and man is made all one
In flesh and blood, body and bone, O God in persons three.

Hail Mary, full of grace . . .

Mary, grant us of the bliss There as thy Son winning is;
Of that we have done amiss Pray for us, for charity.

Hail Mary, full of grace . . .

MOTET: Venter tuus

*Venter tuus, o puella, thalamus, palatium,
Aula, domus, templum, cella, civitas, sacrarium.*

*Vitis, via, rosa, stella, margarita, lilium,
Digna dignis interPELLa pro indignis Filium.*

Thy womb, O maiden: Wedding-chamber, Palatine Hill,
Royal court, household, temple, treasury, Walled city, holy of holies.

Vine-branch, pathway, rose, star Pearl of price, lily-flower,
Worthy, deign to intercede For the unworthy with thy Son.

DECEMBER 25: THE NATIVITY

ANTIPHON: Facta est cum angelo

*Facta est cum angelo multitudo celestis exercitum
laudantium et dicencium gloria in excelsis deo
et in terra pax hominibus bone voluntatis, alleluya.
(Luke 2:13-14)*

Then there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly hosts,
giving praise and saying, "Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth peace to men of good will, Alleluia."
(Luke 2:13-14)

CANTICLE:

Benedicite omnia opera domini domino

*Benedicite omnia opera domini domino:
laudate et superexaltate eum in secula.*

Benedicite angeli domini domino:

benedicite celi domino.

Benedicite aque omnes que supe celos sunt domino:

benedicite omnes virtutes domini domino.

Benedicite sol et luna domino:

benedicite stellae celi domino.

Benedicite omnis ymber et ros domino:

benedicite omnes spiritus dei domino.

Benedicite ignis et estus domino:

benedicite frigus et estus domino.

Benedicite glacies et nives domino:

benedicite noctes et dies domino.

Benedicite lux et tenebre domino:

benedicite fulgura et nubes domino.

Benedicat terra dominum:

laudet et superexaltet eum in secula.

Bless ye the Lord, all his works:
praise and exalt him forever.

Bless the Lord, ye angels of his:
bless the Lord, ye heavens.

Bless the Lord, all ye waters that are above the heavens:
bless the Lord, all ye his powers.

Sun and moon, bless ye the Lord:

bless the Lord, ye stars of heaven.

All rain and dew, bless ye the Lord:

bless the Lord all ye winds, which are of God.

Bless ye the Lord, fire and heat:

winter and summer, bless ye the Lord.

Bless ye the Lord, ye torrents and frosts:

midnight and noontime, bless the Lord.

Light and darkness, bless ye the Lord:

bless ye the Lord, lightning and cloud.

Let the round earth bless the Lord:

let her praise and exalt him forever.

CAROL: As I outrode this endres night

*As I outrode this endres night,
Of thre ioli sheppards I saw a sight,
And all abowte there fold a star shone bright.
They sange "Terli terlow,"
So mereli the sheppards there pipes can blowe.*

*Doune from heaven, from heaven so hie,
Of angeles ther came a great companie,
With mirth and ioy and great solemmitye,
They sange "Terli terlow,"
So mereli the sheppards there pipes can blowe.*

CAROL:

Ecce, quod natura . . . Ecce novum gaudium

*Ecce, quod natura mutat sua jura;
virgo parit pura dei filium.*

*Ecce novum gaudium, ecce novum mirum;
virgo parit filium, que non novit virum;
que non novit virum, sed ut pirus pirus,
gleba fert saphirum, dei filium. Ecce . . .*

*Mundum deus flebilem videns in ruina,
rosam delactabilem produxit de spina;
produxit de spina, que celi regina
nostara medicina et salus hominum. Ecce . . .*

*Nequivit divinitas plus humiliari,
nec nostra fragilitas magis exaltari,
magis exaltari, quam celo locari,
deo coequari, per conjugium. Ecce . . .*

MOTET: Nesciens mater

*Nesciens mater
virgo virum peperit sine dolore
salvatorem saeculorum.
Ipsam regem angelorum sola
virgo lactabat ubera de coelo plena.*

CAROL: A, my dere, a, my dere Son

*"A, my dere, a, my dere Son," Seyd Mary, "A, my dere;
A, my dere, a, my dere Son," Seyd Mary, "A, my dere;
Kys thi moder, Jhesu, With a lawghyng chere."*

*This endurs nyght I sawe a sight All in my slepe:
Mary, that may, She sang lullay And sore did wepe.
To kepe she sought Full fast aboute Her Son from colde;
Joseph seyde, "Wiff, My joy, my lyff, Say what ye wolde."
"Nothyng, my spowse, Is in this howse Vnto my paye;
My Son, a Kyng That made all thyng, Lyth in hay."
"A, my dere . . .*

As I outrode the other night,
Of three jolly shepherds I saw a sight,
And all about their fold a star shone bright.
They sang "Terli terlow,"
So merrily the shepherds their pipes can blow.

Down from heaven, from heaven so high,
Of angels there came a great company,
With mirth and joy and great solemnity.
They sang "Terli terlow,"
So merrily the shepherds their pipes can blow

Behold, how nature Changes her law:
A pure virgin gives birth To the Son of God.

Behold new joy, Behold a new wonder;
A virgin gives birth, Without knowing man;
Without knowing man, But as the tree fruit,
As the rock a gem, She bears the Son of God. Behold . . .

God, seeing the woeful World in ruin,
Grew a perfect rose From the thorn;
From the thorn, Who is queen of heaven,
Our remedy And the salvation of mankind. Behold . . .

Divinity could not have been More humbled,
Nor our frailty More greatly exalted,
More greatly exalted, Than to be placed in heaven,
Co-equal to God, Through conjunction. [of divinity and humanity in
Christ] Behold . . .

Mother without carnal knowledge of man,
a virgin has brought forth a son without pain,
the saviour of the world.
The king of angels himself did she nurse, she alone,
a virgin whose breasts were filled by heaven.

"Ah, my dear, ah, my dear son." said Mary; "Ah, my dear.
Ah, my dear, ah, my dear son." said Mary, "Ah, my dear.
Kiss thy mother, Jesu, With a laughing cheer."

This enders night I saw a sight All in my sleep:
Mary, that may, She sang lullay, And sore did weep.
To keep she sought Full fast about Her son from cold;
Joseph said, "Wife, My joy, my life, Say what ye would."
"Nothing, my spouse, Is in this house Unto my paye;
My Son, a king, That made all thing, Lieth in hay."

"Ah, my dear . . .

*My moder dere, Amend your chere, And now be still;
Thus for to lye, It is sothely My Fadirs will.
Derision, Gret passion Infynytly, infynytely,
As it is fownd, Many a wovond Suffyr shall I.
On Caluery, That is so hye, Ther shall I be,
Man to restore, Naylid full sore Vppon a tre.
“A, my dere . . .*

CAROL: Nowel, nowel . . . Owt of your slepe aryse

Nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel!

*Owt of your slepe aryse and wake,
For God mankynd nowe hath ytake
Al of a maide without eny make;
O al women she bereth the belle. Nowel!
Nowel, nowel . . .*

*Now man may to heaven wende:
Now heven and erthe to hym they bende:
He that was foo now is oure frende:
This is no nay that Y yowe telle. Nowel!
Nowel, nowel . . .*

*Now, blessyd brother, graunte us grace
A domesday to se thy face
And in thy courte to have a place,
That wemow there synge nowel. Nowel!
Nowel, nowel . . .*

DECEMBER 26: SAINT STEPHEN

HYMN: Sancte dei preciose

*Sancte dei preciose prothomartir Stephane
qui virtute caritatis circumfultus undique
dominum pro inimico exorasti populo:*

*Funde preces pro devoto tibi nunc collegio
Ut tuo propiciatus intuentu dominus
nos purgatos a peccatis iungat celi civibus.*

*Gloria et honor deo usquequo altissimo
una patri filioque inclito paraclito
cui laus est et potestas per eterna secula. Amen.*

CAROL: Eya, martir Stephane . . .

Of this marter make we mende

*Eya, martir Stephane, Prey for us, we prey to the.
Of this marter make we mende, Qui triumphavit hodie
And to hevене blysse gan wende Dono celestis gracie.
Eya, martir Stephane . . .
Stonyd he was wyth stonys grete Fervore gentis impie;
Than he say cryst sitte in sete, Innixum patris dextere.
Eya, martir Stephane . . .*

“My mother dear, Amend your cheer, And now be still;
Thus for to lie, It is soothly, My father’s will.
Derision, Great passion, Infinitely, infinitely,
As it is found, Many a wound Suffer shall I
On Calvary That so high, There shall I be,
Man to restore, Nailed full sore Upon a tree.”
“Ah, my dear . . .”

Noel, noel, noel, Noel, noel, noel!

Out of your sleep arise and wake,
For God mankind now hath I take
All of a maid without any make:
Of all women she beareth the bell. Noel!
Noel, noel . . .

Now man may to heaven wend:
Now heaven and earth to him they bend:
He that was foe now is our friend:
This is no nay that I you tell. Noel!
Noel, noel . . .

Now blessed brother, grant us grace
At doomsday to see thy face
And in thy court to have a place
That we may there sing noel. Noel!
Noel, noel . . .

O God’s treasured protomartyr, Stephen, who for charity,
Holy man, beset on all sides, pleaded for the Lord’s mercy
On a people which had made itself thy deadly enemy,

Pour out prayers for the brotherhood that praises thee,
That for thy concern, the Lord, having cleansed us of sin,
May favor us by uniting us with heaven’s citizens.

All glory and honor to the Father and the Son,
And to the renowned Spirit, God on high, the Trinity,
To whom praise and power ever be, forever and ever. Amen.

O thou martyr Stephen, Pray for us, we pray to thee.

Of this martyr let us be mindful, Who triumphed on this day
And to heaven’s bliss gained way By the gift of celestial grace.
O thou martyr Stephen . . .

Stoned he was with great stones In an ungodly nation’s wrath;
Then he saw Christ enthroned At the right hand of the Father.
O thou martyr Stephen . . .

*Thou preydyst Cryst for thin enmyse, O martir
invictissime; Thou prey for us that bye Justyse Ut nos
purget a crimine. Eya, martir Stephane . . .*

Thou prayest to Christ for thine enemies, O martyr most
unconquerable; Pray for us to the Judge on high That he might cleanse
us of our sins. O thou martyr Stephen . . .

DECEMBER 27:

SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST

RESPONSORY: Hic ist discipulus

*Hic est discipulus qui testimonium
perhibet de hiis et scripsit hec. (John 21:24)
Et scimus quia verum est testimonium eius.
Qui contestatus est verbum dei et testimonium
ihesu xristi in hiis quacumque vidit.
(Revelations 1:2)*

This is the disciple who gives this testimony
and who wrote these things. *(John 21:24)*
And we know that his testimony is true.
Who bear witness of all he had seen,
the Word of God and testimony of Jesus, the Christ.
(Revelations 1:2)

DECEMBER 28: THE HOLY INNOCENTS

CAROL: Worcepe we this holy day . . .

Herode that was bothe wylde and wode

*Worcepe we this holy day
That all Innocentis for us pray.
Herode, that was bothe wylde and wode,
Ful muche he shadde of Cristen blode,
To sle that chylde so mede of mode
That Mary bare, that clene may.
Worcepe we this holy day . . .
Herode sloo with pryde and synne
Thowsandes of ii yere and withynne;
The body of Criste he thought to wynne
And to destrye the Cristen fay.
Worcepe we this holy day . . .*

Worship we this holy day
That all Innocents for us pray.
Herod, that was both wild and wood [mad],
Full much he shed of Christian blood,
To slay that child so meek of mood
That Mary bore, that clean maiden.
Worship we this holy day . . .
Herod slew with pride and sin
Thousands of two year and within;
The body of Christ he thought to win
And to destroy the Christian faith.
Worship we this holy day . . .

CAROL: Lully lulla . . . O sisters too

*Lully, lulla, thow littell tine child,
By, by, lully, lullay, thow littell tyne child,
By, by, lully, lullay.
O sisters too, How may we do For to preserve this day
This poor yongling For whom we do singe,
"By, by, lully, lullay." Lully, lulla . . .
Herod the King In his raging, Chargid he hath this day
His men of might In his owne sight
All yonge children to slay. Lully, lulla . . .
That wo is me, Pore child, for thee, And ever morne and
may For thi parting Nether say no singe, "By, by, lully,
lullay." Lully, lulla . . .*

Lully, lulla, thou little tiny child,
By, by, lully, lullay, thou little tiny child,
By, by, lully, lullay.
O sisters too, How may we do For to preserve this day
This poor youngling For whom we do sing,
"By, by, lully, lullay." Lully, lulla . . .
Herod the King In his raging, Charged he hath this day
His men of might In his own sight All young children to slay.
Lully, lulla . . .
That woe is me, Poor child, for thee, And ever mourn and may
For thy parting Neither say nor sing, "By, by, lully, lullay."
Lully, lulla . . .

DECEMBER 29:

SAINT THOMAS OF CANTERBURY

CAROL:

Seynt Thomas honour we . . . Al holy chyrch

*Seynt Thomas honour we,
Thorgh whos blod Holy Chyrch ys made fre.*

*Al Holy Chyrch was bot a thrall
Thorgh kyng and temperal lordys all,
To he was slane in Cristys hall
And set all thing in unite:
Hys deth hath such auctorite.
Seynt Thomas honour we . . .*

*The kyng bot lytyl whyl hym sparyd:
Knyghtes in chyrch hys crown of paryd;
Thus the corner-ston was squaryd
Betwen clergy and temperalte,
To knytt pes and unite.
Seynt Thomas honour we . . .*

Saint Thomas honor we,
Through whose blood Holy Church is made free.

All Holy Church was but a thrall
Through king and temporal lords all,
Till he was slain in Christ's hall
And set all things in unity:
His death hath such authority.
Saint Thomas honor we . . .

The king but little while him spared:
Knights in church his crown off pared;
Thus the cornerstone was squared
Between clergy and temporality,
To knit peace and unity.
Saint Thomas honor we . . .

JANUARY 6: THE EPIPHANY

ANTIPHON: Magi videntes stellam

*Magi videntes stellam dixerunt ad invicem hoc
signum magni regis est eamus et inquiramus eum
et offeramus ei munera aurum thus et myrram.*

Seeing the star, the sages said to one another,
"This sign is that of a great king. Let us go and seek him
and offer gifts to him: gold, frankincense, and myrrh."

CAROL: Ave Rex angelorum . . .

Hayl most myghty in thi werking

*Ave rex angelorum, Ave rexque celorum,
Ave, princepsque polorum.*

*Hayl, most myghty in thi werkyng, Hail, thou lord of
all thing; I offre the gold as to a kyng; Ave, rex
angelorum.*

Ave rex angelorum . . .

Hail, king of angels, King also of heaven, hail;
Hail, monarch of the constellations.

Hail, most mighty in thy working, Hail thou lord of all things;
I offer thee gold as to a king; Hail, king of angels.

Hail, king of angels . . .

MOTET: Gaude virgo mater christi

*Gaude virgo mater christi quae to matrem ostendisti
mustis reis corde tristi.*

Non est quis quem tu sprevisti sua in angustia.

*Idcirco mater miserorum respectum feras peccatorum,
nam es prona suppressorum dare corda compunctorum
caelis ab miseria.*

*Nostra spes et advocate cuncta turbis es probata
ducens membra venenata imis loca per beata
celsa supra sidera.*

*Quid vereris to curvare miser et hanc exorare
tundens pectus, flens amare sciens non vult refutare
quemquam in tristitia.*

Be glad, O virgin mother of Christ, you who have shown yourself a
mother to many accused and heavy-hearted
There is no one you ever have dismissed in his narrow poverty.

Therefore, mother of the needy, to you the eyes of sinners turn,
for you are inclined to deliver the hearts of the oppressed guilty
heavenward out of misery.

You, our hope and advocate, are wholly revered by the populace,
leading some, though they be tainted, from the depths through highest,
sainted regions beyond where stars go.

What fear you then, wretched man, to bend to her and make your plea,
beating breast, weeping bitterly, knowing that she will not spurn
anyone in sorrow?

*O tu virgo labe carens es labentum semper parens,
sim et tibi vita parens vivens in hoc saeculo.*

*At nos omnes hic degentes recurramus huic dicentes
consolare nos gementes in te nostram spem ponentes
mortis in periculo.*

ANTIPHON: Alleluia, omnes de saba

*Alleluia, omnes de saba venient
alleluya aurum et thus deferentes alleluia.*

CANTICLE: Nunc dimittis

*Nunc dimittis servum tuum
domine secundum verbum tuum in pace.
Quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum.
Quod parasti ante faciem omnium populorum:
Lumen ad revelacionem gentium
et gloriam plebis tue Israel.
Gloria patri et filio et spiritui sancto.
Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper
et in secula seculorum. Amen.*

You, O maiden free of all stain, are always a parent to free-falling men;
may my obedience to you be apparent living in this world.

And let us all who dwell herein turn ourselves to her and say:
“Give comfort to us who groan in pain, we who put our trust in you,
we by death imperiled.”

Alleluia, they shall all come from Sheba,
alleluia, bearing gold and incense, alleluia.

Now let thy servant go to his rest,
O Lord, in peace as thou hast promised.
For my own eyes have seen thy salvation.
Which you have prepared in the sight of all peoples:
A light to enlighten the nation,
and the glory of thy people Israel.
Glory to the Father and to the son, and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, even now and always,
and throughout the ages. Amen.

Latin translations by Richard Porterfield