

I Sing of a Maiden
(Anonymous, 15th century)

I syng of a mayden
That is makeles,
king of alle kinges
to here sone che chees.

He cam also stille
Ther his moder was
As dew in Aprylle,
That fallyt on the gras.

He cam also stille
To his modres bowr
As dew in Aprylle,
That falleth on the flowr.

He cam also stille
Ther his moder lay
As dew in Aprylle,
That falleth on the spray.

Moder & mayden
Was nevere noon but she:
Well may swich a lady
Godes moder be.

*(I sing of a maiden
That is matchless,
King of all kings
For her son she chose.*

*He came as still
Where his mother was
As dew in April
That falls on the grass.*

*He came as still
To his mother's bower
As dew in April
That falls on the flower.*

*He came as still
Where his mother lay
As dew in April
That falls on the spray.*

*Mother and maiden
Was never one but she;
Well may such a lady
God's mother be.)*

Adam lay ybounden
(Anonymous, 15th century)

Adam lay ybounden
Bounden in a bond
Four thousand winters
Thought he not too long
And all was for an apple
An apple that he took
As clerkes finden written in their book
Nay had the apple taken been
The apple taken been
Nay had never our lady
A-been heavenly queen
Blessed be the time
That apple taken was
Therefore we bound singen
Deo gracias, deo gracias! (*Thanks be to God*)

Angels' Carol
(© John Rutter, 1945–)

A Hymn to the Virgin
(Anonymous, c1300)

Of one who 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 yborn,
De te genetrice (*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*)

Lady, flower of everything,
Rosa sine spina (*Rose without thorn*)
Thou bare Jesu, heaven's king,
Gratia divina (*by divine grace*)
Of all thou bearest the prize,
Lady, queen of paradise
Electa (*chosen*)
Maid mild, mother
es effecta (*you are made*)

Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem
(Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893)

O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight

For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth
And praises sing to God the King
And Peace to men on earth

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven
No ear may hear His coming
But in this world of sin
Where meek souls will receive him still
The dear Christ enters in

O holy Child of Bethlehem
Descend to us, we pray
Cast out our sin and enter in
Be born to us today
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell
O come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel
O come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel

O Men from the Fields
(© Padraic Colum, 1881-1972)

Silent Night
(Franz Xaver Gruber, 1787-1863,
trans. John Freeman Young, 1820-1885)

Silent night, holy night
All is calm all is bright
'Round yon virgin Mother and Child
Holy infant so tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace
Sleep in heavenly peace

Silent night, holy night
Shepherds quake at the sight
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia
Christ the Saviour is born
Christ the Saviour is born

Silent night, holy night
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth

Torches
(Galician, traditional
trans © John Brande Trend, 1887–1958)