

WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 5 December 2021 7.30pm
Nowell Synge We Bothe Al and Som

Gothic Voices

Catherine King mezzo-soprano

Steven Harrold tenor

Julian Podger tenor

Simon Whiteley baritone

Anon

Veni, O sapientia
Angelus ad virginem
Alma redemptoris mater: As I lay upon a night

John Dunstaple (c.1390-1453)

Anon

John Cooke (c.1385-1442)

Anon

Gaude virgo salutata
Nowell, nowell, nowell
Ave regina caelorum

In natali novi regis
Alleluya: A nywe werk is come on honde
Mervele not, Joseph
Edi be thu, heven-queene

Gregorian Chant

Walter Frye (d.1475)

O sapientia
Ave regina caelorum
Interval

Anon

Lullay, lullay: Als I lay on Yoolis night

Ecce, quod natura
Ave rex angelorum
Gloria

Queldryk (fl.1400)

Anon

Ther ys no rose of swych vertu
Benedicite Deo
Sanctus

Leonel Power (d.1445)

Anon

Resonet, intonet
Nowell synge we

Gregorian Chant

Anon

Gregorian Chant

Anon

Puer natus est nobis
Nowell: Owt of your slepe
Cantate domino
Nowell: Now man is brighter

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It is Advent circa 1400. The monasteries dust off last year's parchment or vellum manuscripts. These sheep or calf skins will last for centuries if they can escape the bonfires of the Dissolution and become exhibits in college libraries and national museums. The contents are the concert.

The season, like the programme, begins with the O Antiphons sung by everyone in rhythmic rhyming Latin, unison throughout. 'Veni, O Sapientia' became 'O come O come Emanuel' when the Latin was Englished at the Reformation. Metre and melody were kept. The next two pieces are polyphonic - three voices simultaneously sing the same words and rhythm but to different tunes. The harmony is full of fourths and fifths. In 'Angelus ad virginem', the voices sing in jig time and in Latin how Mary managed to get pregnant without being married. It was popular enough for a reference in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales (the miller quotes it). The parchment was rescued from a Franciscan monastery by the Earl of Arundel who gave it to the British Library. In 'Alma redemptoris mater', only the refrain is in Latin. The English verses describe the annunciation - with pronunciation as for 1400 - a Gothic Voices tradition. Bilingual pieces are called macaronic (from *macaroni*, a mixture) and begin to proliferate as demand for an English church grows. The original is a 15th Century vellum scroll at Trinity College Cambridge. The tune belongs to 'There is no rose' (see below) which is on the same document.

Thirds and sixths appear with John Dunstaple, composer to the King's brother Duke Humphrey. In Europe his music was *la contenance angloise* ('the English manner'). His employer built a library at Oxford where the 'Gaude virgo salutata' manuscript is. The text is long, so to save time, the upper voices sing three verses simultaneously over an anchoring tenor's drone.

'Nowell, nowell, nowell' comes from another manuscript in the same Oxford library, a gift of lawyer John Selden who died in 1654. The jig-time chorus fits 'salu-tati-on' to a catchy hemiola. The English text adores Mary; most of the programme is addressed to the Virgin who had all the stress of the birth. In Europe, England was called 'the Garden of Mary' for our 'mariolatry', which reformists condemned.

The composer John Cooke was chaplain to Henry V at Agincourt (1415). His 'Ave regina caelorum', worshipping the Virgin in Latin rhymes, is in the Old Hall manuscript, the largest collection of pre-Reformation music in existence. The British Museum bought it from a Hertfordshire Roman Catholic school (Old Hall) in 1973.

'In Natali novi regis' precedes a Bible reading: the last line invites the reader to begin. Two singers emphasise Christ's fulfilment of scripture during the procession to the lectern which may be some distance. The parchment had been re-used as an innocent book cover. 'Alleluia: a nywe werk' is to an old tune - 'There is no rose' again - or an elaborated version in swinging three-time, from the

Selden collection. 'Mervele not, Joseph' is a carol from the non-biological father's angle - he hadn't slept with Mary and yet she was pregnant. 'Edi be thu' is the 'Llanthony Carol', from a Welsh monastery. The manuscript was a teacher's book containing lists of diseases and grammar exercises. The lyrics love Mary as a chivalrous knight his lady. The first verse is solo, but in the second, two singers enter in thirds.

The half concludes with an O antiphon ('Sapientia') in Gregorian chant, a melody dating from the 8th Century, supposedly written by Pope Gregory himself. One for every sentence of scripture was planned. It leads into the four-voice 'Ave regina caelorum' composed by Walter Frye around 1450, a work so popular it was both copied into other manuscripts and featured in paintings. Frye's name is in records at Ely, London and Canterbury. The juicy false relation on 'Ave' raised eyebrows. Was that allowed?

The second half begins with a solo lullaby. An infant asks his mother to predict his future. A Franciscan monk, John Grimestone, included it on a 1372 parchment of miscellany, now in Edinburgh's National Library. 'Ecce, quod natura' is a Latin rhyme about the flouting of natural law by the virgin birth and hinges on the rhetorical repeated line in the middle of each verse. 'Ave rex angelorum' has an English verse inside four renditions of the Latin refrain, extended by melismas (multi-note syllables). It is in the Egerton manuscript (c.1450), bought by the British Library from the Earl of Bridgwater in 1834.

Three movements of the mass intrude. Queldryk's 'Gloria' is from the Old Hall collection. His name exists nowhere else. The familiar Latin text is sung at almost one-note-per-syllable, complying with an edict, periodically issued, to shorten services. The effect is almost comic. The 'Sanctus' is by Leonel Power who was choirmaster of Canterbury Cathedral under Henry V and VI. He set the mass often and has more works in the Old Hall MS than anyone. This follows 'Ther ys no rose' (from the Trinity scroll with English verses and Latin tags), and 'Benedicite deo' for male voices (from the Egerton MS). It alludes in the last verse to the union of England and France which became a political treaty in 1420.

'Resonet, intonet' is a summons to celebrate in short lines of rhyming Latin and begins the final section of the concert. 'Puer natus est nobis' and 'Cantate domino' are sung to Gregorian chants and intercut three rousing Nowells, hearty exhortations to join the throng. In 'Nowell syng we' from the Trinity scroll, the English elucidates the Latin phrases. It was chosen as the title track of Gothic Voices's recording of this programme. 'Nowell: Owt of your slepe' defies anyone to nod off.

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Anon

Veni, O sapientia

Veni, O sapientia
Quae hic dispones
omnia,
Veni, viam prudentiae
Ut doceas et gloriae.

Gaude! Gaude!
Emmanuel nascetur pro te
Israel!

Veni, O lesse virgula,
Ex hostis tuos ungula,
De specu tuos tartari
Educ et antro barathri.

Gaude! Gaude!
Emmanuel nascetur pro te
Israel!

Veni, clavis Davidica,
Regna reclude caelica,
Fac iter tutum
superum,
Et claude vias
inferum.

Gaude! Gaude!
Emmanuel nascetur pro te
Israel!

Veni, veni Emmanuel,
Captivum solve Israel,
Qui gemit in exilio,
Privatus Dei filio.

Gaude! Gaude!
Emmanuel nascetur pro te
Israel!

Angelus ad virginem

Angelus ad virginem,
Subintrans in conclave,
Virginis formidinem
Demulcens, inquit 'Ave!
Ave, regina virginum:
Coeli terraeque
dominum
Concipies et paries intacta
Salutem hominum;

Come, O wisdom

Come, O wisdom,
you who here put everything in
order,
come, the path of knowledge
to teach us, and that of glory.

Rejoice! Rejoice!
Emmanuel will be born for you
O Israel!

Come, O rod of Jesse,
from the claw of your enemies,
from the chasm of your tartarus
lead away, and from the pit of hell.

Rejoice! Rejoice!
Emmanuel will be born for you
O Israel!

Come, O key of David,
reveal the celestial realms,
make the journey safe to the
heights,
and bar the paths to the
underworld.

Rejoice! Rejoice!
Emmanuel will be born for you
O Israel!

Come, come, O Emmanuel,
release the captive Israel,
who groans in exile,
deprived of God's son.

Rejoice! Rejoice!
Emmanuel will be born for you
O Israel!

The angel to the Virgin

The angel came to the Virgin,
entering secretly into her room;
calming the Virgin's fear,
he said, 'Hail!
Hail, queen of virgins:
you will conceive the Lord of
heaven and earth
and bear him, still a virgin,
to be the salvation of mankind;

Tu porta coeli
facta,
Medela criminum.'

'Quomodo conciperem,
Quae virum non cognovi?
Qualiter infringerem,
Quae firma mente
vovi?'

'Spiritus sancti gratia
Perficiet haec omnia.
Ne timeas, sed gaudeas
Secura, quod castimonia
Manebit in te pura
Dei potentia.'

Ad haec, virgo nobilis
Respondens inquit ei,
'Ancilla sum humilis
Omnipotentis Dei.
Tibi coelesti nuntio,
Tanti secreti conscio,
Consentiens et cupiens
videre
Factum quod audio,
Parata sum parere
Dei consilio.'

Angelus disparuit
Et statim puellaris
Uterus intumuit
Vi partus
salutaris.
Qui, circumdatus utero
Novem mensium numero,
Hinc exiit et iniit conflictum,
Affigens humero
Crucem, qua dedit
ictum
Hosti mortifero.

Eia Mater Domini,
Quae pacem reddidisti
Angelis et homini
Cum Christum genuisti!
Tuum exora filium
Ut se nobis propitium
Exhibeat, et deleat peccata,
Praestans auxilium
Vita frui beata
Post hoc exsilium.

you will be made the gate of
heaven,
the cure of sins.'

'How can I conceive,
when I have never known a man?
How can I transgress
resolutions that I have vowed
with a firm mind?'
'The grace of the Holy Spirit
shall do all this.
Do not be afraid, but rejoice
without a care, since your chastity
will remain in you unspoilt
through the power of God.'

To this, the noble Virgin,
replying, said to him,
'I am the humble maidservant
of almighty God.
To you, heavenly messenger,
and bearer of such a great secret,
I give my consent, and wishing
to see
done what I hear,
I am ready to obey
the will of God.'

The angel vanished,
and at once the girl's
womb swelled
with the force of the pregnancy
of salvation.
He, protected by the womb
for nine months in number,
left it and began the struggle,
fixing to his shoulder
a cross, with which he dealt the
blow
to the deadly Enemy.

Hail, Mother of our Lord,
who brought peace back
to angels and men
when you bore Christ!
Pray your son
that he may show favour to us
and blot out our sins,
giving us help
to enjoy a blessed life
after this exile.

Alma redemptoris mater: As I lay upon a night

Alma redemptoris mater. O nourishing mother of the saviour.

As I lay upon a nyth,
My thowth was on a borde so
brith,
That men clepyn Mary ful of myth,
Redemptoris mater. that men call Mary, full of virtue,
mother of the saviour

Alma redemptoris mater. O nourishing mother of the saviour.

To hyr cam Gabriel wyth lyth
And seyde, 'Heyl be thou, blyssful
wyth
To ben clepyd now art thou dyth'
Redemptoris mater. to prayer you are now well called'
mother of the saviour.

Alma redemptoris mater. O nourishing mother of the saviour.

John Dunstaple (c.1390-1453)

Gaude virgo salutata Rejoice, O virgin, greeted

Triplum:
Gaude virgo salutata angelico
relatu,
Mox es gravida libera omni rea
tu,
In te deitas humanata caelesti
flatu,
Virgo manens illibata re et
cogitatu. Rejoice, O virgin, greeted by
angelic mission,
now you are pregnant, liberate
all sinners,
in you divinity is made human
by heavenly breath,
O virgin, remaining chaste by a
concept.

Quod mirum si paveas,
Dum conceptus pandit
Quanto magis caveas,
Cum ad partum scandit. Of this marvel you would be afraid,
when shown a conception,
how much more would you beware
when to childbirth it extends.

Dum virgo permanes,
Mens haec verba pandit,
Dicens 'ne timeas',
Te mulcendo blandit. As long as you remain a virgin,
the mind these words extends,
saying 'be not afraid',
gently comforting you.

Nondum contentaris,
Cum dicit parituram,
Quomodo miraris
Fietque
curam. Not yet are you contented
when he says you are to give birth,
how you will wonder
when the duty is actually
carried out.

Nescisse virum
flaris,
Sed semper esse puram,
Credo, quod miraris,
Mutasse naturam. Not having known the breath of
men,
but always being pure,
I believe, you marvel at that
which would have changed nature.

Angelus: concipies
De superis caelestem
Deum et tu paries
Filium terrestrem.

In te non est caries,
Natum habes testem
Leviatam insanies,
Hic fert tibi pestem.

Duplum:
Gaude virgo singularis,
Mater nostri salvatoris,
Radix vitae popularis,
Germen novi floris.

Ex te sumpsit hinc tu
paris
Ampullam liquoris
Quae virtute aquas maris
Tenes stilla roris.

Dic, quo verbo
concepisti,
Angeli vultui
'Dominus tecum'
audisti,
Dicens 'fui tui'.

Praesentem conclusisti,
Tunc naturam sui,
Messiam invenisti
De natura tui.

O caelestis armonia,
In hac iunctione,
Caro nostrae cum sophia
In unum persone.

Qualiter ex qua via
Studeas colonae,
Haec sola mater novit pia
Et tu lesu bone.

Mater heris Dei
Mundi redemptoris,
Pia tu memento mei
In extremis horis,

Ne coartent mei rei,
Secum suis horis
Et praesentas faciei
Mei plasmatoris.

Contratenor:
Virgo mater
comprobaris

Angel: you will conceive
by the highest the heavenly
God and you will give birth
to an earthly son.

In you there is no decay,
you have born a witness
to raising the insane,
this takes away your own sickness.

Duplum:
Rejoice, O virgin without equal,
our mother of the saviour,
root of the life of the people,
shoot of a new flower.

From you he has taken, hence
you gave birth to,
the vessel of liquid refreshment,
by its strength the waters of the sea
you hold like a drop of dew.

Speak, by what word did you
conceive,
to the angel's face
'The lord is with you' having
heard,
saying 'I was yours'.

You contained his presence
then his nature,
the Messiah you have found
being of your nature.

O heavenly harmony,
in this union
our flesh and wisdom
is in one person.

Just as in this way
you are so zealous,
this alone the pious mother knows
and you, O good Jesus.

Mother eternal of God,
of the redeemer of the world,
remember me faithfully
in the final hours,

That my acts may not confine me,
with them, at their time of choosing,
and present me to the face
of my creator.

Contratenor:
O virgin mother you would be
favoured

Matrem partus indicat,
Claustrum ventris virginalis
Intactam te iudicat.

as mother, the born child shows,
the gate to your virginal womb
appraises you as untouched.

Virginem cum divinalis
Natus ille benedicat,
Caelum tellus unda
maris
Laudes tuas praedicat.

As a divine virgin
he, born, blesses you,
heaven the earth and the waves
of the sea
your praises would proclaim.

Non est partus hic poenalis
Qui matrem laetificat,
Christus factus fraternalis
Sicut exemplificat.

This birth is no penance,
it delights the mother,
Christ is made as a fellow man
as he exemplifies.

Tenor:
Ave gemma caeli luminarium.
Ave sancti spiritus sacrarium.

Tenor:
Hail O jewel, brightness of the sky.
Hail sanctuary of the holy spirit.

Anon

Nowell, nowell, nowell

Nowell, nowell, nowell
This is the salutacion of
th'aungell Gabriell.

Nowell, nowell, nowell,
this is the salutacion of the
angel, Gabriel.

Tydynges trew ther be cum new,
Sent frome the trinite
Be Gabriel to Nazaret,
Cite off Galile.

Tidings true have come of late,
sent from the trinity,
by Gabriel to Nazareth,
city of Galilee.

A clene mayden and pure virgyn,
Thorow hyre humilite,
Concyvid the secund person in
divinite.

A clean maiden and pure virgin
through her humility
has conceived the person
second in deity.

Nowell, nowell, nowell
This is the salutacion of th'
aungell Gabriell.

Nowell, nowell, nowell,
this is the salutacion of the
angel, Gabriel.

Whan he fyrst presentid was
Before hyre fayer visage,
In the most demuere and goodly
wys

When he first presented was
before her fair face,
in the most demure and goodly
manner

He ded to hyre omage,
And seid, 'lady, frome heven so
hy,
That lordes herytage,
The wich off the born wold be
I am sent on message'.

he paid to her homage,
and said: 'lady, from heaven so
high,
about the lord's heritage,
which by you will be born,
I am sent as messenger'.

Nowell, nowell, nowell
This is the salutacion of th'
aungell Gabriell.

Nowell, nowell, nowell,
this is the salutacion of the
angel, Gabriel.

'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
Shalt receyve and him conceyve
That shal bryng gret solace.'

Nowell, nowell, nowell
This is the salutacion of th'
aungell Gabriell.

Sodenly she abashid truly,
But not al thyng dysmaid,
With mynd dyscret and spyryt
mek
To the aungell she said,
'With what maner shuld I chyld bere
The wiche ever a maid
Haue lyvid chast al my lyf past
And never man asaid'.

Nowell, nowell, nowell
This is the salutacion of th'
aungell Gabriell.

Then ageyne to hire certeyn,
Answered the aungell,
'O lady dere be off good chere,
And dred the never a dell,
Shalt conceyve in thi body,
mayden, very God hymself,
in whos byrth heven and erth
shal joy, called Emmanuel'.

Nowell, nowell, nowell
This is the salutacion of th'
aungell Gabriell.

'Hail virgin celestial,
the meekest that ever was,
hail temple of deity
and mirror of all grace,
hail virgin pure, I you ensure,
within a short time
you shall receive and conceive
that which shall bring great solace.'

Nowell, nowell, nowell,
this is the salutacion of the
angel, Gabriel.

Suddenly she abashed truly,
but not at all dismayed,
with mind discreet and spirit
meek,
to the angel she said,
'How should I a child bear,
who, ever a maid,
have lived chaste all my life past
and never a man assayed'.

Nowell, nowell, nowell,
this is the salutacion of the
angel, Gabriel.

Then again, to assure her,
the angel answered:
'O lady precious, be of good cheer,
and dread not one thing,
you shall conceive in your body,
maiden, the very God himself,
in whose birth heaven and earth
shall rejoice, called Emmanuel'.

Nowell, nowell, nowell,
this is the salutacion of the
angel, Gabriel.

John Cooke (c.1385-1442)

Ave regina caelorum

Ave regina caelorum.
Ave domina angelorum.
Salve radix sancta
Ex qua mundo lux est
orta.

Hail, queen of the heavens.
Hail, lady of angels.
Hail, holy root
from which the light to the
world has come.

Ave gloriosa
Super omnes speciosa.
Vale valde decora,
Et pro nobis semper Christum
exora.

Hail, O glorious one,
above all others beautiful.
Farewell, O graceful one,
and for us always to Christ
pray.

Anon

In natali novi regis

In natali novi regis
Quisquis cantas sive legis
Omni gaude gaudio,
Castitatis nam de domo
Prodit Deus factus homo
Mundi pro remedio.

On the birthday of the new king,
whoever you are who sing or read,
rejoice with all joy!
For from the house of chastity
God comes forth made man,
for the remedy of the world.

Casta natum de puella
Novum regem nova stella
Novo monstrat radio
Vindicati qua Caldei
Cunas querunt nati Dei
Magno desiderio.

Born from a chaste maiden
is a new king, by a new star
shown, with a new ray.
Converted by this, the Chaldeans
seek the cradle of the son of God,
with great eagerness.

Prophetia Danielis
Promissumque Gabrielis
Complentur in virgine.
Lapis ille preelectus
Monte sine manu
sectus
Mons crevit in
homine.

The prophecy of Daniel
and the promise of Gabriel
are fulfilled in the Virgin.
The preelected stone,
cut from the mountain without a
hand,
itself grew to be a mountain in a
human body.

Ad hunc ergo montem magnum
Detrectando mundi
stagnum
Mortisque periculum
Velum mentis transportemus
Et securi navigemus
Lenitum naviculum.

Therefore, to this great mountain,
rejecting the stagnant mire of
the world
and the danger of death,
let us move the sail of the mind
and, fearlessly, let us navigate
our tranquil ship.

Sed lecturus de hoc
monte
Laeto corde laeta
fronte
Librum, lector, accipe
Mentis cum devotione.
Data
benedictione
Lectionem incipe.

But, about to read about this
mountain
with a glad heart and a glad
countenance,
the book, reader, take up
with a devout mind.
Once the benediction has been
given,
begin the lesson.

Alleluia: A nywe werk is come on honde

Alleluia!
A nywe werk is come on honde,
Through might and grace of
Godës sond,
To save the lost of every lond,
Alleluia, alleluia,

Alleluia!
A new deed has come to pass
through might and grace of
God's messenger,
to save the lost of every land.
Alleluia, alleluia,

For now is free that erst was
bond;
We now well sing alleluia.

For now are free who first were
bound,
well we may sing alleluia.

By Gabriel begun it was:
Right as the sun shone thro the
glass
Jesu Christ conceived was,
Alleluia, alleluia,
Of Mary mother, full of grace;
Now sing we here alleluia.

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 sing we here, alleluia.

Alleluia, this sweetë song,
Out of a greenë branch it
sprong.
God send us the life that lasteth
long.
Alleluia, alleluia,
Now joy and bliss be them among
That thus can sing alleluia.

Alleluia, this sweet song
out of a green branch has
sprung,
God send us the life that lasts
long!
Alleluia.
Now joy and bliss be among
those who thus can sing alleluia.

Mervele not, Joseph

Mervele not, Joseph, on Mary
mylde,
forsake hyr not tho she be with
chylde.

Marvel not Joseph, on Mary
mild;
forsake her not tho' she be with
child.

I, Joseph, wonder how this may
be,
that Mary wex gret when I and
she
ever have levyd in chastite,
iff she be with chylde, it ys not
by me.

I, Joseph, wonder how this may
be,
that Mary wax great when I and
she
ever have lived in chastity;
if she be with child, it is not by
me.

Mervele not, Joseph, on Mary
mylde,
forsake hyr not tho she be with
chylde.

Marvel not Joseph, on Mary
mild;
forsake her not tho' she be with
child.

What the angell of God to me
dothe say,
I, Joseph, muste and will umble
obay,
ellys prively I wolde have stole a
way,
but now will I serve hyr tille that
I day.

What the angel of God says to
me,
I, Joseph, must and will humbly
obey,
else secretly I would have
stolen away,
but now will I serve her till I die.

Mervele not, Joseph, on Mary
mylde,
forsake hyr not tho she be with
chylde.

Marvel not Joseph, on Mary
mild;
forsake her not tho' she be with
child.

Edi be thu, heven-queene

Edi be thu, heven
queene,
Folkes froovre and engles blis,
Maid unwemmed, moder cleene,
Swych in world non other nis.
On thee hit is wel ethseen
Of alle wimmen thu hast the
pris.
Mi sweete levdi, heer mi been
And rew of me yif thi will
is.

Blessed be you, queen of
heaven, people's
comfort and angels' bliss,
maid unblemished, mother pure,
such as no other is in the world.
In you it is very evident that
of all women you have the
highest place.
My sweet lady, hear my prayer
and show pity on me if it be
your will.

Thu astiye so dairewe
Deleth from the derke night.
Of thee sprong a leeme newe,
Al this world hit hath ight.
Nis no maid of thine
hewe,
So fair, so sheene, so rudi, so
bright,
Mi levdi sweet, of me thu rew
And have merci of thi knight.

You rose up like the dawn
cutting away from the dark night.
From you sprang a new sunbeam,
it has lit all this world.
There is no maid with your
complexion,
so fair, so beautiful, so ruddy,
so bright,
my lady sweet, on me show pity,
and have mercy on your servant.

Sprunge blostm of one roote,
Th'oli gost thee rest upon,
That was for mankinnes boote,
And her soul aleese for
on.
Levdi milde, soft and swoot,
Ich crie merci, ich am thi mon,
To honde bothen and to foot
On alle wise that ich kon.

Blossom sprung from a single root,
the holy ghost rested upon you,
that was for mankind's salvation,
and to free their souls in
exchange for one.
Gentle lady, soft and sweet,
I beg forgiveness, I am your man,
both hand and foot,
in every way that I can be.

Erth art tu to goode seede,
On thee lighte th'evendew,
Of thee sprong thet edi bleede
Th'oli gost hit on thee sew.
Bring us ut of kar, of dreede
That Eve bitterlich us brew,
Thu shalt us into Hevne leede,
Wel sweet is us thet ilke dew.

You are soil for good seed,
on you the heavenly dew alighted,
from you sprang that blessed fruit –
the holy ghost sowed it in you.
Bring us out of the misery and fear
that Eve bitterly brewed for us,
you shall lead us into heaven –
very sweet to us is that same dew.

Moder ful of thewes heende,
Maide dreigh and wel itaught,
Ich am in thi lubebeende
And to thee is al mi
draught.
Thu me schild, ye from the
feend,
As thu art free and wilt and
maught,
And help me to mi lives eend
And make with thi sune saught.

Mother full of gracious virtues,
maiden patient and well instructed,
I am in the bonds of your love
and all my attraction is towards
you.
Shield me, indeed, from the
fiend,
as you are generous and willing
and able,
and help me to my life's end
and reconcile me with your son.

Gregorian Chant

O sapientia

O sapientia,
quae ex ore altissimi
prodiisti,
attingens a fine usque ad
finem,
fortiter suaviterque disponens
omnia.
Veni ad docendum nos viam
prudientiae.

O wisdom,
who from the mouth of the
highest came forth,
reaching from one end to the
other,
powerfully and gently ordering
all things.
Come to teach us the path of
knowledge.

Walter Frye (d.1475)

Ave regina caelorum

Ave regina caelorum,
Mater regis angelorum
O Maria, flos virginum,
Velut rosa velut lilium.

Hail, queen of the heavens,
mother of the king of the angels,
O Mary, flower of virgins,
like as the rose, like as the lily.

Funde preces ad Filium
Pro salute fidelium,
O Maria, flos virginum,
Velut rosa velut lilium.

Pour out prayers to your son
for the salvation of the faithful,
Mary, flower of virgins,
like as the rose and the lily.

Interval

Anon

Lullay, lullay: Als I lay on Yoolis night

Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay
Mi dere moder, sing lullay.

Als I lay on Yoolis night
Alone in my longing
Me thought I saw a well fair
sight,
A may hir child rokking.

Lullay, lullay...

The maiden wold withouten
song
Hir child o sleep to bring,
The child him thought sche ded
him wrong
And bad his moder sing.

Lullay, lullay: As I lay on Christmas night

Lullay, lullay, lay, lay, lullay,
my dear mother, sing lullay.

As I lay on Christmas night,
alone in my desire,
it seemed to me I saw a very
lovely sight,
a girl rocking her child.

Lullay, lullay...

The maiden wished without
singing
to put her child to sleep,
to the child it seemed she
wronged him,
and asked his mother to sing.

Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...
'Sing nou moder,' said the child, 'Wat schal to me befall Heerafter was I cum til eld, For so doon modres all.'	'Sing now, mother," said the child, 'What is to befall me in the future when I am grown up, for all mothers do that.'	'He saide, "schalt bere a king In king Davitis see, In al Jacobes wuni-ing Ther loverd schuld he be.'"	'He said, "You shall bare a king in king David's seat, in all of the house of Jacob their lord shall he be.'"
Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...
'Ich a moder, trewely, That kan hir credel keep, Is wun to lullen luvely And sing hir child o sleep.'	'I, a mother, truly, that can keep her cradle, desires to lull lovingly and sing her child to sleep.'	'He saide that Elizabeth, That barain was bifore, "A knave child conceyved hath," To me leeve the more.'	'He said that Elizabeth that had been barren "a boy child has conceived," to me, dear, you, much more.'
Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...
'Sweete moder fair and free, Because that it is so, I pray thee that lulle me And sing sumwat thereto.'	'Sweet mother, fair and free, because it is so, I ask that you would lull me and sing something at the same time.'	'I answered blethely, For that his word me paid, "Lo Godis servant heer am I, Be et as me said.'"	'I answered blithely as his word pleased me, "Behold God's servant, here I am, be it as you have told me.'"
Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...
'Sweete sune,' saide sche, 'Weroffe schuld I sing? Ne wist I nere yet more of thee But Gabriels greeting.'	'Sweet son,' said she, 'Of what should I sing? I never knew anything more about you than Gabriel's greeting.'	'Ther, als he saide, I thee bare On midewenter night In maidenhede withouten kare Be grace of God almight.'	'There, as he said, I bore you on Midwinter's Night, in virginity without pain, by the grace of almighty God.'
Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...
'He grett me goodli on his knee And saide, "Hail, Marie! Hail, full of grace, God is with thee, Beren schalt Messie.'"	'He greeted me courteously on his knee and said "Hail, Mary! Hail, full of grace, God is with you, you shall bear the Messiah.'"	'Ther schepperds waked in the wold Thei herd a wunder mirth Of angles ther, as them thei told The tiding of thi birth.'	'While shepherds watched in the uplands they heard a wondrous song of angels there, as they told them the tidings of your birth.'
Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...
'I wundred michil in my thought, For man wold I right none. "Marie," he saide, "dred thee nought, Let God of hev'n alone.'"	'I wondered greatly in my mind, for I by no means desired a husband. "Mary," he said, "Do not fear, leave the God of heaven to his ways.'"	'Sweete sune, sikerly, No more kan I say, And if I koude, fawn wold I, To doon al at thi pay.'	'Sweet son, assuredly I can say no more, and if I could, I would gladly, to do all as would please you.'
Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...	Lullay, lullay...
'"The holi gost schal doon at this", He said with-ouen wun, That I shuld beren mannis blis And Godis owne sun.'	'"The holy ghost shall do all this," he said without delay, that I should bare man's bliss and God's own son.'	Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay Mi dere moder, sing lullay.	Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay, my dear mother, sing lullay.

Ecce, quod natura

Behold, nature

Ecce, quod natura mutat sua
jura:
Virgo parit pura
Dei filium.

Behold, nature changes her
laws:
a pure virgin gives birth to
the son of God.

Ecce, novum gaudium,
Ecce, novum mirum:
Virgo parit filium,
Que non novit virum;
Sed ut pirus pirum,
Gleba fert saphirum,
Dei filium.

Behold, a new joy,
behold, a new wonder:
a virgin who knew not a man
gives birth to a son;
but as a pear-tree bears a pear,
or the meadow a sapphire,
she bore the son of God.

Ecce, quod natura mutat sua
jura:

Behold, nature changes her
laws:

Mundum Deus flebilem
Videns in ruina,
Rosam delectabilem
Produxit de spina
Que celi regina,
Nostra medicina
Et salus hominum.

God, seeing the lamentable
world in ruin,
has brought out of a thorn
a delectable flower,
who is the queen of heaven,
our healing balm
and the salvation of the peoples.

Ecce, quod natura mutat sua
jura:

Behold, nature changes her
laws:

Nequivit divinitas
Plus humiliari,
Nec nostra
fragilitas
Magis exaltari,
Quam celo locari,
Per conjugium.

Divinity could not be
more humbled,
nor could our weakness be
more exalted,
than to be placed in the sky,
equalled with God
through this union.

Ecce, quod natura mutat sua
jura:

Behold, nature changes her
laws:

Ave rex angelorum

Hail King of Angels

Ave rex angelorum,
Ave rex caelorum,
Ave princepsque polorum.

Hail King of Angels,
hail King of the heavens,
hail prince of the sky.

Heyl, most myghty in thy werking,
Heyl, thu lord of alle thing,
I offre the gold as to a king,

Hail, most mighty in your doing,
hail, you lord of everything,
I offer you gold as to a king,

Ave rex angelorum,
Ave rex caelorum,
Ave princepsque polorum.

Hail King of Angels,
hail King of the heavens,
hail prince of the sky.

Queldryk (fl.1400)

Gloria

Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Et in terra pax hominibus bonae
voluntatis.
Laudamus te. Benedicimus te.
Adoramus te. Glorificamus te.
Gratias agimus tibi
Propter magnam gloriam tuam.
Domine Deus, rex caelestis,
Deus pater omnipotens.
Domine fili unigenite Iesu
Christe.
Spiritus et alme orfanorum
paraclite.
Domine Deus, agnus Dei, filius
patris.
Primo genitus Mariae virginis
matris.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
Suscipe deprecationem nostram.
Ad Mariae gloriam.
Qui sedes ad dexteram
Patris,
Miserere nobis.
Quoniam tu solus sanctus.
Mariam sanctificans.
Tu solus dominus.
Mariam gubernans.
Tu solus altissimus,
Mariam coronans.
Iesu Christe.
Cum sancto spiritu,
In gloria Dei patris.
Amen.

Gloria

Glory to God on high,
and on earth peace to the
people of good will.
We praise you. We bless you.
We worship you. We glorify you.
We give thanks to you
because of your great glory,
O lord God, heavenly king.
God father all powerful.
O lord, the only begotten son
Jesus Christ.
Spirit and kind comforter of
orphans.
O lord God, lamb of God, son of
the father.
Firstly begotten of Mary, virgin
mother.
You who bear the sins of the
world, have mercy.
You who bear the sins of the world,
receive our prayer.
To the glory of Mary.
You who sit at the right hand of
the father,
have mercy on us.
For only you are holy,
making Mary holy.
Only you are lord,
making Mary a governor.
Only you the most high,
crowning Mary.
O Jesus Christ.
With the holy spirit,
in the glory of God the father.
Amen.

Anon

Ther ys no rose of swych vertu

Ther is no rose of swych vertu
As is the rose that bar Jhesu.
Alleluia.

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

For in this rose conteyned was
Heven and erthe in lytle space.
Res miranda.

For in that rose contained was
heaven and earth in little space.
A wondrous thing.

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.
Coequal in form.

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

The angels sung to the
shepherds,
'Glory to God in the highest'.
Let us rejoice.

Benedicite Deo

Bless God

Benedicite Deo domino,
Laudate eum in saecula.

Bless God the lord,
praise him forever.

Angeli et aethera,
Virtutes et maria,
Omnia et opera:

O angels and skies,
O virtues and seas,
all and everything:

Benedicite Deo domino,
Laudate eum in saecula.

Bless God the lord,
praise him forever.

Sol, luna et sidera,
Ros, ignis et frigora,
Tenebrae et fulgura:

O sun, moon and stars,
dew, fire and coldness,
darkness and lightning:

Benedicite Deo domino,
Laudate eum in saecula.

Bless God the lord,
praise him forever.

Omnia mobilia
In mundo viventia
Per debita servitia:

O all that moves
and is alive in the world,
as obliging servants:

Benedicite Deo domino,
Laudate eum in saecula.

Bless God the lord,
praise him forever.

Leonel Power (d.1445)

Sanctus

Sanctus

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus
Dominus Deus sabaoth.
Pleni sunt caeli et terrae gloria
tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.
Benedictus qui venit in nomine
domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Holy, holy, holy
lord God of heavenly hosts.
Full are the heavens and earth
with your glory.
Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is he who comes in the
name of the lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

Anon

Resonet, intonet

Let resound and thunder forth

Resonet,
Intonet
Fidelis concio
Mentibus

Let resound
and thunder forth
the congregation of the faithful
in mind

Vocibus,
Solemni gaudio.

and voice,
in ceremonial joy.

Eya! Nostra turma cum gaudio
Psallet, gaudet, plaudet
altissimo!

Eia! Our company will sing joyfully,
will rejoice, will clap hands to
the most high!

Novus rex,
Nova lex,
Novella gratia.
Et regis
Et legis
Nova sunt omnia.

A new king,
a new law,
a new grace.
Both of the king
and of law
all are new.

Eya! ...

Eia! ...

Natus est,
Factus est
Particeps hominis,
Rex pius,
Filius
Marie virginis.

He is born,
he is made
a partaker of human nature,
he the gracious king
son
of the virgin Mary.

Eya! ...

Eia! ...

Magna sunt
Mira sunt
Dei magnalia.
Ipsius
Solius
Est posse talia.

They are great,
they are marvellous,
the great deeds of God.
His
alone
is such power.

Eya! Nostra turma cum gaudio
Psallet, gaudet, plaudet
altissimo!

Eia! Our company will sing joyfully,
will rejoice, will clap hands to
the most high!

Nowell syng we

Noel sing we, each and everyone

Nowell syng we bothe al and
som,
for rex pacificus is com.

Noel sing we, each and
everyone,
for the peacemaking king has come.

In Bethlem in that feyr cite,
a chyld was born of a maidyn
fre,
that shal a lord and prynce be,
a solis ortus cardine.

In Bethlehem in that fair city,
a child was born of a maiden
free,
who will be a lord and prince,
from the rising of the sun.

Nowell syng we bothe al and
som,
for rex pacificus is com.

Noel sing we, each and
everyone,
for the peacemaking king has come.

Now God is comyn to
worschepen us,

Now God is come to worship
us,

now of Mary is born Jhesus,
make we mery a mongys us,
exultet caelum
laudibus.

Nowell synge we bothe al and
som,
for rex pacificus is com.

Gregorian Chant

Puer natus est nobis

Puer natus est nobis, et filius
datus est nobis:
Cuius imperium super humerum
eius:
Et vocabitur nomen eius, magni
consilii Angelus.
Cantate Domino canticum
novum: quia mirabilia fecit.
Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui
Sancto.
Sicut erat in principe, et nunc,
et semper,
Et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

Anon

Nowell: Owt of your slepe

Nowell, nowell, nowell!

Owt of your slepe aryse and
wake,
For God mankind now hath
ytake,
Al of a maide without eny make,
Of al women she bereth the belle.
Nowell!

And thirwe a maide faire and
wys,
Now man is made of ful grete
pris,
Now angelys knelen to mannys
servys,
And at this tyme al this byfel.
Nowell!

now of Mary is born Jesus,
let us be merry among us,
may the heavens rejoice with
praises.

Noel sing we, each and
everyone,
for the peacemaking king has come.

To us a Boy is born

To us a Boy is born, and to us a
Son is given:
his power is upon his
shoulder:
and his name will be called
Messenger of Great Counsel.
Sing unto the Lord a new song,
for he has worked wonders.
Glory be to the Father, and to the
Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is
now, and ever shall be,
world without end. Amen.

Nowell, nowell, nowell!

Out of your sleep arise and
wake,
for God mankind has now
redeemed,
all by a maid without any fault,
of all women she is the fairest.
Nowell!

And through a maid fair and
wise,
now is a man made of complete
and great value,
now angels kneel to man's
service,
and at this time all this happened.
Nowell!

Gregorian Chant

Cantate domino

Cantate domino canticum novum,
Quia mirabilia fecit.

Et vocabitur nomen eius
Magni consilii angelus.

Sing to the lord

Sing to the lord a new song
who works miracles.

And his name will be called
angel of the great counsel.

Anon

Nowell: Now man is bryghter

Now man is bryghter than the
sonne,
Now man in heven an hye shal
wone,
Blssyd be God this game is
begonne,
And his moder empresse of
helle.

That ever was thralle, now ys
he fre,
That ever was smalle, now
grete is she,
Now shal God deme bothe the
and me
Unto his blysse yf we do wel.

Nowell, nowell, nowell!

Now man is bryghter than the
sun,
now man in heaven on high
shall win,
blessed be God, this game has
begun,
and his mother empress over
hell.

Whoever was in captivity, now
is he free,
whoever was small, now great
is she,
so shall God welcome both you
and me
to his joy if we de well.

Nowell, nowell, nowell!