### ANONYMOUS 4

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<th>Sunday, December 14</th>
<th>2 pm</th>
<th>Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception</th>
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<td>Ruth Cunningham</td>
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<td>Marsha Genensky</td>
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<td>Susan Hellauer</td>
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<td>Jacqueline Horner-Kwiatek</td>
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### ON YOOLIS NIGHT: MEDIEVAL ENGLISH CAROLS & MOTETS

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<th>HYMM</th>
<th>Vox clara, ecce, intonat</th>
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<td>MOTET</td>
<td>Balaam de quo vaticinans/[Ballam]</td>
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<td>SONG</td>
<td>Gabriel fram heven-king</td>
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<td>CAROL</td>
<td>Ave Maria</td>
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<td>CONDUCTUS</td>
<td>Ave Maria gracia plena</td>
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<tr>
<td>CAROL</td>
<td>Lullay, Lullay: Als I lay on Yoolis night</td>
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<tr>
<td>CAROL</td>
<td>Alleluia: A nywe werk</td>
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<td>CAROL</td>
<td>Lullay I saw a swete semly syght</td>
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<td>SONG</td>
<td>Peperit Virgo</td>
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<td>SEQUENCE</td>
<td>O ceteris preamabilis</td>
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<tr>
<td>CAROL</td>
<td>Ther is no rose of swych vertu</td>
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<td>BALLAD-CAROL</td>
<td>Lullay my child - This endris nithgt</td>
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<tr>
<td>SONG</td>
<td>Edi beo pu hevene quene</td>
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<tr>
<td>SONG</td>
<td>Salve virgo virginum</td>
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<tr>
<td>MOTET</td>
<td>Prolis eterne genitor/Psallat mater gracie</td>
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<tr>
<td>SONG</td>
<td>Qui creavit celum (“Song of the Nuns of Chester”)</td>
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<tr>
<td>CAROL</td>
<td>Ecce quod natura</td>
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<tr>
<td>CAROL</td>
<td>Now may we syngyn</td>
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<tr>
<td>ANTIPHON</td>
<td>Hodie Christus natus est</td>
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There is no intermission with this program.

This concert is underwritten, in part, by the Neighborhood Tourist Development Fund

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During the high Middle Ages, Christian Europe was swept up in a wave of passionate adoration of the Virgin Mary. If we may judge by surviving sources of sacred music and poetry, nowhere was her cult stronger than in the British Isles, where Ladymasses and other special votive services were said and sung daily in churches large and small. The English adored the “spotless rose,” virgin both before and after bearing Jesus; and the central event in her life, the Nativity, fascinated them almost as much as did Mary herself. The topics of the incarnation, the virgin birth, and Jesus’ humble origins occur so often in medieval English song and poetry that it sometimes seems as if it were the English who gave form and substance to the celebration of Christmas.

The program contains plainchant, songs, motets, and carols for Christmas from English sources that date from the 13th through the 15th centuries. These works illuminate all of the aspects of the Christmas story and its many kindred legends: biblical precursors, Balaam’s prophecy, Gabriel’s greeting, Mary’s virginity, the birth of Jesus, the rising of the star, the angels and the shepherds, the manger and its animals, the virgin mother’s lullaby, the three Magi and their gifts. And these works express a range of responses to these marvels: mirth and joy, wonder and praise, and even theological exegesis. But the thread that ties this music together is a striving toward something out of the ordinary, a special sound or gesture, reserved for this most wonderful time.

The plainchant hymn and antiphon are taken from a 13th-century Antiphoner (collection of chants for the Divine Office) from Worcester. We chose to open our program with the striking, fanfare-like opening of the hymn Vox clara, ecce, intonate. This work is perfectly attuned to its Advent theme, recalling John the Baptist’s proclamation that he was “a voice crying in the wilderness.” The program ends with Hodie christus natus est, the Magnificat antiphon for Vespers of Christmas Day. While the feast is drawing to a close, this antiphon reaffirms the miraculous events. Between the plainchant and the song is our recessional, the early 15th-century Song of the Nuns of Chester (Qui creavit celum), a carol-like lullaby hymn that was used in an advent procession.

The medieval English motet, based on a pre-existing foundation or tenor part, usually declaims multiple texts simultaneously. The motet Balaam de quo vaticinans / (Ballam) is unusual in that jolly rondellus (voice exchange) sections are superimposed on the basic motet structure. The special genius of the pes motet Prolis eterne genitor / Psallat mater gracie / (Pes) (built on a brief recurring melodic fragment called a pes, or foot) lies in the way it’s simple, repetitive tenor is artfully obscured and reinterpreted with subtly shifting harmonies and melodic phrasings. It seems fitting that both motets praise Mary, a woman whose humble simplicity was to be so greatly elevated and adorned.

Two of the works, called ‘songs,’ have strong, popular connections and were apparently widely known. In “The Miller’s Tale” from the 14th-century Canterbury Tales, Chaucer describes Nicolas, Clerk of Oxenford, as a fine musician, sweetly playing Angelus ad virginem on his psaltery. Gabriel, fram heven-king is an English-language version of this 13th-century work. The poem Peperit virgo, from the 14th-century Red Book of Ossory, is meant to be sung to the tune of the secular songs Mayde in the moore lay and Brid one breere. No doubt realizing that these elegant love songs would not be repressed, and wishing to turn the minds of his musical monks toward more spiritual thoughts, the Irish Franciscan abbot Richard de Ledrede composed a new Nativity text in gentle praise of Mary.
Though they all follow a basic structure of burden (refrain) alternating with a number of verses, the carols included here are varied and individual in expression. *Lullay, lullay: Als I lay on Yoolis Night* and *Lullay my child - This ender nithgt* are ballad-like lullaby carols of the 14th and 15th century. Dating from the early 15th-century, the other carols vary between two- and three-voice texture. The two-voice sections of these pieces sometimes lend themselves to *fauxbourdon*, an improvisatory technique in which a third harmonizing voice is added between two written outer voices, creating a rich triadic harmony. We have used *fauxbourdon* in the carols *Ther is no rose of suych vertu*, *Ave Maria*, *Now may we syngen*, and *Ecce quod natura*. This last carol survives in multiple versions; our performance of it combines two of these, one quite simple, and one more elaborate.

The music in this program spans hundreds of years, from the early medieval antiphon *Hodie Christus natus est*, to the polyphonic carols of the 15th-century. The styles and textures vary greatly; the texts speak with many voices. But despite all the technical diversity, there is a common purpose in these works. As if in response to the quiet force of a supernatural moment, when the paths of humanity and divinity meet, the anonymous composers marked each piece with some special characteristic, making each a universe in itself, and making each a unique artistic response to the Christmas story.

Program Notes by Susan Hellauer ©2014

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**Anonymous 4**

In the spring of 1986, four women came together for a music-reading session to see what medieval chant and polyphony would sound like when sung by four female voices. Though it was rare, these women knew that there were women who lived in the medieval period who sang the music they were reading. Nearly 30 years later, Anonymous 4 has performed for sold-out audiences on major concert series and at festivals throughout North America, Europe, Asia, and the Middle East. With over 20 recordings for Harmonia Mundi USA, Anonymous 4 has sold over two million copies world-wide.

Anonymous 4’s programs have included music from the year 1000; the ecstatic music and poetry of the 12th-century abbess and mystic, Hildegard of Bingen; 13th- and 14th-century chant and polyphony from England, France, Spain, and Hungary; medieval and modern carols from the British Isles; American folksongs, shape note tunes, gospel songs, and works newly written for the group. Their recordings have received France’s prestigious Diapason d’Or, *Classic CD’s* Disc of the Year, *Classic FM’s* Early Music Recording of the Year, several Gramophone Editor’s Choice awards, Italy’s Antonio Vivaldi Award and *Le Monde de la Musique*’s Choc award. The group has also twice been voted one of Billboard’s top classical artists. Anonymous 4 recently returned to the *Billboard* charts with the release of *Marie et Marion*.

Composers who have written for Anonymous 4 include David Lang (love fail, a full-evening-length work premiered in June 2012), Richard Einhorn (*Voices of Light*, an oratorio with silent film; and *A Carnival of Miracles*, for vocal quartet and two cellos), John Tavener (*The Bridegroom*, for Anonymous 4 and the Chilingirian String Quartet), Peter Maxwell Davies (*A Carnival of Kings*), and Steve Reich (*Know What is Above You*).

Anonymous 4 has recorded and toured with the Chilingirian String Quartet, fabled medieval harpist Andrew Lawrence King, newgrass stars Darol Anger (violin) and Mike Marshall (mandolin, guitar), and collaborated with John Darnielle’s indie rock band, the Mountain Goats. The group’s newest project, *1865*, featuring songs of hope and home from the American Civil War, pairs the ensemble with renowned singer and old-time fiddler, master banjo and guitar player, Bruce Molsky.

For more information visit: www.anonymous4.com
Anonymous 4 appears courtesy of Alliance Artist Management
**Hymn: Vox clara, ecce, intonat**

Vox clara, ecce, intonat, 
obscura quaeque increpat;
pellantur eminus somnia, 
ab aethre Christus promicat.

Mens iam resurgat torpida, 
quae sorde exstat saucia; 
sidus refuget iam novum, 
ut tollat omne noxium.

E sursum agnus mittitur 
laxare gratis debitum; 
omnes pro indulgentia 
vocem demus cum lacrimis.

Gloria tibi, trinitas, 
aequalis una deitas 
et ante omne saeculum 
et nunc et in perpetuum.

**Hymn: Behold a clear voice resounds**

Behold a clear voice resounds 
and cries out against the dark; 
let dreams be driven away; 
from eternal heaven Christ comes down.

Let the sluggish mind be revived 
that was smitten by vileness; 
now a new star shines 
that will take away all evil.

From high the lamb is sent, 
freely to absolve our debts; 
let us all for the kindness 
cry out with tears.

Glory to you, trinity, 
one coequal godhead, 
before all ages, 
now and forever.

*Trans. Susan Hellauer*

**Motet: Balaam de quo vaticinans / [Ballam]**

Balaam de quo vaticinans: 
"Iam de Iacob nova micans, 
orbi lumen inchoans, 
[rutilans] exibit stella."
Huic ut placuit, tres magi mistica 
virtute triplici portabant munera, 
ipsum mirifice regem dicencia 
deum et hominem mira potencia.

**Motet: Prophesying him, Balaam said / [Ballam]**

Prophesying him, Balaam said: 
"Now a new star shall arise 
out of Jacob, flashing and shining, 
creating light for the world,"
In order to please him, the three Magi 
be threefold virtue brought mystic gifts, 
which pronounced him miraculously 
king, god, and man by wondrous power.

*Trans. E. H. Sanders*
Song: Gabriel, sent from the king of heaven

Gabriel, sent from the king of heaven
to the sweet maiden,
brought her happy news
and greeted her courteously:
“Hail be thou, full of grace indeed!
For God’s son, this light of heaven,
for love of man
will become man
and take
flesh from thee, fair maiden,
to free mankind
from sin and the devil’s power.”

The gentle maiden
then gently answered him:
“In what way should I bear
a child without a husband?”
The angel said to her, “Fear not;
this very thing of which
I bring news
will be done
by the means of the Holy Spirit;
all mankind will be redeemed
by means of thy sweet child-bearing
and brought out of torment.”

When the maiden understood
and heard the angel’s words,
she answered the angel
gently, with gentle spirit:
“I am indeed the bond-maid
of our Lord, who is above.
Concerning me
may thy saying
be fulfilled,
that I, since it is his will,
may as a maiden, contrary to natural law,
have the bliss of a mother.”

The angel went away with that,
together out of her sight;
her womb began to swell
through the power of the Holy Spirit.
In her Christ was straightaway enclosed,
true God and true man in flesh and bone,
and was born
of her flesh
in due time.
Whereby good hope came to us;
he redeemed us from torment
and let himself be slain for us.
Maiden-mother makeles,  
of milche ful ibunden,  
bid for hus im þat þe ches,  
at wam þu grace funde,  
þat he forgive hus senne and wrake  
and clene of euri gelt us make  
and euen-blis,  
wan hure time is  
to steruen,  
hus glue, for þine sake,  
him so her for to seruen  
þat he us to him take.

Carol: Ave Maria
Ave Maria, gracia Dei plena.
Hayl, blessid flour of virginite,  
þat bare this tyme a child so fre,  
þat was & is & euer shal be.

Conductus: Ave maria
Ave maria gracia plena dominus tecum  
benedicta tu in mulieribus  
et benedictus fructus ventris tui.

Matchless maiden-mother,  
fully endowed with compassion,  
pray for us to him who chose thee, |  
in whose sight thou didst find grace,  
that he forgive us sin and hostility  
and make us innocent of every offence,  
and, when it is our time  
to die,  
give us the bliss of heaven,  
and [grant us], for thy sake,  
so to serve him here  
that he may take us to himself.

Trans. Lawrence Rosenwald

Carol: Hail Mary
Hail, Mary, full of the Grace of God.  
Hail, blessid flour of virginity,  
þat was & is & euer shal be.

Trans. Lawrence Rosenwald

Conductus: Hail Mary
Hail Mary full of grace, the lord be with you,  
you are blest moang women  
and blest is the fruit of your womb.

Trans E. H. Sanders

The Annunciation painted by Fra Angelico (San Marcos National Museum, Florence, Italy)
Carol: *Lullay, lullay: Als I lay on Yoolis night*

*Lullay, lullay, lay lay, lullay;*  
*mi deere moder, sing lullay.*

Als I lay on yoolis niȝt  
onely in my longing  
me þouȝt I saw a weel fair siȝt,  
a may hari child rokking.

“Sing nou, moder,” said þe child,  
“wat schal to me befall  
heerafter wan I cum til eld,  
for so doon modres all.”

“Sweete sune,” said sche,  
“weroffe schuld I sing?  
ne wist I nere yet more of þee  
but Gabriels greeting.”

“He grett me goodli on his knee  
and saide, ‘Hail, marie!  
Hail, full of grace, God is wiþ þee;  
þou beren schalt Messie.’”

“I wundred michil in my þouȝt,  
for man wold I riȝt none.  
‘Marie,’ he saide, ‘dred þee nouȝt:  
let God of heven alone.’

‘Pe Holi Gost schal doon al þis,’  
he said wiþouten wun,  
þat I schuld beren mannis blis  
and Godis owne sun.”

“Per, als he saide, I þee bare  
on midewenter niȝt  
in maidenhede wiþouten kare  
be grace of God almīȝt.”

“Per schepperds waked in þe wold  
þei her a wunder mirþ  
of angles þer, as þeim þei told  
þe tiding of þi biþp.

Serteynyly þis siȝt I say,  
þis song I herde sing,  
as I me lay þis yoolis day  
onely in my longing.

Carol: *Lullay, lullay: As I lay on Christmas night*

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

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

“Sing now, mother,” said the child,  
“what is to befall me  
in the future when I am grown up,  
for all mothers do that.

“Sweet son,” said she,  
“of what should I sing?  
I never knew anything more about you  
than Gabriel’s greeting.

“He greeted me courteously on his knee  
and said ‘Hail, Mary!  
Hail, full of grace, God is with thee;  
thou shalt bear the Messiah.’

“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.

“‘The Holy Ghost is to do all this,’  
he said without delay,  
that I should bear man’s bliss  
and God’s own son.

“There, as he said, I bore you  
on Midwinter Night,  
in virginity without pain,  
by the grace of almighty God.

“Where shepherds were watching in the  
uplands, they heard a wondrous song  
of angels there, as they told them  
the tidings of your birth.

Certainly I saw this sight,  
I heard this song sung,  
as I lay this Christmas Day  
onely in my desire.

*Trans. Lawrence Rosenwald*
Carol: Alleluya: A nywe werke

Alleluya…

A nywe werke is come on honde
Porw myȝt & grace of Godys sonde:
To saue þe lost of eueri londe,
For now is fre þat erst was bonde;
We mowe wel syng, alleluya.

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

Nowe is fulfylled the prophecie
of Dauid and of Jeremie
and al-so of Ysaie.
Syng we ther-fore, both loude & hye, alleluya, alleluya.

Alleluya, this swete songe,
oute of a grene branche hit spronge.
God sende vs the lyf þat lasteth longe;
nowe ioye & blysse be þem a-monge
þat thus cunne syng, alleluya.

Trans. Lawrence Rosenwald

Carol: Lully: I saw a swete semly syght

‘Lully, lullow, lully, lullay,
Bewy, bewy, lully, bewy,
Lully, lullow, lully, lullay,
Baw, baw, my barne,
Slepe softly now.’

I saw a swete semly syght,
A blisful birde, a blossum bright
That murnyng made and mirth of mange;

A maydin moder, mek and myld,
In credil kep a knaue child
That softly slepe; sche sat and sange.

Trans. Lawrence Rosenwald

Carol: Alleluya: A new work

Alleluia...

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

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

Now are fulfilled the prophecies
of David and Jeremiah,
and also of Isaiah.
Let us therefore sing both loud and high,
alleluia, alleluia!

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

Trans. Lawrence Rosenwald
Song: A maiden gave birth
A maiden gave birth, a royal maiden, the mother of orphans.
A maiden gave birth, a royal maiden, the mother of orphans, full of grace.

The angelic voice paid honor to the king of the angels.
The angelic voice paid honor to the king of the angels by singing "Glory."

Three gifts are borne to the child as the homage of the magi.
Three gifts are borne to the child as the homage of the magi, with the star leading the way.

She grants salvation, the heavenly maiden, the only hope of the fallen.
She grants salvation, the heavenly maiden, the only hope of the fallen in this misery.

To the angel who tells of the mighty works of her son, of the vigils of the shepherds –
To the angel who tells of the mighty works of her son, [let there be] glory and joy.

Maiden, by devout prayer relying on thy offices, O queen of heaven –
Maiden, by devout prayer relying on thy offices, O queen of heaven, bring us to the realms above.

Trans. Lawrence Rosenwald

Song: Peperit virgo
Peperit virgo, virgo regia, mater orphanorum, mater orphanorum.
Peperit virgo, virgo regia, mater orphanorum, plena gracia.

Præbuit honorem vox angelica regi angelorum, regi angelorum.
Præbuit honorem vox angelica regi angelorum cantando gloria.

Puero feruntur tria munera obsequio magorum, obsequio magorum.
Puoer feruntur tria munera obsequio magorum cum stella prævia.

Tribuat salutem virgo caelica, sola spes lapsorum, sola spes lapsorum.
Tribuat salutem virgo caelica, sola spes lapsorum in hac miseria.

Angelo docente nati magnalia, vigilia pastorum, vigilia pastorum –
angelo docente nati magnalia, vigilia pastorum, laus et laeticia.

Virgo, prece pia per tua munera, regina supernorum, regina supernorum –
virgo, prece pia per tua munera, regina supernorum, duc nos ad supera.

Trans. Lawrence Rosenwald

The Visitation painted by Domenico Ghirlandaio, Tornabuoni Chapel
Sequence: O ceteris preamabilis
O ceteris preamabilis
virgo singularis,
que mater inviolabilis
casta deum paris.
Quamplurium praebabilis
mater salvatoris,
tu mulier admirabilis,
pares ex pers paris.

O mater incomparabilis,
de qua generatur
rex christus insuperabilis,
homo quo salvatur.
Eva fit vero damnabilis,
in morte probabil
per te, virgo venerabilis,
saluti donatur.

Heu, nostra statura fragilis
iterum fedatur,
heu, ad mala declinabil
ruinam miratur.
Hinc, virgo, per te culpabilis
zelo corrigatur
tandemque cum nato stabilis
celo statuatur.

Sequence: O matchless virgin
O matchless virgin,
more worthy of love than all others,
who, a chaste, inviolable mother,
gives birth to God;
O mother of the saviour,
most praiseworthy of all,
thus wonderful woman,
parent without equal.

O mother without compare,
from whom springs
Christ, the invincible king,
by whom man is saved.
Eve, to be sure, is condemned
and tested in death;
through thee, venerable virgin,
she is granted salvation.

Alas, our fragile stature
is again disgraced;
alas, easily deflected to evil,
it finds itself face to face with its downfall.
Hence, may the guilty be reformed
through thee with zeal,
and may he at last be placed
secure in heaven with the son.

Trans. E. H. Sanders

Carol: There is no rose of such virtue
There is no rose of such virtue\ As is the rose that bore Jesus, alleluia.

For in this rose contained
both heaven and earth in a little space,
a thing to wonder at.
By that rose we may well see
that he is God in persons three,
but of equal form.

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

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

Trans. Lawrence Rosenwald
Ballad-Carol: Lullay my child - This endris nithgt

Lullay my chyld and wepe no more
Sclepe and be now styll
Kynge of blis thi fader he es
And thus it es his wyll.

This ender nithgt I sauy ha sithgt
Ha may ha credill kepe
Hand ever schuy sang
Hande sayde in mang
Lullay my child ande slepe.

I may nocht slepe I may bot wepe
I ham so wobegony.
Slepe I wolde
But me hes colde
Hande clothse hauf I nony.

The chylde was swet
Hand sor he wepe
Hande ever me thoht he sayde
Moder dere
Way doy I here
In crache wy ham I layde

Adam gilt
That man has spilde
That syn rues me folke sore
Man for the
Here sal I be
xxx [Thyrty] yere ande mor.

Dolles to dreye
And I sale dye,
Ande hyng I sale on the rode
Wondys to wete
My bals to bethe
Ande gif my fleches to blode.

A spere so charpe
Sale thrill my hert
For the dede that man has done
Fadere ofe blys, Wartu thu has
Forsakin me thi sone.

Ballad-Carol: Lullay my child - and weep no more

Lullay my child and weep no more,
sleep and be still now.
Your father is the king of heavenly bliss
and thus it is all as he wishes it to be.

The other night, I saw a sight,
a maiden watched by a cradle,
and ever she sang
and all the while said:
lullay my child and sleep.

I cannot sleep, I can only weep:
I am so woebegone.
I would sleep,
but I am cold,
and I have no clothing.

The child was sweet,
but he wept sorely,
and ever I thought he said:
Mother dear,
what am I doing here?
Why am I lying in a manger?

Adam’s transgression
that condemned humankind to perdition,
that sin grieves me sorely.
Mankind, for you
will I stay here
for thirty years and more.

I will endure suffering,
and I will die,
and I will be hung on the cross.
To wash away sin
and to redeem mankind
I will give my body to be bloodied.

A spear so sharp
will pierce my heart
because of the sins of man.
Father of heavenly bliss, why have you
forsaken me, your son?

Trans. Marsha Genensky
**Song: Blessed be Thou, Queen of heaven**

Blessed be Thou, Queen of heaven,
comfort of men and bliss of angels,
unblemished mother and pure virgin,
such as no other is in the world.
As for Thee, it is most readily seen
that of all women Thou hast that prize.
My sweet Lady, hear my prayer
and have pity on me, if Thou wilt.

Thou didst ascend like the first dawn
that brings dark night to an end;
from Thee sprang a new light
that has lightened the whole world.
There is no other maid like Thee,
so fair, so beautiful, so ruddy,
so radiant, so bright; sweet Lady, pity me
and have mercy on Thy knight.

O blossom sprung forth from a root,
the Holy Ghost reposed upon Thee;
that was for mankind’s salvation
to deliver their soul in exchange for one.
Gracious Lady, gentle and sweet,
I cry to Thee for mercy;
I am Thy man with hand and foot,
in every way I can.

Mother, full of gracious virtues,
maiden patient and well-taught,
I am in the bonds of Thy love,
and everything draws me to Thee.
Wouldst Thou shield me from the fiend,
as Thou art noble, willing and able;
help me to my life’s end
and reconcile me with Thy son.

*Trans. E. H. Sanders*

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**Song: Salve virgo virginum**

Hail, virgin of virgins, mother of the Father,
hail, light of lights, ray of brightness.
Hail, lily of the valley, drop of the true dew;
our hope is in thee.

Hail, royal virgin, portal of salvation,
ot knowing any real man; because it is God thou bringest into the world.
Hail, because thou art made fruitful with the divine offspring;
our hope is in thee.

Hail, goal of our hope and salvation;
hail to thee, through whom the guilty and the saved rejoice together.
Hail, ornament of beauty and wholesomeness;
our hope is in thee.

*Trans. E. H. Sanders*
Motet: Prolis eterne genitor / Psallat mater gracie / [Pes]

**Triplum**

Prolis eterne genitor loquens de filio et prophetis vario vaticino consummato temporum iam curriculo misit unigenitum e celli solio qui carnem assumeret absque contagio in beate virginis sacrate utero ut in carnis vinceret domicilio hostem cuius vincerat carnis suggestion et sic digna diei remonstration hominis quam transulit Ade transgressio dum pro sevra innocens fit immolation que opertet fieri visitatio ut relatum fieret satisfactio incarnati filii iam patet seculo quam transsumpsit pastorum pura devotio.

**Duplum**

Psallat mater gracie gaudet ecclesia per quam nova gaudet prole celii curia in excelsis canitur deo gloria, quo testatur resonans vox angelica pariente genitorem nati filia vagit in prespeio celorum gloria; o beata que [assident] animalia pastor petit Bethlehem grandi fiducia, ut cernant in stabulo regantem omnia. O quam alta summi regis sunt palacia cui cedunt ut recumbant animalia ubi queso milites ubi familia ubi thronus ubi capax aula regia talia respondeat virgo pauperca que diversorii parit angustia cuius fetum enim locant cubicula ergo regis glorie mater et filia nos [de hac] ingloria transfer miseria.

**Carol: Qui creavit celum**

Qui creavit celum lully lully lu Nascitur in stabulo by by by by by Rex qui regit seculum lully lully lu.

Joseph emit panniculum by by by by by Mater involvit puerum lully lully lu Et ponit in prespeio by by by by by.

Inter animalia lully lully lu Jacent mundi gaudia by by by by by Dulcis super omnia lully lully lu. Lactat mater domini by by by by by osculatur parvulum lully lully lu et adorat dominum by by by by by.

Roga mater filium lully lully lu ut det nobis gaudium by by by by by in perenni gloria lully lully lu.

**Motet: When time had run its course**

**Triplum**

When time had run its course, the father of the eternal offspring, speaking about the son and the prophets through diverse prophecies, sent from the heavenly throne his only begotten son, who was to become flesh without any contagion in the blessed virgin’s hallowed womb, that in this fleshy abode he might vanquish the devil, whose temptation of the flesh had been victorious, and that thus man’s fitting compensation might be accomplished, which Adam’s transgression had postponed; since on behalf of the slave the son, a man greater than man – God in the son – is offered to the Lord, the restitution thus augments what was once lost and the bitter passion washes away the offence. Since for the benefit of the culprits the innocent sacrifice takes place, which needs to bring about the visitation so that the report might be written, it is now manifest to this age that the Son, having been made flesh, has accomplished the penance, because the shepherd’s pure devotion has spread the news.

**Duplum**

Let the gracious mother sing praises, the church rejoices; because of her the heavenly assembly rejoices in the new offspring, and glory is sung to God in the highest, wherefore the angels’ voices resoundingly bear witness, while the son’s daughter gives birth to the father. The glory of the heavens is crying in the manger; o blessed animals sitting there; the shepherd with abounding trust proceeds to Bethlehem that there in the stable he might describe Him who rules over everything. O how great are the palaces of the highest king, from whom the animals move away that they might lie down; pray, where are the soldiers, where is the household, where the throne, where the spacious royal hall? Let the poor virgin answer such questions, who gives birth in the cramped spaces of the inn, whose bedchamber accommodates the babe; therefore, mother and daughter of the glorious king, take us away from this inglorious misery.

**Carol: He who created heaven**

He who created heaven, lully lully lu, is born in a stable, by by by by by, the king who rules the ages, lully lully lu.

Joseph bought a little cloth; the mother swaddled her baby boy and placed him in a manger.

Among the animals, the world’s joys are laid, sweet above all things. The mother nurses the lord; she kisses her little child and thus adores her lord.

Mother, pray your son that he may give us joy in eternal glory.
Through everlasting ages, 
through eternity and beyond, 
may he grant us to rejoice in him.

_Trans. Susan Hellauer_

**Carol: Behold, nature changes her law**

_Behold, nature changes her law: a pure virgin bears God's son._

Behold, a new joy, behold, new wonder: a virgin bears a son without knowing man; without knowing man, but as the pear tree bears a pear, the earth creates a sapphire and the rose a lily.

This doleful world God saw in ruins, so a delectable rose he produced from the thorn; he produced from the thorn a virgin queen, a healing for the world and the salvation of its people.

Divinity could not be more humbled, nor could our fragility be more exalted; more exalted than to be placed in heaven, equal with God, through this union.

_Trans. Lawrence Rosenwald_

**Carol: Now may we sing**

_Now may we sing as it is: for unto us a child is born._

This baby, who has been born for us, has done miraculous deeds; he will not forsake those who are lost, but will boldly redeem them.

And thus it is, certainly: he asks for nothing but what is his.

The ransom for us has been paid, and for this reason, we are in his debt. By asking mercy and by praying to him we may claim heavenly bliss as our due.

And thus it is . . .

_Almighty God in Trinity, we pray for your mercy wholeheartedly. Your mercy will dispel all affliction and keep from us the most perilous danger. And thus it is . . ._

_Trans. Marsha Genensky_

**Antiphon: Today Christ is born**

_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!_

_Trans. Lawrence Rosenwald_

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_In sempiterna secula by by by by by
In eternum et ultra lully lully lu
Det nobis sua gaudia by by by by by._

**Carol: Ecce quod natura**

_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 pirum, gleba fert sphirum, rosa illium.

Mundum deus flebilem videns in ruina, florem delectabilem produxit de spina; produxit de spina virgo que regina, mundi medicina, salus gencium.

Nequivit divinitas plus humiliated, nec nostra fragilitas magis exaltari; magis exaltari quam celo locari, deo coequir per conjugium.

**Antiphon: 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. Alleluuya!_