

1 Angels to the shepherds came

The angel spoke to the shepherds:
“Christ is born to you
in Bethlehem, not the least of towns.
He is born in poverty,
the Lord of all creation.”

This Lord of great glory
humbled himself from the heights;
he possessed no costly
palace buildings,
the Lord of all creation.

2 Hey! We rejoice now

Hey, hey, hey!
Let us rejoice, let us be glad,
the longed-for one is born.
Hey, hey, hey!
Hey, hey, hey!

Hey, hey, hey!
Angels rejoice in heaven,
shepherds hasten to the stable.
Hey, hey, hey!
Hey, hey, hey!

Hey, hey, hey!
They presented themselves in order
and began to play music.
Hey, hey, hey!
Hey, hey, hey!

Hey, hey, hey!
And when they had played enough
they paid homage to the Lord.
Hey, hey, hey!
Hey, hey, hey!
Hey, hey, hey!

3 When Christ to us is born

When Christ is born
and enters the world,
dark night turns into
radiant brilliance.
Angels rejoice,
crying out under the heavens,
“Gloria, gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo!”

They tell the shepherds,
who were keeping watch over their flocks,

that they should run
straight to Bethlehem,
for the Saviour is born,
the Redeemer of the whole world.
Gloria, gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo!

4 Just after midnight

Midnight had already struck
when the bright moon
rose over the nearby valley;
seeing by its light
and coming into view by its light,
Wojtek called loudly to Szymon:
“Dear Szymon,
this sign has never been seen,
the whole sky is ablaze!”

“Call your brother,
make him get up,
get Kuba and Mikołaj
to drive out
the rams, the billy-goats,
the sheep, the goats and the wethers
that are penned up!”

Lying in the barn,
keeping watch over the field,
old Bartosz saw angels,
who with their
sweet voices
proclaimed to the valleys of earth:
“In heaven be glory
eternal to God,
and peace to men on earth!”

You shepherds, get up,
greet the Lord,
pay homage to him,
taking the ram,
play him a *skoczno*,
singing with
your voices as one!

5 God is born

God is born, the powers tremble,
the Lord of the heavens is laid bare,
fire blazes, splendour is darkened,
the infinite is set within bounds,
despised, deprived of praise,
mortal, the King of the ages.

And the Word was made flesh,
and dwelt among us.

Raise your hand, divine Infant,
bless our dear land,
in good counsel, in good living,
uphold her with your power,
our homes, all our goods,
the hamlets and the towns.
And the Word was made flesh,
and dwelt among us.

6 Our Lovely Lady

When the fair Virgin rocked her Son to sleep,
she sang to him thus with great happiness:
“Lullaby, my little child,
lullaby, fair infant.”

Sing to your Lord, all creation,
come to the aid of my heart in its great joy:
“Lullaby, great son of the King,
lullaby, heir of heaven.”

Come down from heaven, fair angels,
sing to the Lord, heavenly spirits:
“Lullaby, my fragrant flower,
lullaby, in the poor little crib.”

South wind, softly, sweetly,
blow softly, let the new young master sleep:
“Lullaby, my lovely little boy,
lullaby, my dear little one.”

7 Hurrying to Bethlehem

The shepherds ran to Bethlehem;
they played the hurdy-gurdy to the infant.
The shepherds, the shepherds
greeted the child, the little boy.

They delivered their little gifts to Jesus;
they bowed the knee in adoration before him.
The shepherds, the shepherds
greeted the child, the little boy.

In him they acknowledged the true Messiah
who is come to deliver them from evil.
The shepherds, the shepherds
greeted the child, the little boy.

8 **In a manger (“Infant holy, infant lowly”)**

In the crib he lies: who will hasten
to sing a carol to the little
Jesus Christ,
sent to us today?
Come, shepherds,
play sweetly to him
as to our Lord.

But we ourselves will hurry
after you with songs,
and we shall all
see this little one,
born so poor,
weeping, put in a stable.
He delights us today.

9 **Jesus there is lying**

Little Jesus
lies stark naked;
he is crying from cold, for
his Mother gave him no covering.

Because she was poor,
she took her kerchief off her head,
in which the child was wrapped,
and covered him with hay.

“Do not weep, I pray,
because I cannot bear your sorrow:
I have had enough of your pain,
which I bear in my heart.”

10 **We are shepherds**

We shepherds too,
not only the kings,
are in the carriage, the carriage.
We are going with the musicians;
let us make merry
in the cold, the cold!
Jesus says: “Play
your instrument, Bartek!”
“Wait, child,
first I shall deck out the double-bass
and the bow, the bow.”

Bartos is nervous
that his hair is not
well combed, well combed.
And, absentmindedly –

whoops! it's the mare's tail
that he puts in order, in order.
And he damages his shawm –
until Jesus shakes his tiny finger at him
very gently, very gently.

Farewell, young Lord,
we must go back to our flocks
by the little path, the little path.
Jesus gives a wink –
give him honey from the can
and from the barrel, the barrel!
The herdsmen thank the Virgin,
filling their throats and stomachs.
Praise to you, Lord!

11 **Lullaby Jesus**

Hushaby, little Jesus, my little pearl,
sleep, my dear darling.
Hushaby, little Jesus, hushaby, sleep,
and you, little mother, soothe his crying.

Hushaby, most beautiful little rose,
hushaby, loveliest little lily.
Hushaby, little Jesus, hushaby, sleep,
and you, little mother, soothe his crying.

12 **Hey, on this day**

Hey, on the day of the Nativity
of the only son
of the eternal Father,
the true God,
let us sing joyfully,
let us give praise to God!
Hey, nowell, nowell!

The Virgin has borne
a heavenly infant;
in the crib she has placed
the little child.
The shepherds sing,
they play their bagpipes.
Hey, nowell, nowell!

As soon as the shepherds
heard of this,
immediately they quickly
ran to Bethlehem,
greeting the infant,
the little child.

Hey, nowell, nowell!

13 Jesus, lovely flower

Jesus, lovely flower
appearing in the world,
why are you born in winter,
inflicting hard frost on yourself,
and not in the warmth of summer,
not in the warmth of summer?
Jesus, not to be comprehended,
why are you not of noble birth,
not lying in a palace,
but born in a poor stable,
and among beasts,
among beasts?

Fair as a lily
is the Virgin Mary,
beautiful as a rose;
she seeks no lordly bed,
she swathes him in a little crib,
in a little crib.
The ox and the ass
stand together before him,
they warm their Lord,
they fall to their knees,
they bow down low,
bow down low.

The angel from heaven rouses
simple folk first of all:
“Shepherds, get up very quickly,
welcome the Lord in the stable,
which is worth the trouble,
worth the trouble!”
The humble shepherds
quickly assembled;
with music, with songs,
with all sorts of gifts,
they honoured the Lord,
honoured the Lord.

14 Hey la, hey la, shepherds there you are

Hey, hey, shepherds from the field!
Come, greet the Lord,
and give him what you have.
The angels are calling,
go, dear brothers!
Go just at this time,
when there is uproar in the flock in the shed.

Let us go, let us go to the stable,
let us take two dozen cheeses.
Let us give to our Lord in the crib
the things we like ourselves.
Come, everyone, with joy
to Bethlehem.
Come, you fiddlers,
come, you bagpipers!
Walaszek, Kubaszek, play!
Stanaszek, Wojtaszek, pipe!
Tralala, tralala, tralala,
long live the infant Lord Jesus!

Hey, you peasants, come to the stable!
All of you greet the Lord,
and offer him what you have:
butter, dolls, little chicks
for the tiny child,
cheese and curd-cake
for the young woman,
pears, plums and apples
for Joseph, the old man.
We pray you, young master,
heir of earth and heaven,
accept these gifts, our Lord,
from us, country folk,
accept them in the end
because we love you forever.
Banasio, Galasio, play!
Bartos, Pakos, pipe!
Tralala, tralala, tralala,
long live the infant Lord Jesus!

15 **What to do with this child?**

What shall we do for this child,
dear shepherds, as he whimpers before us?
Let us sing cheerfully to him,
and dance around him.
Hoc, hoc, hoc, hoc!

The dear child does not like this:
I shall soon bring him a lovely doll.
Hushaby, my child,
hushaby, my dear one,
hushaby.

16 **Hey, hey, lovely lady Mary!**

Hey, hey, thou lily, Virgin Mary!
Hey, the Virgin Mary
bore Jesus the Lord.

Hey, hey, thou lily, Virgin Mary!
How did the Virgin Mary
bathe Jesus the Lord?

Hey, hey, thou lily, Virgin Mary!
In what did the Virgin Mary
swaddle Jesus the Lord?

Hey, hey, thou lily, Virgin Mary!
In what did the Virgin Mary
rock to sleep Jesus the Lord?

17 This is our Lord's birthday

The Nativity of the Lord today is a joyful day:
the elements sound the praises of God.
Mankind's joy is spread abroad everywhere;
in the valley the angel wakes
the herdsmen tending oxen below the forest.

At midnight the clouds are on fire;
the shepherds are puzzled at the sight.
Each asks what is happening
when it is not dawn, when day has not broken.
How can the moon strike the eye so sweetly?

But when they heard the angelic voices,
immediately they ran straight to Bethlehem;
there they greeted the Lord in the crib,
they fell to their knees,
and offered the gifts they had brought.

Then they cried aloud at the miracle:
"Long live little Jesus, brought into the world!
Lord, may the tribute from us
never cease eternally;
long live our Saviour, sent from heaven."

They go out from Bethlehem with great joy,
for God has now granted the prayer of Israel:
this night they have seen
what the prophets foresaw and longed for –
God the Saviour in a human body.

18 Shepherds, can you tell

Dear shepherds,
what have you seen?
We have seen the tiny
Jesus born,
the Son of God.

What palace did he have
where did it stand for his lodging?
A sturdy cattle-shed –
though still it hardly shelters him –
was his palace.

Who was present
to look after him?
The ox and the ass, kneeling,
warming him with their breath,
were his courtiers.

19 Infant, so tiny

Tiny infant, God, Creator of the heavens!
And where must we seek him?
In a little stable in Bethlehem Mary
swaddled her son: wondrous news!

Little child, my dear one,
how do you endure this cruel frost?
The ox and the ass blow, they warm him with their breath,
so that the infant may sleep and not cry.

20 Holy Lady Mary Wandered through the world wide

The Blessed Virgin wandered through the world,
when she carried the Lord Jesus in her womb.

On the way she met a poor peasant,
and immediately in a moment she ran to him.

“My poor peasant, poor little peasant,
give me lodging in your little house.”

“O fairest lady, enter this shed:
there you will have quiet lodging.”

21 **Lacrimosa** (anon. Franciscan (13th century))

Woeful that day,
in which sinful man
will arise from hot ash to be judged.
Therefore spare him, O God.
Gentle Lord Jesus,
grant them rest.
Amen.

**Five Songs to texts by Kazimiera
Illakowiczowna (1892-1983)**

22 The Sea

Afloat, in the furrow of water,
the down and fluff flows on,
and beyond it, like little boats one after
another,
the white down of geese and ducks.
Thus they flow, thus they run,
down into the Mediterranean Sea.
And the Mediterranean Sea
is azure and dark,
the spate moves in it like an unsleeping beast,
and everything is tossed about – down,
feathers, dinghies, birds and battleships.

23 The Wind

The wind has donned breeches of striped
fustian;
he fights and kicks around the palings.
“Once I have destroyed the railing,
I shall let in the storm and destroy everything!
Once in the garden, we shall tear up the paths,
and rip off shingles and wires, vine and
shutters.
What wonderful fun it will be
when no wall is left standing!”

24 Winter

Everyone has retired into their warm houses,
the grain slumbers in the sheltering barn,
white snow falls, white snow falls in the field,
warm snow falls, sheltering snow falls,
until the heavens are empty and grow cold,
and the earth fills up to the brim.
Only white snow and rose-coloured snow will
have fallen,
and in the sunset glow, silent, purple snow.

25 The Knights

When the knights rode out to battle,
they had very high-spirited horses;
each chased the other,
they shed their golden horseshoes.

But when they returned from the war,
they had shafts of cold steel in their wounds,

and behind the carriage there walked very
quietly, on tiptoe,
fair horses, mournful with grief.

26 **Church Bells**

We love church bells
when they are melodious,
we love it, when from the onion tower
joy rushes down on the roofs.
But we also love church bells
when they are angry,
when, out of fear of the unknown night,
they batter their heads on the roofs.