

**Heu! Quid jaces stabulo**  
(Jean Momboir)

Heu! quid jaces stabulo,  
Omnium Creator,  
Vagiens cunabulo,  
Mundi reparator?  
Si rex, ubi purpura,  
Vel clientum murmura,  
Ubi aula regis?  
Hic omnix penuria,  
Paupertatis curia,  
Forma novæ legis.

Istuc amor generis  
Me traxit humani,  
Quod se noxâ sceleris  
Occidit profani.  
His meis inopiis,  
Gratiarum copiis  
Te pergo ditare:  
Hocce natalitio  
Vero sacrificio,  
Te volens beare.

O te laudum millibus  
Laudo, laudo, laudo;  
Tantis mirabilibus  
Plaudo, plaudo, plaudo:  
Gloria — sit gloria,  
Amanti memoria  
Domino in altis:  
Cui testimonia  
Dantur et præconia  
Coelicis à psaltis.

**Dost thou in a manger lie?**  
(Momboir, translation Elizabeth Charles)

Dost thou in a manger lie,  
Who hast all created,  
Stretching infant hands on high,  
Savior, long awaited?  
If a monarch, where thy state?  
Where thy court on thee to wait?  
Royal purple, where?  
Here no regal pomp we see;  
Naught but need and penury:  
Why thus cradled here?

“Pitying love for fallen man  
Brought me down thus low;  
For a race deep lost in sin,  
Came I into woe.  
By this lowly birth of mine,  
Sinner, riches shall be thine,  
Matchless gifts and free;  
Willingly this yoke I take,  
And this sacrifice I make,  
Heaping joys for thee.”

Fervent praise would I to thee  
Evermore be raising;  
For thy wondrous love to me  
Thee be ever praising.  
Glory, glory be for ever  
Unto that most bounteous Giver,  
And that loving Lord!  
Better witness to thy worth,  
Purer praise than ours on earth,  
Angels' songs afford.

**Dies est laetitiae**  
(possibly German, 14<sup>th</sup> century)

Dies est laetitiae  
In ortu regali,  
Nam processit hodie  
Ventre virginali  
Puer admirabilis,  
Totus delectabilis  
In humanitate,  
Qui inaestimabilis  
Est et ineffabilis  
In divinitate.

Ut vitrum non laeditur  
Sole penetrante,  
Sic illaesa creditur  
Virgo post et ante.  
Felix est puerpera,  
Cuius casta viscera  
Deum genuerunt,  
Et beata ubera  
In aetate tenera  
Christum lactaverunt.

Christe, qui nos manibus  
Propriis fecisti,  
Et pro nobis omnibus  
Nasci voluisti,  
Te devote poscimus,  
Laxa, quod peccavimus,  
Non sinas perire  
Post mortem nos miseros,  
Sed tecum ad superos  
Facias venire.

**Royal day that chasest gloom**  
(paraphrase, J.M. Neale)

Royal day that chasest gloom,  
Day by gladness speeded:  
Thou beheld'st from Mary's womb  
How the King proceeded:  
Very God, Who made the sky,  
Set the sun and stars on high,  
Heav'n and earth sustaining:  
Very man, Who freely bare,  
Toil and sorrow, woe and care,  
Man's salvation gaining.

As the sun-beam through the glass  
Passeth, but not staineth;  
Thus the Virgin, as she was,  
Virgin still remaineth;  
Blessed Mother! in whose womb  
Lay the Light that exiles gloom,  
God to earth descending:  
Blessed Maid! whose spotless breast  
Gives the King of Glory rest,  
Nurture, warmth, and tending.

Christ, Who mad'st us out of dust,  
Breath and spirit giving:  
Christ, from Whose dear steps we must  
Pattern take of living:  
Christ, Who camest once to save  
From the curse and from the grave,  
Healing, light'ning, cheering:  
Christ, Who now wast made as we,  
Grand that we may be like Thee  
In Thy next appearing.