The Salutation Carol

Nowell, nowell, no-well,
This is the salutation of th’angel Gabriel.

Tidings true there be come new,
Sent from the Trinity,
By Gabriel to Nazareth,
City of Galilee.
A clean maiden and pure virgin,
Through her humility,
Hath conceived the person,
Second in deity.

When he first presented was,
Before her fair visage,
In the most demure and goodly wise,
He did to her homage,
And said,”Lady, from Heaven so high,
That Lorde’s heritage,
For he of thee now born will be,
I am sent on message.”

“Hail virgin celestial,
The meek’st that ever was,
Hail temple of deity,
And mirror of all grace.
Hail virgin pure, I thee ensure,
Within full little space,
Thou shalt receive and him conceive,
That shall bring great solace.”

Then again to the angel,
She answered womanly,
”Whate’er my Lord command me do,
I will obey meekly.
Ecce sum humillima,
Ancilla Domini,
Secundum verbum tuum,”
She said,”fiat mihi.”