Burgundian Carol

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The winter season of the year,
When to this world our Lord was born,
The ox and donkey, so they say,
Did keep his holy presence warm.
    How many oxen and donkeys now
    If they were there when first he came,
    How many oxen and donkeys you know
    At such a time would do the same?

And on that night it has been told
These humble beasts so rough and rude,
Throughout the noght of holy birth
Drank no water, ate no food.
    How many oxen and donkeys now
    If they were there when first he came,
    How many oxen and donkeys you know
    At such a time would do the same?

As soon as to these humble beasts
Appeared our Lord, so mild and sweet,
With joy they knelt before his Grace
And gently kissed His tiny feet.
    How many oxen and donkeys now
    Dressed in ermine, silk and such,
    How many oxen and donkeys you know
    At such a time would do as much?

Written by Bernard LaMonnoye, ca 1700. Translated by Oscar Brand
Recorded by the Weavers.