

Appendix

Anne Boyd, text of *A Vision: Jesus Reassures His Mother* for 6 voices (SSATBB), Unpublished (1999).

*Lullay, lullay, la lullay,
My dere moder, lullay*

As I lay upon a night,
Alone in my longing,
Me thoughte I saw a wonder sight,
A maiden child rocking.

The maiden wolde withouten song
Hire child aslepe bringe;
The child thoughte she ded him wrong,
And bad his moder singe.

“Sing now, moder’ seide that child,
‘What me shall befall
Hereafter whan I cum to eld,
So don modres alle.

‘Ich a moder treuly,
That can hire credel kepe,
Is wone to lullen lovely
And singen hire child aslepe.

‘Swete moder, fair and fre,
Sithen that it is so,
I preye thee that thou lulle me,
And sing sumwhat therto.’

‘Swete son’, seide she,
‘Wherof shuld I singe?
Wist I nevere yet more of thee
But Gabrieleles gretinge.

‘He grette me godly on his kne
And seide, “Heil! Marye,
Full of gracee, God is with thee.
Beren thus shalt Messye.”

‘Iwondred michil in my thought,
For man wold I right none.
“Marye”, she seide, drede the nought:
Lat God of Hevene alone.”

‘I answerede blethely,
For his word me paiyede,
“Lo! Godis servant, her am I,
Be it as thou me seide.”

‘Ther, as he seide, I thee bare
On midwenter night
In maidenhed, withouten care,
By grace of God almight

“the shepperdis that wakkeden in the wolde
Herden a wonder mithe
Of angles ther, as they tolde,
In time of thy birthe.

*Lullay, lullay, la lullay,
My dear Mother, lullay.*

As I lay one night
Alone in my longing,
It seemed to me I saw a marvellous sight,
A maiden rocking a child.

The maiden wanted, without a song,
To get her child to sleep;
The child thought she was behaving badly towards him,
And bade his mother sing.

‘Sing now, Mother,’ said that child,
‘[About] what will happen to me
Hereafter when I get older,
As all mothers do.

‘Every mother, truly,
That knows how to look after her cradle,
Is accustomed lull her child lovingly,
And sing her child to sleep.

‘Sweet Mother, fair and noble,
Since it is so,
I pray thee that thou lull me,
And sing something to do this.’

Sweet son,’ said she,
‘Of what should I sing?
For I know nothing at all about thee
Except for Gabriel’s greeting.

‘He greeted me courteously on his knee
And said “Hail, Mary,
Full of grace, God is with thee.
Thou shalt bear [the] Messiah”.

‘I wondered much in my mind
For I have no husband.
“Mary”, he said, “Do not be afraid;
Leave this to God of heaven”.

‘I answered gladly,
For his message made me happy,
“Lo, God’s servant here am I,
May it be as thou hast said to me.”

‘There, as he said, I bore thee
On midwinter night,
In maidenhood, without suffering,
By the grace of God almighty

‘The shepherds that kept watch on the moors
Heard a wonderful sound of rejoicing
Of angels there, as they reported,
At the time of thy birth.

'Swete son, sikirly,
No more can I say;
And, if I coude, fawn wold I
To don all at thy pay.'

'Moder,' seide that swete thing,
'To singen I shall thee lere
What me fallet to suffring
And don whil I am here.'

'Allas! sone,' seide that may,
'Sithen that it is so,
Whorto shall I biden that day
To beren thee to this wo?'

'Moder,' he seide, 'tak it lighte,
For liven I shall ayeine,
And in thy kinde, thoru my might,
For elles I wroughte in veine.

'To my Fader I shall wendee
in mine manhed to Hevene;
The holy Ghost I shall thee sende,
With hise sondes sevene.

'I shall thee taken, whan time is,
To me at the laste,
To ben with me, moder, in blis:
All thiss, than, have I caste.

'all this werld demen I shall,
at the dom rising;
Swete moder, here is all
That I wile now sing.'

Certainly this sighte I say,
This song I herde sing,
As I lay this Yolisday,
Alone in my longing.

'Sweet son, certainly,
I can say no more;
And if I could, I would gladly
To do everything to please thee.'

'Mother,' said that sweet thing,
'I shall teach thee to sing
What kind of suffering shall happen to me
And what I shall do while I am here.

'Alas, son,' said that maiden,
'Since it is so,
How shall I endure that day,
To bear thee for this suffering?'

'Mother,' he said, 'don't be upset,
For I shall live again,
And in thy [human] nature, through my might,
For otherwise I would have worked in vain.

'To my Father I shall go
In my human nature to Heaven;
I shall send thee the Holy Spirit,
With his seven gifts.

'I shall take thee, when it is time,
To me at the last.
To be with me, Mother, in bliss:
All this, then, have I arranged.

'All this world I shall judge
At the rising at the Last Judgment.
Sweet Mother, this is all
That I will now sing.'

Truly this sight I saw,
This song I heard sung,
As I lay this Christmas Day,
Alone in my longing.