

Bring a Torch, Jeannette, Isabella!
Bring a torch, to the cradle run!
It is Jesus, good folk of the village;
Christ is born, and Mary's calling:

Ah, ah, beautiful is the mother!
Ah, ah! Beautiful is her Son!

Cloudless is the sky above us.
Leave your bed and quietly come.
Come, and will see the Small One
Like a star, His face is shining.

Go, go, put on your finest garments;
Go, go, bring your finest gifts.