

Agincourt Carol

Anonymous

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Anonymous

[Burden 1]

Soprano
Alto

Tenor
Bass

De - o gra - ti - as An - gli - a red - de pro vi - cto - ri - a!

De - o gra - ti - as An - gli - a red - de pro vi - cto - ri - a!

[Verse]

9

Owre Kyngē went forth to Nor - man - dy With grace and myght of chy - val - ry Ther God for

9

Owre Kyngē went forth to Nor - man - dy With grace and myght of chy - val - ry Ther God for

19

hym wrought mer - v'lus - ly; Where - fore Eng - londe may call and cry De - o gra - ti - as!

19

hym wrought mer - v'lus - ly; Where - fore Eng - londe may call and cry De - o gra - ti - as!

[Burden 2]

29

Soprano
Alto

29

Tenor

29

Bass

De - o gra - ti - as An - gli - a red - de pro vi - cto - ri - a!

De - o gra - ti - as An - gli - a red - de pro vi - cto - ri - a!

De - o gra - ti - as An - gli - a red - de pro vi - cto - ri - a!

Text and translation

[Burden:] Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!

[Burden:] England, give thanks to God for victory!

1. Owre Kyng went forth to Normandy
With grace and myght of chyvalry
Ther God for hym wrought mervelusly;
Wherefore Englonde may call and cry
Deo gratias!

*1. Our King went forth to Normandy
with grace and might of chivalry.
There God for him wrought marvelously;
wherefore England may call and cry:
Give thanks to God!*

[Burden 2]

[Burden 2]

2. He sette sege, forsothe to say,
To Harflu towne with ryal aray;
That toune he wan and made afray
That Fraunce shal rewe tyl domesday.
Deo gratias!

*2. He set a siege, forsooth to say,
to Harfleur town with royal array;
that town he won and made a fray
that France shall rue 'til doomsday.
Give thanks to God!*

[Burden 2]

[Burden 2]

3. Then went hym forth, owre king comely,
In Agincourt feld he faught manly;
Throu grace of God most marvelsuly,
He had both feld and victory.
Deo gratias!

*3. Then went him forth, our king comely,
in Agincourt field he fought manly;
through grace of God most marvelously,
he had both field and victory.
Give thanks to God!*

[Burden 2]

[Burden 2]

4. Ther lordys, erles and barone
Were slayne and taken and that full soon,
Ans summe were broght into Lundone
With joye and blisse and gret renone.

*4. There lords, earls, and barons
were slain, and taken, and that full soon,
and some were brought into London
with joy and bliss and great renown.*

[Burden 2]

[Burden 2]

5. Almighty God he keep owre kyng,
His peple, and alle his well-wyllyng,
And give them grace wythoute endyng;
Then may we call and savely syng:
Deo gratias!

*5. Almighty God, [may] he save our king,
his people. and all his well-willing.
And give them grace without ending:
then may we call and safely sing:
Give thanks to God!*

[Burden 2]

[Burden 2]