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SIMEON: Mighty God, that all has made,
 Heaven and earth, both field and glade,
 Bring us to bliss that never shall fade,
 As thou well may;
 And think on me, so stiff and cold - 5
 Lo, here I hobble on limbs that fold!
 I scarcely walk, I am so old -
 Now help, Lord, adonai!

 But yet I marvel more and more
 Of our elders that went before - 10
 Whether lost for evermore
 Or safe they be?
 Abel, Noah, and Abraham,
 David, Daniel, and Balaam,
 And many another I could name 15
 Of each degree.

 I thank thee, Lord, with good intent,
 Of all the gifts thou has me sent,
 That such long span my life has lent
 For many a year. 20
 All have passed on but I, surely.
 I thank thee, Lord God almighty
 For I know none as old as I, truly,
 Now living here.

 For I am old Simeon. 25
 Another as old know I none
 That is made of flesh and bone
 On earth at this day.
 No wonder if I be not bold:
 The fevers, the flux do me enfold; 30
 My arms, my legs, are stiff with cold
 And my beard is all grey.

Mine eyes are worn now, dark and dimmed,
My end is near, I am short of wind
Thus age destroys all of our kind, 35
It has taken my strengths all.

But shortly must I pass away –
Though how or when I cannot say,
For, truly, it is many a day
Since death began to call. 40

Now can I do no deed at all
Save only to the church to crawl.
When I come home, weary I fall:
I may no further creep,
But only sit with sighs and groans, 45
And lie and rest my weary bones,
And toss all night with yawns and moans,
Until I fall asleep.

But nevertheless, the truth to say,
Though I may neither, night nor day, 50
From old age neither stir nor play,
Nor make no cheer,

Yet, though I be never so old,
My mind recalls what prophets told
Who now are lying dead and cold, 55
And have for many a year.

They said that God, full of might,
Should send his son from heaven bright,
Who in a maiden should alight,
And come of David's kin; 60
Flesh and blood in her to take
And become man for our own sake,
Our redemption thus to make,
Who were slain through sin.

But Lord, that to us of thy might 65
Have promised grace, now day and night
Send me thy word; grant heaven's light,
And let me, Lord, not die
Till thou such grace to me send
That I may hold him in my hand 70
That shall come our sins to amend,
And see him with mine eye.

ANGEL 1: Simeon! now dread thee not!
My Lord, that thou has long besought,
Since thou has righteous been 75
Thine asking has granted to thee:
To die not; but alive to be
Till thou thy Christ have seen.

ANGEL 2: Thou Simeon, hearken to me:
Tidings of comfort I bring ye. 80
Rise, then, and go along
To the temple; there before thee
God's son shall thou see
That thou has yearned for long.

SIMEON: Loved be my Lord in will and thought, 85
That his servant forgets not
When he thinks it time!
Well am I that shall not die
Till I have seen him with mine eye
And no longer pine. 90

Loved be my heavenly Lord,
That thus has, by his angel's word,
Warned me of his coming!
Therefore now with this intent
Will I put on me my vestment, 95
In worship of that king.

He shall be welcome unto me,
 That Lord that shall us all set free -
 The king of all our kin.
 For his blood shall us all redeem 100
 From hell, and from our cares so keen -
 We that were slain through sin.

Then the bells shall ring

Ah, dear God! What may this be?
 For whomsoever so solemnly
 Now do our bells ring so? 105
 I know not what this thing may mean
 Unless my Lord, that reigns supreme
 Is come, that all may know.

This noise lightens my heart indeed!
 I shall never rest, as God me speed, 110
 Till I come there alone.
 If this were so, it would me cheer,
 For such noise heard I never here -
 Our bells ring on their own!

JOSEPH: Mary, now have come to pass 115
 Forty days, since that thou was
 Delivered of thy son.
 To the temple I advise we draw
 To cleanse thee, and fulfil the law
 As our elders would have done. 120

Therefore, Mary, maiden mild,
 Let us wend now with thy child
 And to the temple draw.
 And we shall with us bring
 Two turtle doves, as offering, 125
 Thus to fulfil the law.

MARY: Joseph, thy counsel I obey,
That the law in every way
May be fulfilled in me.
Oh mighty Lord most true, 130
Give us grace this day to do
What shall be pleasing to thee!

The angels sing. Simeon (comes to the temple)

ANGEL 1: Thou, Simeon, righteous and true,
From first to last, both old and new,
Desired a sight of Christ Jesu 135
As prophecy did vow.
Oft have ye prayed to have a sight
Of him that should in a maiden light;
Here is that child of wondrous might:
All thy wish hast thou now. 140

ANGEL 2: Thou has desired it most of all
And often to thy Lord did call:
Prayed that to thee it might befall
That have within thy hand
Thou might once hold that blessed child 145
Who shall save all by sin defiled.
Lo, here now is that babe so mild,
The lord of every land!

SIMEON: Hail, fair flower of the field virginal!
The odour of thy goodness rises up to us all. 150
Hail, most happy to great and to small
For our good!
Hail, royal rose, most ruddy of hue!
Hail, flower unfading, fresh ever and new!
Hail, the kindest in comfort that ever men knew, 155
Or men could!

And meekly I beseech thee, here where I kneel,
To suffer thy servant take thee in his hands,
And in mine arms lift thee, my heart for to heal;
And where I am bound, that thou burst all my bonds! 160

Now come to me, Lord of each land!
Come, mightiest by sea and by sand!
Come, joy that by street and by strand
Now appears!
Embrace me, thou babe, the best born! 165
Embrace me, the mirth of our morn!
Embrace me, lest I be forlorn
In my years!

I thank thee, Lord, of thy great grace
That thus hath spared me for this space 170
This babe in mine arms here to embrace
As the prophecy tells.
I thank thee that life to me lent;
I thank thee that gave such content;
That this sweet babe, to mine arms here sent, 175
With gladness my thoughts ever fills.

Filled are my thoughts now with thee;
Full and fresh my power I feel.
For this favour thy grace gave to me
Thus lovely thyself to reveal, 180
Most seemly in sight.
To thy friend thus thy help never fails;
Thy mercy to all folk avails,
Both by the downs and by dales,
Thus marvellous and more is thy might! 185

Ah, babe, be thou blessèd for aye!
For thou art my saviour I say,
And rule me here now, day by day,
All my life.

Now blessed be thy name, 190
For thou saves us from shame
And here defends us from blame
And from all strife.

Now care I no more for my life,
Since I have seen this child here arrive - 195
My strength, and destroyer of strife,
I may say.
In peace let thy servant depart,
For mine eyes have seen joy for each heart:
The salvation that thou shalt impart 200
To men here for ay.

That salvation ordained thou, I say,
Here before the face of thy people;
And thy light has shone out here this day
To be known to those in their faith feeble 205
For evermore.
And thy glory for the children of Israel,
That with thee in thy kingdom shall dwell,
When the damned shall be driven to hell
In sorrow sore. 210

JOSEPH: Mary, my spouse and maiden mild,
In my heart I marvel greatly
How thus he speaks of our child.
He says and tells of great mastery
That he shall make. 215

MARY: Yea, Joseph, I marvel also
But I shall keep all in my mind.

JOSEPH: God give him grace here well to do,
For he is come of gentle kind.

SIMEON: Hark, Mary, the truth to thee here I shall break: 220

This child came to defend us from woe,
In redemption of many and release us also,
I thee tell.

And the sword of sorrow shall pierce thy heart through
When thou see him suffer - this I tell thee true - 225
For the good of all wretches; and this shall he do
At his will.

Yet again to be comforted here now thou may,
And in heart to be glad, the truth for to say,
For his might is so much no tongue can say nay 230
Here, to his will.

For this babe as a giant so stoutly shall stride,
And the mightiest master he shall move aside,
To every one that dwells in this world so wide
For good or for ill. 235

Therefore, babe, defend us that we may not spill;
And farewell, thou maker of all at thy will!
Farewell, bright star, that all things may fulfil
In truthfulness!
Farewell, the royallest rose that is reigning! 240
Farewell, the babe best in thy bearing!
Farewell, God's son! Now grant us thy blessing
To end our distress!