

—Rien de plus, bergère,
 Rien de plus ?
 —Ya trois petits anges,
 Descendus du ciel,
 Chantant les louanges
 Du Père Eternel.

A simple English translation by Mr. William McLennan, is as follows :

—“ Whence art thou, my maiden,
 Whence art thou ? ”
 —“ I come from the stable
 Where this very night,
 I, a shepherd maiden,
 Saw a wondrous sight.”

—“ What saw'st thou, my maiden,
 What saw'st thou ?
 —There within a manger
 A little Child I saw,
 Lying softly sleeping
 On the golden straw.

—“ Nothing more, my maiden.
 Nothing more ?
 —“ I saw the Holy Mother
 The little Baby hold,
 And the father, Joseph,
 A tremble with the cold.”

—“ Nothing more, my maiden,
 Nothing more ?
 —“ I saw the ass and oxen
 Kneeling meek and mild
 With their gentle breathing
 Warm the Holy Child.”

—“ Nothing more, my maiden,
 Nothing more ? ”
 —“ There were three bright angels
 Come down from the sky,
 Singing forth sweet praises
 To the Father high.” (1)

(1) *Songs of Old Canada*. Montreal, 1886.