

Ruslana "Radyjsya. Svit!"

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Chudo, chudo, chudo, chudo Â³z chudes (Â³z chudes)...
Bog pÂ³slav nam sina svogo Â³z nebes (Â³z nebes)...
Chudo, chudo, chudo, chudo stalosya,
Bo ditya vÂ³d dÂ³vi narodilosya!
Aleluya!
A chi vi chuli lyudi cyu novinu,
Scho u VifleÂ³mÂ³ dÂ³va porodila sina v bÂ³dnÂ³y stanÂ³.
Bo ne znayshlos' dlya neÂ³ bÂ³l'she mÂ³scya v VifleÂ³mÂ³
NÂ³ v hatinÂ³, nÂ³ v zaÂ³zdÂ³, a chas buv pÂ³znÂ³y.
Toj prosto v yaslah yogo polojila
Â² pelenami spovila chi sÂ³nom pritrusila,
A nedaleko v polÂ³ pastuhi buli,
Otari svoÂ³ steregli nÂ³chnoÂ³ pori.
Ta raptom gospodnÂ³y angel sered nih z'yavivsyia
Â² spovÂ³stiv, scho u VifleÂ³mÂ³ ninÂ³ Hristos rodivsya.
Â² vraz na nebÂ³ syaÂ³ sila vÂ³ys'ka nebesna,
Â² pastuhi pochuli spÂ³v chudesniy.
Aleluya! Slava vishnÂ³h Bogu!
Aleluya! Â² mir na zemlÂ³!
Aleluya! Lyudyam dobra volya!
Aleluya!
Chudo, chudo, chudo, chudo Â³z chudes (Â³z chudes)...
Bog pÂ³slav nam sina svogo Â³z nebes (Â³z nebes)...
Chudo, chudo, chudo, chudo stalosya,
V nebÂ³ nova zÂ³rka zasvÂ³tilasya.
A chi vi chuli lyudi novinu,
Scho Bog spasÂ³nnya daruvav narodu svoÂ³mu.
Scho v davninu za rÂ³znih ustah, za rÂ³znih chasÂ³v,
Prorokuvali v svÂ³tÂ³ BojÂ³m pro narodjennya mesÂ³Â³.
A koli Hristos rodivsya v nebÂ³ nova zorya z'yavilas',
Â² mudrecyam zÂ³ Shodu radÂ³st' spovÂ³stila,
Voni predstali vje z pisannyam, bachivshi zoryu,
Priyshli v Â³udeyu poklonitisya roj dennomu caryu.
Ta ne z porojnÂ³mi rukami
Do nih Â²susu schiro prinesli svoÂ³ dari: zoloto, ladan
Â³ miru,

Bo Âĭm serce pÂ³dkazalo, scho rojdeniy vÂ³d MarÂ³Âĭ
Âª spasil' vs'ogo svÂ³tu, Bojij sin, mesÂ³ya.
Aleluya! Slava vishnÂ³h Bogu!
Aleluya! Â² mir na zemlÂ³!
Aleluya! Lyudyam dobra volya!
Aleluya!

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