Texts and Translations

Henry Purcell: *I was Glad*
Text: Psalm 122, v. 1,4-7

I was glad when they said unto me:
We will go, into the house of the Lord.

For thither the tribes go up, ev'n the tribes of the Lord:
to testify unto Israel, and to give thanks unto the Name of the Lord.

For there is the seat of judgement:
even the seat of the house of David.

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls:
and plenteousness within thy palaces.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.
Amen.

Healey Willan: *Rise Up, My Love, My Fair One*
Text: Song of Solomon 2, v. 10-13

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

The flowers appear upon the earth.
The time of singing of birds is come.

Arise my love, my fair one, and come away.
Ralph Vaughan Williams: *Linden Lea*
Text: William Barnes

Within the woodlands, flow'ry gladed
By the oak trees' mossy moot,
The shining grass blades, timber shaded
Now do quiver underfoot;
And birds do whistle overhead,
And water's bubbling in its bed;
And there for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves, that lately were a-springing,
Now do fade within the copse;
And painted birds do hush their singing,
Up upon the timber tops;
And brown leaved fruit's a-turning red,
In cloudless sunshine overhead,
With fruit for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster,
In the air of dark-room'd towns;
I don't dread a peevish master,
Though no man may heed my frowns.
I be free to go abroad,
Or take again my homeward road,
To where, for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

John Tavener: *Mother of God, Here I Stand*
Text: Mikhail Lermontov

Mother of God, here I stand now praying,
Before this icon of your radiant brightness,

Not praying to be saved from a battlefield,
Not giving thanks, nor seeking forgiveness
For the sins of my soul, nor for all the souls.

Numb, joyless and desolate on earth,
But for her alone, whom I wholly give you
Johann Sebastian Bach: Chorale: *Du süße Liebe, schenk uns deine Gunst*, BWV. 197.5
Text: Martin Luther (Translation by Francis Browne)

Du süße lieb’! schenk uns deine gunst,
Laß uns empfinden der liebe brunst,
Daß wir uvon herzen einander lieben,
Und im friede auf einem sinn bleiben.

Kyrieleis!

You sweet love, grant us your flavor,
let us feel your burning love,
so that we may love each other from the heart,
and in peace remain of one mind.

Lord, have mercy.

Du höchst tröster in aller noth!
Hilf, daß wir nicht fürchten schand' noch tod,
Daß in uns die sinne nicht verzagen,
Wenn der feind wird das leben verklagen.

Kyrieleis!

You who are the greatest consolation in all distress,
help us so that we fear neither disgrace nor death,
so that is just the mind may not despair when the enemy brings accusations against our life

Lord, have mercy.

Stephen Paulus: *The Road Home*
Text: Michael Dennis Browne

Tell me, where is the road
   I can call my own,
That I left, that I lost,
   So long ago?
All these years I have wandered,
   Oh, when will I know
There’s a way, there’s a road
   That will lead me home?

After wind, after rain,
   When the dark is done.
As I wake from a dream
   In the gold of day,
Through the air there’s a calling
   From far away,
There’s a voice I can hear
   That will lead me home.

Rise up, follow me,
   Come away, is the call,
With the love in your heart
   As the only song;
There is no such beauty
   As where you belong:
Rise up, follow me,
   I will lead you home.
Gerald Finzi: *My Spirit Sang All Day*
Text: Robert Bridges

My spirit sang all day
O my joy.
Nothing my tongue could say,
Only My joy!

My heart an echo caught
O my joy
And spake,
Tell me thy thought,
Hide not thy joy.

My eyes gan peer around,
O my joy
What beauty hast thou found?
Shew us thy joy.

My jealous ears grew whist;
O my joy
Music from heaven is’t,
Sent for our joy?

She also came and heard;
O my joy,
What, said she, is this word?
What is thy joy?

And I replied,
O see, O my joy,
'Tis thee, I cried, 'tis thee:
Thou art my joy.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart: Ave Verum Corpus, K. 618
Text: Pope Innocent

Ave verum corpus, natum
de Maria Virgine,
vere passum, immolatum
in cruce pro homine
cuius latus perforatum
fluxit aqua et sanguine:
esto nobis praegustatum
in mortis examine.

Hail, true Body, born
of the Virgin Mary,
having truly suffered, sacrificed
on the cross for mankind,
from whose pierced side
water and blood flowed:
Be for us a foretaste [of the Heavenly banquet]
in the trial of death!