
Exsurge, quare obdormis **Domine**? Exsurge, et ne repellas me in finem. Quare faciem tuam avertis? Oblivisceris inopiae nostrae et tribulationis nostrae? Exsurge, Domine.

Arise, why sleepest thou, O Lord? Arise and cast me not off to the end. Why turnest thou thy face away and forgettest our want and our trouble? Arise, O Lord.

Psalm 44:23-24

In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum. Redemisti me Domine, Deus veritatis.

Into your hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit. You have redeemed me, O Lord, O God of truth.

Psalm 31:6

O Praise the Lord, all ye heathen, praise him, all ye nations: for his merciful kindness is ever more and more towards us, and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever and ever. Praise ye the Lord, O praise ye the Lord our God.

Psalm 117

Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord; blessed be the King of Israel; blessed be the kingdom that cometh in the name of the Lord. Peace in heaven and glory in the highest places. Hosanna in the highest heavens.

Matthew 21: 9

I give you a new commandment: that ye love one another e'en as I have loved you. By this all men shall know that ye are my disciples.

John 13:34-5

Recessit pastor noster fons aquae vivae ad cuius transitum sol obscuratus est:
Nam et ille captus est, qui captivum tenebat primum hominem: hodie portas mortis et seras pariter Salvator noster disruptit.
Destruxit quidem claustra inferni et subvertit potentias diaboli.
Nam et ille captus est...

*Our Shepherd is departed, the fount of living water, at whose passing the sun was darkened.
For he is captured, who took captive the first man: today our Saviour has burst both the doors and bolts of hell.
He destroyed the gates of hell and overthrew the powers of the devil.
For he is captured...*

Responsory for Tenebrae

Peccantem me quotidie et non paenitentem, timor mortis conturbat me.
Quia in inferno nulla est redemptio. Miserere mei, Deus, et salva me.

*I who sin every day and am not penitent, the fear of death troubles me:
For in hell there is no redemption. Have mercy upon me, O God, and save me.*

Responsory for the Office of the Dead

Surge, propera amica mea, columba mea, formosa mea, et veni. Iam enim hiems transit, imber abiit et recessit. Flores apparuerunt in terra nostra, tempus putationis advenit. Vox turturis audita est in terra nostra; ficus protulit grossos suos; vineae florentes dederunt odorem suum.

Arise, my love, my dove, my fair one, and come. For now the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear in our land, and the time of pruning is nigh. The voice of the turtle dove is heard in our land; the fig tree brings forth its figs, the flowers of the vine give forth their smell.

Song of Songs 2:10-13

Cantantibus organis Cecilia virgo soli Domino
decantabat dicens: Fiat Domine cor meum et corpus
meum immaculatum ut non confundar.
Biduanis ac triduanis jejuniis orans, commendabat
Domino quod timebat: Fiat Domine cor meum et
corpus meum immaculatum ut non confundar.

*While organs played, Cecilia the virgin sang to the Lord
alone, saying: 'Lord, make my heart and body pure, that I
might not be confounded.'
Supplicating by two or three days of fasting, she gave herself
unto the Lord whom she feared: Let my Lord make my heart
and my body unspotted, that I may not be confounded.
Antiphon at Vespers for the feast of St Cecilia*

A Gift of Heaven

To Philip of Austria, Catholic and Invincible King: Since the pleasure afforded by the art of music is a gift of heaven greater than all human teachings, and since it is particularly valued by the Holy Scripture, so it appears that this art can be properly exercised upon divine subjects. I, therefore, who have been engaged in this art for many years, not wholly unsuccessfully, have considered it my task to bend all my knowledge and industry to that which is the most divine of all things – that is, to adorn the Mass in a new manner. *Laudamus te, benedicimus te, adoramus te, glorificamus te.* Accept then, most mighty and God-fearing king, these labours as testimony of my perpetual loyalty toward your Majesty, magnanimous and noble king. Farewell, ornament and bulwark of all who bear the name of Christians.

*Text from Pope Marcellus Mass by G.P. da Palestrina
Translated by Lewis Lockwood
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Jubilate Deo omnis terra cantate omnes jubilate et
psallite, quoniam suadente Paulo, Carolus et Franciscus,
principes terrae, convenerunt in unum et pax de caelo
descendit.
O felix aetas
O felix Paule
O vos felices principes qui christiano populo pacem
tradidistis
Vivat Paulus!
Vivat Carolus!
Vivat Franciscus!
vivant simul, et pacem nobis donent in aeternum!

*Rejoice in the Lord, all ye lands, sing everyone, rejoice and
play the psalter, because persuaded by Paul, Charles and
Francis, the princes of the earth have united, and peace has
descended from Heaven.
O happy age,
O happy Paul,
O ye happy princes who have delivered peace to the Christian
people.
Long live Paul!
Long live Charles!
Long live Francis!
Long may they live together, and may they give us peace for
ever!*

Text written for the Truce of Nice, 1538

O clap your hands together, all ye people; O sing unto God with the voice of melody. For the Lord is high and to be feared; he is the great king upon all the earth. He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet. He shall choose out an heritage for us, even the worship of Jacob, whom he loved. God is gone up with a merry noise, and the Lord with the sound of the trumpet. O sing praises, sing praises unto our God; O sing praises, sing praises unto our king. For God is the king of all the earth; sing ye praises with the understanding. God reigneth over the heathen; God sitteth upon his holy seat. For God, which is highly exalted, doth defend the earth as it were with a shield. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Psalms 47

Retire my soul, consider thine estate,
And justly sum thy lavish sin's account.
Time's dear expense, and costly pleasures rate,
How follies grow, how vanities amount.
Write all these down, in pale Death's reckoning tables,
Thy days will seem but dreams, thy hopes but fables.

William Byrd

Gaudete in Domino semper, iterum dico, Gaudete.

*Rejoice in the Lord always; again I say, Rejoice
Philippians 4:4*

Ego flos campi et lilium convallium; sicut lilium inter
spinas, sic amica mea inter filias: fons hortorum et puteus
aquarum viventium; quæ fluunt impetu de Libano.

*I am a flower of the field and a lily of the valley; as a lily
among the thorns, so is my beloved among the daughters: a
garden fountain and a well of living water, flowing streams
from Lebanon.*

Song of Songs 2:1-2, 4:15

Salve Regina, Mater Misericordiae,
Vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, Salve!
Ad te clamamus, exsules filii Hevae,
Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes,
In hac lacrimarum valle.
Eja ergo, Advocata nostra,
Illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte
Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui,
Nobis, post hoc exilium, ostende,
O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.

*Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of mercy,
our life, our sweetness and our hope!
To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve,
to thee do we send up our sighs,
mourning and weeping in this valley of tears.
Turn, then, most gracious advocate,
thine eyes of mercy toward us,
and after this, our exile,
show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.*

Marian Antiphon

The Phoenix and the Turtle

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near?

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd King:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

Threnos

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;
And the Turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

William Shakespeare