

Vexilla Regis Prodeunt (Anonymous)

Vexilla Regis Prodeunt
Fulget Crucis mysterium
Quavita mortem pertulit,
Et mortem vitam protulit

The flag of our King comes forth:
the mystery of the Cross shines upon us,
that Cross on which Life suffered death,
and by his Death gave life.

Quae vulnerata lanceae
Mucrone diro crimum
Ut nos lavaret sordibus
Manavit unda et sanguine

He was pierced with the cruel Spear,
that, by the water and the Blood,
which flowed from the wound,
he might cleanse us from sin.

Impleta sunt quae concinit
David fideli carmine,
Dicendo nationi bus
Regna vit a lingo Deus

Here, on the Cross was fulfilled the prophecy
foretold in David's truthful words:
God hath reigned from the Tree.

Arbor decora et fulgida,
Ornata Regis purpura
Electa digno stipites
Tam sancta membra tangere

O fair and shining Tree!
beautified by the scarlet of the King,
and chosen as the noble trunk
that was to touch such sacred limbs.

Beata, cujus brachiis
Pretium pependit saeculi
Statera facta corporis
Tu lit que praedam tartari.

O blessed Tree!
on whose arms hung the ransom of the world
It was the balance, wherein was placed
the Body of Jesus, and thereby hell lost its prey.

O CRUX AVE, SPESUNICA,
Hoc Passionis tempore
Piis adauge gratiam,
Reis que dele criminal.

Hail, O Cross! Our only hope!
During these days of the Passion,
increase to the good their grace,
and cleanse sinners from their guilt.

Te fons salutis Trinitas,
Collaudet omnis spiritus:
Qui bus Crucis victoriam Largiris,
Adde praemium. Amen.

May every spirit praise thee,
O Holy Trinity, thou Fount of Salvation!
and by the Cross whereby thou gave us victory
Give us, too, our recompense. Amen.

Douce dame jolie –Guillaume de Machaut (1300 – 1377)

Douce dame jolie,
Pour Dieu ne pensés mie
Que nulle ait signorie
Seur moy fors vous seulement.

Sweet, beautiful lady
For God's sake, do not think
That anyone rules over me
But you alone

Qu'adès sans tricherie
Chierie
Vous ay et humblement
Tous les jours de ma vie
Servie
Sans villain pensement

For endlessly and without falsehood
I have cherished you
And humbly
All the days of my life
I have served you
With no unworthy thought.

Helas! et je mendie
D'esperance et d'aïe;
Dont ma joie est fenie,
Se pitié ne vous en prent.

Alas! and I beg
For hope and aid
For my joy is ended
If you do not take pity

Mais vo douce maistrie
Maistrie
Mon cuer si durement
Qu'elle le contralie
Et lie
En amour tellement

But your sweet mastery
Masters
My heart so harshly
That it torments
And binds it
So much in love

Qu'il n'a de riens envie
Fors d'estre en vo baillie;
Et se ne li ottrie
Vos cuers nul aligement.

That it desires nothing
But to be in your service
And yet your heart
Grants it no relief

Et quant ma maladie
Garie
Ne sera nullement
Sans vous, douce anemie,
Qui lie
Estes de mon tourment,

And since my sickness
Will never be healed
Without you, sweet enemy
Who is glad
At my torment

A jointes mains deprie
Vo cuer, puis qu'il m'oublie,
Que temprement m'ocie,
Car trop languis longuement.

I join my hands and pray
To your heart, since it forgets me
That it should kill me quickly
For I languish too long

Puis que vous estes campieur – Guillaume Dufay (1397 – 1474)

Puisque vous estes campieur,
Voulientiers a vous campiroye,
A savoir moy, se je pourroye
A vous, pour estre bon pieur.

Since you are a fighter
Willingly would I fight you
To know myself, if I could match
You, to be a good drinker.

Et si vous estes sapiieur,
Contre vous aussi sapiroye.
Puisque [vous estes campieur,
Voulientiers a vous campiroye.

And if you were a sapper
I would dig in competition with you too
Since you are a fighter
Willingly would I fight you

Vous me cuidez mauvais pieur,
Mais pour troys pos bien les piroye,
Vrayment, ou je me tapiroye
Comme du monde le pieur.

You think I'm a bad drinker
But I can well drink three jars
Truly, or else I'd hide
As the worst in the world

O rosa bella – John Bedyngham (1422 – 1460)

O rosa bella
O dolce anima mia
Non mi lassar morire
In cortesia, in cortesia

O lovely rose
My sweet soul
Let me not die
In courtly love

When to her Corina sings – Thomas Campion (1567 – 1620)

When to her lute Corinna sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And doth in highest notes appear
As any challenged echo clear;
But when she doth of mourning speak,
Ev'n with her sighs the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die,
Let by her passion, so must I:
For when of pleasure she doth sing,
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring,
But if she doth of sorrow speak,
Ev'n from my heart the strings do break.

Now O now, I needs must part – John Dowland (1563 – 1626)

Now, O now, I needs must part,
Parting though I absent mourn.
Absence can no joy impart,
Joy once fled cannot return.
While I live I needs must love;
Love lives not when Hope is gone.
Now at last Despair doth prove
Love divided loveth none.
Sad despair doth drive me hence;
This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
It is she that then offends.

Dear, when I am from thee gone,
Gone are all my joys at once.
I loved thee and thee alone,
In whose love I joyed once.
And although your sight I leave,
Sight wherein my joys do lie,
Till that death do sense bereave
Never shall affection die.
Sad despair doth drive me hence;
This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
It is she that then offends.

**Haste Haste to the cedar grove from (Solomon Act 1, HWV 67)
George Frederick Handel (1685 – 1759)**

Haste, haste to the cedar grove,
Where fragrant spices bloom,
And am'rous turtles love,
Beneath the pleasing gloom.
While thinking down the hill,
Avoiding hateful day,
The little murm'ring rill
In whispers glides away.

Crown the altar (from Orpheus Britannicus Book 1)

Henry Purcell (1659 – 1695)

Crown the altar, deck the shrine.
Behold the bright seraphic throng
prepar'd our harmony to join,
the sacred choir attend too long.

Quoniam tu solus sanctus – from (Mass in F – BWV 233)

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685 – 1750)

Quoniam tu solus sanctus,	For you alone are Holy,
tu solus Dominus,	You alone are Lord,
Tu solus altissimus,	You alone are the Most High,
Jesu Christe.	Jesus Christ

He was despised (from Messiah HWV 56, Part 2)

George Frideric Handel (1685 – 1759)

He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.
He gave His back to the smiters, and His cheeks to them that plucked off the hair, He
hid not His face from shame and spitting.

Quae moerabat (from - Stabat Mater)

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710 – 1736)

Quae moerebat et dolebat,	Loving Mother, who was grieving
Pia Mater, dum videbat	And suffering, while she beheld
Nati poenas incliti.	The torments of her glorious son.

Nisi Dominus – 1st Movement from (Nisi Dominus-RV 608)

Antonio Vivaldi (1678 – 1741)

Nisi Dominus aedificaverit domum,	If the Lord has not built the house,
in vanum laboraverunt, qui aedificant eam.	in vain will those who build it toil.
Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem	If the Lord does not protect the city,
frustra vigilat qui custodiat eam.	those who keep it, watch in vain.

**Bamise – (from collections of Yoruba sacred songs) –
Itunu Oyewale (b. 1991)**

Oluorun mo be o o	The creator of Heaven I cry unto thee
Ni le ai ye a san yi o	In this vanity world
Ba mi se o wa ba mi se o	Help me out, come help me
Ba mi se O lu Orun	Help me out, creator of Heaven
Oluwa wa gbemi di de	Lord empower me
Lo dun tit un	in this year
Jo wo jo wo	I beseech thee, I beseech thee.
Jo wo gbemi di de	I beseech thee to empower me

**Ayo ni (from collections of Yoruba sacred songs)
Itunu Oyewale (b. 1991)**

Jesu Olugbala omo Dafidi	Jesus, son of David, the saviour
Ohun lo gba mi	saved me
Ohun layo mi	He is my joy
Ayo ni, Ayo ni	My joy, my joy
Oba mimo Ologo layo mi	King of glory is my joy
O fun mi layo	He gave me joy
O mu' nu mi dun	He made me happy
Oba mimo ologo layo mi	King of glory is my joy
Gbanigbani ti ngbani	the saviour that saves
Ohun lo pe ye	He is worthy of adoration
Wo ni wo ni ti now ni	The protector that protects
Ohun lo pe ye	He is worthy of adoration
Eledumare to da mi	the almighty that created me
Ohun lo pe ye	He is worthy of adoration
Olorun oba titi lai	God the everlasting King
Ohun lo pe ye	He is worthy of adoration
Oba ni	He is King
Ayo ni te mi, ayo ni	Joy is forever mine.

**Quando Corpus morietur and Amen (from Stabat Mater)
Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710 – 1736)**

Quando corpus morietur,	While my body here decays,
fac, ut animae donetur,	May my soul Thy goodness praise
Quando corpus morietur	While my body here decays,
fac, ut animae donetur	May my soul Thy goodness praise
paradisi gloria,	Safe in Paradise with thee
paradisi gloria.	Safe in Paradise with thee
Amen	Amen