

SEATTLE PRO MUSICA  
Karen P. Thomas, conductor

*TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS*

Come life, Shaker life  
Come life, Shaker life!  
Come life eternal!  
Shake, shake out of me  
all that is carnal.

I'll take nimble steps,  
I'll be a David,  
I'll show Michael twice,  
how he behaved!

Mother Ann's Song  
Lo lo-de-lo...

Virgins cloth'd in a clean white garment  
Virgins cloth'd in a clean white garment  
How they move in a band of love.  
Comforts flow in a mighty current,  
We shall drink at the fountain above.

Yea we will rejoice with freedom  
In this strait little narrow way.  
Here is the fold and the lambs all feeding  
On this green we'll skip and play.

Hark I Hear the Harps Eternal  
Hark, I hear the harps eternal  
Ringing on the farther shore,  
As I near those swollen waters,  
With their deep and solemn roar.  
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Praise the Lamb,  
Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Glory to the great I AM.

And my soul though stained with sorrow,  
Fading as the light of day,  
Passes swiftly o'er those waters  
To the city far away. Hallelujah ...

Souls have crossed before me, saintly,  
To that land of perfect rest;  
And I hear them singing faintly  
In the mansions of the blest. Hallelujah ...

Paper Reeds by the Brooks  
The paper reeds by the brooks,  
by the mouth of the brooks,

and everything sown by the brooks,  
shall wither, be driven away, and be no more.

Lux aurumque  
Lux, calida gravisque pura velut aurum,  
et canunt angeli molliter modo natum.

Light, warm and heavy as pure gold,  
and the angels sing softly to the newborn baby.

O nata lux  
O nata lux de lumine,  
Jesu Redemptor saeculi,  
Dignare clemens supplicum  
Laudes preces que sumere.  
Qui carne quondam contegi  
Dignatus es pro perditis,  
Nos membra confer effici  
Tui beati corporis.

O light born of light,  
Jesus, the redeemer of the world,  
mercifully deem worthy and accept  
the praises and prayers of your supplicants.  
You who once deigned to be clothed in flesh  
for the sake of the lost ones,  
grant us to be made members  
of your holy body.

How can I keep from singing?  
My life flows on in endless song above earth's lamentation,  
I hear the real, though far-off hymn that hails a new creation.  
Through all the tumult and the strife I hear the music ringing,  
it sounds an echo in my soul. How can I keep from singing?

What though the tempest loudly roars, I hear the truth, it liveth.  
What though the darkness round me close, songs in the night it giveth.  
No storm can shake my in-most calm, while to that rock I'm clinging.  
Since love is lord of heav'n and earth, how can I keep from singing!

What tyrants tremble as they hear the bells of freedom ringing,  
When friends rejoice both far and near, how can I keep from singing!

To prison cell and dungeon vile our thoughts to them are winging,  
when friends by shame are undefiled, how can I keep from singing!

Spring Song

Revecy venir le printemps.  
Laudate Dominum. Alleluia.

*Welcome the coming of spring!  
Praise the Lord, alleluia.*

To Mistress Margaret Hussey  
Merry Margaret as midsummer flower,  
Gentle as falcon or hawk of the tower: <sup>1</sup>  
With solace and gladness,  
Much mirth and no madness,  
All good and no badness;  
So joyously, so maidenly,  
So womanly her demeaning  
In every thing, far, far passing  
That I can indite, or suffice to write  
Of Merry Margaret as midsummer flower,

Gentle as Falcon or hawk of the tower.  
As patient and still and as full of good will  
As fair Isaphill, <sup>2</sup> as Coriander, <sup>3</sup>  
Sweet pomander, <sup>4</sup> good Cassander, <sup>5</sup>  
Steadfast of thought, well made, well wrought,  
Far may be sought ere that ye can find  
So courteous, so kind as Merry Margaret,  
This midsummer flower,  
Gentle as falcon or hawk of the tower.

<sup>1</sup> Hawk trained to fly high (tower).

<sup>2</sup> Hypsipyle, princess of Lemnos, savior of her father's life, comforter of the Argives, mother of twins by Jason.

<sup>3</sup> An aromatic herb.

<sup>4</sup> A mixture of perfumed or aromatic substances made into a ball.

<sup>5</sup> Cassandra, daughter of Priam and Hecuba. According to myth her beauty bedazzled Apollo, who conferred on her the gift of prophecy.

Madrigali ("Fire Songs" on Italian Renaissance Poems)

*Io piango*

Io piango, chè'l dolore  
Pianger' mi fa, perch'io  
Non trov'altro rimedio a l'ardor' mio.  
Così m'ha concio' Amore  
Ch'ognor' viv'in tormento  
Ma quanto piango più, men doglia sento.  
Sorte fiera e inaudita  
Che'l tacer mi d'a morte e'l pianger vita.

*I'm weeping, for the grief  
makes me cry, since I  
can find no other remedy for my fire.  
So trapped by Love am I  
that ever I lie in torment  
but the more I cry the less pain I feel.  
What cruel, unheard-of fate  
that silence gives me death and weeping life!*

*Amor, io sento l'alma*

Amor, io sento l'alma  
Tornar nel foco ov'io  
Fui lieto et più che mai d'arder desio.  
Io ardo e 'n chiara fiamma  
Nutrisco il miser core;  
Et quanto più s'infiamma,  
Tanto più cresce amore,  
Perch'ogni mio dolore  
Nasce del fuoco ov'io  
Fui lieto et più che mai d'arder desio.

*Oh love, I feel my soul  
return to the fire where I  
rejoiced and more than ever desire to burn.  
I burn and in bright flames  
I feed my miserable heart;  
the more it flames  
the more my loving grows,  
for all my sorrows come  
from out of the fire where I  
rejoiced and more than ever desire to burn.*

*Se per havervi, oime*

Se per havervi, oime, donato il core,  
Nasce in me quell'ardore,  
Donna crudel, che m'arde in ogno loco,  
Tal che son tutto foco,  
E se per amar voi, l'aspro martire  
Mi fa di duol morire,  
Miser! che far debb'io  
Privo di voi che sete ogni ben mio?

*If, alas, when I gave you my heart,  
There was born in me that passion,  
Cruel Lady, which burns me everywhere  
So that I am all aflame,  
And if, loving you, bitter torment  
Makes me die of sorrow,  
Wretched me! What shall I do  
Without you who are my every joy?*

Voices for Peace

O Lord: Create me as an instrument,  
a voice of Your peace -  
where there is hate, let me sing love;  
where there is injury, let me sing forgiveness;  
where there is doubt, let me sing faith;

Dorma, ador

Dorma, ador, adormeça Boyo-yo balu.

Great "O" Antiphons

*O Adonai*

O Adonai, ruler of the house of Israel,  
you appeared to Moses in the fire of the burning bush;  
on Mount Sinai you gave him your law:  
With outstretched arm, come and redeem us.

Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound,  
that saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost but now am found,  
was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
and grace my fears relieved;  
how precious did that grace appear  
the hour I first believed!

The Lord has promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures;

Pilgrims' Hymn

Even before we call on Your name To ask You, O God,  
When we seek for the words to glorify You,  
You hear our prayer;  
Unceasing love, O unceasing love,  
Surpassing all we know.  
Glory to the father,  
and to the Son,  
And to the Holy Spirit.

McKay

O the transporting, rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.

where there is despair, let me sing hope;  
where there is darkness, let me sing light;  
where there is sadness, let me sing joy.  
O one eternal living God:  
create me as a voice of peace.

Sleep, go to sleep, my sweet little boy.

*O Root of Jesse*

O Root of Jesse, you stand as an ensign to the peoples;  
before you kings shall keep silence,  
all nations bow in worship:  
Come and save us, and do not delay.

He will my shield and portion be  
as long as life endures.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
Oh, 'tis grace that brought me safe thus far,  
and grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,  
bright shining as the sun,  
we've no less days to sing God's praise  
than when we'd first begun.

Even with darkness sealing us in,  
We breathe Your name,  
And through all the days that follow so fast,  
We trust in You;  
Endless Your grace, O endless Your grace,  
Beyond all mortal dream.  
Both now and forever,  
And unto ages and ages, Amen.

There gen'rous fruits that never fail  
On trees immortal grow,  
There rocks and hills and brooks and vales,  
With milk and honey flow.