

William Byrd (1543-1623) *Why do I use my paper, ink and pen*

1. Why do I use my paper, ink and pen,
And call my wits to counsel what to say?
Such memories were made for mortal men;
I speak of Saints whose names cannot decay.
An Angel's trump were fitter for to sound
Their glorious death if such on earth were found

2. That store of such were once on earth pursued,
The histories of ancient times record,
Whose constancy great tyrants' rage subdued
Though patient death, professing Christ the Lord:
As his Apostles perfect witness bare,
With many more that blessed Martyrs were.

3. Whose patience rare and most courageous mind,
With fame renowned perpetual shall endure,
By whose examples we may rightly find,
Of holy life and death a pattern pure.
That we therefore their virtues may embrace
Pray we to Christ to guide us with his grace.

(Attrib. Henry Walpole S. J., 1558-1595)

Peter Phillips (1560-1628) *O si quandi videbo*

O when shall I see my joy, which I desire? O when shall I be satisfied when my glory shall appear, for which I hunger? O when shall I be intoxicated with the riches of thy house, for which I sigh? O when wilt thou drench me with the flood of thy pleasure, which I covet? Meanwhile my tears, Lord, are to me my bread day and night until "Behold thy God" is said to me, until my soul hears "Behold thy Bridegroom".

(Loosely based on Psalm 41)

G B Agneletti (fl. 1656-1673) *Gloria*

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.

L Hodemont (1575-1636) *O bone Jesu*

O good Jesus, Word of the Father, convert me.
O good Jesus, Lamb of God, purify me.
O good Jesus, Good Shepherd, heal me.
O good Jesus, my Master, lead me.
O good Jesus, Prince of Peace, rule me.
O good Jesus, my Teacher, direct me.
O good Jesus, my Redeemer, save me.

D Mazzocchi (1592-1665) *Homai le luci erranti*

Henceforth you turn, O my soul, your eyes wandering
Towards your Creator, and raised upon this wood,
The centre of the calamities of the past,
In His sufferings you contemplate your sins.

In vain, you know, alas, does a weak spirit
Torment itself and sigh with transitory desire.
If, therefore, you aspire to the eternal Kingdom,
Sigh at least for God, for He died for you.

But have no fear, even in the still centre
Should tremble and Heaven cause the rocks
To shatter and your unseeing eyes to open.

For the earth trembles because of your obstinacy,
And that your heart might soften, the rocks do break,
And that your eyes may be opened, Heaven closes His.

R Lassus (1563-1625)

Sancta et Immaculata

O holy and immaculate virginity, I know not, by what praises I may extol thee:
for thou hast born in thy womb, whom the heavens could not contain.
Thou hast brought forth Him which made thee, and ever remain a virgin.

G F Sances

(1600-1679)

Stabat Mater

1. The grieving Mother stood beside the
cross weeping where her Son was
hanging
Through her weeping soul,
compassionate and grieving,
a sword passed.

2. O how sad and afflicted was that
blessed Mother of the Only-begotten!
Who mourned and grieved,
the pious Mother, seeing the torment of
her glorious Son.

3. Who is the man who would not weep
if seeing the Mother of Christ
in such agony?
Who would not be have compassion
on beholding the devout mother
suffering with her Son?

4. For the sins of His people
she saw Jesus in torment
and subjected to the scourge.
She saw her sweet Son dying, forsaken,
while He gave up His spirit.

5. O Mother, fountain of love,
make me feel the power of sorrow,
that I may grieve with you.
Grant that my heart may burn
in the love of the Lord Christ
that I may greatly please Him.

6. Holy Mother, grant this of yours,
that the wounds of the Crucified be well-
formed in my heart.
Grant that the punishment of your
wounded Son, so worthily suffered for
me, may be shared with me.

7. Let me sincerely weep with you,
bemoan the Crucified, for as long as I live
To stand beside the cross with you,
and for me to join you
in mourning, this I desire.

8. Chosen Virgin of virgins,
to me, now, be not bitter;
let me mourn with you.
Grant that I may bear the death of
Christ, grant me the fate of His passion
and the remembrance of His wounds.

9. Let me be wounded with distress,
inebriated in this way by the cross
and the blood of your Son
Lest I be destroyed by fire, set alight,
then through you, Virgin, may I be
defended on the day of judgement

10. Let me be guarded by the cross,
fortified by the death of Christ,
and cherished by grace.
When my body dies,
grant that to my soul is given
the glory of paradise.

Amen.

John Dowland (1563-1626)

Thou Mightie God

Thou mightie God, that rightest every wrong,
Listen to patience in a dying song.
When *Iob* had lost his Children, Lands and goods,
Patience asswaged his excessive paine,
And when his sorrowes came as fast as flouds,
Hope kept his heart till comfort came againe.

When *Davids* life by *Saul* was often sought,
And worlds of woes did compasse him about,
On dire revenge he never had a thought,
But in his griefes, Hope still did help him out.

When the poore Cripple by the Poole did lye,
Full many yeeres in misery and paine,
No sooner hee on Christ had set his eye,
But hee was well, and comfort came againe,
No *David*, *Iob*, nor Cripple in more grieffe,
Christ give mee patience, and my Hopes reliefe.

(Nicolas Breton, *The Soul's Harmony*, 1602)