

Ave Maria

*Ave, Maria, gratia plena,
Dominus tecum,
benedicta tu in mulieribus,
et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.
Sancta Maria, Mater Dei,
ora pro nobis peccatoribus,
nunc et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.*

Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with thee.
Blessed art thou among women
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, Mother of God,
pray for us sinners now
and at the hour of our death. Amen.

O salutaris Hostia

*O salutaris Hostia,
Quae caeli pandis ostium:
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.
Uni trinoque Domino
Sit sempiterna gloria,
Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria.
Amen.*

O saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of Heaven to man below;
Our foes press hard on every side;
Thine aid supply; thy strength bestow.
To thy great name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, One in Three.
Oh, grant us endless length of days,
In our true native land with thee.
Amen.

Ave Generosa

*Ave, generosa,
gloriosa et intacta puella,
tu pupilla castitatis,
tu materia sanctitatis,
que Deo placuit.*

Hail, nobly born, hail, honored and inviolate,
you Maiden are the piercing gaze of
chastity,
you the material of holiness—
the one who pleased God.

O frondens virga

*O frondens virga,
in tua nobilitate stans
sicut aurora procedit:
nunc gaude et letare
et nos debiles dignare
a mala consuetudine liberare
atque manum tuam porrigere
ad erigendum nos.*

Psalm antiphon for the Virgin

O blooming branch,
you stand upright in your nobility,
as breaks the dawn on high:
Rejoice now and be glad,
and deign to free us, frail and weakened,
from the wicked habits of our age;
stretch forth your hand
to lift us up aright.

Hymn to St. Cecilia

I.

*In a garden shady this holy lady
With reverent cadence and subtle psalm,
Like a black swan as death came on
Poured forth her song in perfect calm:
And by ocean's margin this innocent virgin
Constructed an organ to enlarge her prayer,
And notes tremendous from her great engine
Thundered out on the Roman air.*

*Blonde Aphrodite rose up excited,
Moved to delight by the melody,
White as an orchid she rode quite naked
In an oyster shell on top of the sea
At sounds so entrancing the angels dancing
Came out of their trance into time again,
And around the wicked in Hell's abysses
The huge flame flickered and eased their pain.*

*Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.*

II.

*I cannot grow
I have no shadow
To run away from,
I only play.*

*I am defeat
When it knows it
Can now do nothing
By suffering.*

*I shall never be
Different. Love me.*

*Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.*

*I cannot err
There is no creature
Whom I belong to,
Whom I could wrong.*

*All you lived through,
Dancing because you
No longer need it
For any deed.*

III.

*O ear whose creatures cannot wish to fall,
O calm of spaces unafraid of weight,
Where Sorrow is herself, forgetting all
The gaucheness of her adolescent state,
Where Hope within the altogether strange
From every outworn image is released,
And Dread born whole and normal like a beast
Into a world of truths that never change:
Restore our fallen day
O re-arrange.*

*O dear white children casual as birds,
Playing among the ruined languages,
So small beside their large confusing words,
So gay against the greater silences
Of dreadful things you did: O hang the head,
Impetuous child with the tremendous brain,
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain,
Lost innocence who wished your lover dead,
Weep for the lives your wishes never led.*

*O cry created as the bow of sin
Is drawn across our trembling violin.
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain.
O law drummed out by hearts against the still
Long winter of our intellectual will.
That what has been may never be again.
O flute that throbs with the thanksgiving breath
Of convalescents on the shores of death.
O bless the freedom that you never chose.
O trumpets that unguarded children blow
About the fortress of their inner foe.
O wear your tribulation like a rose.*

*Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.*

Song for Athene

Alleluia, Alleluia

May flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

*Remember me O Lord, when you come into
your kingdom.*

*Give rest O Lord to your handmaid, who has
fallen asleep.*

*The Choir of Saints have found the
well-spring of life and door of paradise.*

Life a shadow and a dream.

Weeping at the grave creates the song.

*Come, enjoy rewards and crowns I have
prepared for you*

Alleluia Alleluia

Scapulis Suis

Scapulis suis obumbrabit tibi Dominus,

et sub pennis eius sperabis:

scuto circumdabit te veritas eius.

"Song for Athene" is by British composer John Tavener with lyrics by Mother Thekla, an Orthodox nun. It is Tavener's best known work, having been performed by the Westminster Abbey Choir at the funeral service of Diana, Princess of Wales, on 6 September 1997.

Commissioned by the BBC, the piece was written in April 1993 by Tavener as a tribute to Athene Hariades, a young actress who was a family friend killed in a cycling accident.

The Lord will shelter you with his arm,
and under his wings you will find refuge;
His truth will surround you like a shield.