

Texts for Seraphic Fire New Music Playlist

Salvatore Sciarrino, Responsorio delle tenebre a sei voci.

Deus, in nomine tuo salvum me fac:
et in virtute tua judica me.
Deus, exaudi orationem meam:
auribus percipe verba oris mei.
Quoniam alieni insurrexerunt adversum me,
et fortes quaesierunt animam meam:
et non proposuerunt Deum ante conspectum
suum.
Deus, in nomine tuo salvum me fac:
et in virtute tua judica me.
Deus, exaudi orationem meam:
auribus percipe verba oris mei.
Quoniam alieni insurrexerunt adversum me,
et fortes quaesierunt animam meam:
et non proposuerunt Deum ante conspectum
suum.
Ecce enim Deus adjuvat me:
et Dominus susceptor est animae meae.
Averte mala inimicis meis:
et in veritate tua disperde illos.
Voluntarie sacrificabo tibi:
et confitebor nomini tuo, Domine, quoniam
bonum est.
Ecce enim Deus adjuvat me:
et Dominus susceptor est animae meae.
Averte mala inimicis meis:
et in veritate tua disperde illos.
Voluntarie sacrificabo tibi:
et confitebor nomini tuo, Domine, quoniam
bonum est.
Quoniam ex omni tribulatione eripuisti me:
et super inimicos meos despexit oculus
meus.
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et super inimicos meos despexit oculus
meus.

O Lord, hear my prayer:
and hearken to the words of my mouth.
For strangers have risen up against me,
and the mighty have sought after my soul:
and have not set God before their eyes.
O God, save me in thy name:
and judge me in thy strength.
O Lord, hear my prayer:
and hearken to the words of my mouth.
For strangers have risen up against me,
and the mighty have sought after my soul:
and have not set God before their eyes.
Behold, God is my helper:
and the Lord upholdeth my soul.
Turn back the evil upon
mine enemies: and destroy them in thy truth.
Freely will I sacrifice unto thee:
and will praise thy name, O Lord, for it is
good.
Behold, God is my helper:
and the Lord upholdeth my soul.
Turn back the evil upon
mine enemies: and destroy them in thy truth.
Freely will I sacrifice unto thee:
and will praise thy name, O Lord, for it is
good.
For thou hast delivered me out of all trouble:
and mine eye hath looked down upon mine
enemies.
For thou hast delivered me out of all trouble:
and mine eye hath looked down upon mine
enemies.

Kile Smith, The Arc in the Sky, VII. Jerusalem.

Text by Robert Lax

Reading of lovely Jerusalem, lovely, ruined Jerusalem.
we are brought to the port where the boats in line are
and the high tower on the hill and the prows starting again into the mist.
for we must seek by going down, down into the city for our song.
deep into the city for our peace.
for it is there that peace lies folded like a pool.
there we shall seek: it is from there she'll flower.
for lovely, ruined Jerusalem lovely sad Jerusalem
lies furled under cities of light.
for we are only going down,
only descending by this song
to where the cities gleam in the darkness,
or curled like roots sit waiting at the undiscovered pool.
what pressure thrusts us up as we descend?
Pressure of the city's singing pressure of the song she hath withheld.
hath long withheld. for none would hear her.

Joby Talbot, Path of Miracles, IV. Santiago

The road climbs through changing land.
Northern rains fall on the deepening green of the slopes of the valley,
Storms break the summer's heat;
At Foncebadon a pass can be lost, In one night, to the snow.
The road climbs for days through the highlands of Bierzo,
to the grassland and rocks of the Valcarce valley.
White broom and scrub-oak, Laburnum and gorse Mark the bare hills Beside the road.
At O Cebreiro, mountains. The road follows the ridgetop
By meadows of fern, by fields of rye.
By Fonfria del Camino, by Triacastela.
Towns are shadows The road leaves behind.
It moves over the slate hills Palas do Rei. Potomarin.
The names are shadows.
Then, from the stream at Lavacolla To the foot of Monte de Gozo, A morning;
From the foot of Monte de Gozo To the summit of Monte de Gozo
The road climbs, Before the longed-for final descent To Santiago.
Herr Santiago Grot Sanctiagu Eultreya esuseya Deius aia nos.
At the Western edge of the world We pray for our sins to fall from us

As chains from the limbs of penitents.
We have walked out of the lives we had
And will return to nothing, if we live,
Changed by the journey, face and soul alike.
We have walked out of our lives To come to where the walls of heaven Are thin as a curtain,
transparent as glass,
Where the Apostle spoke the holy words, Where in death he returned, where God is close,
Where saints and martyrs mark the road. Santiago, primus ex apostolis, Defender of pilgrims,
warrior for truth,
Take from our backs the burdens of this life, What we have done, who we have been;
Take them as fire takes the cloth
They cast into the sea at Finisterre.
Holy St James, great St. James, God help us now and evermore.

Benjamin C.S. Boyle, Voyages, movement V.

Text by Hart Crane

Meticulous, past midnight in clear rime,
Infrangible and lonely, smooth as though cast
Together in one merciless white blade—
As if too brittle or too clear to touch!
The cables of our sleep so swiftly filed,
Already hang, shred ends from remembered stars.
One frozen trackless smile ... What words
Can strangle this deaf moonlight?
For we are overtaken.

Ted Hearne, Place, movement 19.

Text by Saul Williams

Everybody know when the sun ri'
See it dawn in they own eye
Die and Bloom in a season, everybody know what the folks call reason (ing)
On a distant planet
Where the reason landed
And the folks transparent
Fourth dimensional libation granted
Projectile vomit of the stars
A questions of resources

Hands to clean it up
Subprime mortgages
This place is something else
Do you wanna share your location?
More than one to choose from
Our future histories
Our chance survival
Our hidden mysteries
Binary Rival
The gravitational pull
The radiation
The use of rear to rule
But not the Haitians
The foreseen colonies but not the past ones
A message from the last ones
They will call it an improvement
And price you out
Here is what we've learned
The subject responds to paranoia in violent turns
The outcome is cyclical
Subject Place
If the subject is space
Will speak of colonizing once again
There are no victims
We need to talk
I need space

Michael Gordon, Anonymous Man, movement VI.

On that terrible beautiful morning we woke up early and dressed our children for school.
We hurried out the door on that terrible beautiful morning.
We woke up early and walked out into the light.

The sun was gleaming and on that terrible beautiful morning
We woke up early and dressed our children for school.
We hurried out the door on that terrible beautiful morning.
We woke up early and walked down Greenwich Street.

The sun was gleaming and we stood inside the courtyard conversing,
Chatting on about nothing. I looked up at the sky.
The sun was shining and on that terrible beautiful morning,

Everything ran in slow motion.

Eerie hushed chaos enveloped the street, smoke and flames pouring out above us.

David Shapiro, Sumptuous Planet.

Text by Richard Dawkins.

After sleeping through a hundred million centuries we have finally opened our eyes on a sumptuous planet, sparkling with color, bountiful with life. Within decades we must close our eyes again.

James MacMillan, The Gallant Weaver.

Text by Robert Burns

Where Cart runs rolling to the sea
By many a flower and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me -
He is a gallant weaver!

O, I had wooers eight or nine,
They gave me rings and ribbons fine,
And I was afraid my heart would be lost,
And I gave it to the weaver.

My daddy signed my dowry deed of settlement
To give the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I will add my hand,
And give it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
While bees delight in opening flowers
While corn grows green in summer showers,
I love my gallant weaver.