

**JAM on the Marsh: VIRTUAL
FAURE REQUIEM
14 August 2020**

With new poetry by Grahame Davies
(below in bold on the right column)

I. Introitus - Kyrie

**These stones were set by what you cannot
see:**

**by faith and fear,
abstractions now that move no masonry.
Only music now can fill this space,
belief's long-widowed bride,
the slowly-fading shade of certainty.**

**In the hard acoustic
of agnosticism,
we attune to the eternal's elegy,
epiphenomenon, not epiphany,
attentive still, though in absentia,
as God may be.**

Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine
et lux perpetua luceat eis

Grant them eternal rest, o Lord,
and may perpetual light shine upon them.

Te decet hymnus, Deus in Sion
et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem

Thou, o God, art praised in Sion, and unto Thee
shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.

Exaudi orationem meam
ad te omnis caro veniet

Hear my prayer,
unto Thee shall all flesh come.

Kyrie eleison,
Christe eleison
Kyrie eleison.

Lord have mercy,
Christ have mercy,
Lord have mercy

**After the play, the ghost light on the stage.
The scent of faith's pressed flower on the
page.**

**A sun-bleached poster for a vanished show.
The yellow grass after the travellers go.**

**The forest shower when the rain moves on.
The signs still point the way. The place has
gone.**

**But in the night that has no mariner's mark,
a dead star's light is better than the dark.**

II. Offertorium

O Domine, Jesu Christe, Rex Gloriam
libera animas defunctorum
de poenis inferni et de profundo lacu
O Domine, Jesu Christe, Rex Gloriam
libera animas defunctorum de ore leonis
ne absorbeat eus Tartarus ne cadant in
obscurum.

Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory,
deliver the souls of all the faithful departed
from the pains of hells and from the bottomless
pit.

Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory,
Deliver them from the lion's mouth,
nor let them fall into darkness,
neither the black abyss swallow them up.

O Domine, Jesu Christe, Rex Gloriam
ne cadant in obscurum.

Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory,
neither the black abyss swallow them up.

Hostias et preces tibi Domine, laudis
offerimus
tu suscipe pro animabus illis
quarum hodie memoriam facimus
Fac eas, Domine, de morte transire ad vitam
Quam olim Abrahamae promisisti et semini eus.

We offer unto Thee this sacrifice of prayer and
praise
Receive it for those souls
whom today we commemorate.
Allow them, o Lord, to cross from death into the
life
which once Thou didst promise to Abraham and
his seed.

O Domine, Jesu Christe, Rex Gloriam
libera animas defunctorum
de poenis inferni et de profundo lacu
ne cadant in obscurum.
Amen.

Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory,
deliver the souls of all the faithful departed
from the pains of hells and from the bottomless
pit.
nor let them fall into darkness.
Amen

**They tell you it gets easier with time.
The tired trick of teleology
still promises completeness up ahead,
as though you somehow learn the more of life
the closer that it brings you to the dead.**

**But this is a pilgrimage to poverty,
life leaves you one day poorer every night
and further off from wisdom every day,
and all you learn is that no answers come,
though that might count as wisdom, in a way.**

**This is the end of searching, when you know
that revelation has no rendezvous,
and, standing in God's presence as they do,
before the only answer they should need,
even the angels have their questions too.**

III. Sanctus

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus
Sabaoth
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua
Hosanna in excelsis.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth
heaven and earth are full of Thy glory
Hosanna in the highest.

**In the end it is the flesh that fails, not you.
Though pain may try to tell you otherwise.
You could have loved more - true.
So could we all.
But you loved as much as you are suffering
now.
The books will balance finely:
loss for love,
remorse for your omissions.
You have paid.**

IV. Pie Jesu

Pie Jesu, Domine, dona eis requiem
dona eis requiem sempiternam requiem

Merciful Jesus, Lord, grant them rest
grant them rest, eternal rest.

**What a letting go this Lent has been.
The appetite is not deferred but dead;
the knife not sharpened to a sheen
but snapped instead.**

I am glad of it.

**To know I am not needed
is a fugitive's amnesty,
and it feels a lot like absolution
to accept absurdity.
Never to be missed
and not to mind
is a mirror shattered
that always showed too much
and was not kind.**

**I do not know if this is wrong.
I know it to be true.
I might have called it failure;
it could be freedom too.**

V. Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi
dona eis requiem

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the
world,
grant them rest

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi
dona eis requiem

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the
world,
grant them rest

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi
dona eis requiem, sempiternam requiem.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the
world,
grant them rest, everlasting rest.

Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine
Cum sanctis tuis in aeternum,
quia pius es
Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine,
et lux perpetua luceat eis

May eternal light shine on them, o Lord,
with Thy saints for ever,
because Thou are merciful.
Grant them eternal rest, o Lord,
and may perpetual light shine on them.

**There will be a time for them:
a Sunday, perhaps.
No tasks. No visitors.
No calls to make.
It will be neither summer nor autumn,
winter nor spring.
And there will be all the time,
all the time in the world,
to go to them again,
those places that you left unwillingly,
vowing you would return,
time to meet again the ones you loved,
and missed the moment that their story
closed.
So many years you want to live again.
So many things that time has put away.
There will be time for them
one Sabbath day.**

VI. Libera me

Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna
in die illa tremenda
Quando coeli movendi sunt et terra
Dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem

Deliver me, o Lord, from everlasting death
on that dreadful day
when the heavens and the earth shall be moved
when thou shalt come to judge the world by fire

Tremens factus sum ego et timeo
dum discussio venerit atque ventura ira

I quake with fear and I tremble
awaiting the day of account and the wrath to
come.

Dies illa dies irae
calamitatis et miseriae
dies illa, dies magna
et amara valde

That day, the day of anger,
of calamity, of misery,
that day, the great day,
and most bitter.

Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine
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**This emptiness has no reproach for you.
What you withheld does not diminish it;
it grows no greater because of what you gave.
The terms it gives are unconditional.
For mercy, any measure is enough,
So set your shortcomings as surety,
and failure as fulfilment
and make the one transaction of
your trust:
the debt of living is redeemed with dust.**

VII. In Paradisum

In Paradisum deducant Angeli in tuo
adventu suscipiant te Martyres
et perducant te in civitatem sanctam
Jerusalem

Jerusalem

Chorus Angelorum te suscipiat
et cum Lazaro quondam paupere
aeternam habeas requiem

Aeternam habeas requiem

May the angels receive them in Paradise,
at they coming may the martyrs receive thee
and bring thee into the holy city Jerusalem

Jerusalem

There may the chorus of angels receive thee,
and with Lazarus, once a beggar,
may thou have eternal rest.

May thou have eternal rest.