

Above The Sky (Three Sacred Choral Pieces, to be performed individually or as a set)

I. A Prayer

II. There Blows A Cold Wind Today

III. Because She Loved So Much

Texts:

I. A Prayer

Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667)

My soul doth pant towards thee

My God, source of eternal life:

Flesh fights with me,

O! end the strife

And part us, that in peace I may

Unclay

My wearied spirit, and take

My flight to thy eternal spring;

Where for his sake

Who is my king,

I may wash all my tears away

That day.

Thou conqueror of death,

Glorious triumpher o'er the grave,

Whose holy breath

Was spent to save

Lost mankind; make me to be styled

Thy child,

And take me when I die

And go unto my dust, my soul

Above the sky

With saints enroll,

That in thine arms for ever I

May lie.

II.

There blows a colde wynd todaye (excerpts)

Anonymous

There blows a colde wynd todaye, todaye,  
The wynd blows cold todaye;  
Cryst sufferyd his passyon for manys saluacyon,  
To kype the cold wynd awaye.

Thys wynde be reson ys callyd tentacyon;  
Yt rauyghth both nyghth and daye.  
Remember, man, how the Sauyor was slayne  
To kype the colde wynde awaye.

O Mary myld, for love of the chyld  
That dyed on Good Frydaye,  
Be ovr saluacyon frome mortall damnacyon,  
To kype the cold wynd awaye.

O man, remember the Lord so tender  
Whyche dyed withowte denaye;  
Hys hondes so smert laye next to his hart  
To kype the cold wynd awaye.

At the last ynde, man, thou schalt send  
And kype bothe nyghth and daye;  
The most goodlyst tresyor ys Cryst the Sauyor  
To kype the cold wynd awaye.

Here let us ynde, and Cryst vs defend  
All be the nyghth and be daye,  
And bryng vs to hys place where ys myrthe and solas  
To kype the cold wynd awaye.

III.

Multum Dilexit

"She Loved Much"

Hartley Coleridge (1796-1849)

She sat and wept beside his feet; the weight  
Of sin oppressed her heart; for all the blame,  
And the poor malice of the worldly shame,  
To her was past, extinct, and out of date:

Only the sin remained,—the leprous state;  
She would be melted by the heat of love,  
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove  
And purge the silver ore adulterate.

She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair  
Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch:  
And He wiped off the soiling of despair  
From her sweet soul, because she loved so much.

I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears,—  
Make me a humble thing of love and tears!