

Texts for Welcome Brigid CD

Welcome Brigid

Go on your knees
Open your eyes
And admit Brigid
Welcome to the holy woman.

Text: Celtic prayer
Setting: Katy Taylor, c. 2000
Vocals and ceramic flute

Salve Regina

Salve Regina, mater misericordiae
Vita, dulcedo et spes nostra salve
Ad te clamamus exsulces filii Hevae
Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes in hoc lacrimarum valle
Eia ergo advocata nostra illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte
Et Jesum benedictum ventris tui nobis post hoc exilium ostende
O clemens, o pia, ora pro nobis
O dulcis virgo Maria, ora pro nobis.

Translation

Hail, holy Queen, mother of mercy
Hail, our life, our sweetness, and our hope.
To thee to we cry, poor banished children of Eve
To thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this vale of tears
Turn then, most gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy toward us
And after this, our exile, show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus
O clement, o loving, pray for us
O sweet Virgen Mary, pray for us

Text: Traditional Catholic prayer, adapted: "ora pro nobis" added at end
Setting: Katy Taylor, c. 2002

Hail Mary

Hail Mary, full of grace.
The Lord is with thee.
Blessed art thou among women
And blessed is the fruit of thy womb
The Christ.
Holy Mary, Mother of God
Pray for us. Inspire us. Enliven us.
Now and in all our days.
Amen.

Text: Traditional Catholic prayer, adapted

Setting: Katy Taylor, c. 2000

Sacred Three/N Trì Nùmh

To save, to shield
To surround the hearth
The house, the household
This eve, this night
O, this eve, this night
And every night, every single night

A chùmhnaidh, A chòmhnadh
A chòmraig, an tula
An taighe, an teaghlaich
An oidche, an nochd
O, an oidche, an nochd
Agus gach oidhche, gach aon oidche

Text: Scottish prayer from the *Carmina Gadelica*
Setting: Katy Taylor, c. 2001
Vocals, frame drum, tambourine

Wisdom of Serpent

Wisdom of Serpent be thine
Wisdom of raven be thine
Wisdom of eagle be thine

Voice of swan be thine
Voice of honey be thine
Voice of the stars be thine

Bounty of sea be thine
Bounty of land be thine
Bounty of the gods be thine

Text: Celtic prayer from the *Carmina Gadelica*
Setting: Katy Taylor, c. 2002
Vocal, hurdy gurdy

O Virtus Sapientie

O virtus sapientie, que circuiens circuisti
Comprehendendo omnia in una via que habet vitam
Tres alas habens quarum una in altuum volat
Et altera de terra sudat et tertia undique volat
Laus tibi sit sicut te decet, o sapientia

Translation

O energy of Wisdom/Sophia, you who circled, circling,
Encompassing all in one path that possesses life
Three wings you have, of which one in the heights flies,
The other from earth distills, and the third everywhere flies
Praise be to you as it you befits, O Wisdom/Sophia

By Hildegard von Bingen (1098-1179)
Arrangement: Katy Taylor
Vocals and shruti box

Ave Maria

Ave Maria gratia plena
Dominus tecum benedictus tu in mulieribus
Et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus
Sancta Maria, mater Dei, ora pro nobis
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.
Now and in all our days.
Amen.

Text: Traditional Catholic prayer, adapted
Setting: Katy Taylor, c. 2001
Vocal, bell

Hail to Thee

Hail to thee, thou new moon
Guiding jewel of gentleness!
I am bending to thee my knee
I am offering to thee my love

I am bending to thee my knee
I am giving to thee my hand
I am lifting to thee mine eye
O new moon, O new moon of the seasons.

Hail to thee, thou new moon
Joyful maiden, of my love!
Hail to thee, thou new moon
Joyful maiden, joyful maiden of the graces!

Thou art travelling in thy course
Thou art steering the full tides
Thou art illuming to us thy face
O new moon, O new moon of the seasons

Thou queen-maiden of guidance
Thou queen-maiden of good fortune
Thou queen-maiden my beloved
Thou new moon, Thou new moon of the seasons!

Text: Celtic prayer from the *Carmina Gadelica*
Setting: Katy Taylor, c. 2001

Our Mother

Our Mother,
Who dwells in the earth
Hallowed be Thy body
Thy earth be whole
In body and soul
Thy will be done
Fill us this day with Thy love
And forgive us our shortcomings
Help us to forgive ourselves
And to forgive others
Lead us this day in Thy holy ways,
In Thy paths of love
For Thine is the earth,
The love,
And the beauty,
Forever and ever,
Amen.

By Katy Taylor, c. 1998

Salve Mundi Domina

Salve, mundi domina
Coelorum regina
Salve, virgo virginum
Stella matutina

Salve plena gratia,
Clara luce divina
Mundi in auxilium,
Domina, festina

Ab aeterno Dominus
Te praeordinavit

Matrem unigeniti
Verbi, quo creavit

Terram, pontum, aethera
Te pulchram ornavit
Sibi sponsam, quae
In Adam non peccavit

Elegit eam Deus, et praebelegit eam
In tabernaculo suo habitare fecit eam
Domina, protege orationem meam
Et clamor meus ad te venit

Translation

Hail, Lady of the world
Queen of the heavens
Hail, Virgin most pure
Clear Star of the morning

Hail, full of grace
Clear light of the Divine
To the aid of the world
Make haste, O Lady!

From God's eternity
You were predestined
Only-begotten Mother
Of the Word, He created You

The earth, sea, and sky
Through You He beautifully adorned
Himself Your bridegroom
In Adam He did not make a mistake

God elected Her, and pre-elected Her
He made Her to dwell in His tabernacle
O Lady, aid my prayer!
And let my cry come unto Thee.

Text: Traditional Catholic prayer
Setting and Arrangement: Katy Taylor, c. 2000
Vocals, Native-American flute

Alleluia Virga

Alleluia! O virga, Mediatrix
Sancta viscera tua mortem superaverunt
Et ventral tuus omnes creaturas illuminavit
In pulchro flore de suavissima

Integritate clausi pudoris tui orto

Translation

Alleluia! O branch, Mediatrix,
Your holy vitals vanquished death
And your womb illumined all creatures
In the beautiful flower of the sweetest
Integrity of your sealed chastity.

By Hildegard von Bingen (1098-1179)

Arrangement: Katy Taylor

Vocals, hurdy gurdy, and shruti box

In the Early Morning

In the early morning when I do rise
I thank goddess for the day and I look to the skies
I feel the earth pulsing under my feet
In the early morning when goddess I meet
In the early morning when goddess I first greet

Good morning, goddess, may you shine through
In all of the day, in all that I do
In my heart, in my hands, in my belly, in my thighs
Good morning, goddess, may I see through your eyes
Good morning, goddess, may I see life through your eyes

And when the day is o'er and it's off to my bed
All the cares and the pains I shall gracefully shed
For your love carries me through the dark to the light
And when the day is o'er, oh, goddess, good night
And when the day is o'er, oh, goddess, sleep tight

By Katy Taylor, c. 1999

Vocals, ceramic flute

Poem to Brigit

It is what Brigit had a mind for
Lasting goodness that was not hidden
It is what Brigit had a mind for

Tending sheep and rising early
Hospitality toward good men
It is she keeps everyone
Who is in straits and in dangers

It is she puts down sicknesses
It is she quiets the voice of the waves

And the anger of the great sea

She is the queen of the south
She is the mother of the flocks
She is the Mary of the Gael

Text: Lady Gregory from *A Book of Saints and Wonders*, c. 1972, Colin Smythe Ltd, UK—Irish stories
orig. pub. in 1906

Setting: Katy Taylor, c. 2003

Vocals and concertina

Litany To Our Lady

O Great Mary

O Mary, greatest of Marys
O Greatest of Women
O Queen of Angels
O Mistress of the Heavens

Ora pro nobis

O Mother of the Golden Heights
O Honor of the Sky
O Sign of Tranquillity
O Gate of Heaven

O Mother of Orphans
O Breast of the Infants
O Star of the Sea
O Handmaid of the Lord

O Mother of Christ
O Graceful like the Dove
O Serene like the Moon
O Resplendent like the Sun

O Regeneration of Life
O Beauty of Women
O Enclosed Garden
O Mother of God

O Perpetual Virgin
O Holy Virgin
O Serene Virgin
O Chaste Virgin

O Light of Nazareth
O Beauty of the World

O Queen of Life
O Ladder of Heaven

O Great Mary

Text: Selections from an 8th c. anonymous Irish poem

Setting: Katy Taylor, c. 2001

Vocals and hurdy gurdy

Daughter of Will

I am a daughter of will and the open fields
I have no family, no-one me to shield
But the trees above me and the earth soft and sweet
The green moss is my pillow, the flowers cover my feet

I am a daughter of God and of nature a child
I bow down to God in craggy mountains wild
In crashing waves, and in blazing fires
Under open skies, in the fierce, prickly briars

I am a daughter of the light in all creation
'Tis the heart of all life, light of the Holy One
The brilliance of the sun and the white jewel of the night
The whirling of the planets, the comets in their flight

I am a daughter of stillness and the resting earth
The night sky holds me, renewing me for birth
The fallow ground prepares to bloom again
Meditation on the mystery, creation's amen

By Katy Taylor, c. 2002 (first line translated from Russian Gypsy song)
Vocals, frame drum, bells

Ave Maris Stella

Ave maris stella, Dei mater alma
Atque semper virgo, felix coeli porta

Sumens illud ave, Gabrielis ore
Funda nos in pace, mutans nomen Hevae

Solve vincla reis, profer lumen caecis
Mala nostrae pele, bona cuncta posce

Monstra t'esse matrem sumat per te preces
Qui pro nobis natus tulit esse tuus

Virgo singularis inter omnes mitis

Nos culpis volutes mites fac et castos

Vitam praesta puram inter para tutum
Ut videntes Jesum semper collaetemur

Sit laus Deo Patri summor Christo decus
Spiritu Sancto, Tribus honor Unus. Amen.

Translation

Hail, star of the sea, sweet mother of God
And always virgin, favorable gate of heaven

Taking that “Ave” from the mouth of Gabriel
Placing us in peace, changing the name of “Eva”

Break the bonds of sinners, bring light to the blind
Chase all evils, beg for all good things

Show yourself to be a mother, prayers ascend through you
Which for us your Son accepted

Singular virgin among all, mild
Make us safe from sin, mild and chaste

Allow a pure life, prepare a safe journey
So that seeing Jesus we may always rejoice

May praise be the God, the Father, glory to the high son
With the Holy Spirit, honor to the Three in One.

Traditional Gregorian Chant
Vocals, shruti box

Ave Maris Stella/Ode to Brigid
Ave Maris Stella, Dei mater alma
Atque semper virgo, felix, coeli porta

Gabhaim molta Brighde, Iníon í le hÉireann,
Iníon le gach tír í, molaimís go léir í

Lóchrann geal na Laighneach, soils’ ar feadh na tire,
Ceann ar óigheacht Éireann, ceann na mban ar mine

Tig an geimhreadh dian dubh, gearra lena géire,
Ach ar lá le Brighde, gar duinn Earrach Éireann

Monstra t’esse matrem sumat per te preces
Qui pro nobis natus tulit esse tuus

Translation

Hail, star of the sea, sweet mother of God
And always virgin, favorable gate of heaven

I sing loudly the praises of Bridget, she it is who is a daughter not just of Ireland, but of all the countries of the world. Let us all praise her.

A shining lantern of Lenster, a flame throughout the land, leader of the women of Ireland, one of the finest women ever.

The hard dark winter comes, short and sharp, but once Bridget's day appears, Ireland's Spring is not far behind.

Show yourself to be a mother, prayers ascend through you
Which for us your Son accepted

Gregorian chant and anonymous Irish Gaelic song, 1900, learned from the singing of Níoirín Ní Riain
Vocals, hurdy gurdy, synthesizer