

Track 16 - Translation

Where could I escape from thee?

Where, O Lord, shall I flee from thee?

Where shall I hide from thy face?

Heaven is thy throne and the earth thy footstool;

Sea is thy way, and limbo thou rule!

If the world is facing its end,

Let me be in thy great mercy.

Thou knowest my sitting and standing.

Thou knowest, O Lord, that many are our sins

But we know that thy mercy is great.

If thy mercy will not intercede with thee

Perhaps we would perish because of our evils;

My Lord, my Lord, do not reject us

Whom thou hast fed with thy body and blood.

Thou hast formed us and placed thy hands on us.

In the beginning thou created us in the image of thy Godhead,

And by thy grace called us by thy name;

Let not the words of thy promise be made void

because of our iniquities

That demolished thy setting;

But Lord, shed thy mercy on us all

As thy grace is accustomed to do.

The king's daughter stood up in glory.

The Church resembles a young dove,

Which built its nest in the holy sanctuary.

The cursed serpent was jealous of her,

So as to take out her nest and destroy her young ones.

My Lord, my lord, do not take away thy hands from her,

Who was bought by thy living blood.