

Pax in nomine Domini

Marcabru (fl. 1130-1150)

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1. Pax in no - mi - ne Do - mi - ni! These words and tune are Mar - ca - bru's.
 2. How right to wash our - selves would be In morn - ing and in eve - ning, too—
 3. Now Doubt and Ma - lice, like a thief, part Youth from his Com - pan - ion true.
 4. The Lord to whom we are in fief— What will be, is, and was He knew.
 5. From Cain des - cend - ing, ma - ny flee The rule of law, like him un - true
 6. All lust - ful ones—the de - vo - tee Of food, of pride, of vi - nous brew,
 7. In Spain here, the Mar - quis, in chief, And all the Ho - ly Tem - ple's crew
 8. De - grad - ed are the French, in brief: The will of God they will not do,



Now hear and see: How God in Hea - ven in His grace,
 This all may see; We all may wash our hands and face,
 A - ! what grief That most of them de - sire to chase,
 He - vowed re - lief, A king - ly name in ev - ery case.
 To e - ver be; The name of God such men de - base.
 The road's de - bris - Will burn like trash in their dis - grace.
 Have no re - lief From in - sults by a heath - en race:
 Thus bring - ing grief To An - ti - och in ev - ery case.



Has made for us, u - pon a shore With - in our reach, a Wash - ing Place.
 Since age and ill - ness haunt our door, We must at - tend the Wash - ing Place.
 The fires of Hell that spit and roar, If they don't seek the Wash - ing Place
 Know you the beau - ty that's in store For those who reach the Wash - ing Place?
 We'll see who's faith - ful at the core. For through the might - y Wash - ing Place,
 To test the brave and meek, there - fore, God made for us a Wash - ing Place,
 They blame our youths for fear - ing war. The wail - ing for this Wash - ing Place
 In France, all va - lor's an - cient lore. O Lord, with - in your Wash - ing Place,



A - no - ther one was made be - fore, An age a - go, near Is - ra - el:
 It is the cure for ev - ery sore. But if we ere we wash, em - brace
 Be - fore their eyes will see no more, All those con - tent - ed to re - bel
 The morn - ing star's al - lure, and more. But first we must His wrath em - brace
 To - ge - ther Je - sus we'll a - dore. And now let us those brutes re - pel
 And these shall guard His ho - ly shore, And find a might - y foe of grace,
 U - pon each cra - ven lord they pour, Each fail - ure and each brok - en shell,
 Al - low the Count's good soul to soar, And give Poi - tou and Niort a space



But this one's near e - nough to chase.
 Our death, we go to live in Hell.
 A wick - ed foe at death will face.
 And must His e - ne - mies ex - pel.
 Who signs and di - vi - na - tions trace.
 And so I hound them toward that well.
 Each cow - ard, bit - ter, weak, and base.
 Of safe - ty, Lord who van - quished Hell.