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(1)

ARCANAE

Text and Music by Patricia Van Ness
Translated into Latin by Edward J. Vodoklys, S.J.

Arcanae,
Seraphim,
Cantatores pulchri caelestes,
Cor Dei scire gestistis?
Lapes rubinae in crinibus vestris adfluunt ritu
flammarum
Vos estis familiares Mysteriorum
Vestitae sideribus.
Quando quaerere cupiditatem vestri cordis elegistis,
Et vos non aversuros esse novistis?
Cantatores aeternorum cantuum,
Altissimi angelorum,
Suffusi splendida infinitaque misericordia,
Vos ardetis.
Cantio fluit similis millibus solibus a vobis.

Michael
Summus Seraphim,
Tuus dolor, natus caritatis, pulchritudinem
amoremque progignit.
Tuae fluentes lacrimae, similes margaritis,
ab oculis tuis cadunt,
Atque angeli sapientiae formaeque fiunt,
Curatores caelestium occultorum.
Cur tu es animo adflictus
De infirmitate gentis humanae?
Tu, qui pro Deo nos omnes sustines,
Cum manibus tuis cultrem Abraham placavisti,
Atque corpus Moysis sepelivisti.

Arcanae,
Lucis angeli,
Contorquenti in cantu perfusae
Caritas ab oculis Dei effundit
Atque vos obstupefacit.
Vos verrimini in flumine auri,
Cantio fluit similis millibus solibus a vobis.

Mysterious ones,
Seraphim,
Beautiful singers of the heavens,
Do you long to know the core of God?
Rubies flock in your hair,
like flame
You are the intimate of the Mysteries,
Robed in stars.
When did you choose to seek your heart's desire,
And know that you would not turn away?
Singers of the eternal chants,
Highest of the angels,
Surrounded by radiant and infinite compassion,
You are aflame.
Song flows from you like a thousand suns.

Michael
Highest Seraph,
Your sorrow, born of love, begets
love and beauty.
Your flowing tears fall like pearls
from your eyes,
And become Angels of beauty and wisdom,
Keepers of the celestial secrets.
Why does your heart break
Over the frailty of humanity?
God's sustainer of us all,
With your hands you have stilled Abraham's knife,
And laid to rest the body of Moses.

Mysterious ones,
Angels of light;
Bathed in swirling song,
Love pours from God's eyes
And astonishes you.
You are swept in a river of gold;
Song flows from you like a thousand suns.

c1995 Patricia Van Ness

J T D W I L S O N P U B L I S H E R S