

Bohuslav Martinů

Polní mše (Field Mass), H 279

Our Father, our Father, who art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name,
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread
And forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive.

Thy will be done
On earth as it is in heaven.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

Our Lord, our Father,
Turn Your gaze to the multitudes
Who took up arms with prayerful hands,
To craft their children bread from blood.
O my Lord!
Forgive us our poverty, the worn hands,
The mud of trenches, the gaunt cheeks,
Blackened faces, and empty hands on the temple steps.
O my Lord, my Lord,
How hard is the task
You have set these yearning eyes as a goal,
Our cross, Kyrie eleison.

From coasts which I am a stranger to,
I raise my voice, O Lord, to You,
And seek Your heavenly presence in prayer.
But will you know, will you tell that it is I,
That it is I, that it is I,
Who speaks to You.
A son of my homeland, banished here;
That no stranger pleads with You,
That no stranger calls to You,
While I am cast from home.
O my Lord, let me live,
Let battle crush me, cruel and harsh,
But save my life, O Lord,
And lead me home.

What man ever faced death with bravery?
Did Your son not weep in anguished torment?
O my Lord,
In the Garden of Olives, I stand and cry,
A deathly sorrow in my soul:
Eli, Eli, forsake us not!

O God! O God!
Our ancestors have told us,
What deeds you performed in their days,
In the days of old.

Deep calls to deep at the thunder of your cataracts;
All your waves and your billows have gone over me.
By day the Lord commands his steadfast love!

And at night his song is with me,
A prayer to the God of my life!

O distant home.
O sacred path of our youth!
O vesper bells!
O distant home.
O fields of corn.
O garden of autumn, O garden of autumn.

Kyrie eleison. Christe eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

When eyelids droop in sleep
And dreams beckon close,
When solitude tightens its grip,
The night turns cold
And a white star rests on hilltops far.
The arms of war grow heavy, black!

Dominus vobiscum.

O Lord, do you sleep?
I stand in lonely vigil,
Eyes strained, with anguished heart,
I must not sleep, yet time drags on.
Agnus Dei, miserere nobis, miserere nobis.

O distant home, O sacred path of our youth,
Heaven's grace, fruit of joy!

Stand as rocks against the crashing sea,
The troops watch over you. The troops watch over you.

Be merciful to me, O God!
Be merciful to me,
For in you my soul takes refuge!
I cry to God Most High,
to God who fulfils his purpose for me.
My enemies trample on me all day long,
For many fight against me,
O Most High.
Be exalted, O God, above the heavens.
Let your glory be over all the earth!

Repay my enemies for their evil.
In your faithfulness destroy them, O Lord!
Our Father, who art in heaven.
Amen!

Appendix

Stand as rocks against the crashing sea,
The troops watch over you, the troops watch over you!

O Lord Jesu, bountiful priest,
With Father, Spirit, though art one God,
Thy bounty is our great benison,
By Thy grace.
Amen! Amen.