

# Pax in Nomine Domini

Marcabru (1145)

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Pax in no - mi - ne Do - mi - ni!  
La - var de ser e de mai - ti  
Pro - bet del li - gnat - ge Ca - i,  
Cil lu - xu - ri - os cor - na - vi,  
En Es - pai - gna, sai, lo Mar - ques  
Des - na - tu - rat son li Fran - ces,



Fetz Mar - ca brus los motz el so.  
Nos deu - ri - am, se - gon ra - zo,  
Dei pri - mei - ran ho - me fel - ho,  
Coi - ta - dis - nar, bu - fa - ti - zo,  
E cill del tem - ple Sa - la - mo  
Si de l'a - far Dieu di - zon no,



Au - jatz que di: Cum nos a fait, per sa dou - ssor,  
Ie - us o a - fi. Chas - cus a del la - var le - gor!  
A tans ai - ssi C'us a Dieu non por - ta ho - nor!  
Crup - en - ca - mi Re - man - ran inz ei fel - pi - dor!  
So - fron lo pes El fais de l'or - guoill pa - ga - nor,  
Qu'ieus ai co - mes. An - ti - o - cha, Pretz e Va - lor



Lo Sein - gnor - ius ce - le - sti - aus  
Do - men - tre qu'el es sas e saus,  
Vei - rem qui.ll er a - mics co - ra - us!  
Dieus vol los ar - ditz els su - aus  
Per que Jo - vens cuo - illa vo - lla - us.  
Sai plo - ra Gui - a - na e Pe - i - ta - us.



Pro - bet de nos un la - va - dor,  
Deu - ri' a - nar al la - va - dor,  
C'ab la ver - tut del la - va - dor  
A - ssa - jar a son la - va - dor!  
El critz per a - quest la - va - dor  
Dieus, Sei - gner, ai tieu la - va - dor



C'anc, fors ou - tra - mar, non fon taus,  
Quen ses ve - ra - is me - di - ci - naus!  
Nos se - ra Jhe - zus co - mu - naus!  
E cil gai - ta - ran los o - sta - us!  
Ver - sa so - brels plus rics cap - ta - us  
L'ar - ma dei com - te met en paus:



En de - lai de - ves Jo - sa - phas:  
 Que s'a - bans a - nam a la mort,  
 E tor - nem los gar - ssos a - tras  
 E tro - ba - ran fort con - tra - fort,  
 Fraitz, fai - llitz, de pro - e - za las,  
 E sai gart Pei - tieus e Ni - ort



E d'a - quest de sai vos conort.  
 D'aut en sus au - rem al - berc bas.  
 Qu'en a - gur cre - zon et en sort  
 So per qu' - ieu a - lor an - tals chas.  
 Que non a - mon Joi ni De - port.  
 Lo Sei - gner qui re - ssors dei vas

### **Pax in nomine Domini!**

These words and tune are Marcabru's.

Now hear and see:

How God in Heaven in His grace,  
 Has made for us, upon a shore  
 Within our reach, a Washing Place.  
 Another one was made before,  
 An age ago, near Israel:  
 But this one's near enough to chase.

### **How right to wash ourselves would be**

In morning and in evening, too  
 This all may see;  
 We all may wash our hands and face.  
 Since age and illness haunt our door,  
 We must attend the Washing Place.  
 It is the cure for every sore.  
 But if we, ere we wash, embrace  
 Our death, we go to live in Hell.

### **Now Doubt and Malice, like a thief,**

Part Youth from his companion true.  
 Ai! What grief  
 That most of them desire to chase  
 The first of Hell that spit and roar.  
 If they don't seek the Washing Place.  
 Before their eyes will see no more,  
 All those contented to rebel  
 A wicked foe at death will face.

### **The Lord to whom we are in fief**

What will be, is, and was He knew.  
 He vowed relief,  
 A kingly name in every case.  
 Know you the beauty that's in store  
 For those who reach the Washing Place?  
 The morning star's allure and more.  
 But first we must His wrath embrace  
 And must His enemies expel.

### **From Cain descending, many flee**

The rule of law, like him untrue  
 To ever be;  
 The name of God such men debase.  
 We'll see who's faithful at the core.  
 For through the mighty Washing Place,  
 Together Jesus we'll adore.  
 And now let us those brutes repel  
 Who signs and divinations trace.

### **All lustful ones - the devotee**

Of food, of pride, of vinous brew,  
 The road's debris  
 Will burn like trash in their disgrace.  
 To test the brave and meek, therefore,  
 God made for us a Washing Place,  
 And these shall guard His holy shore,  
 And find a mighty foe of grace,  
 And so I bound them toward that well.

### **In Spain here, the Marquis, in chief,**

And all the Holy Temple's crew  
 Have no relief  
 From insults by a heathen race:  
 They blame our youths for fearing war.  
 The wailing for this Washing Place  
 Upon each craven lord they pour,  
 Each failure and each broken shell,  
 Each coward, bitter, weak, and base.

### **Degraded are the French, in brief:**

The will of God they will not do,  
 Thus bringing grief  
 To Antioch in every case.  
 In France, all valor's ancient lore.  
 O Lord, within your Washing Place,  
 Allow the Count's good soul to soar,  
 And give Poitou and Niort a space  
 Of safety, Lord who vanquished Hell.