

Stabat Mater Dolorosa

Stabat Mater dolorosa iuxta
Crucem lacrimosa, dum pendebat.
Cuius animam gementem, contristem
et do lentem per transivit gladius.
Quae moerebat et dolebat
et tremebat cum videbat nati poenas inclyti.

Pro peccatis suae gentis vidit Jesum in tormentis
et flagellis subditum.
Vidit suum dulcem Natum morientem desolatum,
dum emisit spiritum.

Io Piango

Io piango, che'l dolore
Pianger' mi fa, perch'io
Non trov'altro rimedio a l'ardor'mio.
Così m'ha concio' Amore
Ch'ognor' viv'in tormento
Ma quanto piango più, men doglia sento
Sorte fiera e inaudita
Che'l tacer mi d'a morte e'l pianger vita.

- Ruffo

Lay A Garland

Lay a garland on her hearse, Of dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches wear; Say she died true,
Her love was false, but she was firm.
Upon her buried body lie lightly, thou gentle earth.

Õhtul

Vaikib linnukene
ühes tuulega,
uinub lillekene
kaste kaisussa.

Eha punastades
ööle annab suud -
mälestus ja vaikus,
uinund metsapuud.

Igatsedes ainult
minu lauluke
nagu mälestus, kui vaikus
souab kaugele.

- Ernst Enno

The grieving Mother stood
by the hanging Cross weeping.
Through her heart sharing pain,
passed at length by the sword.
Who mourned and trembled
with the torment of her glorious son.

For the sins of his people she saw Jesus in torment,
All with scourges rent.
She held her tender child in desolation,
Till his spirit forth was sent

I'm weeping, for the grief
Makes me cry, since I
Can find no other remedy for my fire.
So trapped by Love am I
That ever I lie in torment
But the more I cry the less pain I feel.
What cruel, unheard-of fate
That silence gives me death and weeping life!

- Translation, Erica Muhl

Evening

The little bird grows silent
as the wind blows.
The small flower falls asleep
caressed by the dew.

Twilight blushes
as she kisses the night.
The forest trees sleep
in memory and silence.

They are wistful
for my song,
now a silent memory,
as it paddles far away.

Requiem

1. Salvator Mundi

O Saviour of the world,
Who by thy cross and thy precious Blood
hast redeemed us,
Save us and help us,
We humbly beseech thee, O Lord.

2. Psalm 23 (The Lord Is My Shepherd)

The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.
He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.
He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: thy rod and thy staff comfort me.
Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me:
thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.
But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

3. Requiem aeternam (1)

Requiem aeternam dona eis.
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.

Eternal rest grant unto them.
And let light perpetual shine upon them.
Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord.

4. Psalm 121 (I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes Unto the Hills)

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heav'n and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord himself is thy keeper: he is thy defence upon thy right hand;
So that the sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in: from this time forth and for evermore.

5. Requiem aeternam (2)

6. I Heard A Voice from Heaven

I heard a voice from heav'n, saying unto me,
Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,
Even so saith the Spirit; For they rest from their labours.

La mort d'Ophélie

Après d'un torrent, Ophélie
Cueillait, tout en suivant le bord,
Dans sa douce et tendre folie,
Des pervenches, des boutons d'or,
Des iris aux couleurs d'opale,
Et de ces fleurs d'un rose pâle,
Qu'on appelle des doigts de mort.

Puis élevant sur ses mains blanches
Les rians trésors du matin,
Elle les suspendait aux branches,
Aux branches-d'un saule voisin;
Mais, trop faible, le rameau plie,
Se brise, et la pauvre Ophélie
Tombe, sa guirlande à la main.

Quelques instants sa robe enflée
La tint encor sur le courant,
Et, comme une voile gonflée,
Elle flottait toujours chantant,
Chantant quelque vieille ballade,
Chantant ainsi qu'une naïade
Née au milieu de ce torrent.

Mais cette étrange mélodie
Passa, rapide comme un son.
Par les flots la robe alourdie
Bientôt dans l'abîme profond
Entraîna la pauvre insensée,
Laissant à peine commencée
Sa mélodiense chanson.

- Translation: Ernest Legouvé

The Death of Ophelia

Beside a brook, Ophelia
Gathered along the water's bank,
In her sweet and gentle madness,
Periwinkles, crow-flowers,
Opal-tinted irises,
And those pale purples
Called dead men's fingers.

Then, raising up in her white hands
The morning's laughing trophies,
She hung them on the branches,
The branches of a nearby willow.
But the bough, too fragile, bends,
Breaks, and poor Ophelia
Falls, the garland in her hand.

Her dress, spread wide,
Bore her on the water awhile,
And like an outstretched sail
She floated, still singing,
Singing some ancient lay,
Singing like a water-sprite
Born amidst the waves.

But this strange melody died,
Fleeting as a snatch of sound.
Her garment, heavy with water,
Soon into the depths
Dragged the poor distracted girl,
Leaving her melodious lay
Hardly yet begun.

- Shakespeare

Litanie à la Vierge Noire

Seigneur, ayez pitié de nous.
Jesus-Christ, ayez pitié de nous.
Jesus-Christ, écoutez-nous.
Jesus-Christ, exaucez-nous.

Dieu le père, créateur, ayez pitié de nous.
Dieu le fils, rédempteur, ayez pitié de nous.
Dieu le Saint-Esprit, sanctificateur,
ayez pitié de nous.

Trinité Sainte, qui êtes un seul Dieu,
ayez pitié de nous.
Sainte Vierge Marie, priez pour nous.

Vierge, reine et patronne, priez pour nous.
Vierge que Zachée le publicain
nous a fait connaître et aimer,
Vierge à qui Zachée ou Saint Amadour
éleva ce sanctuaire
Priez pour nous, priez pour nous.

Reine du sanctuaire,
que consacra Saint Martial,
Et où il célébra ses saints mystères,
Reine, près de laquelle s'agenouilla Saint Louis
Vous demandant le bonheur de la France,
Priez pour nous, priez pour nous.

Reine, à qui Roland consacra son épée,
priez pour nous.
Reine, dont la bannière gagna les batailles,
priez pour nous.
Reine, dont la main délivrait les captifs,
priez pour nous.

Notre-Dame, dont le pèlerinage
est enrichi de faveurs spéciales,
Notre-Dame, que l'impiété
et la haine ont voulu souvent détruire,
Notre-Dame, que les peuples visitent
comme autrefois, priez pour nous.

Agneau de Dieu, qui effacez les péchés
du monde, pardonnez-nous.
Agneau de Dieu, qui effacez les péchés
du monde, exaucez-nous.
Agneau de Dieu, qui effacez les péchés
du monde, ayez pitié de nous.
Notre-Dame, priez pour nous,
Afin que nous soyons dignes de Jésus-Christ.

Litany to the Madonna

Lord, have pity on us.
Jesus Christ, have pity on us.
Jesus Christ, hear us.
Jesus Christ, grant our prayers.

God the Father, creator, have pity on us.
God the Son, redeemer, have pity on us.
God the Holy Spirit, sanctifier,
have pity on us.

Holy Trinity, who are one single God,
have pity on us.
Holy Virgin Mary, pray for us.

Virgin, queen and patron, pray for us
Virgin, whom Zacchaeus the tax-collector
made us know and love,
Virgin, to whom Zacchaeus or Saint Amadour
raised this sanctuary,
Pray for us, pray for us.

Queen of the sanctuary,
which Saint Martial consecrated,
And where he celebrated his holy mysteries,
Queen, before whom knelt Saint Louis
Asking of you good fortune for France,
Pray for us, pray for us.

Queen, to whom Roland consecrated his sword,
pray for us.
Queen, whose banner won the battles,
pray for us.
Queen, whose hand delivered the captives,
pray for us.

Our Lady, whose pilgrimage
is enriched by special favours,
Our Lady, whom impiety
and hate have often wished to destroy,
Our Lady, whom the peoples visit as of old,
Pray for us, pray for us.

Lamb of God, who wipes out the sins
of the world, pardon us.
Lamb of God, who wipes out the sins
of the world, grant our prayers.
Lamb of God, who wipes out the sins
of the world, have pity on us.
Our Lady, pray for us,
To the end that we may be worthy of Jesus Christ.

Only In Sleep

Only in sleep I see their faces,
children I played with when I was a child,
Louise comes back with her brown hair braided,
Annie with ringlets warm and wild.

Only in sleep time is forgotten:
what may have come to them, who can know?
Yet we played last night as long ago,
and the dollhouse stood at the turn of the stair.

The years had not sharpened their smooth round faces,
I met their eyes and found them mild.
Do they, too, dream of me, I wonder,
and for them am I too a child?

You Do Not Walk Alone

May you see the light on the path ahead
When the road you walk is dark.
May you always hear, E'en in your hour of sorrow,
The gentle singing of the lark.

When times are hard may hardness
Never turn your heart to stone,
May you always remember when the shadows fall -
You do not walk alone.

Peace Song

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God.