

Will Kesling, “Day of . . . WHAT?”

Toward a Viable Translation of Verdi’s *Requiem*

Sigmund Freud claimed to be afraid of music. He conceded to a personal “resistance to the enigmatic power of music.”¹ Freud was not afraid of other artistic forms: he could stand in front of a sculpture and reflect upon what he saw. Freud was moved by literature. But with music it was different. In Freud’s mind music is abstract.² Freud could not comprehend its meaning nor understand how music could have such an emotional impact on him.

So what happens when a text is added to music? Now the music is put into a context which is no longer abstract. The music suddenly becomes related to the meaning of the words, the message of the text, and the intellectual and imaginative depths of the poetry. The words provide a concrete context for the music to relate to. Music can illustrate and even animate the words. Tone-painting and word-painting are cases of illustration.

The text provides impetus to the creation of the music. The music expresses the composer’s emotional reaction to the words. This may be a very romantic notion for we know that in differing stylistic periods various composers demonstrate a more detached approach to the written word. Often Broadway lyric writers have created libretti as inspired by music already composed. In either case textual meaning is further unveiled and enlarged through its musical association.

Freud possessed some level of fear of music. On a more serious note, was the famous opera composer Giuseppe Verdi afraid of death? This conductor is convinced that he was. Even more, he fears the possibility of facing a Final Judgment. Verdi’s *Manzoni Requiem* is a stirring testament of his personal philosophy of life. Verdi professed no personal belief in God, and often is described as an atheist. In Verdi’s *Requiem* death is punishment. Was this punishment from God or from some featureless universal fate?

To assert that Verdi feared death is a rather bold declaration that is not inscribed in any musicological treatise nor found in his biographies. However, the answer to this assertion lies in the music; the musically graphic portrayal of the Sequence text of the *Requiem Mass*. All humans must face the moment of death. Some face this

¹ Oliver Sacks, *Musicophilia; Tales of Music and the Brain*, Vintage, 2007, 2008, p. 293.

² *Ibid.*

event having faith in a Supernal Being and hope for a future life in eternal realms. Others may have no further expectations at the moment the heart stops. It is well documented that Verdi is at least a free thinker. Verdi's wife Giuseppina writes:

He is a jewel among honest men; he understands and feels himself every delicate and elevated sentiment. And yet this brigand permits himself to be, I won't say an atheist, but certainly very little of a believer, and that with an obstinacy and calm that make me want to beat him. I exhaust myself in speaking to him about the marvels of the heavens, the earth, the sea, etc. It's a waste of breath! He laughs in my face and freezes me in the midst of my oratorical periods and my divine enthusiasm by saying 'you're all crazy,' and unfortunately he says it with good faith.³

Verdi's *Requiem* is a unique work for a number of reasons. To begin, Verdi was first and foremost an operatic composer. For Verdi theatrical expression was his compositional style. His setting of the liturgical text was no less dramatic and picturesque within the musical requiem idiom than any of his operas. The *Requiem* is not an opera however, because it does not have a plot, dialog, or characters. Nevertheless, it uses the style of Italian opera: dramatic music, big-voiced soloists, a chorus, a strong orchestra presence, and thematic recurrences, textually and musically, to theatrically explore the issues pertaining to death and a final judgement.

Indeed, Hans von Bulow, the world's first professional conductor, once mockingly referred to the *Requiem* as Verdi's "latest opera in church vestments." Unlike the funeral masses of his most important predecessors, Verdi's *Requiem* is not structured around the traditional Catholic Church service, and was never intended to be performed as an integral part of this service. In the latter half of the 19th century massive numbers of performers were required to perform these works. The length of the performance and the virtuosic demands on soloists made it no longer possible to mandate that composers follow church canon literally. For many reasons, large works with liturgical texts had long since left churches for the concert stage in Verdi's day.

³ <http://www.patheos.com/blogs/daylightatheism/2008/05/the-contributions-of-freethinkers-i/#sthash.I2G3e378.dpuf>

Verdi's *Requiem* stands apart from most works of the genre for its vivid theatricality coupled with its expressions of human frailty and fear. Why? Perhaps it was the strict liturgical Latin text that gave the *Requiem* the freedom from operatic clichés. This freedom allowed Verdi to concentrate on the most important thing – human emotions at that fateful instant between life and death. Verdi expresses them in perfect musical form where moments of fiery passion are equaled by moments of heavenly, noble serenity. Verdi's apprehensions about the great unknown that lay beyond this life and his terror over the possibility of a final judgment for which he might be unprepared are laid bare in the liturgical section of the *Requiem* known as the Sequence, *Dies Irae* ("Day of Wrath"), to which he gave the greatest emphasis.

Mass is one of the names by which the sacrament of the Eucharist is commonly called in the Catholic Church. The *Missa pro defunctis*, "Mass for the dead" is better known as the Requiem Mass and is offered for the repose of the souls of the dead. The Sequence is a liturgical poem; when used during the celebration of the Eucharist is chanted or recited after the Tract or Alleluia, if present, and always before the reading of the Gospel. The most famous Sequence from the Mass is the hymn for Pentecost, *Veni Sancte Spiritus* ("Come Holy Spirit").

The Sequence text with the *inceptit* (meaning "he began") *Dies Irae* is a poem commonly ascribed to Thomas of Celano, the 13th century Franciscan friar and St. Francis of Assisi's biographer. This sacred poetry is considered one of the most exquisite treasures of Roman Catholic Church literature. The poem brings out some of the forceful powers of the Latin language and the solemn effect of the triple rhyme scheme. Also, the poet persuasively drives home the universality of his theme; the significance of man in the eternal scheme of things, death, eternal judgment, and the sinner pleading for salvation. The *Dies Irae* and *Veni Sancte Spiritus* hold a foremost place among the masterpieces of sacred song from any age.

In his monumental *Dictionary of Hymnology* (1925), the Rev. John Julian states that "the hold which this Sequence has had upon the minds of men of various nations and creeds has been very great."⁴ Carefully selected portions of the Sequence appear with great effect in Scene 20 "Cathedral" of Goethe's *Faust*. Additionally, the Sequence provides a magnificent climax to Canto VI in Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The structure of the original Sequence as used in

⁴ Julian, John, ed. *A Dictionary of Hymnology*. 2nd Edition (New Jersey: Dover Publications, 1954), Volume I, p. 295.

the Roman Catholic liturgy consists of seventeen three-line stanzas in accentual, trochaic meter with two syllabic rhymes followed by three couplets: the first two having two-syllabic rhymes and the last being assonant and catalectic. Scott's poem is the embodiment of the Latin poem but expressed in only twelve lines.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead:

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be *Thou* the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

The Sequence forms the Second Movement of the *Requiem*. For the sake of dramatizing his death theme, Verdi divides the seventeen verses and five closing rhymes and couplets of the Sequence into ten textual subdivisions and assigns these sections to various musical forces. Only the sections that convince this conductor that Verdi feared death and a final judgment as based on the translation are discussed.

Section 1. *Dies irae* ("Day of wrath" for chorus & orchestra)

The Sequence commences with the chorus wrathfully 'screaming' out the *Dies Irae* ("Day of wrath"). Verdi gives the full-voiced chorus a demanding ascending chromatic line in octaves. This can barely be heard in the midst of a cataclysm of thundering drums, hammer stroke down bow chords in the strings, and diving and ascending runs in the rest of the orchestra. The uproar abates temporarily for the second stanza, *Quantus tremor est futurus* ("How great a trembling will be"). Here the orchestra is soft and staccato-like as the chorus, *sotto voce* (literally "under voice", but meaning "in a quiet voice"), stutters in fright. Verdi compensates for the lack of a stage plot by deliberately stressing specific aural images.

For the first time in the *Requiem* we get a hint of Verdi's fear. Here Verdi repeats this first stanza four times and places a particular emphasis on "Day of wrath" as he repeats that phrase seven times.

Day of wrath . . .
that day . . .
shall dissolve the world into embers,
witness David with Sibyl.

Day of wrath . . .
Day of wrath . . .
that day . . .
shall dissolve . . .
shall dissolve the world into embers,

Day of wrath, that day shall dissolve the world into embers,
witness David with Sibyl.

Day of wrath, that day shall dissolve the world into embers,
witness David with Sibyl.

Day of wrath . . . Day of wrath.

Section 2. *Tuba mirum spargens sonum* (“The trumpet,
spreading its wondrous sound” for chorus &
orchestra)

Section 3. *Mors stupebit et natura* (“Death will be
stunned” for bass soloist & orchestra)

Section 4. *Liber scriptus proferetur* (“The written book
shall be brought forth” for mezzo-
soprano soloist, chorus & orchestra)

Liber scriptus proferetur (“The written book shall be brought forth”) is the fifth stanza of the poem and is a long aria for the mezzo-soprano soloist. It is followed by stanza 6, *Judex ergo cum sedebit* (“When therefore the Judge is seated”). The chorus reacts to the mezzo-soprano’s sobering description of the contents of the great book containing all things to be judged and mutters “*dies irae*” on a single pitch. Spiraling figurative writing in the strings swells up into a breakneck reprise of the opening. The fear of the Final Judgment looms large as is seen in Verdi’s three repetitions of Stanza 5 and the repeated fragment of Stanza 6. Again, note the interjection of *Dies irae*.

A written book will be brought forth,
in which all shall be contained,
for which the world will be judged.

Day of wrath . . .

A written book will be brought forth,
in which all shall be contained,
for which the world will be judged.

Day of wrath . . .

Therefore when the Judge takes His seat,
whatever lies concealed will be revealed,

Day of wrath . . .

No wrong shall remain unavenged.

A written book will be brought forth,
in which all shall be contained,
for which the world will be judged.

Day of wrath . . .

Section 5. *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?* ("What then
am I, a poor wretch going say?" for
soprano, mezzo-soprano & tenor soloists &
orchestra)

With *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?* ("What then am I,
a poor wretch going say?") is Stanza 7. Here the poetic
perspective changes from that of a narrator to the first-person
introspective queries made by a penitent sinner. This
conductor can imagine Verdi's barely audible almost
wearisome voice saying over and over

What am I then, a wretch, to say?
Which protector shall I ask for,
even when the just are scarcely secure?

What am I then, a wretch, to say?
Which protector shall I ask for?

What am I then, a wretch, to say
even when the just are scarcely secure?

What am I then, a wretch, to say?
Which protector shall I ask for,
even when the just are scarcely secure?

What am I then, a wretch, to say?
Which protector shall I ask for,
even when the just are scarcely secure?

Section 6. *Rex tremendae majestatis* (“King of terrifying
majesty” for soprano, alto, tenor
& bass soloists, chorus & orchestra)

In a striking contrast, the choral basses boom *Rex tremendae majestatis* (“King of terrifying majesty”) which is Stanza 8. The third line of the stanza, *Salva me, fons pietatis* (“Save me, fount of pity”) can be imagined as Verdi’s personal supplication. He uses all four soloists and the full chorus singing a soaring melody. The basses interpose their ominous *Rex tremendae*, but the repetitions of *Salva me* continue until the phrase finally blossoms to a stunning climax using the combined forces of soloists and chorus. Note the emphasis Verdi gives to “save me”.

King of fearful majesty
who freely saves the saved:
Save me, fount of pity.

King of fearful majesty, save me.

Who freely saves the saved, save me.
Save me, fount of pity.

Save me . . . Save me . . . Save me

Save me, fount of pity.

King of fearful majesty
who freely saves the saved:
Save me, fount of pity.

Save me . . . Save me . . . Save me fount of pity.

- Section 7. *Recordare Jesu pie Jesu* (“Remember, merciful Jesus” for soprano & mezzo-soprano soloists & orchestra)
- Section 8. *Ingemisco tanquam reus* (“I groan, like one who is guilty” for tenor soloist & orchestra)
- Section 9. *Confutatis* (“When the accused are confounded” for bass soloist, chorus & orchestra)

Sections 7-9 comprising Stanzas 9-17 are still represented from a first-person perspective. A beautiful duet for the soprano and the mezzo, *Recordare Jesu pie Jesu* (“Remember, merciful Jesus”), and a lyrical arioso for tenor, *Ingemisco tanquam reus* (“I groan, like one who is guilty”), all acknowledge the sinner’s guilt and continues the plea for salvation. A woeful aria for bass *Confutatis maledictis* (“When the accused are confounded”) brings back the terror of the Final Judgement. But the bass soloist continues with a prayer of contrition in the last stanza of the poem *Oro supplex et acclinis* (“I pray, suppliant and kneeling”). The *Dies irae* returns with all of its original fury, only to dissolve into the beautiful *Lacrymosa dies illa* (“O how tearful that day”). The reader may judge for him/herself if text repetition gives insight to Verdi’s spiritual notions.

When the accused are confounded,
 consigned to harsh flames,
 call me with the blessed.

I pray, suppliant and kneeling,
 with a heart contrite as ashes:
 take my ending into your care.

I pray, suppliant and kneeling,
 with a heart contrite as ashes:
 take my ending into your care.

When the accused are confounded,
 consigned to harsh flames,
 call me with the blessed . . .
 call me with the blessed . . .

Call me . . . call me with the blessed . . .

I pray, suppliant and kneeling,
with a heart contrite as ashes:
take my ending into your care.

I pray, suppliant and kneeling,
with a heart contrite as ashes:
take . . . my ending into your care . . .
take . . . my ending into your care.

I pray, suppliant and kneeling,
take me in your care.

Day of wrath . . .
that day . . .
shall dissolve the world into embers,
witness David with Sibyl.

Day of wrath, that day . . . day of wrath, that day.

Section 10. *Lacrymosa dies illa* (“O how tearful that day”) and *Pie Jesu Domine* (“Merciful Lord Jesus” for soprano, alto, tenor & bass soloists, chorus & orchestra)

One would think that existing translations of this Latin poem would be as dramatic as the musical description of Verdi’s setting of it. Published translations of the *Requiem* are numerous and in the case of the Sequence, translations range far from the original character of the poem. Having conducted a dozen performances of this masterpiece both in the United States and Europe, and revisiting this mammoth score, spending many untold hours studying the Latin text, I decided that a more precise translation be prepared for the listener for an April 18, 2015 performance of the work in Gainesville, Florida.

First, most translations available are poetic paraphrases of the Ordinary text. Second, this conductor was moved to provide the audience with supertitles. This is a rather common feature of opera productions but rare for presentations of choral master works. The main objective was to create a literal, word for word translation and then carefully select the precise English word to match its Latin counterpart. The English words were carefully organized to make

grammatical sense. Only for prosaic and poetic exigencies were alternate words chosen, taking the utmost care to ensure the purity of the Requiem text. The Sequence is through-composed. Verdi ignored the poem's strophic structure and did not use the stanza repeating method of composition where each verse of the hymn is set to the exact same music. Disregarding meter and rhyme scheme; he freely repeated stanzas, phrases, and words all for the sake of dramatizing the text. This translator made no attempt to adhere to the poetic features of the poem and focused completely on meaning.

It is rare that audiences are provided with supertitles for choral master works such as Verdi's *Requiem*. A translation is normally provided in the concert program. Interestingly, as the stage lights go up on the performers, the house lights go down on the audience. The listeners sit in a darkened concert hall incapable of reading the translation printed in the program.

Here we return to Freud's concerns about music. Would Sigmund Freud, sitting in a darkened concert hall, find fear and be incapable of gleaning the maximum meaning from hearing the *Requiem* without a translation available? The ancient Sequence text elicits the emotion of fear in this conductor's opinion. The whole purpose of Verdi's musical setting of the *Dies Irae* was to dramatize that terror. In the philosophy of the medieval period the best way to prepare for death was to continually remind oneself of its inevitability. One of the ways to remember death was to contemplate the pains of hell in the afterlife the sinner might suffer. Both Thomas of Celano's text and Giuseppe Verdi's music dwell on that theme. This was the inspiration for creating supertitles for a performance of this amazing masterwork.

In most opera houses a translated sentence or several sentences of the text being sung are put on a screen above or sometimes to the side of the stage proscenium. No matter how often the sentence(s) or phrases/fragments are repeated by the singer(s), that single slide of the text will remain there, sometimes for several minutes. This conductor was determined to present the text as it unfolds in real time throughout the score. Here the listener can see which words; phrases, etc. are repeated by Verdi for dramatic effect as witnessed above. The translation of the complete *Requiem* fills 287 PowerPoint slides. Verdi's personal struggle over the fear of death is laid bare when the non-Latin speaker is made privy to Verdi's exploitation of various portions of the text.

The common problem when translating poetry like the Sequence is attempting to match the original poetic form (rhyme

schemes, etc.) while endeavoring to preserve the original literary meaning. Below the reader will see a charted version of the Sequence placed in four columns to facilitate comparisons. The first column contains the Latin text taken from the Requiem Mass as found in the 1962 *Roman Missal*. The second column shows an English version translated by the Anglican Priest William Josiah Irons in 1849 and is found in the *English Missal*. Although Irons' version is from a slightly different Latin text, his translation replicates the rhyme and meter of the original. The translation presented in the third column more closely conforms to the official Latin and is approved by the Catholic Church for use as the funeral mass in the liturgy of the Anglican ordinariate.⁵ This English version is a more formal equivalence translation but does not replicate the rhyme and meter.

The fourth column contains the writer's translation. Here the attempt was made to present the most literal representation of the text possible. The literal representation of the poem took precedent over form, rhyme and meter. In this translation we can see how Verdi made use of the Sequence text for dramatic purposes. The reader can see the dramaturgy of the *Dies Irae* translation even without the enhancement of Verdi's ultra-dramatic musical score sounding in our ears. Each phrase represents one slide, each slide changing as the music unfolds.

All music is essentially dramatic. Poetry is created to elicit emotions. To Verdi there is no difference. For Verdi there exists drama when pondering death. Will any of this help allay Freud's 'fear' of music? If he could follow the Sequence text as it unfolds with Verdi's musical score, Freud would know that his fears were justified.

⁵*The Order of Funerals for use by the Ordinariates erected under the auspices of the Apostolic Constitution Anglicanorum coetibus* (PDF) United States: US Ordinariate.

SEQUENCE TRANSLATION CHART

<i>Roman Missal</i> (1962)	<i>William Josiah Irons</i> (1849)	<i>English Missal</i>	<i>Will Kesling</i> (2015)
Dies iræ, dies illa, Solvat sæclum in favilla: Teste David cum Sibylla.	Day of wrath and doom impending. David's word with Sibyl's blending, Heaven and earth in ashes ending.	The day of wrath, that day will dissolve the world in ashes As foretold by <u>David</u> and the <u>Sibyl</u> !	Day of wrath . . . that day . . . shall dissolve the world into embers, witness David with Sibyl. Day of wrath . . . Day of wrath . . . that day . . . shall dissolve . . . shall dissolve the world into embers, Day of wrath, that day shall dissolve the world into embers, witness David with Sibyl. Day of wrath, that day shall dissolve the world into embers, witness David with Sibyl. Day of wrath . . . Day of wrath . . .
Quantus tremor est futurus, Quando Judex est venturus, Cuncta stricte discussurus!	Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth, When from heaven the Judge descendeth, On whose sentence all dependeth.	How much tremor there will be, when the Judge will come, investigating everything strictly!	How great the trembling will be, when the Judge shall come, the strict investigator of all things!
Tuba mirum spargens sonum, Per sepulchra regionum, Coget omnes ante thronum.	Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth; Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth; All before the throne it bringeth.	The trumpet, scattering a wondrous sound through the sepulchres of the regions, will summon all before the Throne.	The trumpet, scattering a marvelous sound . . . through the tombs of every land, will summon all before the throne.
Mors stupebit et natura, Cum resurget creatura, Judicanti responsura.	Death is struck, and nature quaking, All creation is awaking, To its Judge an answer making.	Death and nature will marvel, when the creature arises, to respond to the Judge.	Death will be stunned, likewise nature, When all creation shall rise again, to answer to the One judging. death . . . death . . . death . . . shall be stunned.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur

Lo, the book, exactly
worded,
Wherein all hath
been recorded,
Thence shall judgement be
awarded.

The written book will be
brought forth,
in which all is contained,
from which the world
shall be judged.

A written book will be
brought forth,
in which all shall be
contained,
for which the world will be
judged.

Day of wrath . . .

A written book will be
brought forth,
in which all shall be
contained,
for which the world will be
judged.

Day of wrath . .

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quid quid latet apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.

When the Judge his seat
attaineth,
And each hidden deed
arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged
remaineth.

When therefore the Judge
will sit,
whatever hides will appear:
nothing will remain
unpunished.

Therefore when the Judge
takes His seat,
whatever lies concealed
will be revealed,

Day of wrath . . .

No wrong shall remain
unavenged.

A written book will be
brought forth,
in which all shall be
contained,
for which the world will be
judged.

Day of wrath . . .

Quid sum miser tunc
dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

What shall I, frail man, be
pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy
needing?

What am I, miserable, then
to say?
Which patron to ask,
when [even] the just may
[only] hardly be sure?

What am I then, a wretch,
to say?
Which protector shall I ask
for,
even when the just are
scarcely secure?

What am I then, a wretch,
to say?
Which protector shall I ask
for?

What am I then, a wretch,
to say
even when the just are
scarcely secure?

What am I then, a wretch,
to say?
Which protector shall I ask
for,

			even when the just are scarcely secure?
			What am I then, a wretch, to say? Which protector shall I ask for, even when the just are scarcely secure?
Rex tremendæ majestatis, Qui salvandos salvas gratis, Salva me, fons pietatis.	King of Majesty tremendous, Who dost free salvation send us, Fount of pity, then befriend us!	King of tremendous majesty, Who freely savest those that have to be saved, save me, Source of mercy.	King of fearful majesty who freely saves the saved: Save me, fount of pity. King of fearful majesty. Save me. Who freely saves the saved, save me. Save me, fount of pity. Save me . . . Save me . . . Save me Save me, fount of pity. King of fearful majesty who freely saves the saved: Save me, fount of pity. Save me . . . Save me . . . Save me fount of pity.
Recordare, Jesu pie, Quod sum causa tuæ viæ: Ne me perdas illa die.	Think, kind Jesu, my salvation Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation; Leave me not to reprobation.	Remember, merciful Jesus, That I am the cause of Thy way: Lest Thou lose me in that day.	Remember, merciful Jesus, that I was the reason for your sojourn: Remember, merciful Jesus, that I was the reason for your sojourn: do not cast me out on that day.
Quærens me, sedisti lassus: Redemisti Crucem passus: Tantus labor non sit cassus.	Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me, On the Cross of suffering bought me. Shall such grace be vainly brought me?	Seeking me, Thou satest tired: Thou redeemedst [me] having suffered the Cross: let not so much hardship be lost.	Seeking me, you sat down weary; having suffered the Cross, you redeemed me. May such labor not be in vain.
Juste Judex ultionis, Donum fac remissionis, Ante diem rationis.	Righteous Judge, for sin's pollution Grant Thy gift of absolution, Ere the day of retribution.	Just Judge of revenge, give the gift of remission before the day of reckoning.	Just Judge of vengeance, grant the gift of remission . . . before the day of reckoning.

Grant the gift of
remission . . .
before the day . . . before
the day.

<p>Ingemisco, tamquam reus: Culpa rubet vultus meus: Supplicanti parce, Deus.</p>	<p>Guilty, now I pour my moaning, All my shame with anguish owning; Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!</p>	<p>I sigh, like the guilty one: my face reddens in guilt: Spare the supplicating one, God.</p>	<p>I groan, like a guilty one; my face blushes with guilt. Spare the supplicant, O God.</p>
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<p>Qui Mariam absolvisti, Et latronem exaudisti, Mihi quoque spem dedisti.</p>	<p>Through the sinful woman shriven, Through the dying thief forgiven, Thou to me a hope hast given.</p>	<p>Thou who absolvedst Mary, and heardst the Robber, gavest hope to me, too.</p>	<p>You, who absolved Mary Magdalen, and heeded the thief, have given me hope also.</p>
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<p>Preces meæ non sunt dignæ; Sed tu bonus fac benigne, Ne perenni cremer igne.</p>	<p>Worthless are my prayers and sighing, Yet, good Lord, in grace complying, Rescue me from fires undying.</p>	<p>My prayers are not worthy: however, Thou, Good [Lord], do good, lest I be burned up by eternal fire</p>	<p>My prayers are not worthy, but Thou, benevolent one, kindly grant that I not burn in everlasting fire.</p>
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<p>Inter oves locum præsta. Et ab hædis me sequestra, Statuens in parte dextra.</p>	<p>With Thy sheep a place provide me, From the goats afar divide me, To Thy right hand do Thou guide me.</p>	<p>Grant me a place among the sheep, and take me out from among the goats, setting me on the right side.</p>	<p>Grant me a place of eminence among the sheep, and separate me from the goats.</p>
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Grant me a place of
eminence among the
sheep,
and separate me from the
goats,
placing me . . .
placing me at Thy right
hand.

. . . and separate me from
the goats,
placing me at Thy right
hand.

<p>Confutatis maledictis, Flammis acribus addictis, Voca me cum benedictis</p>	<p>When the wicked are confounded, Doomed to flames of woe unbounded, Call me with Thy saints surrounded.</p>	<p>Once the cursed have been rebuked, sentenced to acrid flames: Call Thou me with the blessed.</p>	<p>When the accursed are confounded, consigned to harsh flames, call me with the blessed.</p>
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Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

Low I kneel, with heart's
submission,
See, like ashes, my
contrition,
Help me in my last
condition.

I meekly and humbly pray,
[my] heart is as crushed as
the ashes:
perform the healing of
mine end.

I pray, suppliant and
kneeling,
with a heart contrite as
ashes:
take my ending into your
care.

I pray, suppliant and
kneeling,
with a heart contrite as
ashes:
take my ending into your
care.

When the accursed are
confounded,
consigned to harsh flames,
call me with the blessed . . .
call me with the blessed . . .

Call me . . . call me with the
blessed . . .

I pray, suppliant and
kneeling,
with a heart contrite as
ashes:
take my ending into your
care.

I pray, suppliant and
kneeling,
with a heart contrite as
ashes:
take . . . my ending into
your care . . .
take . . . my ending into
your care.

I pray, suppliant and
kneeling,
take me in your care.

Day of wrath . . .
that day . . .
shall dissolve the world
into embers,
witness David with Sibyl.

Day of wrath, that day . . .
day of wrath, that day.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla,
Judicandus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce, Deus:

Ah! that day of tears and
mourning,
From the dust of earth
returning
Man for judgement must
prepare him,
Spare, O God, in mercy
spare him.

Tearful will be that day,
on which from the ash
arises
the guilty man who is to be
judged.
Spare him therefore, God.

O how tearful that day,
on which shall rise from
those embers . . .
the guilty to be judged.
Therefore, spare this one,
O God.

O how tearful that day,
on which shall rise from
those embers . . .
the guilty to be judged.
Therefore, spare this one,
O God.

O how tearful that day,
on which shall rise from
those embers . . .
the guilty to be judged.
Therefore, spare this one,
O God.

Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem. Amen.

Lord, all-pitying, Jesus blest,
Grant them Thine eternal
rest. Amen.

Merciful Lord Jesus,
grant them rest. Amen.

Merciful Lord Jesus, grant
them rest.
. . . rest . . . rest . . .
grant them rest.

Amen.