

Stabat Mater

[1] I. Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

[2] II. Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

[3] III. O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!

[4] IV. Quae moerebat et dolebat
Et tremebat, cum videbat
Nati poenas inclyti.

[5] V. Quis est homo qui non fletet
Christi Matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?

Quis non posset contristari
Piam Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum.

[6] VI. Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem desolatum
Dum emisit spiritum.

[7] VII. Eia, Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac ut tecum lugeam.

[8] VIII. Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum
Ut sibi complacem.

[9] IX. Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas,
Cordi meo valide.

Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Poenas mecum divide.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.

Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Te libenter sociare,
In planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere.

[10] X. Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Ob amorem Filii.

Stabat Mater

The grieving Mother stood
weeping by the Cross
where hung her Son.

Her spirit groaning,
saddened and grieving
a sword has pierced.

O how sad and afflicted
was that blessed
Mother of the Only-Begotten!

Who mourned and grieved
And trembled, when she saw
The punishment of her glorious son.

Who is the man that would not weep
if he saw the Mother of Christ
in such torment?

Who could fail to feel sorrow
to regard the merciful Mother
grieving with her son?

For the sins of His people
she saw Jesus in torment
and submitted to the scourge.

She saw her sweet offspring
forlorn in dying
as He yielded up His spirit.

Ah, Mother, fountain of love,
to feel the force of grief
grant that I may mourn with you.

Grant that my heart may burn
in loving Christ, God,
that I may please Him.

Holy Mother, grant me
that I fix the wounds of the crucified
firmly to my heart.

Of your wounded son
who deigned to suffer for me
let me share the pain.

Let me truly weep with you,
grieve over the crucified,
as long as I live.

To stand by the cross,
willingly to join with you
in mourning I desire.

Virgin glorious among virgins,
be not now harsh with me,
make me to weep with you.

Let me bear Christ's death,
let me share his passion
And revere his blows.

Let me be wounded by his blows,
to be drunk with this cross
Out of love for your Son.

[11] XI. Inflammatus et accensus
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus,
In die iudicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri
Morte Christi praemuniri
Confoveri gratia.

[12] XII. Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria.

[13] XIII. Amen.

So fired and consumed with flames,
through you, Virgin, may I be defended,
in the day of judgement.

Let me be guarded by the cross,
strengthened by the death of Christ
cherished by grace.

When the body shall die,
grant that my soul be given
the glory of Paradise.

Amen.

Attributed to Jacopone da Todi

English Translation by Keith Anderson

Giovanna d'Arco

[14] È notte, e tutto addormentato è il mondo.
Sola io veglio, ed aspetto
che un destrier passi, che una tromba chiami.
Ascolto, e nulla sento
se non l'acque, il mormorar del vento.
Muta ogni cosa e afflitta
come l'ora che segue alla sconfitta.
O patria! O re! novella
un'aita verrà. L'onnipotente
dal gregge suscitò la pastorella.
Vadasi. O dolce mio loco natio,
dolce famiglia, o campi, o selve addio.

[15] O mia madre, e tu frattanto
la tua figlia cercherai,
affannata chiamerai
e nessun risponderà.

Ma fra poco d'alte imprese
verrà un suon conforto al pianto:
ogni madre, ogni francese
la mia madre invidierà.

O mia madre, se frattanto
la tua figlia cercherai,
se affannata chiamerai,
questo suon risponderà.

[16] Eppur piange. Ah! repente
qual luce balenò nell'oriente,
non è il sole che s'alza,
sei la mia vision, io ti conosco.
Più grande che non suole
empie il ciel fulminando e mi fa segno.
Angiol di morte, tu mi chiami, io vengo.

[17] Ah, la fiamma che t'esce dal guardo
già m'ha tocca, m'investe, già m'arde.
Presto un brando, marciamo pugnando.
Viva il re, la vittoria è con me.

Guida i forti la vergine al campo,
tra i leoni l'agnello s'avventa,
non han scampo, il Signor li spaventa.
Viva il re, la vittoria è con me.

Corre la gioia
di core in core
ma, queta e timida
fra lo stupore,

Joan of Arc

Night has fallen, all the world's asleep.
I alone lie awake, waiting
for a charger to ride by, a trumpet to sound.
I listen, but hear nothing
save the flowing water, the murmuring wind.
All is sad and silent,
as in the hour that follows a defeat.
O my country! My king! A new
source of help will come. The Almighty
has called the shepherdess from her flock.
Let her go forth. O beloved place of my birth,
my beloved family, o fields and forests, farewell.

Dear mother, when I am gone
you will search for your daughter,
anxiously you will call out to her,
but there will be no reply.

Soon, however, your tears will be dried
by the tidings of great deeds:
my mother will be the envy
of all mothers, all people of France.

Dear mother, if when I am gone
you search for your daughter,
if you anxiously call out to her,
the sound of these tidings will be your reply.

And yet she weeps. Ah! what light
suddenly blazes in the east –
it is not the rising sun,
you are my vision – I know you.
Larger than usual,
it fills the sky, firing bolts of lightning, and gives me a sign.
Angel of death, you summon me, I shall come.

Ah, the flame that shoots from your eyes
touches me now, engulfs me, burns me.
Quick, hand me a sword, let us march and fight.
Long live the king, I shall bring him victory.

The maiden leads the warriors into battle,
the lamb hurls itself into the lions' midst,
they cannot escape, the Lord fills them with fear.
Long live the king, I shall bring him victory.

Joy is flowing
from heart to heart
but, as they stand
in wonder, they will ask

chi se', domandano,
chi il re salvò?
Vinse la vergine
che in Dio sperò.

Anonymous text

the quiet and timid girl, "Who are you,
you who have saved the king?"
Victory belongs to the maiden
who put her faith in God.

English Translation by Susannah Howe