

Vivaldi - *Nulla in Mundo*

Translation

Aria.

*Nulla in mundo pax
sincera
sine felle; pura et vera,
dulcis Jesu, est in te.*

*Inter poenas et tormenta
vivit anima contenta
casti amoris sola spe.*

Recitative.

*Blando colore oculos
mundus decepit
at occulto vulnere
corda conficit;
fugiamus ridentem,
vitemus sequentem,
nam delicias
ostentando arte
secura
vellet ludendo
superare.*

Aria.

*Spirat anguis
inter flores et
colores
explicando tegit
fel.
Sed occulto
factus ore
homo demens in
amore
saepe lambit
quasi mel.*

Alleluia.

Aria.

In this world there is no honest peace
free from bitterness; pure and true (i.e. peace)
sweet Jesus, lies in Thee.

Amidst punishment and torment
lives the contented soul,
chaste love its only hope.

Recitative.

This world deceives the eye by surface charms,
but corroded hearts with hidden wounds.
Let us flee him who smiles, shun him who follows us,
for by skilfully displaying its pleasures, this world
overwhelms us by deceit.

Aria.

The serpent's hiss conceals its venom,
as it uncoils itself
among blossoms and beauty.
But with a furtive touch of the lips,
a man maddened by love
will often kiss as if licking honey.

Alleluia.

Translation unattributed.

Pergolesi – Stabat Mater

Translation

13th century Franciscan hymn

Stabat Mater dolorosa
Iuxta crucem lacrimosa
Dum pendebat Filius.

Cuius animam gementem
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflita
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigeniti!

Quae moerebat et dolebat,
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Nati poenas incliti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?

Vidit suum dulcem natum
Moriendo desolatum
Dum emisit spiritum.

Eja Mater, fons amoris
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.

Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum
Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
cordi meo valide.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
passionis fac consortem,
et plagas recolere.

Inflammatus et accensus
per te, Virgo, sim defensus
in die iudicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri
morte Christi praemuniri
confoveri gratia.

Quando corpus morietur,
fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria. Amen.

The grieving Mother
stood weeping beside the cross
where her Son was hanging.

Through her weeping soul,
compassionate and grieving,
a sword passed.

O how sad and afflicted
was that blessed Mother
of the only-begotten!

Who mourned and grieved,
seeing and bearing the torment
of her glorious child.

Who is it that would not weep,
seeing Christ's Mother
in such agony?

She saw her sweet child
die desolate,
as he gave up His spirit.

O Mother, fountain of love,
make me feel the power of sorrow,
that I may grieve with you.

Grant that my heart may burn
in the love of Christ my God,
that I may greatly please Him.

Holy Mother, may you do thus:
place the wounds of the Crucified
deep in my heart.

Make me to bear Christ's death,
sharing in His passion,
and commemorate his wounds.

Inflame and set on fire,
may I be defended by you, Virgin,
on the day of judgment.

Let me be guarded by the cross,
armed by Christ's death
and His cherished by His grace.

When my body dies,
grant that to my soul is given
the glory of paradise. Amen.

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