

# Vivaldi - *Nulla in Mundo*

Translation

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## **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 deceptit  
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.**

# Pergolesi – Stabat Mater

## Translation

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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 afflicta  
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 complacem.

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

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

Inflammatum et accensum  
per te, Virgo, sim defensum  
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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