

Chausson, Serenade

Tes grands yeux doux semble des îles
Qui nages dans un lac d'azur
Aux fraîcheurs de tes yeux tranquille
Fais-moi tranquille et fais-moi pur.
Ton corps a l'adorable enfance
De clairs paradis de jadis;
Enveloppe-moi de silence
Du silence argenté des lys.
Alangui par les yeux tranquilles
Des étoiles caressant l'air
J'ai tant rêvé la paix des îles
Sous un soir frissonnant et clair!

Your large tender eyes seem like islands
That float on an azure lake:
With the cool of your tranquil eyes
Give me peace and make me pure.
Your body has the adorable youth
Of the bright paradise of yore:
Envelop me in silence,
The silvery silence of lilies.
Made languid by the placid eyes
Of the stars adorning the sky,
I was dreaming of the peace of the islands
On an evening thrilling and clear.

Mozart Requiem Sequenz

Dies irae, dies illa

Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.
Quantus tremor est futurus
Quando judex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Day of wrath, that day
Will dissolve the earth in ashes
As David and the Sibyl bear witness.
What dread there will be
When the Judge shall come
To judge all things strictly.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum

Per sepulcra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.
Mors slopebit et natora
Cum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.
Liber scriptus proferetur
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.
Judex ergo cum sedebit
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.
Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

A trumpet, spreading a wondrous sound
Through the graves of all lands,
Will drive mankind before the throne.
Death and Nature shall be astonished
When all creation rises again
To answer to the Judge.
A book, written in, will be brought forth
In which is contained everything that is,
Out of which the world shall be judged.
When therefore the Judge takes His seat
Whatever is hidden will reveal itself.
Nothing will remain unavenged.
What then shall I say, wretch that I am,
What advocate entreat to speak for me,
When even the righteous may hardly be secure?

Rex tremendae majestatis,

Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salve me, fons pietatis.

King of awful majesty,
Who freely savest the redeemed,
Save me, O fount of goodness.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae,
Ne me perdas ilia die.
Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus,
Tamus labor non sit cassus.
Juste iudex ultionis
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.
Ingemisco tamquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus,
Supplicanti parce, Deus.
Qui Mariam absolvisti
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.
Preces meae non sum dignae,
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremet igne.
Inter oves locurn praesta,
Et ab haedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis
Flammis acerbis addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.
Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrimosa dies illa
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce, Deus,
Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.

Remember, blessed Jesu,
That I am the cause of Thy pilgrimage,
Do not forsake me on that day.
Seeking me Thou didst sit down weary,
Thou didst redeem me, suffering death on the cross.
Let not such toil be in vain.
Just and avenging Judge,
Grant remission
Before the day of reckoning.
I groan like a guilty man.
Guilt reddens my face.
Spare a suppliant, O God.
Thou who didst absolve Mary Magdalene
And didst hearken to the thief,
To me also hast Thou given hope.
My prayers are not worthy,
But Thou in Thy merciful goodness grant
That I burn not in everlasting fire.
Place me among Thy sheep
And separate me from the goats,
Setting me on Thy right hand

When the accursed have been confounded
And given over to the bitter flames,
Call me with the blessed.
I pray in supplication on my knees.
My heart contrite as the dust,
Safeguard my fate.

Mournful that day
When from the dust shall rise
Guilty man to be judged.
Therefore spare him, O God.
Merciful Jesu,
Lord Grant them rest.