

## MARIAN CANTATAS TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### 1. AH! CHE TROPPO INEGUALI

Ah! Che troppo ineguali  
Allor che il ciel festeggia  
Son, benche grate sian, voci mortali  
Per eco fare alla superna reggia.  
Hor che guerriera face  
Arde il suol, noi divoti  
Cangiamo I canti in voti  
Perch'al mondo Maria rende la pace

#### [ARIA] ADAGIO

O del ciel Maria regina  
Se di pace sei la stella  
Splenda al mondo il tuo favor.  
Al mortal un guardo inchina  
Ed estinta ogni facella  
Sia del bellico furor. (Da capo)

Ah, too unequal,  
Now that heavens celebrates  
Are mortal voices, however pleasing,  
Echoed to the celestial realm.  
Now that a warlike torch  
Inflames the earth, we piously  
Change our songs to prayers  
That Mary may restore peace to the earth

#### [ARIA] ADAGIO

O Mary, Queen of Heaven,  
If you are the star of peace,  
Let your grace shine on the world  
Bend a glance down to mortals,  
An extinguish every spark  
There may be of warlike fury. (Da capo)

#### SALVE REGINA

Salve, Regina, Mater misericordiæ,  
vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve.  
Ad te clamamus exsules filii Hevæ,  
Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes  
in hac lacrimarum valle.  
Eia, ergo, advocata nostra, illos tuos  
misericordes oculos ad nos converte;  
Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui,  
nobis post hoc exsilium ostende.  
O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.

Hail, holy Queen, Mother of Mercy,  
Hail, our life, our sweetness and our hope.  
To thee do we cry,  
Poor banished children of Eve;  
To thee do we send forth our sighs,  
Mourning and weeping in this vale of tears.  
Turn then, most gracious advocate,  
Thine eyes of mercy toward us;  
And after this our exile,  
Show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus.  
O clement, O loving,  
O sweet Virgin Mary.

#### STABAT MATER

##### Latin

Stabat mater dolorosa  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa  
Dum pendebat Filius.  
Cujus animam gementem  
Contristatam et dolentes  
Pertransivit gladius.  
O quam tristis et afflicta  
Fuit illa benedicta  
Mater unigeniti.  
Quae morebat et dolebat  
et tremebat cum videbat  
Nati poenas inclyti.  
Quis est homo qui non fleret  
Christi Matrem si videret  
In tanto supplicio?  
Quis posset non contristari

##### English

The mother stood sorrowing  
by the cross, weeping  
while her Son hung there;  
Whose soul, lamenting,  
sorrowing and grieving,  
has been pierced by the sword.  
O how sad and afflicted  
was that blessed  
Mother of her only-begotten Son.  
Who wept and grieved  
and trembled to behold  
the torment of her glorious child.  
What man would not weep  
if he saw the Mother of Christ  
in such torment?  
Who could not be sorrowful

Piam Matrem contemplari  
Dolentem cum Filio?  
Pro peccatis suae gentis  
Vidit Jesum in tormentis  
Et flagellis subditum.  
Vidit suum dulcem natum  
Morientem desolatum,  
Dum emisit spiritum.  
Eia 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  
Corde meo valide.  
Tui nati vulnerati  
Jam 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 praeclara  
Mihi jam non sis amara  
Fac me tecum plangere.  
Virgo, virginum praeclara  
Mihi jam non sis amara  
Fac me tecum plangere.  
Fac ut portem Christi mortem  
Passionis ejus sortem  
Et plagas recolere.  
Fac me plagis vulnerari  
Cruce hac inebriari  
Ob amorem Filii.  
Inflammatum et accensum  
Per te Virgo sim defensum  
In die judicii.  
Fac me Cruce custodiri  
Morte Christi praemuniri

to behold the pious mother  
grieving with her Son?  
For the sins of His people  
she saw Jesus in torment  
and subjected to the whip.  
She saw her sweet Son  
dying, forsaken,  
as He gave up the spirit.  
Ah Mother, fount of love,  
let me feel the force of grief,  
that I may grieve with you.  
Make my heart burn  
with the love of Christ, the God,  
that I may be pleasing to Him.  
Holy Mother, bring this to pass,  
transfix the wounds of Him who is crucified  
firmly onto my heart.  
Of your wounded Son,  
who deigns to suffer for my sake,  
let me share the pains.  
Make me truly weep with you,  
grieving with Him who is crucified  
so that I may live.  
To stand by the cross with you,  
to be freely joined with you  
in lamentation, I desire.  
Virgin of virgins, resplendent,  
do not now be harsh towards me,  
let me weep with you.  
Virgin of virgins, resplendent,  
do not now be harsh towards me,  
let me weep with you.  
Let me carry Christ's death,  
the destiny of his passion,  
and meditate upon his wounds.  
Let me suffer the wounds  
of that cross, steeped  
in love of your Son.  
Fired and excited  
by you, O Virgin, let me be defended  
on the day of judgement.  
Let me be shielded by the cross,  
protected by Christ's death,

Confoveri gratia  
Quando corpus morietur  
Fac ut animae donetur  
Paradisi gloria. Amen.

cherished by grace.  
When my body dies,  
let my soul be given  
the glory of paradise. Amen.