

Christum ducem, qui per crucem

nos redemit ab hostibus,
laudet cantus noster laetus,
exsultet coelum laudibus.

Poena fortis tuae mortis,
et sanguinis effusio,
corda terant ut te quaerant
Jesu nostra redemptio.

Per felices cicatrices,
sputa, flagella, verbera,
nobis grata, sunt collata
aeterna Christi munera.

Nostrum tangat cor, ne plangat,
tuorum sanguis vulnere,
in quo toti sumus loti,
conditor alme siderum.

Passionis tuae donis
Salvator nos inebria,
qua fidelis dare velis,
beata nobis gaudia.

Venite, laetantes,
Ardores flagrantis,
Venite gaudentes,
Accurrite gentes,
Volate ad me.

Ego sum vita cordium.
Sum dulcis Maria.
Sum vobis vera pax.
Sine me non est quies;
Nulla est beata sors.

Qui me invenerit,
Invenerit vitam,
Et hauriet salutem a Domino.

Per me regnant in mundo amores.
Per me animae libant dulciores.
Semper cara, semper grata
Sunt contenta, quae rorant a me.
Per me gratiae pluunt in mundo
Et delitiae sunt fecundae.

Qui sperant in me, non peribit,
Sed adibit ad aeterna gaudia.
Qui vivit in me, non plorabit,
Sed regnabit in caelesti gloria.
Alleluia.

To Christ the king, who through the cross
Saved us from the enemy
May render praise our joyous singing,
The heavens resound with praise.

May the great pain of your death
And the shedding of your blood
Visit our hearts so that they desire you,
Jesus, our redemption.

Through the fortunate scars
The spit, the whip, the blows,
Unto us are granted
the eternal gifts of Christ.

May he touch our heart so that it does not lament
The blood of your wounds
Through which we are purified,
Kind creator of the stars.

With the gifts of your passion,
O Saviour, intoxicate us,
Whereby may you faithfully consent
To give us your blessed delights.

Come, cheerful
And glowing desires!
Come rejoicing!
Hasten to Help, Nations!
Fly to me!

I am the life of your hearts.
I am sweet Mary,
I am your true peace.
Without me, there is not rest;
There is no blessed destiny.

Whoever shall have found me,
Shall have found life,
And will drink from the Lord's cup of salvation.

Through me Loving desires reign in the world.
Through me sweeter souls pour libations.
Always dear, always grateful,
Whatever dew drips from me is happy.
Through me graces fall like rain on the world
And delights are fruitful.

Whoever hopes in me will not perish,
But will enter into eternal joys.
Whoever lives in me will not weep,
But will reign in heavenly glory.
Alleluia

O quam tristis est anima mea

dum recordor tui ò Mater Eva
Suspiro lamentor languero doleo et plango
amare dolorem meum

O Mater malè cauta,
O Mater nimis credula
Serpens antiquus, Pater mendacii
decipiens te decepit nos
manducasti pomum
et dentes filiorum obstupescunt.
Gustati paululum dulcedinis
et ecce nos morimur.

O Eva, non Eva non Mater viventium,
sed Mater morientium.
Ecce nos crucias ubique maeror,
ubique dolor, ubique luctus suspiria,
languores, martiria, clamores,
aerumnae, miseriae, vulnera mors.
O Eva, non Eva non Mater viventium,
sed Mater morientium.

Consolatur sed anima mea dum recordor tui, O Maria.
Respiro, iucundor, gaudeo,
iubilo in canticis.
O Virgo Prudentissima, O Mater Fidelissima!
Veritas Domini captivans te, liberavit nos.

Beata quae credidisti
quia credendo beati nos.
Angelo Satanae credidit Eva,
Angelo Domini tu, Virgo.
Eva credendo nos perdidit, tu credendo salvasti.
Eva nos pauperes; Ave tuum divites fecit.
Eva nos mestos, Ave nos hilares.
Eva dolentes, Ave gaudentes.
Eva damnatos, Ave beatos.
Eva mortem dat aeternam,
Ave vitam sempiternam.

O Lord, whose mercies numberless

O'er all thy works prevail:
Though daily man Thy law transgress,
Thy patience cannot fail.
If yet his sin be not too great,
The busy fiend control;
Yet longer for repentance wait,
And heal his wounded soul.

O how sorrowful is my soul
when I think of you, O mother Eve.
I sigh, I lament, I languish, I suffer, and mourn
bitterly in my pain.

O mother, accessory to evil,
O mother most gullible,
The Serpent of old, the Father of lies
deceived you and deceived us:
We ate the apple
And the teeth of our children were numbed.
We tasted a trifle of sweetness
And behold, we perished.

O Eve, you are not the Mother of Life,
You are the Mother of Death.
Behold our suffering: everywhere there is mourning,
pain, sighs of lamentation,
languishing, martyrdom, shouting,
Affliction, misery, injury, death.
O Eve, you are not the Mother of Life,
You are the Mother of Death.

My soul is comforted when I think of you, O Mary.
I breathe, I am delighted, I rejoice,
I break into song.
O Virgin most prudent, O Mother most faithful!
God's Truth held you captive, but set us free.

Blessed are those who believed;
Our believing saves us.
Satan's angel believed in Eve,
God's angel believed in you, O Virgin
Believing Eve damned us; believing you saves us.
Eve impoverished us; 'Hail' gave you riches.
Eve gave us grief, 'Hail' gave us joy.
Eve gave us sorrow, 'Hail' gave us happiness.
Eve damned us, 'Hail' saved us.
Eve gave us eternal death.
'Hail' gave us everlasting life.

1. Recitative

Vedendo, amor, che per me tese invano

aveva le sue reti,
e che fuggito a caso di sua mano
passava i giorni miei contenti e lieti,
tento dietro mi stette
che suo schiavo mi rese,
e quando nol pensava al fin mi prese.

2. Aria

In un folto bosco ombroso,
Io predea dolce riposo,
una notte fredda e scura.
Ad un tempo così strano,
Io credea Amor lontano,
Ma la mia libertà non fu sicura.

3. Recitative

In quel bosco sen venne cheto, cheto,
e acciò nol conoscessi,
mutò l'arco in balestra,
in sporta la faretra
ove teneva invece di saette
più piccioli pалette
di terra assai tenace,
e d'Imeneo la face,
accesa in un frugnolo.
Egli non era solo,
Eurilla aveva seco,
Che lui guidava in apparenza cieco.

4. Aria

Camminando lei pian piano
Con frugnolo acceso in mano
Finalmente mi scopri.
Disse allor il semplicetto
Su quel picciol rametto
Egli dorme vello lì.
Da capo

5. Recitative

Caricò, scaricò subito amore,
e dove appunto il corpo avea diretto
mi colpì sotto il petto.
In terra io caddi allora,
più per timor smarrito,
che per esser ferito;
cercai di liberarmi
e da loro salvarmi.
Ma sì presto ebbi addosso, e lui, e lei,
che fuggir non potei.

6. Aria

Rise Eurilla, rise Amore
Che di già mio vincitore
Mi teneva in servitù.

1. Recitative

Love, seeing that he had woven his nets
for me without effect,
and that, having by chance escaped from his grasp,
I was spending my days content and happy,
he pressed me so closely
that he made me his slave,
and finally caught me when I was not thinking of him.

2. Aria

In a dense, shady wood
I was taking a delightful rest
On a cool and dark night,
At such an unusual time
I thought love to be far away,
But my freedom was not safe.

3. Recitative

Into that wood he came softly, softly,
and so that I would not recognize him
he changed his bow into a catapult,
and his quiver into a basket
where he kept, instead of arrows,
may tiny pellets
of hardened earth,
and the torch of Hymen
he lit in a lantern.
He was not alone:
He had Eurilla with him,
Guiding him who appears to be blind.

4. Aria

She, advancing very softly,
With the lantern in her hand
Finally noticed me.
Then she said: the fool
On that little branch
He's sleeping, look at him

5. Recitative

Immediately Love loaded and fired,
and precisely where he had aimed the shot,
he hit me beneath my breast.
Then I fell to the ground,
confused more by fear
than by being wounded;
I tried to free myself
and save myself from them.
But so quickly were they upon me, him and her,
That I could not escape.

6. Aria

Eurilla laughed, Love laughed
To see that my conqueror
Now held me in servitude.

Ed io misero non spero
Or ch'io son lor prigioniero
Di goder pace mai più.
Da capo

7. Recitative
Fra tanto sono in gabbia
dove la notte e il giorno
io canto per amor, ma più per rabbia.

Du bist die Ruh,
Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir,
Und schliesse du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu.

Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust!
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll es ganz!

An Silvia

Was ist Silvia, saget an,
Daß sie die weite Flur preist?
Schön und zart seh ich sie nahn,
Auf Himmelsgunst und Spur weist,
Daß ihr alles untertan.
Ist sie schön und gut dazu?
Reiz labt wie milde Kindheit;
Ihrem Aug' eilt Amor zu,
Dort heilt er seine Blindheit
Und verweilt in süßer Ruh.
Darum Silvia, tön, o Sang,
Der holden Silvia Ehren;
Jeden Reiz besiegt sie lang,
Den Erde kann gewähren:
Kränze ihr und Saitenklang!

And in misery have no hope,
Now that I am their prisoner,
Of ever again enjoying peace.

7. Recitative
Meanwhile I am in a cage,
where all night and all day,
I sing for love, but more for rage.

You are rest,
The mild peace,
You are longing
And what stills it.

I consecrate to you
Full of pleasure and pain
As a dwelling here
My eyes and heart.

Come live with me,
And close
quietly behind you
the gates.

Drive other pain
Out of this breast
May my heart be full
With your pleasure.

The tabernacle of my eyes
by your radiance
alone is illumined,
O fill it completely!

Who is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.
Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there.
Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Look Down, Fair Moon

Look down, fair moon and bathe this scene,
Pour softly down night's nimbus floods, on faces
ghastly, swollen, purple;
On the dead, on their backs, with their arms toss'd wide,
Pour down your unstinted nimbus, sacred moon.

Mad About the Boy

I'm mad about the boy
And I know it's stupid to be mad about the boy
I'm so ashamed of it but must admit the sleepless nights
I've had
About the boy

On the silverscreen
He melts my foolish heart in every single scene
Although I'm quite aware that here and there are traces
of the cad
About the boy

Lord knows I'm not a fool guy
I really shouldn't care
Lord knows I'm not a school boy
Who's in the flurry of his first affair

Will it ever cloy
This odd diversity of misery and joy
I'm feeling quite insane and young again
And all because I'm mad about the boy

I'm feeling quite insane and young again
And all because I'm mad about the boy

Mad about the boy
I know it's silly
But I'm mad about the boy
And even Dr Freud cannot explain
Those vexing dreams
I've had about the boy

When I told my wife
She said
"I never heard such nonsense in my life!"
Her lack of sympathy
Embarrassed me
And made me frankly glad about the boy.

My doctor can't advise me
He'd help me if he could
Three times he's tried to psychoanalyze me
But it's just no good

People I employ
Have the impertinence
To call me Myrna Loy
I rise above it
Frankly love it
'Cos I'm absolutely
Mad about the boy

So in Love

Strange dear, but true dear,
When I'm close to you, dear,
The stars fill the sky,
So in love with you am I.
Even without you,
My arms fold about you,
You know darling why,
So in love with you am I.
In love with the night mysterious,
The night when you first were there,
In love with my joy delirious,
When I knew that you could care,
So taunt me, and hurt me,
Deceive me, desert me,
I'm yours, till I die.....
So in love.... So in love....
So in love with you, my love... am I....

Not a Day Goes By

Not a day goes by, not a single day
But you're somewhere a part of my life
And it looks like you'll stay
As the days go by

I keep thinking when will it end?
Where's the day I'll have started forgetting?
But I just go on thinking and sweating

And cursing and crying
And turning and reaching
And waking and dying

And no, not a day goes by
Not a blessed day
But you're still somehow part of my life

And you won't go away
So there's hell to pay
And until I die

I'll die, day after, day after
Day after, day after, day after

Day after, day

So there's hell to pay
And until I die

I'll die, day after, day after
Day after, day after, day after
Day after, day

'Til the days go by
'Til the days go by
'Til the days go by

'Til the days go by

Being Alive

Someone to hold you too close.
Someone to hurt you too deep.
Someone to sit in your chair,
To ruin your sleep,

Someone to need you too much.
Someone to know you too well.
Someone to pull you up short,
And put you through hell,

Someone you have to let in,
Someone whose feelings you spare,
Someone who, like it or not,
Will want you to share
A little, a lot.

Someone to crowd you with love.
Someone to force you to care.
Someone to make you come through,
Who'll always be there,
As frightened as you,
Of being alive,
Being alive.
Being alive.
Being alive!

Somebody hold me too close.
Somebody hurt me too deep.
Somebody sit in my chair,
And ruin my sleep,
And make me aware,
Of being alive.
Being alive.

Somebody need me too much.
Somebody know me too well.
Somebody pull me up short,
And put me through hell,

And give me support,
For being alive.
Make me alive.
Make me alive.

Make me confused.
Mock me with praise.
Let me be used.
Vary my days.

But alone,
Is alone,
Not alive.

Somebody crowd me with love.
Somebody force me to care.
Somebody let me come through,
I'll always be there,
As frightened as you,
To help us survive,
Being alive.
Being alive.
Being alive!

Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye

Every time we say goodbye, I die a little,
Every time we say goodbye, I wonder why a little,
Why the Gods above me, who must be in the know.
Think so little of me, they allow you to go.
When you're near, there's such an air of spring about it,
I can hear a lark somewhere, begin to sing about it,
There's no love song finer, but how strange the change
from major to minor,
Every time we say goodbye.
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