

Panis angelicus

Panis angelicus fit panis hominum;
Dat panis celicus figuris terminum:
O res mirabilis! Manducat Dominum Pauper, servus et
humilis.

Bread of Angels, made the bread of men;
The Bread of heaven puts an end to all symbols:
A thing wonderful! The Lord becomes our food:
poor, a servant, and humble.

Mater Hierusalem

Mater Hierusalem civitas sancta Dei,
Carissima te amat cor meum,
Pulcritudinem tuam nimium desiderat mens mea.
O quam decora, quam gloriosa,
quam generosa tu es,
Et macula non est in te
In quibus iucundum alleluia
Sine intermissione concinitur
Alleluia.

Mother Jerusalem, holy city of God,
My heart loves you, most beloved,
My mind greatly desires your beauty.
O how beautiful, how glorious,
How generous you are,
There is no stain upon you.
About this a joyous hallelujah
Is sung without interruption,
Hallelujah.

Sicut sponsus matris

Sicut sponsus matris
fuit custos integerrime virginitatis.
Ita Thomas dubitans et palpans
factus est testis vere resurrectionis.

Just as the mother's bridegroom was a most
virtuous guardian of her virginity,
So Thomas, doubting and touching,
became a witness to the true resurrection.

Palpavit autem et exclamavit:
Dominus meus et deus meus.
Dicit ei Jesus:
Quia vidisti me Thoma credidisti
Sed magis letificat quod sequitur
Beati qui non viderunt et crediderunt.
Alleluia.

He touched indeed and exclaimed:
My Lord and my God.
Jesus said to him:
you believed, Thomas, for you saw.
But even more joyful is what follows:
Blessed are those who believed without seeing.
Hallelujah.

O Archangels and Angels

O pión ángelous aftóu pnévmeta...

He maketh his angels spirits...

O ye bodiless angels
standing before the throne of God,
shining with its brilliance,
and ever-illuminated by its radiance
being secondary luminaries,
implore Christ that He grant to our souls
peace and great mercy.

Ké tous litourghóus aftóu pir phlégon.

and His ministers a flame of fire.

O archangels and angels,
principalities, thrones, dominions,
six-winged seraphim,
and divine many-eyed chubim,
instruments of wisdom, virtues
and powers most divine:
pray to Christ, that he grant our souls
peace and great mercy.

The Vision of the Archangels

Slowly up silent peaks, the white edge of the world,
Trode four archangels, clear against the unheeding sky,
Bearing, with quiet even steps, and great wings furled,
A tiny dingy coffin; where a child must lie,
It was so tiny. (Yet, you had fancied, God could never
Have bidden a child turn from the spring and the
sunlight,
And shut him in that lonely shell, to drop for ever
Into the emptiness and silence, into the night...)

They then from the sheer summit cast, and watched it
fall,
Through unknown glooms, that frail black coffin - and
therein
God's little pitiful Body lying, worn and
thin,
And curled up like some crumpled, lonely flower-petal
-
Till it was no more visible; then turned again
With sorrowful quiet faces downward to the plain.

Les Anges

Vêtus de blancs, dans l'azur clair,
Laisant déployer leurs longs voiles,
Les anges planent dans l'éther,
Lys flottants parmi les étoiles.

Les luths frissonnent sous leurs doigts,
Luths à la divine harmonie.
Comme un encens montent leurs voix,
Calmes, sous la voûte infinie.

En bas, gronde le flot amer;
La nuit partout étend ses voiles,
Les anges planent dans l'éther,
Lys flottants parmi les étoiles.

Dressed in white, in the blue sky,
They extend their long veils.
The angels glide in the ether,
Lilies floating among the stars.

Lutes quiver under their fingers,
Lutes of divine harmony.
Like incense their voices rise,
Calm, under the infinite vault.

Below, the bitter wave roars;
The night spreads its veils too.
The angels glide in the ether,
Lilies floating among the stars.

Se Ninfa o Dea tu sei

Se Ninfa o Dea tu sei
Chi mai ridir potrà,
Mortale agl'occhi miei
Non sembri al volto e all'opre
E tale a me ti scopre
L'ardire, e la beltà.

Se Ninfa o Dea tu sei...

Whether nymph or goddess you be
Whoever could tell,
You do not appear mortal to my eyes
Either in your countenance or your actions,
And that causes me to discover in you
Your daring and your beauty.

Whether nymph or goddess you be...

E' pur ver ch'a soffrir

E' pur ver ch'a soffrir viene
Nuovi affanni e nuove pene
Cor che nacque sventurato.
E sol giunge a qualche bene
Che poi more come un fiore
In mezzo al prato.

E' pur ver ch'a soffrir viene...

It is true that with suffering come
New troubles and new pains
For the heart born with misfortune.
And should some good come along
It then dies like a flower
In the middle of the meadow.

Tutte armate

Prenesto incatenato:
Camilla! Mezio infido
ed io non posso frangervi
o mie crudeli aspre ritorte
immagini di morte
il pensier mi presenta
freme non si sgomenta
l'alma agitata e rugge il cor nel petto
tutti gli'angui d'Aletto
mi divorano il seno
e rabbioso veleno
il labro stilla,
Lavinia, Genitor, Mezio, Camilla!

Tutte Armate, di flagelli
Giuste sfere saettate,
L'empietà de miei ribelli.

Sol Camilla non toccate,
Nò, non toccate.

De miei torti a voi s'aspetta
La vendettà, ò sommi Dei
Ma serbate per me quella di lei.

Prenesto in chains:
Camilla! Treacherous Mezio!
And I cannot break you
O Cruel, bitter bonds,
My thoughts present
Images of death
My agitated soul ceases not to tremble
And my heart roars in my chest!
All the serpents of Alecto
Devour my breast,
And cover my lips
With angry venom!
Lavinia, Genitor, Mezio, Camilla!

All armed with scourges,
O spheres of righteousness, strike down
The wickedness of my rebels.

Just do not touch Camilla,
No, do not touch her.

For my wrongs awaits you
Revenge, O Gods on high!
But keep her [vengeance] for me.

Coronata di lauri

Antonino:

Coronata di lauri, e di mirti
Hoggi il Lazio mia Dea ti vedrà.
Coronata mia Dea ti vedrà.
Ed il primo che deggia obbedirti
Sappi o bella che Augusto sarà.

Crowned with laurel and with myrtles,
Today Lazio will see you, my Goddess,
It will see you crowned, my Goddess.
And the first one who will have to obey you,
Know, O beautiful one, will be Augustus.

Cara e dolce rimembranza

Antonino:

Cara e dolce rimembranza
Tu mi fai languir così.
Già ritorna la speranza
Di goder quella sembianza
Ch'ill pensier m'inceneri.

Dear and sweet remembrance
You make me languish so.
Already hope returns
Of enjoying that face
That the thought enflames me.

Il desio di vendicarmi

Pompeiano:

Il desio di vendicarmi
Chiama all' armi il nascosto mio valor
Mi promettono le stelle
Che non cede al manto imbelle
La grandezza del mio cor.

The desire for revenge
Calls to arms my hidden valor
The stars promise me
That the greatness of my heart
Will not yield to the cowardly cover.