



ANNENBERG
CENTER

— P R E S E N T S —



VOX LUMINIS
TEXT & TRANSLATION

Lamentation de la Vierge au pied de la Croix

Lasse! Que deviendrai je,
Quant ces Juifs enragés
Ont mon fils tant outragé
Qu'en un mort me l'ont changé,
Et sans nul forfait
M'ont si grand tort fait?

Jamais ne pensai savoir
Ce qu'est deuil : or le saurai!
Maintes joies devais avoir,
Ne sais si plus en aurai!

Biens dit l'Ecriture vrai,
Et je m'en apercevrai,
Que j'avais a recevoir
Un glave : or le recevrai!

Toute chose fut réjouie
Quand mon ventre t'enfanta,
Et la belle compagnie
Des cieux en rit et chanta!

Quant la mort vint sur ta vie,
Le ciel s'en épouvanta.
Bien devrait être guérie
Dame qui tel enfanta!

Mais n'y vois pas ma guérieson
Car je ne suis plus mère:
Et l'on m'a pris par trahison
Mon cher fils et mon père!

Voici que l'a mis en prison
La mort dure et amère.
Les philosophes que lisons
Y prirent leur matière.

Beau fils, je vous allatai;
O douleur, mort vous vici!
Maintes fois vous arrangeai
Tout petit dans votre lit;

Contre Hérode vous gardai
Et jusqu'en Egypte fuis.
De tristesse n'eus jamais
Aucun temps comme aujourd'hui!

Alas! What will I become
when these outraged Jews
have humiliated my son so badly,
when one death has changed me,
and without any crime,
am made to suffer so much?

I thought I would never know
what grief is : I will know!
I should have had many joys,
now I do not know if I will have more!

The Scripture writes it truly
and I accepted it
that I would have to receive sword:
I will receive it!

All things were happy
when I gave birth to you,
and the beautiful company
of the heavens laughed and sang!

As death came over your life,
Heaven trembled.
she should have been restored
the lady who gave birth.

But I am no longer restored
because I am no longer a mother:
and they have taken by betrayal
my beloved son and my father!

See what has imprisoned him
This cruel and bitter death,
and the philosophers who are read,
take it as their subject.

Beautiful son, I cared for you;
O pain, I foresaw your death!
Many times as I arranged
you in your bed.

Against Herod I guarded you,
and fled to Egypt,
but the sadness was never
like that of today!

Antonio Lotti - *Crucifixus* a 8

Crucifixus etiam pro nobis.
Sub Pontio Pilato,
passus et se pultus est.

He was crucified also for us
under Pontius Pilate;
he suffered and was buried

Claudio Monteverdi - *Adoramus te Christe*

Adoramus te, Christe,
et benedicimus tibi.
Quia per sanguinem tuum pretiosum
redemisti mundum.
Miserere nobis.

We adore thee, O Christ,
and we bless thee,
because by thy precious blood
thou hast redeemed the world.
Have mercy on us.

Claudio Monteverdi - *Lamento della ninfa*

Non havea Febo ancora
recato al mondo il dí,
ch'una donzella fuori
del proprio albergo uscí.

The Sun had not brought
The day to the world yet,
When a maiden
Went out of her dwelling.

Sul pallidetto volto
scorgeasi il suo dolor,
spesso gli veniva sciolto
un gran sospir dal cor.

On her pale face
Grief could be seen,
Often from her heart
A deep sigh was drawn.

Sí calpestando fiori
errava hor qua, hor là,
i suoi perduti amori
cosí piangendo va:

Thus, treading upon flowers,
She wandered, now here, now there,
And lamented her lost loves
Like this:

"Amor", dicea, il ciel
mirando, il piè fermo,
"dove, dov'è la fè
ch'el traditor giurò?"

"O Love" she said,
Gazing at the sky, as she stood
"Where's the fidelity
That the deceiver promised?"

Miserella.

Poor her!

"Fa' che ritorni il mio
amor com'ei pur fu,
o tu m'ancidi, ch'io
non mi tormenti più."

"Make my love come back
As he used to be
Or kill me, so that
I will not suffer anymore."

Miserella, ah più no, no,
tanto gel soffrir non può.

Poor her! She cannot bear
All this coldness!



Claudio Monteverdi - *Lamento della ninfa* (continued)

"Non vo' più ch'ei sospiri
se non lontan da me,
no, no che i martiri
più non darammi affè.

Perché di lui mi struggo,
tutt'orgoglioso sta,
che sì, che sì se'l fuggo
ancor mi pregherà?

Se ciglio ha più sereno
colei, che'l mio non è,
già non rinchiude in seno,
Amor, sí bella fè.

Ne mai sí dolci baci
da quella bocca havrai,
ne più soavi, ah taci,
taci, che troppo il sai."

Sí tra sdegnosi pianti
spargea le voci al ciel;
cosí ne' cori amanti
mesce amor fiamma, e gel.

"I don't want him to sigh any longer
But if he's far from me.
No! He will not make me suffer
Anymore, I swear!

He's proud
Because I languish for him.
Perhaps if I fly away from him
He will come to pray to me again.

If her eyes are more serene
Than mine,
O Love, she does not hold in her heart
A fidelity so pure as mine.

And you will not receive from those lips
Kisses as sweet as mine,
Nor softer. Oh, don't speak!
Don't speak! you know better than that!"

So amidst disdainful tears,
She spread her crying to the sky;
Thus, in the lovers' hearts
Love mixes fire and ice.

Alessandro Della Ciaia - *Lamentation Virginis in depositione Filii de Cruce*

Translation by Sasha Zamler-Carhart

[Historicus]
Dum Angeli pacis amare flebant,
Virgo Sanctissima,
depositum e Cruce Filium amplexa,
the Cross,
Cum plorantibus exclamavit:

[Virgo]
Quis, quis dabit capiti meo aquam,
Et oculis meis fontem lacrimarum?
Et plorabo te Deum meum,
Filium unicum meum,
Dulcissimum amorem meum.
Quis dabit fontem lacrimarum,
Quis dabit?

[Narrator] / 2 voices:
While the angels of peace wept bitterly,
The holiest Virgin,
embracing her son taken down from
the Cross,
Exclaimed with tears:

[Virgin]
Who, who will give my head water,
and my eyes a fountain of tears?
And I will weep over you, my God,
my only son,
my sweetest love,
who will give me a fountain of tears,
who will?

Alessandro Della Ciaia -

***Lamentation Virginis in depositione Filii de Cruce* (continued)**

[Angeli]

O quam tristis et afflicta,
Lacrimatur benedicta Mater
unigeniti.

[Virgo]

Iesu, Iesu fili mi, fili mi Iesu!
Quis, quis mihi tribuat ego,
ut ego moriar pro te,
Iesu fili mi, fili mi Iesu,
Si tu unica vita mea, iam periisti.
Quomodo vivam?
Vivere sine te, sine te vera mors est,

Iesu, Iesu fili mi, fili mi Iesu.

[Angeli]

Quis est homo, quis, quis est homo,
Qui non fleret,
Christi Matrem si videret in tanto
supplicio.

[Virgo]

Ubi, ubi est dilectus ille meus,
Candidus et rubicundus electus ex
millibus?
Ubi dulces oculi,
ubi manus tornatiles plenae hyacinthis?
Ubi guttur suavissimum?
Ubi dilectus ille, meus totus amabilis, one,
Totus desiderabilis?
Me miseram!
Obscuratum est aurum,
Mutatus est color optimus.
Vidimus eum, et non erat, non,
Non erat aspectus.

[Angeli]

Quis non posset contristari
Piam Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

[Virgo]

Ingrati filii Iuda, ingrati
impii crudeles!
Dicite, quando vos offendit Filius meus,
In quo vos contristavit?
Quid ultra facere vobis debuit et non
fecit?

[Angels]

O how sad and grieving,
is the Mother of the only-begotten
crying.

[Virgin]

Jesus, Jesus my son, my son Jesus!
Who, who would allow me,
that I might die in your place,
Jesus my son, my son Jesus,
if you, my only life, have already died,
how will I live?
To live without you, without you,
is real death
Jesus, Jesus my son, my son Jesus.

[Angels]

Who is a man, who, who is a man,
who would not cry,
If he saw the Mother of Christ in such
torment?

[Virgin]

Where, where is that beloved of mine?
Bright and red, chosen among
thousands?
Where are the sweet eyes?
Where are the shapely hands full of lilies?
Where is the sweetest throat?
Where is the beloved, my all-lovely one,
all-desirable one?
How miserable I am!
The gold is darkened,
the excellent colour is changed,
we saw him, and it was not, no,
it was not a sight.

[Angels]

Who could not be saddened
at the sight of the tender Mother
in pain over her Son?

[Virgin]

Ungrateful sons of Iuda, ungrateful
impious cruel one
Tell me, when did my Son offend you,
in what did he sadden you?
What more did he have to do for you,
and did he not do?

Alessandro Della Ciaia -

Lamentation Virginis in depositione Filii de Cruce (continued)

Pro vobis flagellavit Aegyptum.
Vos illum flagellatum tradidistis.
Aperuit vobis mare!
Vos lancea aperuistis,
aperuistis latus eius!
Exaltavit vos magna virtute.
Vos illum in patibulo suspendistis!
Plange Caelum, plange terra.
Occisum omnia plangite,
plangite Salvatorem.

[Virgo], [Angeli]
Plange, plange Caelum,
Plange, plange terra,
Occisum omnia plangite
Salvatorem,
Plangite Salvatorem.

For you he lashed at Egypt.
You lashed him and betrayed him.
He opened the sea for you!
You opened with a lance,
you opened his flank!
He uplifted you with great virtue.
You hanged him from the pillory!
Weep, o Heaven, weep o earth.
Weep for the dead one, all things,
Weep for the Saviour.

[Virgin], [Angels]
Weep, weep, o Heaven,
Weep, weep, o earth,
Weep, all things,
for the dead Saviour,
Weep for the Saviour.

Domenico Scarlatti - *Stabat Mater*

Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta Crucem lacrimosa
Dum pendebat filius

Cujus animam gementem
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.
O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti.
Quae merebat et dolebat
Et tremebat cum videbat
Nati penas incliti
Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Christi Matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?

Quis non possit contristari
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio.
Pro peccatis sue gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem desolatum
Dum emisit spiritum.

The grieving Mother stood
beside the cross weeping
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,
the pious Mother, with seeing
the torment of her glorious Son.
Who is the man who would not weep
if seeing the Mother of Christ
in such agony?

Who would not have compassion
on beholding the devout mother
suffering with her Son?
For the sins of His people
she saw Jesus in torment
and subjected to the scourge.
She saw her sweet
Son dying, forsaken,
while He gave up His spirit.



Domenico Scarlatti - *Stabat Mater* (continued)

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 cordi meo valide.
Tui nati vulnerati tam dignati
pro me pati penas mecum divide.

Fac me vere tecum flere
Crucifixo condolere
Donec ego vixero.

Juxta Cruce tecum stare
Te libenter sociare
In plantu desidero.
Virgo Virginum preclara
Michi jam non sis amara
Fac me tecum plangere.
Fac ut portem
Christi mortem
Passionis eius sortem
Et plagas recollere.
Fac me plagis vulnerati
Cruce hac inebriari
Ob amorem filii.

Inflamatus et acensus
Per te Virgo, sin defensus,
In die judicii.
Fac me Cruce custodiri
Morte Christi premuniri
Consoneri gratia
Quando Corpus morietur

Fac ut anime donetur
Paradisi gloria.

Amen.

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 the Lord Christ
that I may greatly please Him.

Holy Mother, grant this of yours, that
the wounds
of the Crucified be well-formed in my
heart.
Grant that the punishment of your
wounded Son,
so worthily suffered for me, may be
shared with me.

Let me sincerely weep with you,
bemoan the Crucified,
for as long as I live.

To stand beside the cross with you,
and for me freely to join you
in mourning, this I desire.
Chosen Virgin of virgins,
to me, now, be not bitter;
let me mourn with you.
Grant that I may bear
the death of Christ,
grant me the fate of His passion
and the remembrance of His wounds.
Let me be wounded with distress,
inebriated in this way by the cross
because of love of your Son.

Lest I be destroyed by fire, set alight,
then through you, Virgin,
may I be defended
on the day of judgement.
Let me be guarded by the cross,
fortified by the death of Christ,
and cherished by grace.
When my body dies,
grant that to my soul is given
the glory of paradise.

Amen.



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