

Masses for the Dead

Dies iræ

Seq.
I.

D

I-es iræ, di-es illa, Solvet sæclum in favilla:

That day of wrath, that dreadful day, when heav'n and earth shall pass away,

Teste David cum Sibylla. Quantus tremor est futurus,
both David and the Sibyl say. What terror then shall us befall,

Quando ju-dex est venturus, Cuncta stricte discussurus!
when lo, the Judge's steps appall, about to sift the deeds of all.


Tuba mirum spar-gens sonum Per sepúlcræ regi-ónum,
The mighty trumpet's marvelous tone shall pierce through each sepulchral stone

Coget omnes ante thronum. Mors stupébit et natú-
and summon all before the throne. Now Death and Nature in amaze


a, Cum resúrget cre-a-túra, Judi-cán-ti responsúra.
behold the Lord His creatures raise, to meet the Judge's awful gaze.

Liber scriptus pro-ferétur, In quo totum continétur,
The books are opened, that the dead may have their doom from what is read,

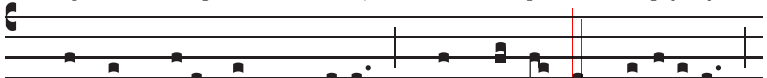
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Unde mundus judicétur, Judex ergo cum sedébit,
the record of our conscience dread. The Lord of judgement sits Him down,




Quidquid latet apparébit: Nil inúltum remanébit,
and every secret thing makes known; no crime escapes His vengeful frown.



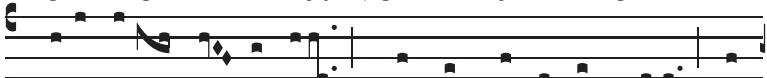
Quid sum miser tunc dictúrus? Quem patrónum rogatúrus?
Ah, how shall I that day endure? What patron's friendly voice secure,




Cum vix justus sit secúrus. Rex treméndæ majestátis,
when scarce the just themselves are sure? O King of dreadful majesty,




Qui salvándos salvas gratis, Salva me, fons pi-etátis.
who grantest grace and mercy free, grant mercy now and grace to me!



Recordáre Je- su pi-e, Quod sum causa tu-æ vi-æ: Ne
Good Lord, 'twas for my sinful sake, that Thou our suffering flesh didst take;



me per- das illa di-e. Quærens me, se- di- sti las-sus:
then do not now my soul forsake. In weariness Thy sheep was sought;



Redemísti crucem passus: Tantus la- bor non sit cassus.
upon the Cross his life was bought; Alas, if all in vain were wrought.

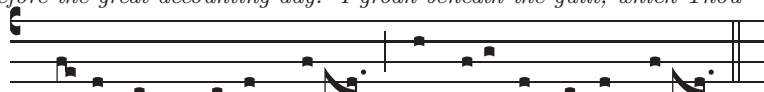
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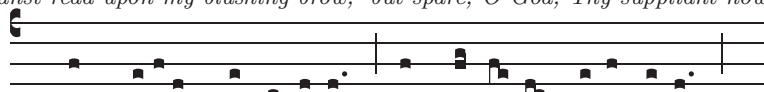
Juste judex ul-ti-ónis, Do-num fac remissi-ónis,
O just avenging Judge, I pray, for pity take my sins away,



Ante di-em rati-ónis, Inge-míscó, tamquam re-us:
before the great accounting-day. I groan beneath the guilt, which Thou



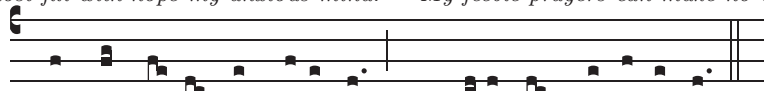
Culpa rubet vultus me-us: Supplicánti parce De-us.
canst read upon my blushing brow; but spare, O God, Thy suppliant now.



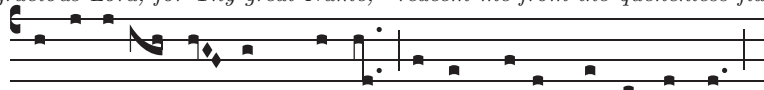
Qui Mari-am absolvísti, Et latró-nem exaudísti,
Thou who didst Mary's sins unbind, and mercy for the robber find,



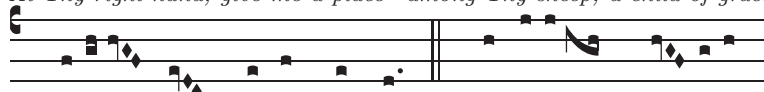
Míhi quoque spem dedísti. Preces me-æ non sunt dignæ:
dost fill with hope my anxious mind. My feeble prayers can make no claim,



Sed tu bo-nus fac benígne, Ne perénni cremer ígne.
yet, gracious Lord, for Thy great Name, redeem me from the quenchless flame.




Inter oves lo-cum præsta, Et ab hædis me sequéstra,
At Thy right hand, give me a place among Thy sheep, a child of grace,



Státu-ens in parte dextra. Confutátis ma-ledí-
far from the goats accursed race. Yea, when Thy justly kindled ire

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ctis, Flammiis ácribus addíctis, Voca me cum benedíctis.
shall sinners hurl to endless fire, Oh, call me to Thy chosen choir.

Oro supplex et acclínis, Cor contrítum quasi cinis,
In suppliant prayer I prostrate bend, my contrite heart like ashes rend,

Gere curam me-i finis. Lacrimósa di-es illa Qua
Regard, O Lord, my latter end. Oh! on that day, that tearful day,

resúrget ex favilla Judicándus ho-mo re-us Hu-ic
when man to judgement wakes from clay, be Thou the trembling sinner's stay.

ergo pa-rce De-us Pi-e Jesu Dómine, dona e-is
And spare him, God, we humbly pray. Yea, grant to all, O Saviour Blest,

réqui-em. A-men.
Who die in Thee, the Saints' sweet rest.

Thomas of Celano, 13th century
Translated by Fr. J. Aylward, 1813–1872
and William F. Wingfield, 1813–1874