

REQUIEM by CHRISTOPHER ROUSE
TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

NO. 1 *"MID-TERM BREAK" FROM DEATH OF A NATURALIST BY SEAMUS HEANEY*

Text from "Mid-Term Break" from *Death of a Naturalist* by Seamus Heaney
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NO. 2

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.
Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion,
et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem
Exaudi orationem meam,
ad te omnis caro veniet.
Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

*Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord
and let perpetual light shine upon them
A hymn, O God, becometh Thee in Zion
And a vow shall be paid to thee in Jerusalem
Hear my prayer
all flesh shall come before you.
Lord, have mercy on us.
Christ, have mercy on us.
Lord, have mercy on us.*

NO. 3

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.
Quantus tremor est futurus
Quando iudex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus

*This day, this day of wrath
Shall consume the world in ashes,
As foretold by David and the Sibyl.
What trembling there will be
When the judge shall come
To weigh everything strictly*

No. 4

"Suicide in the Trenches" by Siegfried Sassoon

Text from "Suicide in the Trenches" by Siegfried Sassoon
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No. 5

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
 Per sepulcra regionum,
 Coget omnes ante thronum.
 Mors stupebit et natura
 Cum resurget creatura
 Judicanti responsura.
 Liber scriptus proferetur
 In quo totum continetur,
 Unde mundus judicetur.
 Judex ergo cum sedebit
 Quidquid latet apparebit,
 Nil inultum remanebit

*Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth
 Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
 All before the throne it bringeth.
 Death is struck and nature quaking,
 All creation is awakening,
 To its Judge an answer making.
 Lo! the book exactly worded,
 Wherein all hath been recorded;
 Thence shall judgment be awarded.
 When the Judge his seat attaineth,
 And each hidden deed arraigneth,
 Nothing unavenged remaineth*

No. 6

Quid sum miser
 Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
 Quem patronum rogaturus,
 Cum vix justus sit securus?
 Recordare, Jesu pie,
 Quod sum causa tuae viae,
 Ne me perdas illa die.
 Oro supplex et acclinis,
 Cor contritum quasi cinis,
 Gere curam mei finis.

*What shall I, frail man
 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
 Who for me be interceding.
 When the just are mercy needing?
 Think, kind Jesu, my salvation
 Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation,
 Leave me not to reprobation.
 Low I kneel with heart submission,
 See, like ashes my contrition,
 Help me in my last condition.*

NO. 7

Rex tremendae majestatis,
 Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
 Salva me, fons pietatis.
 Recordare, Jesu pie,
 Quod sum causa tuae viae:
 Ne me perdas illa die.
 Confutatis maledictis, Jesu,
 Flammis acribus addictis,
 Voca me: et de profundo lacu:
 Libera me de ore leonis,
 Ne cadam in obscurum,
 Ne absorbeat me Tartarus.

*King of majesty tremendous,
 Who dost free salvation send us,
 Fount of pity, then befriend us.
 Think, kind Jesu, my salvation
 Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation:
 Leave me not to reprobation.
 When the wicked are confounded, Jesu,
 Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
 Call me, with Thy Saints surrounded.
 Deliver me from the lion's mouth.
 Lest I fall into darkness
 And the black abyss swallow me up.*

NO. 8

Ancor che 'l cor già mi premesse tanto,
per mie scampo credendo il gran dolore
n'uscissi con le lacrime e col pianto,

fortuna al fonte di cotale umore
le radice e le vene ingrassa e 'mpingua
per morte, e non per pena o duol minore,
col tuo partire; onde convien destingua
dal figlio prima e tu morto dipoi,
del quale or parlo, pianto, penna e lingua.

L'un m'era frate, e tu padre di noi;
l'amore a quello, a te l'obrigo strigne:
non so qual pena più mi stringa o nòi.

La memoria 'l fratel pur mi dipigne,
e te sculpsce vivo in mezzo il core.

Or che nostra miseria el ciel ti tolle,
increscati di me, che morto vivo,
come tuo mezzo qui nascer mi volle.

Tu se' del morir morto e fatto divo,
né tem'or più cangiar vita né voglia,
che quasi senza invidia non lo scrivo.

Nube non è che scuri vostra luce,
l'ore distinte a voi non fanno forza,
caso o necessità non vi conduce.

Vostro splendor per notte non s'ammorza,
né cresce ma' per giorno, benché chiaro,
sie quand'el sol fra no' il caldo rinforza.

Nel tuo morire el mie morire imparo,
padre mie caro, e nel pensier ti veggio
dove 'l mondo passar ne fa di raro.¹

*Deep grief such woe unto my heart did give,
I thought it wept the bitter pain away,
And tears and moans would let my spirit live.*

*But fate renews the fount of grief today
And feeds each hidden root and secret vein
By death that doth still harder burden lay.*

*I of thy parting speak; and yet again
For him, of thee who later left me here,
My tongue and pen shall speak the separate
pain.*

*He was my brother, thou our father dear
Love clung to him and duty bound to thee,
Nor can I tell which loss I hold most near.*

*Painted like life my brother stands to me,
Thou art a sculptured image in my heart.*

*Oh, pity me who now art left here dead,
O thou through whom Heaven willed me to be
born,*

*Since Heaven at last thy suffering life has
stayed.*

*Divine thou art! Death of death's power is
shorn,*

*Nor fearest thou life's changes ever more,
I write almost with envy, here forlorn.*

*There is no cloud to dim your shining light,
No chance nor need to bind your onward way.
No time to urge you with its rapid flight.*

*Your splendor changes not by night nor day,
Though dark the one, the other heavenly clear,
Nor when the sun sends down its warmer ray.*

*By thine own death, O father ever dear,
I learn to die, and see thee in my thought,
Where the world rarely lets us linger near.*

¹ Michelangelo Buonarroti, No. 86

NO. 9

Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
 Redemisti crucem passus,
 Tantis labor non sit cassus.
 Juste iudex ultionis
 Donum fac remissionis
 Ante diem rationis.
 Ingemisco tanquam reus,
 Supplicanti parce, Deus.
 Preces meae non sunt dignae,
 Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
 Ne perenni cremer igne.
 Qui Mariam absolvisti
 Et latronem exaudisti,
 Mihi quoque spem dedisti.
 Inter oves locum praesta
 Et ab haedis me sequestra,
 Statuens in parte dextra.

*Faint and weary Thou has sought me,
 On the Cross of suffering brought me,
 Shall such grace be vainly brought me?
 Righteous Judge, for sin's pollution,
 Grant Thy gift of absolution,
 Ere that day of retribution.
 Guilty now I pour my moaning,
 Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.
 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
 Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
 Rescue me from fires undying.
 Through the sinful woman shriven,
 Through the dying thief forgiven,
 Thou to me a hope has given.
 With Thy sheep a place provide me,
 From the goats divide me,
 To Thy right hand do Thou guide me.*

NO. 10

Lacrimosa dies illa
 Qua resurget ex favilla
 Judicandus homo reus.
 Pie Jesu, Domine
 Dona eis requiem aeternam.

*Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
 From the dust of returning,
 Man for judgment must prepare him.
 Lord, all pitying, Jesu blest,
 Grant them Thine eternal rest.*

BREAK**NO. 11**

Domine, Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae,
 libera animas omnium
 fidelium defunctorum de poenis
 inferni et de profundo lacu:
 et signifer sanctus Michael
 repraesentat eas in lucem
 sanctam, quam olim Abrahae
 promisisti et semini eius,
 Domine, Jesu Christe, Amen.

*Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory,
 deliver the souls of all the
 faithful departed from the pains
 of hell, and from the deep pit.
 And let the standard-bearer, St. Michael,
 bring them into the holy light:
 Which Thou didst promise of old
 to Abraham and his seed.
 Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.*

NO. 12

Hostias et preces tibi laudis
 offerimus. Suscipe pro animabus
 illis quarum hodie memoriam facimus.

*We offer Thee, O Lord,
 a sacrifice of praise and prayer:
 accept them on behalf of the souls we
 commemorate this day.*

NO. 13

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
 My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy:

Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy Fate, on the just day.
O could I lose all father now! For why
Will man lament the state he should envy,
To have so soon 'scaped world's and flesh's rage,
And, if no other misery, yet age?
Rest in soft peace, and asked, say, 'Here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry.'
For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such
As what he loves may never like too much.²

² "On My First Son" by Ben Jonson

No. 14

Sanctus Santus, sanctus, sanctus, Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.

*Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.
Hosanna in the highest.*

NO. 15

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescu'd from death by force, though pale and faint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind;
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear as in no face with more delight.
But Oh! as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.³

No. 16

Chorus:

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,

Baritone solo:

dona eis requiem sempiternam.

grant them eternal rest.

Chorus:

Now the laborer's task is o'er;
now the battle day is past;
now upon the farther shore
lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
leave we now thy servant sleeping.⁴

Qui vuol mie sorte c' anzi tempo i' dorma:
Nè son già morto: e ben c' albergo cangi,
resto in te vivo, c' or mi vedi e piangi;
se l'un nell' altro amante si trasforma.⁵

*Here fate has willed me ere my time to sleep:
I am not dead, though changed my dwelling be,
While thou dost look and weep, I rest alone in thee;
Since lovers each the other's image keep.*

Chorus I:

“Earth to earth, and dust to dust,”
calmly now the words we say;⁶

³ “Methought I Saw My Late Espoused Saint” by John Milton

⁴ Words: John Ellerton, 1871. Music: Requiescat, Pax

⁵ Michelangelo Buonarroti, No. 194

Children's Chorus, Chorus II:

Es ist ein' Ros' entsprungen
Aus einer Wurzel zart.⁷

*A rose has sprung up,
from a tender root.*

Chorus I:

Left behind, we wait in trust
till the resurrection day.⁸

Chorus II:

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
dona eis requiem sempiternam.

*Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world:
grant them eternal rest.*

Als uns die Alten sungen:
von Jesse kam die Art⁹

*As the old ones sang to us;
Its lineage was from Jesse.*

Father, in thy gracious keeping
leave we now thy servant sleeping.¹⁰

Baritone solo:

Qui son morto creduto; e per conforto
del mondo vissi, e con mille alme in seno
di veri amanti: adunche, a venir meno,
per tormen' una sola non son morto.¹¹

*They do believe me dead; I who still shed
Delight on all the world, living in thousand souls
In breasts of lovers true. No death controls,
Taking one soul alone. I am not dead.*

Children's Chorus, Chorus I and II

Und hat ein Blümlein bracht,
Mitten im kalten Winter,
Wohl zu der halben Nacht.

*And it has brought forth a floweret,
In the middle of the cold winter
Well at half the night.*

Dona eis requiem aeternam.

grant them eternal rest.

⁶ Words: John Ellerton, 1871. Music: Requiescat, Pax

⁷ Es ist ein' Ros' gesprungen

⁸ Words: John Ellerton, 1871. Music: Requiescat, Pax

⁹ Es ist ein' Ros' gesprungen

¹⁰ Words: John Ellerton, 1871. Music: Requiescat, Pax

¹¹ Michelangelo Buonarroti, No. 190