SPIRITO GENTIL

Notes for Meditation by Luigi Giussani

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Requiem

by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Wiener Philharmoniker directed by Herbert Von Karajan

Deutsche Grammophon 1998
A “Fount of Mercy” for Making Man Anew

by Luigi Giussani

Mozart, supreme artist and a profoundly Christian one, presents in his Requiem man's evil, the world's hate, and sin's malice within the reverberations of the mercy of God.

On one hand he leads us with his music into the tremendous choice of the man who refuses God. The word that best expresses this refusal is forgetting; it refers to an experience that adults have. A child is inattentive, but when an adult withdraws his attention from something, it is deliberate. So forgetting is refusal.

Can there be a greater injustice or crime? Imagine a baby still at his mother's breast, but capable of thinking, that is, he is already aware; imagine that he refuses his mother, denies, forgets his mother, who in every instant is part of his being through the drops communicating life that she gives him. The world's injustice is a forgetting of God, injustice in your life and my life is the forgetting of God, this is the "crime" from which all other crimes derive.

We can identify the source of the refusal and thus the source of evil, evil in the world, that becomes ours. Everyone would accept Jesus as long as He remained the ancient symbol of the Child Jesus, fountain of tenderness and kindness, the evocation of good, the symbol of moral value. When does the refusal begin? When, Péguy would say, «His mission begins.» Christ's mission is not to epitomize moral values, but rather His claim to be the Savior of the world, the Savior of my life. If this is true, He alone becomes the fountainhead of the characteristics that my life and society must have: my life and the life of society must depend on Him. This is intolerable for the world and thus intolerable, despite our reticence, for us. Man claims to know what is right for life; if he doesn't get what he wants and in the way he wants it, he rebels. It cannot be denied that this is an injustice, it is injustice itself.

And yet, in the Requiem we are faced with a paradox: at the same time, in the same phrase it says: «King of awesome majesty... grant your pardon, merciful Lord Jesus, grant them your rest.» Thus, the awesome and the merciful, justice and grace exist side
by side. And even more paradoxical, mercy will overcome the evil of injustice; mercy is greater than condemnation, it overflows the boundaries of condemnation. For this reason pardon or mercy constitute a decisive factor in the definition of sin, speaking in Christian terms, because when they enter into sin they change it. This is not the exaltation of the Protestant attitude in which Christ does everything without man: it is the sinner who cries out, it is the sinner who in sin questions, in sin he can already question. The space between forgetting and redemption becomes immeasurable, unmeasurable.

Every phrase of the Requiem (as the music makes evident) begins with the undisputed affirmation of the dominion of justice and truth, and then is as though suddenly interrupted by something that comes in and mitigates unexpectedly the harshness of justice, the acrid affirmation of truth, softening it in a request, a supplication that knows it can be made. "Rex tremendae majestatis": King of awesome majesty, whom no man can touch (the tower of Babel is the emblem of the collective effort of all mankind to dethrone God, to conceive a world without God). But then, suddenly, «Qui salvandos salvas gratis,» who wants salvation, gratuitous and loving, «Salva me, fons pietatis,» save my life, fountain of love.

As Péguy teaches us, «What precisely constitutes the disaster is that our miseries themselves are no longer Christian.» The great topic is the fact that man is originally wounded. That miseries be Christian means, basically, that our miseries are aware of themselves as being initially caused by original sin, by this mortal wound. We are born with a mortal wound, like a child who cannot survive and is about to die. That «our miseries themselves are no longer Christian» means first of all forgetting, obliteration, total censorship in life and culture, in my life, in the life of each of us, of original sin, of the fact that we are born with a rupture, a wound, a mortal flaw. Wound or mortal flaw means that we cannot be ourselves: we are born without being able to be ourselves. And yet there can be no true act of our conscious life if it does not arise from our awareness of being sinners.

In this "un Christian," de-Christianized world, man has no chance of pardon, he doesn't know what pardon means, he doesn't know what it means to be forgiven and thus he cannot remake himself, he cannot make himself anew because to be made
new he has to feel himself forgiven. Christian misery is the misery that feels itself invaded, surrounded, and embraced by forgiveness, like a child in the arms of its mother. «Rex…qui salvandos salvas gratis, salva me fons pietatis»; this is what man needed, this is what man needs, what I need today, now: a «fons pietatis» a fountain of mercy. Because then I remake myself, I begin to be myself.

«But,» Péguy goes on, «Jesus came. He didn't pass his years on earth whining and questioning the malice of the times. He went right to the point. In a very simple way. By creating Christianity.» Jesus came, the fount, the source of mercy, the «fons pietatis» came. The fount of mercy comes, it comes now, like a mother who sees and embraces her child. You can have forgotten it until now, you can have not known it until now: now it is here. Jesus comes, and without wasting time what does he do? He doesn't dispute the damned, He doesn't calculate or judge, He doesn't anticipate the Judgement Day in order to avoid its eternal bitterness: He creates Christianity. What does Christianity mean? Christianity is the tie that Christ establishes with you, not the tie you establish with Christ, but that Christ has established with you, that He establishes with you. It is called a covenant, and God keeps His covenant. Christianity is the event of the tie that Christ has established with you. So you must say yes to this tie. Saying yes to the tie that Christ has established with you is the decision in favor of existence.
**Requiem Text & Translation**

**Introitus**

Requiem aeternam dona ets, 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.  
Requiem aeternam dona ets, Domine,  
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Grant them eternal rest, Lord,  
and may perpetual light shine on them.  
You are praised, Lord, in Sion,  
and homage will be paid to You in Jerusalem.  
Hear my prayer,  
to You all flesh will come.  
Grant them eternal rest, Lord,  
and let perpetual light shine on them.

**Kyrie**

Kyrie eleison.  
Christe eleison.  
Kyrie eleison.  

Lord, have mercy on us.  
Christ, have mercy on us.  
Lord, have mercy on us.

**Sequentia**

1. **Dies irae**
   Dies irae, dies illa  
   Solvet saeclum in favilla,  
   Teste David cum Sibylla.  
   Quantus tremor est futurus  
   Quando judex est venturus  
   Cuncta stricte discussurus.

   Day of wrath, day of anger  
   will dissolve the world in ashes  
   As foretold by David and the Sibyl.  
   Great tremble there will be  
   when the Judge shall come  
   to examine all things closely.

2. **Tuba mirum**
   Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
   Per sepulcra regionum  
   Coget omnes ante thronum.  
   Mors stupebit et natura  
   Cum resurget creatura  
   Judicanti responsura.  
   Liber scriptus profectur  
   In quo totum continetur,  
   Unde mundus judicetur.

   A trumpet, spreading a wondrous sound  
   Throughout earth's sepulchers  
   and gather mankind before the throne.  
   Death and Nature will be astounded  
   when all creation rises again  
   to answer the Judge.  
   A book will be brought forth  
in which is contained everything that is,  
out of which the world shall be judged.
Judex ergo cum sedebit
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum togaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

3. Rex tremendae
Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salve me, fons pietatis.

4. Recordare
Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae,
Ne me perdas ilia die.

Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus,
Tamus labor non sit cassus.

Juste judex ultionis
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

ingemisco, tamquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus,
Supplicanti parce, Deus.

Qui Mariam absolviisti
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spera dedisti.

Preces meae non sum dignae,
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum praesta,
Et ab haedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parle dextra.

5. Confutatis
Confutatis maledictis
Flammis acerbus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictus.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

When the accursed are confounded
And doomed to flames of owe,
call me among the blessed.

I pray in supplication on my knees.
My heart contrite is like ashes,
safeguard my fate.

Lacrimosa dies ilia
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus.

Mournful that day
When from the dust shall rise
all humanity to be judged.

Spare us by your mercy, Lord.
gentle Lord Jesus,
Grant them eternal rest.

Offertorium

1. Domine Jesu
Domine, Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae,
libera animas omnium fidelium
defunctorum de poenis inferni,
et de profundo lacu:
Libera cas de ore leonis,
ne absorbant eas tartarum,
ne cadant in obscurum,
Sed signifer sanctus Michael
repraesentet eas in lucem sanctam,
quam olim Abraham promisseri
et semini ejus.

Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory,
deliver the souls of all the faithful
departed from the pains of hell
and from the bottomless pit.
Deliver them from the lion's mouth.
Don't let them fall into darkness
nor the black abyss swallow them up.

And let St. Michael, Your standard-bearer,
lead them into the holy light
which was promise to Abraham
and his descendants.

2. Hostias
Hostias et preces, tibi, Domine,
laudis offerimus:
tu suscipe pro animabus illis,
quarum hodie memoriam facimus:
fac eas, Domine,
de morte transire ad vitam,
quam olim Abraham promissi
et semini ejus.

We offer You Lord this sacrifice
of prayer and praise.
Receive it for those souls
whom today we commemorate.
Allow them, O Lord, to cross
from death into the life
which was promise to Abraham
and his descendants.
Sanctus
Sanctus. Sanctus, Sanctus, Lord God of Sabaoth.
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua. Heaven and earth are full of Your glory.
Osanna in excelsis. Hosanna in the highest.

Benedictus
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini. Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord.
Osanna in excelsis. Hosanna in the highest.

Agnus Dei
Agnus Dei, qui tollis
peccata mundi,
donae eis requiem.
Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
donae eis requiem sempiternam.
Lamb of God, who takes away
the sins of the world,
grant them eternal rest.
Lamb of God,
who takest away the sins of the world,
grants them eternal rest forever.

Communio
Lux Aeterna
Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine, Let eternal light shine on them, Lord.
cum sanctis tuis in aeternum, as with Your saints in eternity,
quia pius es. because You are merciful.
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, Grant them eternal rest, Lord,
et lux perpetua luceat eis, and let perpetual light shine on them,
cum Sanctus tuis in aeternum, as with Your saints forever,
quia pius es. because You are merciful.
Stabat Mater

by Giovanni Battista Pergolesi

London Symphony Orchestra directed by Claudio Abbado

Deutsche Grammophon 1997
THE GREATEST AMEN IN MUSICAL HISTORY

by Luigi Giussani

Stabat Mater dolorosa: Pergolesi's hymn helps us to perceive mysterious joy, paradoxical consolation, and vigorous certainty that challenges life's happening. It helps us always. Truly, he is like a brother who, walking with us, sustains our shared faith, shared memory and shared loyalty to our Mother, from whom the event sets out in every moment, to enter and fill our lives.

Who felt the presence of this terrible contradiction, who most felt the presence of the King, of the great Mystery? Who felt most the pain of man's past, present and future rejections of Him, the pain of this life which man spends in forgetting, refusing or denying Him? Who felt this pain most? Who felt most the Mystery of his presence? Who felt most the Cross, God on the Cross, if not Mary? How her eyes must have been filled with her Son on the Cross, against the backdrop of all things, the backdrop of her own life, her Son, Christ on the Cross!

Let us imagine her when she woke up in the morning, imagine how she passed her day; she believed in what she believed in. She is the point in which Christ was never banished, not even one inch, one cubic millimeter, one gram. She is the point in which sorrow for the world's evil was most crucial. This is the reason why and the way through which she took part in God's death, Christ's death. The hate the whole world lived and was to live reverberated through her. The hate that killed Christ was totally absorbed into the flesh, the bones, the heart and thoughts of this girl; the truest, greatest hate that has ever existed.

We cannot have compassion for Christ or participate in our Lady's sorrow unless we risk our hearts and accept the plan the Father has for our lives. This plan implies our participation in Christ's very Cross: the acceptance of sorrow and sacrifice, the contradiction of life.

A human heart cannot remain indifferent to all that happens, thanks to the event which will remain until the end of the world. He dies and rises every day until the end of the world; "Quis est homo qui non fleret?" Is there anyone who wouldn't cry? We must fix our eyes on what our Lady lives. We wouldn't be capable of knowing, but by gazing
on Her we can begin to know. No matter what state our heart is in, let us ask to participate in our Lady's sentiments: *grant that my heart may love Christ God*. There is nothing that can make our hearts more human than looking at Christ in sorrow, no matter what the conditions of our lives and our spirit may be.

*When our flesh dies, may the glory of Paradise be given to our souls:* this is why Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, this immense cry of pain, passionately pursued and felt, ends in the most glorious music conceivable, it finishes with the Amen.

Everything we say, in terms of relationships, possession, joy, enjoyment, desires, everything has death waiting for it, it has a limit. Only Christ takes away this limit, only Christ saves the relationship we have with our father and mother, saves the relationship you have with the man you love, saves the relationship you have with the truth which emerges from your gaze, full of curiosity, on things, saves the life you have in you, the gusto for yourself, your love of self. He saves you in Paradise, but Christ's paradise begins here, because Christ rose here. This is what the Amen means, the greatest Amen in music, which concludes Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*. Amen: yes. Yes to whatever you, Christ, want, because only You can remove this limit. You can remove it already now in this world. Nothing more is lost, already now in this world. This is an experience we are called to live here, not tomorrow but here, today. He is here.

Life has a destiny, Christ died for this destiny of ours, the glory of Paradise. Friendship is a companionship that is guided to our destiny. This is the Amen we live, that we can live every day of our lives - it is already the endpoint, the goal in action: our friendship. The Amen in the *Stabat Mater* is a cry of joy, of glory. It is not out of place in the heart of Good Friday, because he died in order to rise and thus dominate time and space and reach us. The Cross is a condition placed by the Father, the Mystery. What we must verify are the consequences of obedience, that is, of faith. In faith any cross flourishes in peace, in gladness, in joy, in a truth, which is the joy of our humanity. Therefore the words of the song are also a wish: "May Christ rise in all hearts". The form this joy takes is not always the same, it differs for people in each epoch of history, it differs in the various stages, for each one of us, of God's people; the form of the glory and joy arising from the cross is not always that expressed in those grandiose, fascinating monuments, built in a Christian era, which dominate the whole surrounding plain. This glory may also be expressed by a few natives gathered in a hut
or by a small group of persecuted Christians, meeting in secret to say a prayer or celebrate a Mass. In any case, the true form of glory and joy is that which our hearts must assume, a form of glory and joy which means a greater truth of reason and a greater capacity for gratuitousness in our hearts.
Stabat Mater dolorosa
Iuxta crucem lacrimosa
Dum pendebat Filius.

The grieving Mother
stood weeping beside the cross
where her Son was hanging.

Cuius animam gementem
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

Through her weeping soul,
compassionate and grieving,
a sword passed.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigeniti!

O how sad and afflicted
was that blessed Mother
of the only-begotten!

Quae moerebat et dolebat,
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Nati poenas incliti.

Who mourned and grieved,
seeing and bearing the torment
of her glorious child.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?

Who is it that would not weep,
seeing Christ's Mother
in such agony?

Vidit suum dulcem natum
Moriendo desolatum
Dum emisit spiritum.

She saw her sweet child
die desolate,
as he gave up His spirit.

Eja Mater, fons amoris
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.

O Mother, fountain of love,
make me feel the power of sorrow,
that I may grieve with you.

Fac, ut ardebit cor meum
In amando Christum Deum
Ut sibi complaccam.

Grant that my heart may burn
in the love of Christ my God,
that I may greatly please Him.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
cordi meo valide.

Holy Mother, may you do thus:
place the wounds of the Crucified
deep in my heart.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
passionis fac consortem,
et plagas recolere.

Make me to bear Christ's death,
sharing in His passion,
and commemorate his wounds.
Inflammatus et accensus per te, Virgo, sim defensus in die iudicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri morte Christi praemuniri confoveri gratia.

Quando corpus morietur, fac ut animæ donetur Paradisi gloria. Amen.

Inflame and set on fire, may I be defended by you, Virgin, on the day of judgment.

Let me be guarded by the cross, armed by Christ's death and His cherished by His grace.

When my body dies, grant that to my soul is given the glory of paradise. Amen.
Tenebrae Responsories

by Tomas Luis de Victoria
INJUSTICE AND MERCY

by Luigi Giussani

If you are someone who listens always and only to rock music or the like, it takes you time to understand classical music. You don't follow it the first time. It's like when my late father would drag me along, as a boy, to listen to polyphonic music, which he liked very much, and I was always angry because I couldn't see the order in what seemed to be a great confusion of notes and voices, in other words, I didn't have the key. The first time I began to understand something was when at the age of thirteen I heard a choir intoning De Victoria's Caligaverunt. After the first notes, when the second voice came in, I got the key to understanding it. From that time I have liked polyphony more and more. All of it.

Thus I began to feel enthralled by this music that seems — and often is — always the same, as a continuous repetition. And yet one never tires of it, because it fathoms the horizon of the soul and the heart, filling them with light and warmth, as De Victoria's Christian heart must have been when he wrote these Responsories for Holy Week. All religious efforts try to interpret the Mystery; the Christian method instead is to repeat the word heard. To repeat, in other words to follow. You can't repeat a word twenty times without changing you.

De Victoria is a great traveling-companion that God has given us, the greatest polyphonic poet, as great as he was humble, and therefore less famous than others. The human voice has a power infinitely superior to that of any orchestra, and polyphony represents the expressive peak of vocal music.

De Victoria's Responsories for Good Friday are, in our memory, the highest, the most profound and the most suggestive point of reference in religious song.

The motets of Holy Week communicate the conscious, tender, adoring and sorrowful emotion of what Christ is for man. The Caligaverunt is surely one of the most beautiful pieces: as the soul is pierced through by this sublime music we can understand easily what we normally lack and is evident here. Here what dominates is not one's own feeling for that Man who is dying, but rather that Man's own sorrow, sorrow for the Man who is dying. Si est dolor similis sicut dolor mens, if there is any sorrow like my
sorrow: but these are the words of those beneath the Cross, Our Lady, St John. At the forefront is placed the reality of the Man-God put to death, sorrow for Christ. This chant documents an aspect of the awareness of being sinners that is not easily found: that si est dolor is surely the most human cry that can be heard in music, more human and more humanly religious that all music, along with the lament that follows: sicut dolor meus. The true break that awareness of one's own sin brings about is Christ's sorrow - like the sorrow of a child before it's mother's weeping: what dominates is the other person, not concern for your own tranquillity or your need to be put at peace. It is Christ's sorrow: look all you peoples and see if there is any sorrow like my sorrow, sorrow for Christ, sorrow before Christ for the way we have mistreated him.

At this point De Victoria leads us into a new phase: affection that is spurned, election refused, plots hatched around him, all the more treacherous because the work of a friend, a disciple. Against Him are ranged the elders of the people, those who should show maturity, but now the time has come prove to be worse than the others. The High Priests, Religion, the Pharisees, the intellectuals of the time: Come, let's put poison in his bread, and blot him out from the land of the living, let's uproot him from the meaning of life, we don't need Him so as give meaning to our life — precisely Him who is the root of everything! — let's uproot him from the land of the living, let's get rid of him. And then there are his own who abandon Him, Were you not able to watch just one hour with me. So the world is like a great darkness in which the source of light is death, the supreme paradox: the death of life, the death of Christ.

This hatred for Christ, as Jesus himself said in his last discourse before dying, leaves its mark on history; in this hatred the action of the Father of lies develops and takes up concrete form, day after day, by means of all the various powers, whether political, economic, or 'clerical': hatred for Him is the theme necessary for every human power that will not draw its conscious, humble and dramatic origin from obedience to that supreme power that makes all things, to the destiny of victory and glory that are properly Christ's, the justice of God. The world is all rooted in falsehood, says the Bible. In the end, it is violence that defines the destiny of every power: Come let's put poison in his bread, and so we shall uproot him from the land of the living, so they will not speak of him anymore. This, in the end, is the content of the educative method the world uses in all its expressions: let no-one think of Christ anymore. Christ is a name worthy of honor if you like, you can think of him while reading about him in books, but he
must be totally banished from man's life as a whole, life in society, from the family to bringing up children, relationships in the workplace.

Finally, the Responsories bring us to the killing — the height of injustice - which He accepts out of love for us. His friends either are asleep or have become traitors; the world, the intellectuals, the religious elite, the powers plotted together. Has the Father abandoned Him, too? No. It's just that his obedience has to go all the way: Father, into Your hands I commend My spirit.

But how can the frightful and the pitiful go together, how can justice go along with mercy? How can the frightful that we are witnessing, this injustice that we hear in De Victoria’s polyphony and the pitiful of Christ that we hear expressed on Mary's face and in her heart? It’s an injustice because every day I was with you teaching in the temple, in the light of day, among the people; you have come to catch me through treachery, at night because you are in the wrong. But in the face of such injustice and greater than this injustice, His mercy overflows all bounds; because no-one could be found who would acknowledge me, no-one righteous has yet been found who would acknowledge me. Mary was the only one. But it is the same for each one of us because there is something in us - however timid, confused or contradictory — that acknowledges you, Jesus. We have to leave this corner of true feeling free, this corner of true judgment, of nascent affection, we have to set it free. We have to leave our heart free as regards what little native justice it has before Christ. With his splendid notes, De Victoria invites us to do this. Polyphony is really a peak: and yet the search for truth, living the truth is a piece of music even greater than Beethoven's symphonies and the motets of Palestrina and De Victoria, too. And this is what we are called to.
Tenebrae Responsories Texts & Translations
by Tomas Luis de Victoria

in Coena Domini ad Matutinum II

Amicus meus osculi me tradidit signa: Quem osculatus fuero, ipse esl, lenete eum: hoc malum fecit signum, qui per osculum adimplevit homicidium.
Infelix praetermisit pretium sanguinis, et in fine laqueo se suspendit.
V. Bonum erat illi, si natus non fuisset homo ille.

Judas mercator pessimus oscula petit Dominum: ille ut agnus innocens non negavit ludaeos osculum: Denariorum numero Christum ludaeis tradidit.
V. Melius illi erat, si natus non fuisset.

Unus ex discipulis meis tradet me hodie: Vae illi per quem tradar ego: Melius illi erat, si natus non fuisset.
V. Qui intingit mecum in paropside bic me traditurus est in manus peccatorum.

Responsories for Holy Thursday II

The sign by which my friend betrayed me was a kiss: he whom I kiss, that is he: hold him fast.
The sign by which my friend betrayed me was a kiss: he whom I kiss, that is he: hold him fast.
He that committed murder by a kiss gave this wicked sign.
He that committed murder by a kiss gave this wicked sign.
The unhappy wretch returned the price of blood, and in the end hanged himself.
The unhappy wretch returned the price of blood, and in the end hanged himself.
V. It had been good for that man that he had never been born.
V. It had been good for that man that he had never been born.

in Coena Domini ad Matutinum III

Eram quasi agnus innocens: ductus sum ad immolandum, et nesciebam: consilium fecerunt inimici mei adversum me dicentes: Venite, mittamus lignum in panem eius, et eradamus eum de terra vivenlium.
V. Omnes inimici mei adversum me cogitabant mala mihi: verbum iniquum mandaverunt adversum me, dicentes:

V. Qui intingit mecum in paropside bic me traditurus est in manus peccatorum.

Responsories for Holy Thursday III

I was like an innocent lamb; I was led to be sacrificed and I knew it not. My enemies conspired against me, saying: Come, let us put wood into his bread, and root him out of the land of the living.
I was like an innocent lamb; I was led to be sacrificed and I knew it not. My enemies conspired against me, saying: Come, let us put wood into his bread, and root him out of the land of the living.
All my enemies contrived mischief against me: they uttered evil speech against me, saying:
All my enemies contrived mischief against me: they uttered evil speech against me, saying:

V. Una hora non potuistis vigilare mecum, qui exhortabamini mori pro me? Vel ludam non

V. Una hora non potuistis vigilare mecum, qui exhortabamini mori pro me? Vel ludam non

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videtis, quomodo non dormit, sed festinat tradere me ludaeis?

V. Quid dormitis? Surgita, et orate, ne intretis in tentationem.

Seniores populi consilium fecerunt, Ut lesum dolo tenerent, et occiderent: cum gladiis et fistibus exierunt tamquam ad latronem.

V. Collegerunt pontifices et pharisaei concilium.

in parasceve ad Matutinum II

Tamquam ad latronem existis cum gladiis et fistibus comprehendere me.
Quotidie apud vos eram in templo docens, et non me tenuistis: et ecce, flagellatum ducitis ad crucifigendum.

V. Cumque iniecissent manus in lesum eum, dixit ad eos

Tenebrae factae sunt, dum crucifixissent lesum ludaei: et circa horam nonam exclamavit lesus voce magna: Deus meus, ut quid me dereliquisti?
Et inclinato capite, emisit spiritum.

V. Exclamans lesus voce magna ait: Pater, in manus tuas commendo spiritum meum.

Animam meam dilectam tradidi in manus iniquorum, et facta est mihi haereditas mea, sicut leonis in villa: dedit contra me voces adversarius meas, Congregamini, et properate ad evorandum illum: posuerunt me in deserto solitudo, et luxit super me omnis terra:
Quia nan est inventus me agnosceret, faceret bene.

V. Insurrexerunt in me vii absque misericordia, et non pepercerunt animae

see Judas, how he sleeps not, but makes haste to betray me to the Jews? Why do you sleep?

V. Arise and pray, lest you fall into temptation.

The elders of the people consulted together how they might by some craft apprehend Jesus and kill him: they went out with swords and clubs as to a thief.

V. The priest and pharisees held a council.

Responsories for Good Friday II

You are come out as it were to a robber with swords and clubs to apprehend me.
I was daily with you teaching in the temple and you laid not hands upon me: yet now you scourge me and lead me to be crucified.

V. And when they had laid hands on Jesus and held him fast, he said to them: saying:

Darkness fell when the Jews crucified Jesus: and about the ninth hour Jesus cried out with a loud voice: My God, why hast thou forsaken me? And bowing down his head, he gave up the ghost.

V. Jesus cried out with a loud voice and said: Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.

I delivered the soul that I had loved into the hands of the wicked, and my inheritance is become to me like a lion in the forest. My adversary spoke out against me saying: Come together and make haste to devour him. They placed me in a solitary desert, and all the earth mourned for me: Because there was none that would know me and do good to me.

V. Men without mercy rose up against me, and they spared not my life. Because there was none that would know me and do good to me.
in parasceve ad Matutinum III

Tradiderunt me in manus impiorum, et inter iniquos proierunt me, et non pepercerunt animae meae: congregati sunt adversum me forles:
Et sicut gigantes steterunt contra me.

V. Alieni insurrexerunt adversum me, et fortes quaesierunt animam meam

lesum tradidit impius summis principibus sacerdotum, et senioribus populi: Petrus autem sequebatur eum a longe, ut videret finem.

V. Adduxerunt autem eum ad Caipham principem sacerdotum, ubi scribae et pharisaei convenerant.

Caligaverunt oculi mei a lIetu mea quia elongatus est a me, qui consolabatur me:

Videte, omnes populi. Si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus.

V. O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte.

Resp. Vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte.

Respondos for Good Friday III

They delivered me into the hands of the impious, and cast me out amongst the wicked, and spared not my soul. The powerful gathered together against me, and like giants they stood against me.

V. Strangers have risen up against me, and the mighty have sought after my soul.

The wicked man betrayed Jesus to the chief priests and elders of the people: but Peter followed him afar off, to see the end.

V. And they led him to Caiphas, the chief priest, where the Scribes and Pharisees were met together.

My eyes have become dim with weeping: for he is far from me that consoled me.

See, all you people, if there be sorrow like my sorrow.

V. O all you that pass by this way, attend and see.

Respondos for Holy Saturday II

Our shepherd, the fount of the living water is gone, at whose passing the sun was darkened.

For he is taken, who took captive the first man: today our Saviour burst open both the gates and the bolts of death.

O vos omnes, qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte Si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus.

V. Attendite universi populi, dolorem meum.

Ecce quomodo moritur iustus, et nemo percipit corde: et viri iusti tolluntur: et nemo considerat:

O all you that pass by the way, attend and see, if there be any sorrow like my sorrow.

V. Watch, all you people, and see my sorrow.

Behold how the just man dies, and no one takes it to heart: and just men are taken away, and no
Et erit in pace memoria eius.

V. Tamquam agnus coram tondente se obmutuit, et non aperuit suum: de angustia, et de iudicio sublatus est

one cares about it. The just man has been taken away from the face of iniquity: and his memory shall be in peace.

V. He was mute as a lamb before the shearer, and he opened not his mouth: he was taken away from anguish and from judgement.

Sabbato Sancto ad Matutinum III

Astiterunt reges terrae, et principes convenerunt in unum, Adversum Dominum, et adversus Christum eius.

V. Quare fremuerunt gentes, et populi meditati sunt inania?

The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes joined together against the Lord, and against his Christ.

V. Why did the people rage, and the multitude think mad things?

Aestimatus sum cum descendentibus in lacum: Factus sum sicut homo sine adiutorio, inter mortuos liber.

V. Posuerunt me in lacu inferiori, in tenebrosis, et in umbra mortis.

I am counted among those that go down to the depths: I am as a man without help, free among the dead.

V. They have laid me in the lower pit, in darkness, and in the shadow of death.

Sepulto Domino, signatum est monumentum, volventes lapidem ad ostium monumenti: Ponentes milites, qui custodirent illum.

V. Accedentes principes sacerdotum ad Pilatum petierunt illum.

When the Lord was buried; they sealed up the tomb, rolling a stone before the entrance: and placing soldiers to guard it.

V. The chief priests went to Pilate and petitioned him.