

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando iudex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchral regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura
Iudicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur
Unde mundus iudicetur.

Iudex ergo cum sedebit,
Quicquid latet apparebit;
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix iustus sit securus?

Reus tremendae maiestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Iesu pie,
Quid sum causa tuae viae,
Ne me perdas illa die.

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

Iuste iudex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tamquam reus;
Culpa rubet vultus meus;
Supplicanti parce Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

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

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

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

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

Lacrimosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Iudicandus homo reus:
Huic ergo parce, Deus.

*Day of wrath, day that
will dissolve the world into burning coals,
as David bore witness with the Sibyll.*

*How great a tremor is to be,
when the judge is to come
brisklyshattering every grave.*

*A trumpet sounding an astonishing sound
through the tombs of the region
drives all men before the throne.*

*Death will be stunned and so will Nature,
when arises man, the creature,
responding to the One judging.*

*The written book will be brought forth,
in which the whole record of evidence is contained
whence the world is to be judged.*

*Therefore when the Judge shall sit,
whatever lay hidden will appear;
nothing unavenged will remain.*

*What am I the wretch then to say,
what patron I to beseech,
when scarcely the just man be secure?*

*King of tremendous Majesty,
Who saves those to-be-saved without condition,
save me, Fount of piety.*

*Remember, faithful Jesus,
because I am the cause of your journey,
do not lose me on that day.*

*Thou has sat down as one wearied seeking me,
thou has redeemed me having suffered on the Cross;
so much labour, let it not be lost.*

*Just judge of the ,
work the gift of the remission of sins
before the Day of the Reckoning.*

*I groan, as the accused;
my face grows red from my fault;
spare this supplicant, O God.*

*Thou who forgave Mary,
and favourably heard the good thief,
hast also given me hope.*

*My prayers are not worthy,
But do Thou, Good God, deal kindly,
lest I burn in perennial fire.*

*Among the sheep offer me a place
and from the goats sequester me,
placing me at Thy right hand.*

*After the accursed have been silenced,
given up to the bitter flames,
call me with the blest.*

*Kneeling and bowed down I pray,
my heart contrite as ashes,
do Thou, my End, care for my end.*

*That sorrowful day,
On which will arise from the burning coals
Man accused to be judged:
therefore, O God, do Thou spare him.*

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied: and overhead up-grew
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appeared, with gay enameled colours mixed:
On which the sun more glad impressed his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath showered the earth: so lovely seemed
That landskip. And of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair. Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper, whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As, when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabeian odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest, with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles;
So entertained those odorous sweets the Fiend
Who came their bane, though with them better pleased
Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamoured, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

John Milton
Excerpt from Book IV of Paradise Lost (1667)

att. Friar Thomas of Celano,
(Mid-thirteenth century)