

# Dies Irae

## A Poetic Rendering of the Dies Irae

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

Day of wrath and doom impending,  
Heaven and earth in ashes ending:  
David's words with Sibyl's blending.

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

Oh what fear man's bosom rendeth  
When from heaven the judge descendeth  
On whose sentence all dependeth!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,  
Per sepulcra regionum,  
coget omnes ante thronum.

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,  
Through earth's sepulchers it ringeth,  
All before the throne it bringeth.

Mors stupebit et natura,  
cum resurget creatura,  
Judicanti responsura.

Death is struck and nature quaking,  
All creation is awaking,  
To its judge an answer making.

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

Lo the book exactly worded,  
Wherein all hath been recorded,  
Thence shall judgement be awarded.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet apparebit:  
Nil inultum remanebit.

When the Judge his seat attaineth,  
And each hidden deed arraigneth:  
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

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

What shall I frail man be pleading?  
Who for me be interceding?  
When the just are mercy needing?

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

King of majesty tremendous,  
Who does free salvation send us,  
Font of pity then befriend us.

Recordare Jesu pie,  
Quod sum causa tuae viae:  
Ne me perdas illa die.

Think kind Jesus, my salvation,  
Caused thy wondrous incarnation:  
Leave me not to reprobation.

Quaerens me, sedisti lassus:  
Redemisti crucem passus:  
Tantus labor non sit cassus?

Faint and weary thou hast sought me:  
On the cross of suffering bought me:  
Shall such grace be vainly bought me?

Juste iudex ultionis,  
Donum fac remissionis,  
Ante diem rationis.

Righteous judge for sin's pollution,  
Grant thy gift of absolution,  
Before the day of retribution.

Ingemisco, tamquam reus:  
Culpa rubet vultus meus:  
Supplicanti parce Deus.

Guilty now I pour my moaning:  
All my shame and anguish owning:  
Spare, O God my suppliant groaning.

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

Through the sinful Mary shriven,  
Through the dying thief forgiven,  
Thou to me a hope has given.

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

Worthless are my tears and sighing:  
Yet good Lord in grace complying,  
Rescue me from fire undying.

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

With thy sheep a place provide me,  
From the goats afar divide me,  
To thy right hand do thou guide me.

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

When the wicked are confounded,  
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded:  
Call me with thy saints surrounded.

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

Lo I kneel with heart-submission,  
See like ashes my contrition:  
Help me in my last condition.

Lacrimosa dies illa,  
Qua resurget ex favilla.

Lo, that day of tears and mourning,  
from the dust of earth returning.

Judicandus homo reus,  
Huic ergo parce Deus.

Man for judgement must prepare him,  
Spare O God, in mercy spare him.

Pie Jesu Domine,  
Dona eis requiem.  
Amen.

Lord all pitying Jesu blest,  
Grant to them eternal rest.  
Amen.