**Francis Poulenc – Quatre motets pour un temps de pénitence**

**1. Timor et tremor**

Timor et tremor venerunt super me, et caligo cecidit super me: miserere mei Domine, miserere quoniam, in te confidit anima mea.

Exaudi Deus deprecationem meam quia refugium meum es tu et adjutor fortis: Domine invocavi te non confundar.

*Fear and trembling have come over me: and darkness has descended upon me: have pity on me, O Lord, for my soul trusts in you.*

*O God, hear my prayer for you are my refuge and my strong defender. O Lord, I have called upon you: I shall not be confounded.*

**2. Vinea mea electa**

Vinea mea electa ego te plantavi: Quomodo conversa es in amaritudinem, ut me crucifigeres et Barabbam dimitteres. Sepivi te et lapides elegi ex te et aedificavi turrem.

*My chosen vine, I planted you: How is it that you have turned to bitterness, so that you would crucify me and release Barabbas? I fenced you round, cleared the stones from you, and built you a tower.*

**3. Tenebrae factae sunt**

Tenebrae factae sunt dum crucifixissent Jesum Judaei: et circa horam nonam exclamavit Jesus voce magna: Deus meus, ut quid me derelinquisti? Et inclinato capite emisit spiritum.

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

*There was darkness over the land when they crucified Jesus. At the ninth hour Jesus cried out with a loud voice, saying, ‘My God, why have you forsaken me?’. And he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.*

*Crying out Jesus spoke with a loud voice: Father into your hands I commend my spirit.*

**4. Tristis est anima mea**

Tristis est anima mea usque ad mortem: sustinete hic, et vigilate mecum: nunc videbitis turbam, quae circumdabit me.

Vos fugam capietis, et ego vadam immolari pro vobis.

Ecce appropinquat hora et Filius hominis tradetur in manus peccatorum.

*My soul is sorrowful even unto death. Remain here and watch with me: now shall you see the crowd surround me.*

*You will take to flight; and I shall go to be sacrificed for you.*

*See, the hour is approaching and the Son of Man is handed over into hands of sinners.*

**William Byrd – Ne irascaris Domine/Civitas Sancti tui**

Ne irascaris Domine satis, et ne ultra memineris iniquitatis nostrae. Ecce, respice, populus tuus omnes nos.

Civitas sancti tui, facta est deserta. Sion deserta facta est. Jerusalem desolata est.

*Do not be exceedingly angry, O Lord, and do not remember iniquity forever. Now consider, we are all your people.*

*Your holy cities have become a wilderness, Zion has become a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation.*