

**JUDTHA TRIUMPHANS
TEXT AND TRANSLATION**

PARS PRIOR

FIRST PART

CHORUS

(militum pugnantium in acie cum timpano bellico)

Arma, caedes, vindictae, furores,
Angustiae, timores
Precedite nos.
Rotate,
Pugnate
O bellicae sortes,
Mille plagas,
Mille mortes
Adducite vos.

Let weapons, carnage, vengeance, fury,
famine and fear
go before us.
Encircle us,
give battle,
you Fates of War:
inflict a thousand wounds,
a thousand deaths.

HOLOFERNES

Felix en fausta dies
O Magnanimi Eroes en fortunati:
Prospera vobis sors, sydera, caelum:
En post saecula tandem
Venit optata lux, lux suspirata,
Qua magni in vestro Duce,
Qua Dux Magnus in vobis:
Cunctis aequa
Erit tandem Victoria,
Et vestro invicto Regi
Honor, et gloria.

Behold a joyous and blessed day,
you noble heroes, how the gods have favoured you:
fate, the stars, the heavens all support your cause.
See how, after so many years,
the longed-for light has come, the light long desired,
by which you shall be great through your Leader,
and your Leader shall be great through you.
You shall all
achieve Victory,
and your undefeated King
shall win honour and glory.

Nil arma, nil bella,
Nil fiamma furoris
Si cor bellatoris
Est cadens in se.
Si pugnat sperando,
Iam virtus pugnando
Vigescit in spe.

Arms, battle,
burning rage: all are nothing
if the warrior's heart
has sunk low.
If he fights in hope,
then that hope will strengthen
his arm for battle.

VAGAUS

Mi Dux, Domine mi...

Commander, my Lord...

HOLOFERNES

Et quid ne petis?

What do you want?

VAGAUS

Felicitatis tuae Nuncius accedo.

I come bearing tidings of your good fortune.

HOLOFERNES

Quidne fausti tu refers?

What auspicious news do you bring?

VAGAUS

Nil nisi Gloruae tuae grande incrementum,
Et vere oculis tuis dulce portentum.

Nothing that does not add to your great Glory:
truly, a sweet portent in your sight.

HOLOFERNES

Dic.

Speak.

VAGAUS

Matrona inimica

A noble lady of the enemy

Te quaerit ad arma
Dux magne Holofernes.
Et cito deh, credas,
Tibi erit amica
Si lumina cernes.

has come to our troops asking after you,
mighty Lord Holofernes.
And soon, believe me,
she will be yours –
you have only to set eyes upon her.

HOLOFERNES

Huc accedat Matriona,
Et sit armorum Marti ebraea Bellona.
In Bethulia vilescunt
Hostes miseri Egeni: undique luctus
Saevus undique clamor.
Hic anhelat,
Hic gemit, ille plorat,
Dolent omnes;
Nil nisi timor, nil nisi maerentium
Ignavia, desperatio, afflictio, inopia,
Et lacrimarum copia.

Let the Lady draw near,
be she the Hebrew Bellona to the armies of Mars.
In Bethulia our foes are growing weak,
they are wretched and in need: all around are
laments and wild raging.
One gasps for breath,
another groans; one weeps,
all are suffering.
There is nothing but fear, nothing but grief,
despondency, despair, pain, poverty
and floods of tears.

VAGAUS

Veni Foemina illustris,
Pulcra Bellatrix huc,
Lumine, et pede
Videntes feri,
Et generosa accede.

Come, illustrious lady,
lovely warrior-woman, draw near;
your eyes, your bearing
lay low all who see you.
Approach, noble lady.

JUDITHA

Quocum Patriae me ducit amore
Libertatis dulcissima spes,
Summo ductus a caeli fulgore
Tuto pergat per classica pes.

Wherever I am led by love of the Fatherland
and the hope of liberty, sweetest of hopes,
guided by the highest rays of heaven
may I walk in safety among these soldiers.

ABRA

Ne timeas non, laetare
Casta Vidua dilecta
Certa virtutis tuae munera expecta.

Do not be afraid: rejoice, rather,
virtuous and esteemed widow:
truly you shall receive rewards befitting your virtue.

Vultus tui vago splendori
Cedit ira ridet amor.
Ac tui numinis honori
Laetus plaudit omnium clamor

Before the dazzling splendour of your face
anger fades away, and love smiles.
And in honour of your noble spirit
all cry out with shouts of joy.

Vide, humilis prostrata
In vultus tui nitore,
Quam estatica sit gens tanta armata.

See how this people, though armed,
lies prostrate in all humility,
overwhelmed by the glory of your face.

JUDITHA

Nil morae. Ad Holofernem
Me ducite benigni
Duces bellici honoris,
Pacis en nuntia venio, et non furoris.

Of your courtesy, take me straight
to Holofernes,
valiant warriors.
I come as a messenger of peace, not of battle-rage.

VAGAUS ET CHORUS

O quam vaga, venusta, o quam decora,
O spes nostrae victoriae unica, et vera.
Tentoria vultu tuo ducis honora
Et cuncta ab Holoferne attende, et spera.

O how lovely, how fair, O how comely you are,
our one and true hope of victory.
Honour the tent of our leader with your presence,
put all your faith in Holofernes, and have hope.

VAGAUS

Quem vides prope, aspectu
Terribili, et suavi,
Quem quaeris, ipse hic est: amore, et fide,
In ipso pulchra Sion spera, et confide.

Quamvis ferro, et ense gravis
Dulcis tamen et suavis
Pro te Dux erit, o bella.
Tibi tua tu sors et fatum,
Nec per te fremit iratum,
Tua pupilla fit tua stella.

HOLOFERNES

Quid cerno! Oculi mei
Stupidi quid videtis!
Solis, an caeli splendor!
Ah summae prolis
Vincunt lumina sua lumina solis.
Sistite, viatrici
Preparate Trophea, spargite flores,
Et obviant Dive suae teneri Amores.

JUDITHA

Summe Rex, strenue miles,
Nabuc Regis cor, cuius in manu
Stat suprema potestas, nutui cuius
Fortuna, et sors obedit,
Et cuncta iura sua gloria concedit.

HOLOFERNES

O quam pulchrior in pulcro
Virtus est ore sonans! Quidnam petis,
Suavissima supplex?

JUDITHA

Non mihi, Patriae meae
Spem salutis exoro,
Et sic Bethuliae a te pacem imploro.

Quanto magis generosa,
Plus victori gloriosa
Venia victo magis cara.
O quam pulchra tua potentia
Illustrata tua clementia!
Parce Dux, ac tolle amara.

HOLOFERNES

Magna, o foemina petis,
Quae maxima, si dentur!
Majora sed a me tibi debentur.
O timpana silete,
Recedite o Phalanges,
Cedite amori meo, cedite invictae
Faces, tela, sagittae,
Et vos bellica in campo impia tormenta
Estote in gaudio meo nova contenta.
Hic sede amica mea.

JUDITHA

The man you see close at hand, who seems
so terrible yet so charming,
he is the one you seek; in love and faith
put your trust in him, fair Zion, and have confidence.

Though his sword is heavy iron,
yet he will be for you a kind and gentle
leader, fair lady.
Your fate and your destiny are in your own hands.
He will not tremble with rage to see you:
your eyes will be the guiding star of your future.

What do I see before me! My dazzled eyes,
what is this you are seeing?
Surely this is the sun, the splendour of the heavens!
Ah, most exalted of beings,
whose eyes are more potent than the sun's rays!
Stay your path, travellers!
Prepare tributes, spread flowers beneath her feet,
and let the Cupids come forth to meet their Goddess.

Greatest of Kings, valiant warrior,
heart of King Nebuchadnezzar, holding supreme
power in your hand, you command
Fortune and fate,
and your glory ensures justice.

How much lovelier is virtue when voiced
by such lovely lips! What would you have of me,
most charming of suppliants?

Not for myself, but for my Fatherland
do I beg for hope of deliverance,
and thus I plead with you for the peace of Bethulia.

How much nobler,
how much more glorious to the conquerer,
how much more precious is mercy to the conquered.
How glorious would be your power
if illumined by your clemency!
Spare us, Lord, and sweeten our bitter lot.

You ask much, woman;
you would be granted more, if you asked it!
Yet I am even more indebted to you.
Drums, be silent,
battalions, draw back;
yield to my love, yield to this undefeated woman,
you torches, spears and arrows,
you ungodly engines of war on the field of battle:
find satisfaction in my joy.
Sit here, my sweet friend.

Non tantus honor
Tuae famulae donetur.

Such honour should not be
bestowed on your servant.

HOLOFERNES
Tu me honoras.

It is you who honour me.

JUDITHA
Te colo.

I am your devoted servant.

HOLOFERNES
Sedeas hic.

Sit here.

JUDITHA
Non debeo, non.

No, that is not my place.

HOLOFERNES
Sic jubeo, et volo.

It is my command, and my wish.

Sede, o cara,
Dilecta speciosa
Mea vivida rosa,
Mea fulgida fax.
Tu Marti triumphanti,
Tu bellico amanti
Pulcherrima Pax.

Sit, my dear one,
my beloved, my beauty,
my living rose,
my shining flame.
To Mars in his triumph,
to your warrior-lover,
you are fairest Peace.

JUDITHA
Tu Judex es, tu Dominus, tu potens
In exercitu tanto, et tuae dextrae victrici
Semper aspectu sint astra felici

You are Judge and Lord, you are commander
of so mighty an army, and the stars are aligned
to bless your victorious right arm for ever.

HOLOFERNES
Felix per te,
Magisque felix ero,
Si dum sepulta manet
Lux Apollinis unda,
Me te dignum
In convivio tu reddas,
Ut melius pacis nostrae amatae, et carae,
Solemnia tecum possim celebrare.

Thanks to you, I have found happiness,
and I shall be even happier
if, while Apollo's light lies buried
beneath the waves,
you will do me the honour
of feasting with me as my guest,
so that I may fittingly celebrate with you
the hallowing of our cherished, beloved peace.

JUDITHA
Inter convivia, et dapes
Torpescent labia mea
In jeunio assueta:
Tristis, nec unquam laeta
In eduliis astricta
Nescia est delitiae tantae anima afflicta.

At feasts and banquets
my lips turn numb,
accustomed as they are to fasting:
sorrowing, taking no delight
in food,
my suffering soul knows nothing of such pleasures.

JUDITHA
Agitata infido flatu
Diu volatu
Vagabundo
Maesta hirundo
It plorando
Boni ignara.
Sed impulsu aurae serenae
Tantae cito oblita poenae
In dilecta

Tossed about by the fitful wind
during its long flight,
the vagrant
swallow grieves,
weeping as it flies
for the good things it has never known.
But carried on a fair breeze
it soon forgets its sorrows.
In the comfort

Dulcia tecta
Gaudii ridet haud avara.

of its soft nest
it laughs for joy, desiring nothing more.

HOLOFERNES

In tentorio supernae
Sint in ordine coenae.
Quid, quid natat in Ponto,
Quid, quid in Caelo,
et terra nutrit
Ne sit legere grave.
Hinc nostrae Reginae,
Cui Vagae, tu deservies,
Sit cretensis Lyei donum suave.

In my tent
let a meal be served fit for the gods.
Whatever swims in the river Pontus,
whatever flies in the heavens,
whatever is nourished by the earth,
let nothing be too difficult to obtain.
Henceforth, to our Queen,
whom you, Vagaus, shall serve,
let the sweet gift of Cretan Dionysos be given.

VAGAUS

O servi volate,
Et Domino meo
Vos mensas parate
Si proxima nox.
Invicto Holoferni
Cantemus alterni,
Honoris, amoris
Sit consona nox [vox].

Servants, be swift
and prepare the meal
for my Lord,
for it is nearly night.
Let us sing in chorus and response
of the unvanquished Holofernes,
let our voices ring out with one accord
for honour and for love.

CHORUS

Honoris, amoris, etc...

VAGAUS

Tu quoque hebraica ancilla
In nostro gaudio tanto
Eris in corde tuo laeta, et tranquilla.

You also, Hebrew handmaid,
shall share in our great joy
and be glad of heart, and at peace.

ABRA

Quam audacter discurrit
Non minus servus suo Domino nequam.
Properemus Juditha: ubique semper
Tecum sperans in Caelis
Ero Dominae meae socia fidelis.

How boldly he holds forth,
the servant no less than his Lord.
Let us make haste, Judith: always and everywhere
sharing your hope in Heaven,
I shall be a faithful companion to my Mistress.

JUDITHA

Veni, veni, me sequere fida
Abra amata,
Sponso orbata.
Turtur gemo ac spiro in te.
Dirae sortis tu socia confida
Debellata
Sorte ingrata,
Sociam laetae habebis me.

Come, come, follow me, my faithful
and beloved maid,
deprived of your husband.
Like you, I too lament like the turtle-dove.
In this terrible fate, you are my trusted companion;
when our thankless destiny
is fulfilled,
you shall have me as your companion in joy.

ABRA

Venio Juditha, venio: animo fave,
Amori crede tuo nil erit grave.

I am with you, Judith: have courage.
Believe me: no ill shall befall your love.

Fulgeat sol frontis decorae,
Et afflictae abeat Aurorae
Rosa vaga tua pupilla.
Ama, langue, finge ardere
Nostrae sorti si favore
Potest una tua favilla.

May your fair countenance shine like the sun,
and the sad dew of dawn
vanish from your eyes.
Love him, languish for him, feign your ardour,
if a spark from you can
advance our destiny.

In Urbe interim pia
Incertas audi voces, aura levis
Fert murmur voti
Et gloriae, credo, tuae.
Gemunt et orant una
Virgines Juda, incertae sortis suae.

CHORUS

(Virginum psalentium in Bethulia)
Mundi Rector de Caelo micanti
Audi preces, et suscipe vota
Quae de corde pro te dimicanti
Sunt pietatis in sinu devota.
In Juditha tuae legi dicata
Flammis dulcis tui amoris accende
Feritatis sic hostis domata
In Bethuliae spem pacis intende.
Redi, redi iam Victrix pugnando
In cilicio in prece revive
De Holoferne sic hodie triumphando
Pia Juditha per saecula vive.

(Finis prioris partis)

PARS ALTERA

OZIAS

Summi Regis in mente
Mihi sunt alta arcana: hostis Tyranni,
Bellatoris iniqui
Prope, caelo favente,
Fata extrema prevedeo.
Deus Abraam
Exercitum Deus es, potens in bello,
Tuo nomini inimicam
Virtute dexterarum tuarum dissipam Gentem.
Te supplices precamur:
Tibi gloria
Sit diligentium te nova victoria.

O Sydera, o stellae,
Cum luna cadenti
Estote facellae
In hostem ferale.
Cum nocte felici
Ruant impii inimici,
Et sole surgenti
Sint lucis mortales.

Jam saevientis in hostem
Castae nostrae Judithae
Gratae sunt Caelo preces, triumphando
Ad nos cito redibit,
Et Duce ablato raris gens peribit.

HOLOFERNES

Nox in umbra dum surgit,

Meanwhile in our holy City
I hear confused voices, a faint breeze
brings rumour of your vow,
and, I believe, of your glory.
With one voice the maidens of Judah
groan and pray, not knowing what will befall them.

(The young women in Bethulia sing a psalm)
Ruler of the world and of the sparkling Heaven,
hear our pleading, and receive the prayers
offered with devotion
by a faithful heart enlisted in thy cause.
In Judith, consecrated to thy law,
kindle the sweet fire of thy love
that the savagery of the enemy may be tamed
and the hope of peace granted to Bethulia.
Return, return victorious in battle,
Draw strength from penitence and prayer.
Thus defeating Holofernes this day,
may faithful Judith live for ever.

SECOND PART

I possess knowledge of the highest mysteries
of the greatest of Kings: I foresee that our tyrant
enemy, the fell warriors,
will soon, through the grace of heaven,
meet their doom.
God of Abraham,
thou art God of Hosts, mighty in battle;
by your name and the power
of your right hand, scatter the foreign enemy.
We humbly pray thee:
may the coming victory of thy devoted people
be to thy greater glory.

Ye stars and constellations,
now at the waning of the moon
be funeral torches
to our enemy.
In this blessed night
let the godless enemy be destroyed,
and may they be discovered lying dead
by the light of the rising sun.

Already the prayers of our virtuous Judith,
who is even now in fierce combat with the enemy,
have been accepted by Heaven; in triumph
she will soon return to us,
and, deprived of its leader, the sinful race will perish.

The shadows of night deepen,

Radiante in mare sol lumino cadit;
Sed tu pulcra Juditha
Luminose mi sol in caeco orrore
Resurgis coram me vivido ardore.

and the sun sinks radiant into the sea;
but you, fair Judith,
my shining sun in the horrors of blind night,
arise before me, a living flame.

Nox obscura tenebrosa
Per te ridet luminosa
Miro fulgida splendore.
Neque lucis novae Aurora
Tam superba tam decora
Victa tuo surget splendore.

Through you, the dark and shadowy night
laughs with the brilliance
of miraculous shining splendour.
And no dawn of new light shall appear
no matter how radiant or glorious,
that is not outshone by your splendour.

Belligerae meae sorti,
Quaeso, o cara condona:
Haec numine conviva
Non sunt fercula digna.

O my beloved, I beg you to pardon me
my soldier's ways:
these dishes are not worthy
of one who is companion to the gods.

JUDITHA

Magnitudinis tuae bene sunt signa.

They well show forth your greatness.

HOLOFERNES

Magnum meum cor tu reddis,
Si amantem vultus tui iure me credis.

You will make my heart swell
if you believe that your face has made me love you.

JUDITHA

Nil nisi sui Factoris
In orbe a creatura
Est conservanda Imago.

No image save that of its Creator
may be worshipped
by any creature on earth.

HOLOFERNES

Ad tantum cogis me vultu tuo vago.

It is your fair face that makes me so bold.

JUDITHA

Quid, quid splendet in ore
Est pulvis, umbra, nihil.

Any beauty shining in a face
is dust, darkness, nothing.

Transit aetas,
Volant anni,
Nostri damni
Causa sumus.
Vivit anima immortalis
Si vitalis
Amor, ignis, cuncta fumus.

Life passes,
the years fly by;
we are the cause
of our own destruction.
The immortal soul lives on
where the flames of
love and passion are but smoke.

HOLOFERNES

Haec in crastinum serva: Ah, nimis vere
Esse ignem sentio amorem,
Si nimis sentio in me viscera ardere.

Keep all that for tomorrow. Ah, now I know
all too well that love truly is a fire:
I can feel my own heart burning within me.

JUDITHA

Tanti caloris aestum
Tempera strenue Dux, flammas evita...

Strive to temper such hot passion,
Commander, flee from the flames...

HOLOFERNES

Uror...

I am on fire...

JUDITHA

Longe ibo...

I shall go far away...

HOLOFERNES

No, cara Juditha.

Noli o cara te adorantis
Voto Ducis non favere,
Et suspiria animae amantis
Saltem disce non horrere.

JUDITHA

Tibi dona salutis
Precor e Caelo Dux.

HOLOFERNES

Prosit: bibendo
A te salutem spero,
Et si tu amabis me,
Tua salus ero.

CHORUS

Plena nectare non mero
Aurea pocula almi amores
Myrto et rosis coronate.
Et in mutuo gaudio vero
Horum numinum ardores
Dulci flamma prosperate.

HOLOFERNES

Tormenta mentis tuae fugiant a corde,
Et calicem sumendo
Vivat gloria Judithae, et belli face
Extincta, amor per te vivat in pace.

JUDITHA

Vivat in pace, et pax regnet sincera,
Et in Bethulia fax surgat amoris.
In pace semper stat laetitia vera,
Nec amplius bella sint causa doloris.
In pace anima mea tu cuncta spera.
Si pax solatium est nostri moeroris.
In pace bone Deus cuncta tu facis,
Et cara tibi sunt munera pacis.

Sic in Pace inter hostes
Sit mea Patria inoffensa.
Sed quid video! Holofernes
Accensus mero suo dormit in mensa!
Consurgam. Vestro Duci
Huc accurrite, o servi: huc Abra veni,
Hic in tentorio stantes,
Dum dormit inimicus
Precemur vere Deum nos vigilantes.

VAGAUS

Umbrae carae, aerae adoratae
Deh gratae
Spirate;
Si Dominus dormit
Stet tacita gens.
A cura tam gravi

No, my darling Judith.

O my beloved, do not disdain
the entreaties of a ruler who adores you;
at least learn not to shudder
at the sighs of a loving soul.

I pray that the Lord of Heaven
may grant you salvation.

Let it be so: as I drink,
I hope to be saved by you,
and if you will love me,
I shall be your salvation.

Not with pure wine but with nectar
are the golden goblets filled; kindly Cupids,
crown them with myrtle and rose,
and in true mutual delight
feed the passion of these divine beings
with your sweet flame.

May all torment be banished from your heart;
I raise my chalice
to the glory of Judith, and once the torches of war
are extinguished, my love live in peace through you.

Yes, may it live in peace; and may peace truly reign
and in Bethulia may the torch of love be kindled.
True happiness is found always in peace,
let wars no longer be the cause of sorrow.
My soul, put all your hope in peace,
since it is peace that can ease our grief.
God of goodness, all your works are accomplished in peace,
and the fruits of peace are dear to you.

Thus, in Peace, amidst our enemies
may my nation live inviolate.
But what is this I see! Holofernes
drunk on wine is asleep at the table!
Let us arise. You servants, come quickly
to help your Master. Abra, come here,
let us wait here in the tent.
While our enemy sleeps,
let us keep vigil and offer fitting prayers to God.

Dear shades, beloved zephyrs,
ah, lull him
with gentle breezes;
if the Lord sleeps,
let the people be silent.
His cares are so great:

in somno suavi
Sit placida mens.

Quae fortunata es tu vaga Matrona,
Quae de tam strenuo Duce triumphasti,
Et hostium domatorem tu domasti.

JUDITHA

Faxit de Caelo Rex,
Reges qui regit,
Et cordi mei devota
Exaudiat pietas Dei suspiria et vota.

VAGAUS

Bene in thalamo quiescat,
Mensas tollo,
Et hic pulcra Juditha
Potes cum Duce tuo sola laetari,
Et poenas cordis tui tu consolari,
Sed huc ancilla venit,
Jam festinans discedo,
Et sic amoris tuo locum concedo.

JUDITHA

Bene venisti, o fida,
En tempus nostrae gloriae,
Et suspirata tandem hora victoriae.

ABRA

Cuncta fauste succedant,
Et tibi, o mea Juditha
Eris, et Patriae tuae,
Salus et vita.

JUDITHA

Nil ultra: claude fores,
Impedi viatores,
Et caelesti fervore cor accende,
Et mox victricem me tacita attende.

ABRA

Non ita reducem
Progeniem noto
Raptam a gelido
Mater expectat,
Ut ego fervida
Expecto te.
Sed poena barbarae,
Et brevis morae
Animam nimium
Vexat amantem
Timore, et spe.

Jam pergo, postes claudio,
Et te nostra Eroina expecto et laudo.

JUDITHA

Summe Astrorum Creator,
Qui de nihilo jam cuncta eduxisti,

in soothing slumber
may his mind be eased.

How fortune has smiled on you, fair Lady!
You have triumphed over so mighty a Commander,
and conquered the conqueror.

This is the work of the King of Heaven,
the King of kings,
God in his mercy has heard
the sighs and entreaties of my devoted heart.

Let him rest in his bedchamber;
I shall clear the tables,
and here, lovely Judith,
you may savour this time alone with your Commander,
and comfort the sorrows of your heart.
But here comes your servant:
I will leave quickly
so that you may have this place for your loving.

Faithful servant, you are most welcome!
This is the hour of our glory,
and the long-awaited moment of victory.

May all your endeavours be crowned with success,
and may you, O my Judith,
and your nation be blessed
with prosperity and life.

No more now: seal up the entrance to the tent
and let no-one enter;
Let your heart burn with the passion of heaven.
I shall soon return victorious; wait for me here in silence.

The child
returning home
through the savage icy storm
is not awaited by his mother
more eagerly
than I shall wait for you.
But the pain of a brief
yet cruel delay
torments the soul
who loves too much
with fear, and hope.

Now I shall go and close up the tent,
and wait for you, our Heroine, and praise you.

Sovereign Creator of the stars,
who brought forth out of nothing all that exists,

Et tibi ut servi essemus
Ad imaginem tuam tu nos fecisti,
Clemens in Caelo Pater,
Potens in Mundo Deus,
Qui Jaheli victrici,
Qui Deborahae pugnanti vim dedisti,
Adiuva nos in prece, et culpas tolle,
Et de forti tua dextra
Imbelli dextrae meae robur extolle.

In somno profundo
Si jacet immersus
Non amplius sit vigil
Qui dormit in te.
Quiescat exanguis,
Et sanguis
Sic exeat
Superbus in me.

Impii, indigni Tiranni
Conopeo hic apensum
Denudo ferrum, ictus tendo, infelicem
Ab Holofernis busto
Deus in nomine tuo scindo cervicem.
Salvete o pia tentoria
In vobis semper clara
Et caelo, et mundo sit alta victoria.

Abra, Abra, accipe munus,
In saculum repone, et fida ancilla
Me sequere, festina,
Et clemens extra castra
Tuto perducatur nos dextra divina.

ABRA

Quid mihi? Oh mira res! Diro Draconi
Tu caput obruncasti,
Et simul una in uno omnes domasti.
Eamus cito eamus,
Et mille mille Deo gratias agamus.

Si fulgida per te
Propitia caeli fax
Si dulci animae spe
Refulsit alma pax,
Solum beato
Duci increato
Debetur nostra pax,
Et nostra gloria.
Dat illo cordi ardorem,
Ille dextrae vigorem,
Et manus donum suae
Nostra victoria

VAGAUS

Jam non procul ab axe
Est ascendens Aurora, undique rara
Caelo sydera micant: in tentorio
Pallet incerta lux: patet ingressus,

and, that we might serve you,
made us in your image,
merciful Father in Heaven,
mighty God on earth,
who gave strength to the victorious Jael
and to warring Deborah,
help us as we pray, and take away our guilt,
and with the power of your right hand
raise up my frail arm to be a tower of strength.

While he lies
deep in slumber,
he whom you have cast into sleep
cannot be watchful.
Let the sleeper be drained of blood,
that I may glory
in that blood
as it pours forth.

Ah, see: the sword of the godless, dishonourable tyrant
is hanging here below the canopy
of his bed:
from the body of Holofernes,
O God, in your name, I strike off the wretched head.
Farewell, good tent:
may the noble victory won in you
shine forth forever in heaven and on earth.

Abra, here, take this
and put it in a bag, faithful handmaid, and
follow me quickly,
and may the merciful right hand of God
lead us safely out of the camp.

What are you giving me? O miracle! You have cut off
the head of the horrible dragon, and in the same stroke
have singlehandedly defeated them all.
Let us leave quickly now,
and offer a thousand thousand thanks to God.

If through you
the auspicious flame of heaven has shone forth,
if kindly peace shines out in glory
as the reflection of your soul's sweet hope,
to our blessed Leader alone,
to him who was never created,
do we owe our peace
and our glory.
It is he who puts fire in our heart,
who strengthens our arm,
and our victory
is a gift from his hand.

It is not long now until
the rising of the Dawn; scattered across
the heavens, stars are twinkling: within the tent
a flickering light is dying: the entrance stands open,

Neminem video.
Sed heu, heu, quid cerno?
Fusus undique sanguis!
Heu, quam horrendum visu!
Truncus Domini mei jacet exanguis.
Milites huc venite,
Surgite, o servi, excubiae non dormite.
Omnes perditum sumus:
Bethulia amissa, et Holofernes extincto.
Heu cuncti, cuncti miseri ploremus,
Et ducis nostri funus vindicemus.

Armatae face et anguibus
A caeco regno squallido
Furoris sociae barbari
Furiae venite ad nos.
Morte, flagello, stragibus
Vindictam tanti funeris
Irata nostra pectora
Duces docete vos.

OZIAS

Quam insolita luce
Eois surgit ab oris
Floribus cincta suis roscida
Aurora! O quam ridet serena
Jucundo nobis dies lumine plena!
En venit tandem venit
(Eam a longe prospicio, ad eam curramus)
Venit Juditha venit,
Et Juditha triumphans. Filia electa
Quanto gaudio te amplector: Summe Deus
Exultat ecce in te spiritus meus.

Gaude felix
Bethulia letare
Consolare
Urbs nimis afflicta.
Caelo amata
Es fortunata
Inter hostes semper invicta.

Ita decreto aeterno
Veneti Maris Urbem
Inviolatam discerno,
Sic in Asia Holofermi impio tyranno
Urbs Virgo gratia Dei semper munita
Erit nova Juditha,
Et pro populo suo Pastor orabit,
Et fidelis Ozias
Veram Bethuliae suae fidem servabit.
Eja Virgines Sion
Festinate cum gloria
In sperata victoria
Et pietatis in sinu
Cum Psalterio sonanti
Applaudite Judithae Triumphanti.

CHORUS

I can see no-one.
But alas, alas, what is this?
Blood everywhere!
Alas, what a hideous sight!
The headless body of my Lord lying drained of blood!
Soldiers, come here!
Get up, servants! Guards, wake up!
We are all lost:
Bethulia slipped from our grasp, and Holofernes dead.
Alas, let us weep for all our misfortunes,
and avenge the death of our commander.

Armed with torches and serpents,
come forth from your blind, foul kingdom,
you savage partners of raging frenzy,
Furies, come to us!
In death, scourging and slaughter
we will follow you:
teach us, whose hearts are enraged,
to avenge this murderous deed.

With what a strange, new light
the dawn rises in the east,
garlanded with flowers still wet with dew!
Oh, how this glad day, full of light,
laughs with us in our joy!
See, she comes, at last she comes,
(I can see her in the distance, let's run to her!)
she is coming, Judith is coming,
and Judith has triumphed. Chosen daughter,
how joyfully I embrace you: Sovereign God,
see how my spirit exults in you!

O happy city of Bethulia
rejoice and be glad,
be comforted,
you who were so sorely afflicted.
Beloved of Heaven,
you are blessed,
no enemy shall ever conquer you.

Thus by an eternal decree
I declare that the City of the Sea of Venice
shall remain inviolate,
just as in Asia, the Virgin City ever protected by the
grace of God against the godless tyrant Holofernes
shall be a new Judith,
and her Pastor shall pray for his people,
and the faithful Ozias
shall uphold the true faith of his Bethulia.
Come now, daughters of Sion,
make haste to celebrate with glory
the hoped-for victory,
and in humble devotion,
to the sound of the psaltery,
sing the praises of Judith Triumphant!

Salve invicta Juditha formosa
Patriae splendor spes nostrae salutis.
Summae norma tu vere virtutis
Eris semper in mundo gloriosa.
Debellato sic barbaro Trace
Triumphatrix sit Maris Regina.
Et placata sic ira divina
Adria vivat, et regnet in pace.

Hail, Judith, beautiful and undefeated,
the glory of our nation and our hope of salvation.
You shall forever be the ultimate model of true virtue
glorious throughout the world.
Thus the Thracian barbarian has been defeated;
let the Queen of the Sea exult in triumph!
And thus, the divine anger calmed,
long live Adria, and may she reign in peace.

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