

# WIGMORE HALL

Friday 20 October 2023  
7.30pm

## Dunedin Consort

John Butt director, harpsichord  
Miriam Allan soprano  
Zoë Brookshaw soprano  
Alexander Chance alto  
Nicholas Mulroy tenor  
Chris Webb bass  
Matthew Truscott violin  
Daniel Edgar violin  
Jonathan Manson bass viol  
Jamie Akers theorbo  
Stephen Farr organ

## Phantasm

Laurence Dreyfus treble viol  
Emilia Benjamin treble viol  
Jonathan Manson tenor viol  
Lucine Musaelian bass viol  
Chris Terepin bass viol

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Spuntava il dì SV255 (pub. 1641)

Salve Regina (Secondo) SV284 (pub. 1641)

Michael East (1580-1648)

From *Fantasias for 5 viols* (pub. 1610)  
Desperavi • Peccavi

Claudio Monteverdi

Salve Regina (Terzo) SV285 (pub. 1629)

Michael East

Triumphavi from *Fantasias for 5 viols*

Claudio Monteverdi

Laudate Dominum in sanctis eius SV287 (pub. 1641)

Confitebor tibi Domine (Terzo) SV267 (pub. 1641)

*Interval*

Dieterich Buxtehude (c.1637-1707)

Membra Jesu Nostri BuxWV75 (1680)

*Ad pedes • Ad genua • Ad manus •*

*Ad latus • Ad pectus • Ad cor • Ad faciem*



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**Claudio Monteverdi's** *Selva morale e spirituale* represents one of the crowning achievements of his storied and extremely productive career. Published in 1640-1, this grove - *selva* - required ten separate partbooks and provided music to meet a whole array of liturgical scenarios from Mass to vespers in settings for forces that ranged from solo voices to massed choirs bolstered with instruments. The multifarious collection begins with five pieces written more for the court than the chapel with texts that take a more philosophical - though still fundamentally Christian - approach to life's challenges.

In the case of *Spuntava il di*, Francesco Balducci's poetry takes the rose as the ultimate embodiment of the fleeting nature of worldly beauty and care. The inexorable and eternal quality of heavenly time by comparison is brought out by the refrain that ends each stanza:

But what's the use?  
Who could ever protect her from the wrath of  
heaven?  
A lovely thing here on earth dies and does not  
last.

Fittingly, Balducci's rose looks forward to two settings of the great Marian hymn, *Salve Regina*. The first we hear this evening is for two equal voices, tonight sung by two sopranos. In the opening greeting to Mary each part echoes the other by turns, a technique most familiar to modern listeners from Monteverdi's *Vespers*. There is evocative word painting too in the breathless sighing and weeping over humanity's sorry state, the syllables of *suspiramus* broken up by gasping rests. The second of tonight's *Salve Regina* settings returns to the lower voice trio of *Spuntava il di*. Here Monteverdi takes advantage of the extra voice to create a richer texture, still full of imitation, that reaches its peak in the overlapping waves of chromaticism in the final invocation to Mary as *dulcis virgo*.

In amongst the Monteverdi come three fantasias for viols by **Michael East**. All from his third collection, published in 1610, they are notable for their Latin titles, with the full set of eight telling a story - whether of a sinner or a lover - that moves from despair to love. This evening we hear *I despaired, I sinned* and *I triumphed*, the music warming from chromatic self-recrimination to buoyant and open confidence.

Picking up on this optimism, the first half closes with two of the psalter's most joyful texts. In setting Psalm 150, Monteverdi revels in the repeated imperative to praise the Lord on a whole panoply of instruments, the solo tenor line increasingly melismatic as it builds to a final triumphal alleluia. We end with Psalm 111, a hymn of praise for all five singers that catalogues and gives thanks for the Lord's manifold works.

After a first half of viols and Monteverdi, **Dietrich Buxtehude's** *Membra Jesu Nostris* should sound

somewhat familiar - the combinations of voices, the approach to text, the meaning developed by repetition are all inheritances from the Italian tradition that journeyed north, not least in the works of Heinrich Schütz. What Buxtehude does with these influences to create his devotional cycle, though, is all his own. Describing something as a cycle might make us think - especially in this building - more readily of composers from the 19th Century, but that level of craft and care in assembling both words and music is exactly appropriate when considering this piece.

It takes the practice, common to many denominations, of addressing a part of Christ's body as the focus of adoration and devotion. The seven cantatas take feet (*Ad pedes*), knees (*Ad genua*), hands (*Ad manus*), side (*Ad latus*), breast (*Ad pectus*), heart (*Ad cor*) and face (*Ad faciem*) in turn, beginning with Christ's extremities and working up the devotional courage to look directly upon his face. The physicality of this progression, as well its repetition in devotion, is reinforced by the progression of the keys: we start and end in C minor having moved up from flats to sharps in a circle of fifths.

Each cantata is broadly similar in shape, with outer sections for the whole ensemble enclosing arias for reduced vocal forces, but there is subtle variation in instrumentation that gives further direction to the overall cycle. Most cantatas require the same five singers, supported by a continuo team and two violins, but the fifth requires only the lower three voices and the sixth just the two sopranos and the bass. In addition, the violins are replaced in the sixth by a consort of five viols, bringing with them a sumptuous intimacy - the cantata that addresses the heart is therefore unique in its instrumentation and felt to be the heart of the cycle.

In terms of texts, Buxtehude presents a rich assemblage. For the arias, he uses selections from the medieval *Rhythmica oratio* - a poem he would have believed to have been written by Bernard of Clairvaux (1090-1153), a theologian greatly admired by Martin Luther. These are juxtaposed with selections from biblical material that complement the arias and frame each cantata with resonant imagery: the cleft in the rock of the opening chorus of *Ad latus* corresponds with the wound in Jesus's side, the dove with both suppliant and Holy Spirit.

After the pragmatism of *Selva morale e spirituale* which offers a range of resources to a church's director of music, it is striking that *Membra Jesu Nostris* has no natural home in the Lutheran liturgy, especially taken as a whole. Nonetheless, it is steeped in the precepts and spirituality of Martin Luther and couldn't have been written without Buxtehude's long service in churches across what is now northern Germany.

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## Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

### Spuntava il dì SV255 Day was breaking

(pub. 1641)

Francesco Balducci

Spuntava il dì  
Quando la rosa  
Sovra una piaggia herbosa  
In ossequio dell' alba un riso  
apri;  
E rese il prato  
Tutto odorato  
E i colli e le campagne  
innamorò.

Day was breaking  
when a rose  
in a grassy meadow  
bloomed smilingly in  
deference to the dawn;  
and she made the field  
rich with scent,  
beguiling the hills and the  
countryside.

Ma che prò?  
Chi da l'ira del  
Ciel mai  
l'assicura?  
Cosa bella quà giù passa e  
non dura.

But what's the use?  
Who could ever protect  
her from the wrath of  
heaven?  
A lovely thing here on earth  
dies and does not last.

La più dolce rugiada  
Che da ciel cada  
Lei di liquide perle  
incoronò;  
Poi la bella reina  
De la sua spina  
Se stessa cinse e la sua  
reggia armò.

The sweetest dew  
that falls from the sky  
garlanded her with liquid  
pearls;  
then the fair queen  
with her thorns  
girded herself and armed  
her palace.

Ma che prò?  
Chi da l'ira del  
Ciel mai  
l'assicura?  
Cosa bella quà giù passa e  
non dura.

But what's the use?  
Who could ever protect  
her from the wrath of  
heaven?  
A lovely thing here on earth  
dies and does not last.

La vagheggiano gli alberi,  
La vezzegiano  
l'aurette,  
Le s'inclinano i bei  
fiori  
E l'adorano  
l'herbette.  
Fior più bello non riga o  
l'Arno o'l Po.

The trees yearn for her,  
the lightest breezes  
caress her,  
the pretty flowers bow  
before her,  
and the grassy banks  
worship her.  
Neither Arno nor Po ever  
watered a fairer flower.

Ma che prò?  
Chi da l'ira del  
Ciel mai  
l'assicura?  
Cosa bella quà giù passa e  
non dura.

But what's the use?  
Who could ever protect  
her from the wrath of  
heaven?  
A lovely thing here on earth  
dies and does not last.

Per valletta o per campagna  
Il piè molle affretta il  
rio  
E con dolce mormorio  
La saluta e il piè le  
bagna  
Riverente quanto può.

Through valley or plain  
the river hastens its  
winding way  
and with sweet murmuring  
greet the rose and  
bathes her roots  
as reverently as it can.

Ma che prò?  
Chi da l'ira del  
Ciel mai  
l'assicura?  
Cosa bella quà giù passa e  
non dura.

But what's the use?  
Who could ever protect  
her from the wrath of  
heaven?  
A lovely thing here on earth  
dies and does not last.

Ahi! quel sole che dianzi in su  
l'aurora  
La diede ai colli e ne dipinse i  
campi,  
Rotando accesi in sù'l  
meriggio i lampi  
La distrugge, la  
scolora.  
Restano ignude e senz'honor  
le spine,  
E vanno insieme i doni e le  
rapine.

Alas, the sun, which just  
now at dawn  
gave her to the hills and with  
her coloured the fields,  
turning its burning mid-  
day rays towards her,  
destroys her and withers  
her,  
leaving her thorns bare  
and dishonoured;  
for gifts and robbery go  
hand in hand.

Oh! d'humana  
bellezza,  
Cui tanto il mondo apprezza,  
Cui tanto amor per poco  
spatio ornò,  
Rosa caduca, il superbir che  
prò?  
Chi da l'ira del  
Ciel mai  
t'assicura?  
Cosa bella quà giù passa e  
non dura.

O fallen rose, what's the  
use of being proud  
of worldly beauty,  
which all the world  
prizes,  
and which Love adorned  
for a brief moment?  
Who could ever protect  
you from the wrath of  
heaven?  
A lovely thing here on earth  
dies and does not last.

## Salve Regina (Secondo) SV284 (pub. 1641)

*Liturgical text*

Salve, O Regina, mater misericordiae, O vita, dulcedo, O spes nostra, salve.	Hail, O Queen, Mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and hope, hail!
Ad te clamamus exules filii Evae, Ad te suspiramus, Gementes et flentes in hac lacrimarum valle.	To thee we cry, the banished children of Eve, to thee we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this vale of tears.
Eia ergo, advocata nostra, Illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte, Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui, Nobis post hoc exilium ostende.	Thou therefore, our advocate, turn thine eyes of mercy towards us, and show us Jesus, blessed fruit of thy womb, after this our exile.
O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.	O kind, O merciful, O sweet Virgin Mary.

## Michael East (1580-1648)

### From *Fantasias for 5 viols* (pub. 1610)

*Desperavi*

*Peccavi*

## Claudio Monteverdi

### Salve Regina (Terzo) SV285 (pub. 1629)

*Liturgical text*

Salve o Regina mater, Salve o mater misericordiae, Salve o vita dulcedo, O spes nostra, salve.	Hail, Holy Queen, mother, hail, Mother of Mercy, hail, our life, our sweetness and our hope, hail.
Ad te clamamus, exules filii Hevae. Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes In hac lacrimarum valle.	To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve. To thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears.
Eia ergo, advocata nostra, Illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte.	Turn, then, O most gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy toward us.
Et Iesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui, Nobis post hoc exilium ostende.	And after this, our exile, show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
O clemens, o pia, O dulcis virgo Maria.	O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.

## Michael East

### Triumphavi from *Fantasias for 5 viols*

## Claudio Monteverdi

### Laudate Dominum in sanctis eius SV287

(pub. 1641)

*Liturgical text*

Laudate Dominum in sanctis eius; Laudate eum in firmamento virtutis eius. Laudate eum in sono tubae; Laudate eum in psalterio et cithara. Laudate eum in tympano et choro. Laudate eum in cymbalis bene sonantibus; Laudate eum in cymbalis iubilationibus. Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum! Alleluia.	Praise the Lord in his sanctuary; praise him in the firmament of his power. Praise him in the sound of the trumpet; praise him upon the psaltery and harp. Praise him in the timbrels and choir. Praise him upon the well- tuned cymbals, praise him upon the joyful cymbals. Let every spirit praise the Lord! Alleluia.
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### Confitebor tibi Domine (Terzo) SV267

(pub. 1641)

*Liturgical text*

Confitebor tibi Domine in toto corde meo: In consilio iustorum et congregatione. Magna opera Domini: Exquisita in omnes voluntates eius. Confessio et magnificentia opus eius: Et iustitia eius manet in saeculum saeculi. Memoriam fecit mirabilium suorum, Misericors et miserator Dominus: Escam dedit timentibus se.	I will praise you Lord with my whole heart: in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation. The works of the Lord are great: sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. His work is honourable and glorious: and his righteousness endureth for ever. He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered, the Lord is gracious and full of compassion: he hath given meat unto those that fear him.
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Memor erit in saeculum testamenti sui:	He will ever be mindful of his covenant:
Virtutem operum suorum annuntiabit populo suo:	he hath shown his people the power of his works:
Ut det illis haereditatem gentium:	That he may give them the heritage of the heathen:
Opera manuum eius veritas et iudicium.	the works of his hands are verity and judgement.
Fidelia omnia mandata eius: Confirmata in saeculum saeculi:	All his commands are sure: they stand fast for ever and ever:
Facta in veritate et aequitate.	and are done in truth and uprightness.
Redemptionem misit populo suo:	He sent redemption unto his people:
Mandavit in aeternum testamentum suum.	He hath commanded his covenant for ever.
Sanctum et terribile nomen eius:	Holy and revered is his name:
Initium sapientiae timor Domini.	the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.
Intellectus bonus omnibus facientibus eum:	A good understanding have all that do his commandments:
Laudatio eius manet in saeculum saeculi.	his praise endureth for ever.
Gloria Patri, et Filio, Et Spiritui Sancto.	Glory be to the Father, and the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, Et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.	As it was in the beginning, is now, and always shall be, for ever and ever. Amen.

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## Interval

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## Dieterich Buxtehude (c.1637-1707)

### Membra Jesu Nostri BuxWV75 (1680)

*Liturgical text, after ?Arnulf of Leuven*

#### Ad pedes

Ecce super montes pedes  
Evangelizantis  
Et annunciantis pacem.

Salve mundi salutare  
Salve, salve Jesu care.  
Cruci tuae me aptare  
Vellem vere, tu scis quare;  
Da mihi tui copiam.

Clavos pedum, plagas duras  
Et tam graves impressuras  
Circumplector cum affectu  
Tuo pavens in aspectu  
Tuorum memor vulnerum.

Dulcis Jesu, pie Deus  
Ad te clamo, licet reus  
Praebe mihi te benignum  
Ne repellas me indignum  
De tuis sanctis pedibus.

Ecce super montes pedes ...

#### To the feet

Lo, upon the mountains come the feet  
of one bringing good tidings  
and speaking a message of peace.

Hail, O Saviour of the world  
hail, beloved Jesu, Hail.  
I would truly take up Thy cross,  
surely Thou knowest why;  
give me then Thy mighty help.

With what ardour I embrace  
those nails which pierce Thy blessed Feet.  
The heavy blows, the fearful stripes  
as mindful of Thy wounds I gaze  
with trembling here upon Thy face.

Sweet Jesus, Holy God,  
to Thee I cry, although a sinner yet;  
show forth Thy mercy, Lord, to me  
and cast me not, e'en so unworthy,  
away from Thy most sacred Feet.

Lo, upon the mountains come the feet ...

## Ad genua

Ad ubera  
portabimini,  
Et super genua blandicentur  
vobis.

Salve Jesu, rex sanctorum,  
Spes Votiva peccatorum.  
Crucis ligno tanquam  
reus  
Pendens homo, veres  
Deus,  
Caducis nutans  
genibus.

Quid sum tibi  
responsurus;  
Actu vilis, corde  
durus?  
Quid rependam  
amatori  
Qui elegit pro me  
mori  
Ne dupla morte  
morerer?

Ut te quaeram mente  
pura  
Sit haec mea prima  
cura  
Non est labor nec  
gravabor  
Sed sanabor et  
mundabor  
Cum te complexus fuero.

Ad ubera  
portabimini ...

## Ad manus

Quid sunt plagae istae in  
medio  
Manuum tuarum?

Salve Jesu pastor  
bone,  
Fatigatus in  
agone  
Qui per lignum es  
distractus  
Et ad lignum es compactus  
Expansis sanctis  
manibus.

Manus sanctae, vos  
amplector  
Et gemendo condelector  
Grates ago plagis  
tantis

## To the knees

They will bear Thee on  
their breast  
and do Thee honour on  
bended knee.

Hail, O Jesus, King of Saints,  
earnest hope of sinful men.  
As now Thou hangest on  
the Cross  
like Man condemned, yet  
Very God,  
thy Knees bent in death's  
weariness.

What answer shall I make  
Thee here;  
I, base in deed and hard  
of heart?  
How repay my dearest  
Love,  
who chose to suffer death  
for me  
and how escape a double  
death?

Be this, dear Lord, my  
chiefest care,  
to seek Thee with a  
perfect heart  
for would I but embrace  
Thee here it were no Toil,  
nor burden yet, for then  
should I  
be cleansed and healed.

They will bear Thee on  
their breast ...

## To the hands

What are these wounds in  
the middle of  
Thy hands?

Hail, Jesu the Good  
Shepherd, Thou,  
now wearied by Thine  
agony  
as thou were tortured on  
Thy Cross  
by nails upon cruel wood  
Thy sacred Hands were  
outstretched for me.

Blessed Hands, I now  
embrace you,  
weeping, I rejoice in You  
and offer thanksgiving for  
the blows,

Clavis duris, guttis  
sanctis  
Dans lacrimas cum  
oculis.

In cruore tuo  
lotum  
Me commendo tibi  
totum.  
Tuae sanctae manus  
istae  
Me defendant, Jesu  
Christe  
Extremis in periculis.

Quid sunt plagae ...

## Ad latus

Surge, amica mea, speciosa  
mea;  
Et veni columba mea in  
foraminibus  
Petrae, in caverna maceriae.

Salve, latus  
salvatoris,  
In quo latet mel  
dulcoris,  
In quo patet vis  
amoris  
Ex quo scaturit fons  
cruoris  
Qui corda lavat  
sordida.

Ecce tibi  
appropinquo  
Parce, Jesu, si  
delinquo.  
Verecunda quidem fronte  
Ad te tamen veni  
sponte  
Scrutari tua  
vulnera.

Hora mortis meus flatus  
Intret, Jesu, tuum  
latus,  
Hinc expirans in te  
vadat,  
Ne hunc leo trux  
invadat  
Sed apud te  
permaneat.

Surge, amica mea ...

the cruel nails, the sacred  
Blood,  
my kisses mingling with  
my tears.

Washed in the fountain of  
Thy Blood  
I place me wholly in Thy  
trust.  
Now may those blessed  
Hands of Thine  
protect me, Jesu Christ,  
and guard  
in my last hour of need.

What are these wounds ...

## To the side

Arise, my love, my fair  
one, and come away;  
my dove among the  
rocky clefts  
and stony caves.

Hail, my dearest Saviour's  
Side,  
wherein the sweetest  
honey lies,  
wherein the might of love  
is seen  
and whence doth gush a  
fount of blood  
to cleanse the soiled  
heart of man.

Lo, now I approach near  
to Thee  
O spare me, Jesu, should I  
fail Thee.  
Let me come with holy fear,  
gladly to fall down before  
Thee  
to behold Thy sacred  
wounds.

May my spirit, Jesu, enter  
at the hour of Death Thy  
Side,  
and being thence exhaled  
go with Thee,  
that the fierce lion may  
not invade me  
but I may ever stay with  
Thee.

Arise, my love ...

## Ad pectus

Sicut modo geniti infantes  
rationabiles,  
Et sine dolo  
concupiscite,  
Ut in eo crescatis  
insalutem.  
Si tamen  
gustastis,  
Quoniam dulcis est Dominus.

Salve, salus mea,  
Deus,  
Jesu dulcis, amor  
meus.  
Salve, pectus  
reverendum,  
Cum tremore  
contingendum  
Amoris  
domicilium.

Pectus mihi confer  
mundum;  
Ardens, pium, gemebundum,  
Voluntatem  
abnegatam  
Tibi semper  
conformatam,  
Juncta virtutum  
copia.

Ave, verum templum  
Dei.  
Precor miserere  
mei,  
Tu totius arca  
boni,  
Fac electis me  
aponi,  
Vas dives Deus  
omnium.

Sicut modo geniti ...

## To the breast

You must be born again  
as newborn children,  
but with knowledge, seek  
your milk without guile  
that therein you may  
grow in health.  
And having once tasted  
thereof,  
you will see how sweet is  
the Lord.

Hail, my Saviour and my  
God,  
sweet Jesus, Lover of my  
life.  
Hail to Thee, most noble  
Breast,  
Thou dwelling-place of  
Love Divine  
whither trembling we  
draw near.

Bestow on me a perfect  
heart;  
ardent, contrite, dutiful,  
and make me hence deny  
my will  
and ever to Thine own  
conform,  
granting me succour of  
Thy might.

Hail, Thou temple true of  
God.  
Have mercy on me here, I  
pray,  
Thou resting-place of  
every good,  
and grant a place among  
the chosen,  
O precious treasure, God  
of all.

You must be born again ...

## Ad cor

Vulnerasti cor meum,  
Soror mea, sponsa.

Summi regis cor,  
aveto.  
Te saluto corde  
laeto.  
Te complecti me  
delectat  
Et hoc meum cor  
affectat  
Ut ad te loquar  
animens.

Per medullam cordis  
mei,  
Peccatoris atque rei,  
Tuus amor  
transferatur  
Quo cor tuum  
rapiatur  
Languens amoris  
vulnere.

Viva cordis voce  
clamo,  
Dulce cor, te namque  
amo.  
Ad cor meum  
inclinare  
Ut se possit  
applicare  
Devoto tibi  
pectore.

Vulnerasti cor  
meum ...

## To the heart

Thou hast smitten my heart,  
my sister, my bride.

Hail, Heart of the King  
Most High.  
With a Joyful heart I greet  
Thee.  
Ever to embrace Thee  
may I delight  
and only this my heart's  
desire  
Thou make me worthy to  
address Thee.

To my poor heart's very  
core,  
guilty sinner though I be,  
may Thy Love be  
thoroughly borne  
that thus Thy heart, with  
Love's wound bleeding,  
may be swiftly drawn to  
mine.

I cry with loud voice from  
my heart,  
for so I love Thee,  
Sweetest Heart.  
O draw Thou near to my  
poor heart  
that to Thyself I may  
apply me  
with wholly dedicated  
breast.

Thou hast smitten my  
heart ...

## Ad faciem

Illustra faciem tuam super  
servum tuum;  
Salvum me fac in  
misericordia tua.

Salve, caput  
cruentatum  
Totum spinis  
coronatum,  
Conquassatum,  
vulneratum,  
Arundine verberatum,  
Facie sputis  
illita.

Dum me mori est  
necesse,  
Noli mihi tunc deesse  
In tremenda mortis hora  
Veni, Jesu, absque  
mora  
Tuere me et  
libera!

Cum me jubes  
emigrare  
Jesu care, tunc  
appare.  
O amator  
amplectende;  
Temet ipsum tunc  
ostende  
In cruce  
salutifera.

Amen.

## To the face

Make Thy face to shine  
upon Thy servant;  
O save me in Thy  
mercy.

Hail, O Head all stained  
with blood  
with those cruel thorns  
crowned,  
cruelly beaten, sorely  
wounded,  
harshly smitten with the rod,  
Thy dear Face abused by  
spitting.

When that hour that I  
must die shall come,  
O Saviour do not fail me  
but in death's dread misery  
come, Lord Jesu, come  
right swiftly,  
protect me then and set  
me free!

And when Thou bid'st my  
soul to flee  
O sweetest Jesu, then  
stand by me.  
In that hour in love  
embrace me;  
show Thy blessed Face to  
me  
upon Thy sweet and  
saving Cross.

Amen.