THAT DAY OF WRATH, that dreadful day, shall heaven and earth in ashes lay, as David and the Sybil say.

Quantus tremor est futurus, quando iudex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus!
What horror must invade the mind when the approaching Judge shall find and sift the deeds of all mankind!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum per sepulcra regionum, coget omnes ante thronum.
The mighty trumpet's wondrous tone shall rend each tomb's sepulchral stone and summon all before the Throne.

Mors stupebit et natura, cum resurget creatura, iudicanti responsura.
Now death and nature with surprise behold the trembling sinners rise to meet the Judge's searching eyes.

Liber scriptus proferetur, in quo totum continetur, unde mundus iudicetur.
Then shall with universal dread the Book of Consciences be read to judge the lives of all the dead.

Iudex ergo cum sedebit, quidquid latet apparebit: nil inultum remanebit.
For now before the Judge severe all hidden things must plain appear; no crime can pass unpunished here.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus? quem patronum rogaturus? cum vix iustus sit securus.
O what shall I, so guilty plead? and who for me will intercede? when even Saints shall comfort need?

Rex tremendae maiestatis, qui salvandos salvas gratis, salva me, fons pietatis.
O King of dreadful majesty! grace and mercy You grant free; as Fount of Kindness, save me!

Recordare Iesu pie, quod sum causa tuae viae: ne me perdas illa die.
Recall, dear Jesus, for my sake you did our suffering nature take then do not now my soul forsake!

Quaerens me, sedisti lassus: redemisti crucem passus: tantus labor non sit cassus.
In weariness You sought for me, and suffering upon the tree! let not in vain such labor be.
Iuste iudex ultiōnis,  
donum fac remissionis,  
antē diēm rationis.

O Judge of justice, hear, I pray,  
for pity take my sins away  
before the dreadful reckoning day.

Ingemisco, tamquam reus:  
culpa rubet vultus meus:  
supplicanti parce Deus.

You gracious face, O Lord, I seek;  
deep shame and grief are on my cheek;  
in sighs and tears my sorrows speak.

Qui Mariam absolvesti,  
et latronem exaudisti,  
mihi quoque spem dedisti.

You Who did Mary's guilt unbind,  
and mercy for the robber find,  
have filled with hope my anxious mind.

Preces meae non sunt dignae:  
sed tu bonus fac bēnine,  
ze ne perenni cremer igne.

How worthless are my prayers I know,  
yet, Lord forbid that I should go  
into the fires of endless woe.

Inter oves locum praesta,  
et ab haedis me sequestra,  
statuens in parte dextera.

Divorced from the accursed band,  
o make me with Your sheep to stand,  
as child of grace, at Your right Hand.

Confutatis maledictis,  
flammis acribus addictis.  
voca me cum benedictis.

When the doomed can no more flee  
from the fires of misery  
with the chosen call me.

Oro supplex et acclinis,  
cor contritum quasi cinis:  
gere curam mei finis.

Before You, humbled, Lord, I lie,  
my heart like ashes, crushed and dry,  
assist me when I die.

Lacrimosa dies illa,  
qua resurget ex favilla.  
iudicandus homo reus:  
huic ergo parce Deus.

Full of tears and full of dread  
is that day that wakes the dead,  
calling all, with solemn blast  
to be judged for all their past.

Pie Iesu Domine,  
dona eis requiem.  
Amen.

Lord, have mercy, Jesus blest,  
grant them all Your Light and Rest.  
Amen.