

Madre de Dolores (Mother of Sorrows) [Audio]

Textual Transcription

¡Madre de Dolores madre de tormentos, ay, triste madre, qué sentimiento! Vuestro Hijo hermoso, vuestro lucero, sudando sangre, está en el huerto. Mortales ansias de mi remedio hacen que sudar tan bello. Sus escogidos, en tanto aprieto, lo dejan solo, dándose al sueño. Ya llega Judas, traidor perverso, con los sayones para prenderlo. Cadenas duras, cordeles recios, contra Dios santo, tal sacrilegio.

English Translation

Mother of Sorrows mother of torments, oh, sad mother, what emotion! Your beautiful Son, your star, sweating blood, he is in the garden. Mortal anxiety for my relief make him sweat such a divine liquor. His chosen ones, in such a bind, leave him alone given to sleep. Now Judas arrives, perverse traitor, with the centurions to arrest him. Hardest chains, strongest ropes, against holy God, such sacrilege.