

Editor's Notes to the Hymn "*O quot undis lacrimarum*"

This transcription is the work of Herminio González Barrionuevo, academician and retired Master of the Chapel of the Cathedral of Sevilla (from 1984 to 2023), and is reproduced here with his kind permission.

"*O quot undis*" was sung as a hymn of Vespers on the Feast of the Seven Sorrows (or Dolors) of Mary, celebrated on the third Sunday of September. The Latin text is attributed to bishop Callisto Maria Palombella (1687-1758). In this setting, stanzas 1-2 and 4-5 of the hymn are sung in the original plain chant (in the version extant in the antiphonaries of the Cathedral of Sevilla, transcribed to modern notation by Mr. González Barrionuevo). The third is sung in the a cappella polyphonic rendition composed by Hilarión Eslava in 1832, two years after his appointment as Master of the Chapel of the Cathedral of Sevilla.

For more information on this piece and its transcription, please refer to González Barrionuevo, Herminio, "*El himnario polifónico destinado a los santos de la Catedral de Sevilla*" (2 vols.), Point de Lunettes, Sevilla [2017], pp. 64-65 and XLII-XLIV (in Spanish).

The text and an English translation of the hymn (from *The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal*, edited by Rev. Matthew Britt, O.S.B., Benziger Brothers, New York [1922], pp. 288-289) follow:

Latin text	English poetic rendition
I. O quot undis lacrimarum, Quo dolore volvitur, Luctuosa de cruento Dum, revulsum stipite, Cernit ulnis incubantem Virgo Mater filium!	I. What a sea of tears and sorrow Did the soul of Mary toss To and fro upon its billows, While she wept her bitter loss; In her arms her Jesus holding, Torn so newly from the Cross.
II. Os suave, mite pectus, Et latus dulcissimum, Dexteramque vulneratam, Et sinistram sauciam, Et rubras cruore plantas Ægra tingit lacrimis.	II. Oh, that mournful Virgin-Mother! See her tears how fast they flow Down upon His mangled body, Wounded side, and thorny brow; While His hands and feet she kisses— Picture of immortal woe.
III. Centiesque milliesque Stringit arctis nexibus Pectus illud, et lacertos, Illa figit vulnera: Sicque tota colliquescit In doloris osculis.	III. Oft and oft His arms and bosom Fondly straining to her own; Oft her pallid lips imprinting On each wound of her dear Son; Till at last, in swoons of anguish, Sense and consciousness are gone.
IV. Eia Mater, obsecramus Per tuas has lacrimas, Filiique triste funus, Vulnerumque purpuram, Hunc tui cordis dolorem Conde nostris cordibus.	IV. Gentle Mother, we beseech thee By thy tears and troubles sore; By the death of thy dear Offspring, By the bloody wounds He bore; Touch our hearts with that true sorrow Which afflicted thee of yore.

V. Esto Patri, Filioque,
Et coævo Flamini,
Esto summæ Trinitati
Sempiterna gloria,
Et perennis laus, honorque
Hoc, et omni sæculo. Amen

V. To the Father everlasting,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the co-eternal Spirit,
Trinity in Unity,
Be salvation, honor, blessing
Now and through eternity. Amen.