Anima mea dilecta

Lassus

Good Friday Tenebrae:
I delivered my beloved soul into the hands of the wicked,
and my possessions have become to me like a lion in the forest.
My adversary spoke out against me saying:
Come together and make haste to devour him.
They placed me in a solitary desert and all the earth mourned for me;
because nobody could be found who would claim me and be kind to me.
Vs: Men without mercy rose up against me, and they spared not my soul.

rum, rum, rum, rum, rum, et facta est mihi hae-re-di-tas mea
rum, et facta est mihi hae-re-di-tas mea
rum, et facta est mihi hae-re-di-tas mea

Cut leo in silva: de-dit con-tra me vo-ces: ad-ver-
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Con-grega-mi-ni et pro-pere-ate, sa-ri-us di-cens: Con-grega-mi-ni et pro-pere-ate, ad de-vo-ran-dum il-lum; in des-er-to so-li-tu-di-de-vo-ran-dum il-lum; de-vo-ran-dum il-lum; po-su-e-runt me de-vo-ran-dum il-lum; po-su-e-runt me

nis, et lu-xit su-per me o-mnis ter-ra: nis, et lu-xit su-per me, su-per me o-mnis ter-ra: et lu-xit su-per me, o-mnis ter-ra:
Qui a non est invenetus qui me agnosce-ret, et face-ret bene.

Fine

In surrexe-runtin me viri

absque misericordia, et non perseverent animae meae.